



CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF  
ENGLISH LITERATURE & &  
NEW EDITION BY DAVID PATRICK, LL.D

A HISTORY CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHI-  
CAL OF AUTHORS IN THE ENGLISH  
TONGUE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES  
TILL THE PRESENT DAY, WITH SPECI-  
MENS OF THEIR WRITINGS & & & &

VOLUME III.

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## ENVOY

The New Edition of the CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE is completed by the issue of a third volume little over two years after the appearance of the first. The first volume carried the history down to near the close of the seventeenth century, the second was mainly devoted to the men and women of the eighteenth. The third volume commences with the group of great writers who had begun their work in the eighteenth century, but were destined to be the glory of early nineteenth century letters, and, refusing to attempt a hard and fast line between nineteenth and twentieth, essays to bring down the story to the present time and include—under obvious limitations and conditions—the writers of the day.

In a work of this kind—which is essentially a history—it would be out of place, even if it were possible, to attempt to deal with contemporaries as has been done with the men of the past, and the limits of the volume debar it from allotting to the incalculably more numerous writers of the present day—whose best work, it may be, is not yet given to the world—the same amount of illustrative quotation as has been conceded to the older writers. By favour of a few of the most eminent living authors, we are permitted to illustrate the brief articles on them with quotations from their choicest work. But in the case of the great majority of quite recent and living authors, it has been inevitable that the Cyclopaedia should limit its scope to giving the essential biographical and bibliographical facts demanded in a work of reference, and for the rest to refer to their books, which are even now passing from hand to hand, and are to be found in every library. And of even the ablest of the younger writers of the day, by far the larger number are, along with some older authors not fully in the main currents of national literature, commemorated only by a brief paragraph in a complementary list of British authors—an earnest surely that ere long an additional or supplementary volume may be required to give more adequate treatment than is here possible to those with whom lies the nearer future of British letters. In such a volume some account of the several Celtic literatures of the British Isles, and their chief ornaments, might well find a place.

The limitations of space and detail in regard to recent writers must obviously press more closely on the younger branches—on the literature of the United States and of the British dominions beyond the seas. And it may be anticipated that in any future supplement to this work the contributions of Greater Britain in the wider sense will occupy a space proportionately much larger than in the century which saw the daughter literatures arise—for the story of American national literature may fairly be said to begin with the century so recently closed. And therefore it has been found advantageous to give here, and not in an earlier volume, a brief history of the origins of American literature, yet of the authors separately treated there are only three who did not at least live into the nineteenth century. As in the corresponding British one, the complementary list of American authors is selective, suggesting rather than ‘expressing multitude,’ and does not pretend to be in any sense complete or exhaustive.

The Editor and Publishers have again to thank the distinguished men—whose names will be found appended to their articles—who have contributed the large body of critical work to which this volume owes its main interest and value.

They have further to thank Lord Tennyson for revising the article on his father, and for choosing the selections to be here presented in illustration of it, Mr Barrett Browning for his co-operation with the writer of the article on his father and mother, Mr Watts-Dunton for invaluable advice



# C O N T E N T S.

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## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

	PAGE		PAGE
THE RENASCENCE OF WONDER IN POETRY	1	WILLIAM WHEWELL	198
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	11	GEORGE GROTE	199
DOPOTHY WORDSWORTH	29	ADAM SEDGWICK	202
SIR WALTER SCOTT	30	THOMAS ARNOLD	202
ROBERT SOUTHEY	47	CÖNNOP THIPLWALL	204
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE	56	SIR GEORGE COPNEWALL LEWIS	206
HAPTLEY COLERIDGE	72	CHARLES MÉPIVALE	207
SARA COLERIDGE	72	HENRY HART MILMAN	208
CHARLES LAMB	72	REGINALD HEBER	212
WILLIAM HAZLITT	79	JOHN KEBLE	215
FRANCIS JEFFREY	85	GEORGE FINLAY	217
THOMAS DE QUINCEY	92	COLONEL WILLIAM MURE	219
JOHN KEATS	99	JOHN COLIN DUNLOP	219
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY	107	SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS PATRICK NAPIER	219
BYRON	118	SIR JOHN KINCAID	223
THOMAS HOOD	136	JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM	224
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR	141	JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES	225
EDWIN AATHERSTOKE	146	BASIL HALL	227
JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT	147	BRIAN WALLER PROCTER	227
THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK	150	BERNARD BARTON	230
SYDNEY SMITH	155	EBENEZER ELIOTT	231
THOMAS HENRY LISTER	158	JOHN CLARE	233
JAMES AND HOPACE SMITH	159	GEORGE DARLEY	235
THEODOPE EDWARD HOOK	163	THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES	237
RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM	166	ROBERT MONTGOMERY	238
HENRY CRABB ROBINSON	168	THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY	241
JOHN WILSON CROKER	170	JOHN ABERCROMBIE	242
GEORGE CROLA	171	SIR DAVID BREWSTER	242
CHARLES CALEB COLTON	172	MICHAEL FARADAY	242
CHARLES WATERTON	173	SIR JOHN HERSCHEL	243
ANNA AND JANE TAYLOR	174	ISAAC TAYLOR	244
MARY RUSSELL MITFORD	176	SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON	245
MRS MARY MEEKE	178	JOHN WILSON	245
LUCY AIKIN	178	JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART	250
MRS HEMANS	179	THOMAS HAMILTON	254
LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON	181	MICHAEL SCOTT	254
ANNA JAMESON	183	FREDERICK MARRYAT	255
MARY SOMERVILLE	185	WILLIAM NUGENT GLASCOCK	259
ELIZA FLETCHER	187	EDWARD HOWARD	259
ANNE MARSH CALDWELL	187	FREDERICK CHAMIER	259
THOMAS CHALMERS	187	CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE	259
LORD BROUGHAM	189	THOMAS KIGHTLEY	259
LORD JOHN CAMPBELL	191	WILLIAM MAGINN	260
HENRY HAILMAN	193	FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY	262
RICHARD WHATELY	196	PIERCE EGAN	264



	PAGE	PAGE	
CHARLES JAMES LEVER	359	EDWARD FITZGERALD	424
SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON	362	GEORGE HENRY BORROW	429
JOHN FRANCIS WALLEY	364	LORD BEACONSFIELD	435
THOMAS OSBOURNE ADELL	364	FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE	441
JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU	365	JOHN STUART MILL	442
MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE	366	WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE	447
THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY	367	DR JOHN BROWN	449
JOHN AUSTIN	373	BISHOP COLENSO	452
JOHN KITTO	373	WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY	453
HENRY ROGERS	374	TOM TAYLOR	463
PHILIP HENRY, EARL STANHOPE	374	CHARLES DICKENS	464
CHARLES SWAIN	376	JOHN FORSTER	474
THOMAS COOPER	376	SAMUEL SMILES	475
THOMAS MILLER	377	WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN	475
JAMES BALLANTINE	377	SIR THEODORE MARTIN	478
WILLIAM HARPISON AINSWORTH	377	SIR ARTHUR HELPS	478
WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED	379	SIR WILLIAM SMITH	479
ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER	381	MARK PATTISON	479
LORD HOUGHTON	382	GEORGE GILFILLAN	480
THOMAS GORDON HAKE	384	DAVID LIVINGSTONE	480
ELIZABETH PENPOSE	384	ROBERT NICOLL	481
JULIA PARDOE	384	CHARLES MACKAY	481
THE BARONESS von TAUTPHOEUS	385	FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER	482
THE COUNTESS OF DUFFEY	385	SIR JOHN WILLIAM KAYE	482
THE HON. MRS NORTON	385	WILLIAM HENRY GILES KINGSTON	482
LADY EASTLAKE	387	SAMUEL PHILLIPS	482
LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST	387	CHARLES READE	482
SARAH ELLIS	388	ANTHONY TROLLOPE	486
HARRIET MARTINEAU	388	THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE	490
JAMES MARTINEAU	391	FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE	490
RICHARD CHENVY TRENCH	393	HENRY COCKTON	490
ARTHUR PEYRHYN STANLEY	394	JOHN STUART BLACKIE	490
HENRY ALFORD	396	WILLIAM BELL SCOTT	490
NORMAN MACLEOD	396	SIR THOMAS ERSKINE MAY	490
JAMES MCOSH	397	WHITWORTH ELWIN	490
JAMES SPEDDING	397	MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER	491
AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN	398	ALBERT SMITH	492
JAMES FREDEICK FERRIER	398	EDWIN WAUGH	492
JOHN HILL BURTON	398	CHARLES WILLIAM SHIRLEY BROOKS	492
WILLIAM FORBES SKENE	399	FRANCIS EDWARD SMEDLEY	492
MARK LEMON	399	FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON	493
WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG	400	BENJAMIN JOWETT	494
PEPCY GREG	400	GEORGE HENRY LEWES	495
GILBERT ABBOTT & BECKETT	400	ALEXANDER BAIN	497
JAMES DAVID FORBES	400	HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL	497
THOMAS CARLYLE	401	SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD	497
THOMAS WRIGHT	411	SIR GEORGE WEBB DASENT	499
THOMAS CROFTON CROKER	412	SIR WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL	499
WILLIAM BARNES	412	JAMES ANTHONY FROUD	500
RICHARD HENRY HORNE	413	ERNEST JONES	505
ROBERT SMITH SURTEES	414	ANGUS BORTHWICK REACH	505
GEORGE OUTRAM	414	THOMAS MAYNE REID	505
HENRY GLASSFORD BELL	415	EBENEZER JONES	506
PHILIP MEADOWS TAYLOR	415	JOHN TULOCH	506
CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN	416	PHILIP JAMES BAILEY	507
ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE	421	ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH	511

## Contents

PAGE		PAGE
513	COVENTRY KERSHAW DICKINSON PATMORE	601
517	SYDNEY THOMPSON DODFORD	603
517	ALEXANDER SMITH	604
517	WILLIAM ALIENCHAM	605
519	GEORGE MACDONALD	606
520	WALTER CHAMBERS SMITH	607
520	THOMAS WOOLNER	607
520	WALTER HORATIO PATER	607
520	JOSEPH SKIFIELD	608
525	GERALD MASSEY	608
526	DAVID WINGATE	608
527	FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE	609
528	WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE	609
528	SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON	609
528	SIR SAMUEL WHITAKER	610
529	JOHN STANNING SPKE	610
535	JAMES AUGUSTUS GRANT	610
536	HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE	611
536	JAMES HINTON	613
536	JOHN FERGUSON MCLENNAN	613
536	THE DUKE OF ARgyLL	613
537	ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE	614
539	THOMAS HENRY HURLY	615
539	WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS	620
540	RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMOOR	622
548	ROBERT MICHAEL BAILLIE	623
548	ANDREW KENNEDY HUTCHISON BOYD	624
548	SAMUEL BUTLER	624
549	EDWARD BRADLEY	624
549	GEORGE ALFRED LAWRENCE	624
567	GEORGE AUGUSTUS HENRY SALA	624
567	WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE	625
567	JOHN CAIRD	625
568	EDWARD CAIRD	625
576	JOSEPH BARBER LICHFOOT	625
577	HENRY PARRY LIDDELL	625
577	EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN	625
577	WILLIAM STUBBS	628
578	WALTER BAGHOT	630
578	SAMUEL RAWSON GARDNER	631
578	JAMES GAIRDNER	632
579	RICHARD HOIT HUTTON	632
581	GEORGE BRUCE MALIBSON	632
582	JAMES HANNAY	632
583	HENRY MOFFET	632
583	DAVID MASSON	633
583	WILLIAM YOUNG SELLAR	633
583	JOHN CONINGTON	634
584	THOMAS EDWARD BROWN	634
585	JAMES PAYN	634
585	SIR JOHN SKELTON	634
585	EDMUND YATES	635
586	LAWRENCE OLIPHANT	635
590	THOMAS WILLIAM ROBERTSON	635
591	HENRY JAMES BYRON	637
600	JOHN NICHOL	637

	PAGE		PAGE
RODEN NOEL	637	WILLIAM ROBERTSON SMITH	689
JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE	637	EDWARD DOWDEN	689
THE EARL OF LYTTON	638	JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFY	689
CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY	638	HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON	690
JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS	640	MRS RICHMOND RITCHIE	691
RICHARD JEFFRIES	640	MARY ELIZABETH BRADDOCK	692
DANTE GAETIEL ROSSETTI	641	AUGUSTA WEBSTER	692
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI	646	RHODA BROUGHTON	692
CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON	648	OUIDA	692
CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON	648	WILFRID SCAWFORD BLUNT	693
SIR JOHN ROBERT SEELEY	649	FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS	693
LORD DE TABLEY	650	WILLIAM BLACK	693
SIR WALTER BESANT	650	WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL	693
JAMES RICE	650	ANDREW LANG	694
THOMAS HILL GREEN	651	ROBERT BRIDGES	695
JOHN RICHARD GREEN	652	WILLIAM MINTO	695
JAMES THOMSON	654	ALEXANDER ANDERSON	695
ROBERT BUCHANAN	655	SIDNEY COLVIN	695
ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY	656	GEORGE EDWARD BATEMAN SAINTSBURY	695
DAVID GRAY	657	ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES	696
EDWARD LEAR	657	WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT	696
CHARLES JEREMIAH WELLS	657	FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND	696
GEORGE MERRIDITH	658	GEORGE ROBERT SIMS	696
JUSTIN McCARTHY	660	SIDNEY GRUNDY	697
JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING	661	HENRY ARTHUR JONES	697
LEWIS CAMPBELL	661	ARTHUR WING PINERO	697
FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER	661	WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY	697
THOMAS HODGKIN	661	EDWARD GOSSE	698
FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR	661	ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	699
FREDERIC HARRISON	661	JOHN CHURTON COLLINS	705
SIR LESLIE STEPHEN	662	WILLIAM HUPRELL MALLOCK	705
STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE	662	HENRY RIDER HAGGARD	705
JAMES COTTER MORISON	662	MRS HUMPHRY WARD	706
SIR LEWIS MORPIS	662	MADAME DUCLAUX	706
EDWARD BURNETT TYLOR	663	MICHAEL FIELD	706
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD	663	ALICE MEYNELL	706
LORD AVEBURY	663	MARY ST LEGER HARRISON	707
SABINE BARING GOULD	664	FIONA MACLEOD	707
WILLIAM MORRIS	664	JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE	707
THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER	668	GEORGE BERNARD SHAW	708
RICHARD GAPENITT	668	JOHN DAVIDSON	708
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON	668	WILLIAM WATSON	708
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE	672	OSCAR O'FLAHERTY WILDFLOWER	708
THOMAS HARDY	680	GEORGE MOORE	709
ALFRED AUSTIN	683	SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE	709
SIR ALFRED COMPTON LYALL	683	SIDNEY LEE	709
ALFRED ANGER	683	ISAAC ZANGWILL	709
WILLIAM EDWARD HAPTHORPE LUCKY	684	ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS	709
LORD ACTON	686	RUDYARD KIPLING	710
WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE	686	STEPHEN PHILLIPS	711
JOHN MORLEY	687	WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS	711
JAMES BRUCE	688		
SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVFLYAN	689		
GEORGE MACAULAY TREVFLYAN	689		
MARSHAL CRIGHTON	689		
WILLIAM HALE WHITE	689		
		COMPLEMENTARY LIST OF RECENT AND CONTEMPORARY BRITISH AUTHORS IN VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF LITERATURE	
			712

## Contents

	PAGE		PAGE
ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS	722	WILLIAM GILMORR SIMMS	749
THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON	723	RICHARD HENRY DANA	749
JOSEPH HOWE	723	RICHARD HENRY DANA, JUNIOR	749
WILLIAM KINGSFORD	724	JOSPH RODMAN DRAKE	749
GOLDWIN SMITH	724	WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT	750
SIR JOHN GEORG BOUPOINOT	724	GEORGE BANCROFT	752
CHARLES GRANT ALLEN	724	AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT	753
JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER	724	LOUISA MAY ALCOTT	754
W H DRUMMOND	725	LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY	754
CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS	725	LYDIA MARIA CHILD	754
ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN	725	SARAH MARGARLT JULIUS	754
WILLIAM BLISS CARMAN	725	RALPH WALDO EMERSON	755
WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL	725	GEORGE RIPLEY	760
LILL DOUGALL	725	THEODORE PARKER	760
MRS EVFRARD COTES	725	WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT	761
CHARLES WILLIAM GORDON	725	HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW	765
SIR GILBERT PARKER	725	SYLVESTER JUDD	770
AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE	726	JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER	771
ADAM LINDSAY GORDON	727	JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND	774
HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL	728	NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE	775
MARCUS CLARKE	728	ABRAHAM LINCOLN	781
ALFRED DOWETT	729	WILLIAM WENTWORTH STORI	781
JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS	729	CHARLES GODFREY LEIGHTON	781
THOMAS ALEXANDER BROWN	729	GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS	781
BENJAMIN LEOPOLD FARJEON	729	EDGAR A. A. FOR	782
ADA CAMBRIDGE	729	OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES	787
MRS CAMPBELL PRAED	729	SUSAN WINTER	792
TASMA	729	HENRY DAVID THOREAU	792
GEORGE EGERTON	730	JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL	796
	730	WALTER WHITMAN	803
	730	WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON	803
	730	HORACE GREENELEY	808
	730	WENDELL PHILLIPS	808
	730	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON	808
	730	HARRIET BEECHER STOWE	809
	730	HENRY WARD BECHER	810
	730	JOHN LOthrop MOTLEY	811
	730	FRANCIS PARKMAN	814
AMERICAN LITERATURE	731	HERMAN MELVILLE	818
COTTON MATHER	734	DAVID GRANT MITCHELL	818
JONATHAN EDWARDS	735	BAYARD TAYLOR	818
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	736	STEPHEN COLINS FOSTER	820
JOHN WOOLMAN	738	THEODORI WINTHROPI	820
GEORGE WASHINGTON	739	EWIS WALLACE	820
LINDLEY MURRAY	740	RICHARD HENRY STODDARD	820
JOEL BARLOW	740	EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN	821
CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN	740	THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH	821
JAMES KIRKE PAULDING	740	FRANCIS RICHARD STOCKTON	821
WILLIAM CULERY CHANNING	740	EDWARD EGgleston	821
DANIEL WEBSTER	741	JOHN BURROUGHS	821
WASHINGTON IRVING	742	WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY	821
FITZ GREENE HALLECK	746	CHARLES ELIOT NORTON	822
GEORGE TICKNOR	746	SILAS WIR MITCHELL	822
NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS	746	JOHN WILLIAM DRAKE	822
SARA PAYSON WILLIS	746	ANDREW DICKSON WHITT	822
JAMES FENMORE COOPER	747	HORACE HOWARD FURNESS	822





# THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## The Renascence of Wonder in Poetry.

**H**AD the great change in the poetry of the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth been a revolution of artistic methods merely, it would still have been the most important change in the history of English literature. But it affected the very soul of poetry. It had two sides—one side concerned that of poetic methods, and one that of poetic energy. It was partly realistic as seen in Wordsworth's portion of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and partly imaginative as seen in Coleridge's portion of that incongruous but epoch-making book. As the movement substituted for the didactic materialism of the eighteenth century a new temper—or, rather, the revival of an old temper which to all appearance was dead—it has been called the Romantic Revival. The French Revolution is generally credited, by French writers at least, with having been the prime factor in this change. Now, beyond doubt, the French Revolution, the mightiest social convulsion recorded in the history of the world, was accompanied in France by such romantic poetry as that of André Chénier, and was followed, many years afterwards, by the work of writers like

Dumas, Victor Hugo, and others, until at last the bastard classicism of the age of Louis XIV was entirely overthrown. In Germany, too, the French Revolution stimulated the poetry of Goethe and Schiller, and the prose of Novalis, Tieck, and F. Schlegel. And in England it stimulated, though it did not originate, the romanticism of Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. But in this as in so many matters, while other countries have had the credit of taking the lead in the great human march, the English race has really been in the van. Just as Cromwell and Washington preceded and were perhaps the main cause of Mirabeau and Danton, so Chatterton, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Byron preceded and were the cause of the romantic furore in France which, later on, was decided by the great battle of *Hernani*. As the storm-wind is the cause and not the effect of the mighty billows at sea, so the movement in question was the cause and not the effect of the French Revolution. It was nothing less than a great revived movement of the soul of man, after a long period of prosaic acceptance in all things, including literature and art. To this revival the present writer, in the introduction to an imaginative work dealing with this movement, has already



is the incongruity of some departure from the laws of convention, in the case of absolute humour it is the incongruity of some departure from the normal as fixed by Nature herself. In other words, while relative humour laughs at the breach of the conventional laws of man and the symmetry of the social pyramid of the country and the time—which laws and which symmetry it accepts as final—absolute humour sees the incongruity of these conventional laws and this pyramid with the absolute sanction of Nature's own harmony. It follows that in trying to estimate the value of any age's humour, the first thing to consider is how it stands in regard to absolute humour and how it stands in regard to relative humour. Was there more absolute humour in the age of wonder than in the age of acceptance?

On the whole, the answer must be, we think, in the affirmative. Chaucer's humour was more closely related to absolute humour than any kind of humour in English poetry which followed it until we get to the greatest absolute humourist in English poetry, Burns.

The period of wonder in English poetry may perhaps be said to have ended with Milton. For Milton, although born only twenty three years before the first of the great poets of acceptance, Dryden, belongs properly to the period of romantic poetry. He has no relation whatever to the poetry of Augustanism which followed Dryden, and which Dryden received partly from France and partly from certain contemporaries of the great romantic dramatists themselves, headed by Ben Jonson. From the moment when Augustanism really began—in the latter decades of the seventeenth century—the periwig poetry of Dryden and Pope crushed out all the natural singing of the true poets. All the periwig poets became too ‘polite’ to be natural. As acceptance is, of course, the parent of Augustanism or gentility, the most genteel character in the world is a Chinese mandarin, to whom everything is vulgar that contradicts the symmetry of the pyramid of Cathay. It was, notwithstanding certain parts of Virgil's work, the temper of Rome in the time of Horace as much as it was the temper of England in the time of Pope, Congreve, and Addison, and of France at that period when the blight of gentility did as much as it could to poison the splendid genius of Corneille and of Moliere. In Greek literature the genteel finds no place, and it is quite proper that its birth should have been among a people so comparatively vulgar as the Romans of the Empire. A Greek Horace would have been as much an impossibility as a Greek Racine or a Greek Pope. When English writers in the eighteenth century tried to touch that old chord of wonder whose vibrations, as we have above suggested, were the first movement in the development of man, it was not in poetry but in prose.

‘ Yet there was no more interesting period of English history than that in which Milton and

Dryden lived—the period when the social pyramid of England was assaulted but not overthrown, nor even seriously damaged, by the great Rebellion. This Augustan pyramid of ours had all the symmetry which Blackstone so much admired in the English constitution and its laws, and when, afterwards, the American colonies came to revolt and set up a pyramid of their own, it was on the Blackstonian model. At the base—patient as the tortoise beneath the elephant in the Indian cosmogony—was the people, born to be the base and born for nothing else. Resting on this foundation were the middle classes in their various strata, each stratum sharply marked off from the others. Then above these was the strictly genteel class, the patriciate, picturesque and elegant in dress if in nothing else, whose privileges were theirs as a matter of right. Above the patriciate was the earthly source of gentility, the monarch, who would, no doubt, have been the very apex of the sacred structure save that a little—*i.e.* very little—above him sat God, the suzerain to whom the prayers even of the monarch himself were addressed. The leaders of the Rebellion had certainly done a daring thing, and an original thing, by striking off the apex of this pyramid, and it might reasonably have been expected that the building itself would collapse and crumble away. But it did nothing of the kind. It was simply a pyramid with the apex cut off—a structure to serve afterwards as a model of the American and French pyramids, both of which, though aspiring to be original structures, are really built on exactly the same scheme of hereditary honour and dishonour as that upon which the pyramids of Nineveh and Babylon were no doubt built. Then came the Restoration, the apex was restored, the structure was again complete, it was, indeed, more solid than ever—stronger than ever. Subject to the exception of certain great and glorious prose writers of that period, the incongruity which struck the humourist as laughable was incongruity not with the order of nature and the elemental laws of man's mind, but with the order of the Augustan pyramid. It required the genius of a Swift in England, as it required in France the genius of a Molière, to produce absolute humour. In Fielding, to be sure (notably in *Joseph Andrews*), and sometimes in Addison, as in the famous scene of Sir Roger at church, and in the less-known but equally fine description of the Tory squire in *The Freeholder*, we do sometimes get it, but in poetry very rarely.

As to the old romantic temper which had inspired Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Marlowe's *Faustus*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, that was dead and gone—seemed dead and gone for ever. In order to realise how the instinct of wonder had been wiped out of English poetry we have only to turn to Dryden's modernisation of Chaucer, his translations from Virgil, Boccaccio, and others,



of so complex an epoch as those of the twentieth century

Poetic art had come to consist in clever manipulations of the stock conventional language common to all writers alike—the language of poetry had become so utterly artificial, so entirely removed from the language in which the soul of man would naturally express its emotions, that poetry must die out altogether unless some kind of reaction should set in. Roughly speaking, from the appearance of the last of Milton's poetry to the publication of Parnell's *Night-piece*, the business of the poet was not to represent Nature, but to decorate her and then work himself up into as much rapture as gentility would allow over the decorations. Not that Parnell got free from the Augustan vices, but partially free he did get at last. Among much that is tawdry and false in his earlier poems, the lines describing the osier-banded graves, given in the notice of Parnell in Volume II of this work, might have been written at the same time as Wordsworth's *Excursion* so far as truthful representation of Nature is concerned. Then came Thomson's *Seasons* and showed that the worst was over. If we consider that his *Winter* appeared as early as 1726, and *Summer* and *Spring* in 1727 and 1728, and if we consider the intimate and first-hand knowledge Thomson shows of Nature in so many of her moods in the British Islands, it is not difficult to find his place in English poetry. No doubt his love of Nature was restricted to Nature in her gentle and even her homely moods. He could describe as 'horrid' that same Pentmaenmawr which to the lover of Wales is so fascinating. Still, from this time a new life was breathed into English poetry. But the new growth was slow. Take the case of Gray, for instance. Not even the Chinese mandarin above described was more genteel than Gray. In him we get the very quintessence of the Augustan temper. Yet no one who reads his letters can doubt that Nature had endowed him with a true eye for local colour. And although Gray was not strong enough to throw off the conventional diction of his time, he was yet strong enough to speak to us sometimes through the muffler of that diction with a voice that thrills the ears of those who have listened to the song of Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley. As the present writer has said on the occasion above mentioned, his chief poem, the famous elegy, furnishes a striking proof of the poet's slavery to Augustanism. While reading about 'the solemn yew-tree's shade,' 'the ivy-mantled tower,' and the rest of the conventional accessories of such a situation, the reader yearns for such concrete pictures as we get in plenty not only in Wordsworth and those who succeeded him, but even in Parnell and Thomson. Noble as this poem is, it has a fundamental fault—a fault which is great—it lacks individual humanity. Who is the 'me' of the poem—this 'me' to whom, in company with 'Darkness,' the home-

ward-plodding ploughman 'leaves the world'? The thoughts are fine, but is the thinker a moralising ghost among the tombstones, or is he a flesh-trammelled philosopher sitting upon the churchyard wall? The poem rolls on sonorously, and the reader's imagination yearns for a stanza full of picture and pathetic suggestion of individual life—full of those bewitching qualities, in short, which are the characteristics of all English poetry save that of the era of acceptance, the era of gentility—the Augustan era. At last, however, the poet does strike out a stanza of this kind, and immediately it sheds a warmth and a glow upon all that has gone before—vitalises the whole, in short. Describing the tomb of the hitherto shadowy moraliser, Gray says

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found,  
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,  
And little footsteps lightly print the ground

Now at last we see that the moraliser is not a spectre whose bones are marrowless and whose blood is cold, but a man, the homely creature that Homer and Shakespeare loved to paint, a man with friends to scatter violets over his grave and little children to come and mourn by it, a man so tender, genial, and good that the very red-breasts loved him. And having written this beautiful stanza, full of the true romantic temper, having printed it in two editions, Gray cancelled it, and no doubt the age of acceptance and gentility approved the omission. For what are children and violets and robins warbling round a grave compared with 'the muse's flame' and 'the ecstasy' of the 'living ivre,' and such elegant things?

And again, who had a finer imagination than Collins? Who possessed more fully than he the imaginative power of seeing a man asleep on a loose hanging rock, and of actualising in a dramatic way the peril of the situation? But there is something very ungenteel about a mere man, as Augustanism had discovered. A man is a very homely and common creature, and the worker in 'polite letters' must avoid the homely and the common, whereas a personification of Danger is literary, Augustan, and 'polite.' Hence Collins, having first imagined with excessive vividness a man hanging on a loose rock asleep, set to work immediately to turn the man into an abstraction

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould  
What mortal eye can fixed behold?  
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,  
Howling amidst the midnight storm,  
Or throws him on the ridgy steep  
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep

But if Gray and Collins were giants imprisoned in the jar of eighteenth century convention, they were followed by a 'marvellous boy' who refused to

be so imprisoned. It may be said of Chatterton that he was the Renaissance of Wonder incarnate. To him St Mary Redcliffe Church was as much alive as were the men about whom Pope wrote with such astonishing prosaic brilliance. This is one of the reasons why he bulks so largely among the poets of the Renaissance of Wonder. For this renaissance was shown not merely in the way in which Man's mysterious destiny was conceived, but also in the way in which the theatre of the human drama was confronted. This theatre became as fresh, as replete with wonder, as the actors themselves. A new seeing was lent to man's eyes. And of this young poet it may almost be said that he saw what science is now affirming—the kinship between man and the lower animal, nay, even the sentience of the vegetable world. Further still, he felt that what is called dead matter is—as the very latest science is telling us—in a certain sense alive, shedding its influence around it.

Then came Cowper, whose later poetry, when it is contrasted with the jargon of Hayley, seems to belong to another world. But it is possible, perhaps, to credit Cowper with too much in this matter.

He was followed by a poet who did more for the romantic movement than even the 'marvelous boy' himself could do. Although Burns, like so many other fine poets, has left behind him some poor stuff, it would be as difficult to exaggerate his intellectual strength as to overestimate his genius. For not one of his predecessors—not even Chatterton—had been able to get away from the growth of poetic diction which had at last become so rank that originality of production was in the old forms no longer possible. The dialect of the Scottish peasantry had already been admirably worked in by certain of his predecessors, but it was left to Burns to bring it into high poetry. In mere style he is, when writing in Scots, to be ranked with the great masters. No one realised more fully than he the power of verbal parsimony in poetry. As a quarter of an ounce of bullet in its power of striking home is to an ounce of duck shot, so is a line of Burns to a line of any other poet save two, both of whom are extremely unlike him in other respects and extremely unlike each other. To conciseness he made everything yield as completely as did Villon in the 'Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis' and in 'Les Regrets de la Belle Heaulmière,' and as completely as did Dante in the most concise of his lines. As surely as Dante's condensation is born of an intensity of imaginative vision, so surely is Burns's condensation born of an intensity of passion. Since Drayton wrote his sonnet beginning—

Since ther's no helpe, come let us kiss and part'

there had been nothing in the shape of passionate poetry in rhyme that could come near Burns's lines—

Had we never loved so kindly,  
Had we never loved so blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had never been broken-hearted

But, splendid as is his passion in poetry, it is specially in absolute humourist that he towers above all the poets of the eighteenth century. Undoubtedly, to get away on all occasions from the shadow of the great social pyramid was not to be expected of a poet at the time and in the condition in which Burns was born. Yet it is astonishing how this Scottish yomping did get away from it at times, as in 'A Man's a Man for a' that'. It is astonishing to realise how he was able to show a feeling for absolute humour such as in the eighteenth century had only been shown by prose writers—prose writers of the first rank—like Scott and Sterne. Indeed, if we did not remember that he followed the creator of Uncle Toby, he would take, if that were possible, a still higher place than he now does as an absolute humourist. Not even Uncle Toby's apostrophe to the fly is finer than Burns's lines to a mouse on turning her up with a plough. But his lines to a mount un dairy when he had turned down with the plough are full of a deeper humour still—a humorous sympathy with the vegetable no less than with the animal kingdom. There is nothing in all poetry which touches it. Much admiration has been given, and rightly given, to Dorothy Wordsworth's beautiful prose words in her diary about the damselfil, showing how a nature lover without the 'accomplishment of verse' can make us conscious of the consciousness of a wild flower. But they were written after Burns, and though they have some of Burns's playfulness, they cannot be said to show his humour. It is in poems of another class, however—in such poems as the 'Address to the De'il'—that we get his greatest triumph in absolute humourist, for there we get what the present writer has called 'cosmic humour'—the very crown and flower of absolute humour. And take 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' where, biting as is the satire, the poet's humorous enjoyment of it carries it into the rarest poem. In 'Tum o' Shanter' we get the finest mixture of humour and wisdom, the finest instance of Teutonic grotesque, to be found in all English poetry. In 'The Jolly Beggars' Burns now and again shows that he could pass into the mood of true Purtriguelism—a mood which is of all moods the rarest and the finest—a mood which requires in the humourist such a blessed mixture of the juices as nature cannot often in a climate like ours achieve.

A true child of the Renaissance of Wonder who followed Burns, William Blake, though he was entirely without humour, and showed not much power of giving realistic pictures of nature, had a finer sense of the supernatural than any of his predecessors.

And now, after this wide circuit, we are able to turn, better equipped for understanding them, to

those writers of the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth who are the accredited fathers of the Renascence of Wonder. It is not the purpose of the present essay to discuss the poetry of any one of the poets of this great epoch except in regard to this Renascence. Their work will be found fully presented and analysed by eminent specialists in this volume. In 1765 Percy had published his famous collection of old ballads, and this directed general attention to our ballad literature. The first poet among the great group who fell under the influence of the old ballads was probably Scott, who in 1802 brought out the first two volumes of his priceless *Border Minstrelsy*. The old ballads were, of course, very unequal in quality, but among them were 'Clerk Saunders,' 'The Wife of Usher's Well,' 'The Young Tamlane,' the ballad which Scott afterwards named 'The Demon Lover,' and certain others which compel us to set the 'Border Ballads,' as they are called, at the very top of the pure poetry of the modern world. Coleridge, as we are going to see, could give us the weird and the beautiful combined, but he could not blend with these qualities such dramatic humanity and intense pathos as are expressed in such a stanza as this from 'Clerk Saunders,' where Saunders's mistress, after he has been assassinated by her brothers, throws herself upon his grave and exclaims

Is there ony roome at your head, Saunders?  
Is there ony roome at your feet?  
Or ony roome at your side, Saunders,  
Where faun, faun, I wad sleep?

Scott, we say, is entitled to be placed at the head of those who are generally accredited with originating the Renascence of Wonder in the nineteenth century. But great as was the influence of Scott in this matter, it is hard to see how the effect of his romantic work would have been so potent as it now is without the influence of Coleridge. For, as has been pointed out in the notice of Byron in this volume, Scott's friend Stoddart, having heard Coleridge recite the first part of *Christabel* while still in manuscript, and having a memory that retained everything, repeated the poem to Scott, and Scott at once sat down and produced *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. There is no need to say with Leigh Hunt that Scott's vigorous poem is a coarse travesty of *Christabel* in order to admit that, full as it is of splendid poetical qualities, it is defective in technic and often cheap in diction. Some of Scott's romantic lyrics, however, scattered through his novels show that it was a languid artistic conscience alone that prevented him from taking a much higher place as a poet than he now takes. If he never learnt, as Coleridge did, the truth so admirably expressed in Joubert's saying that 'it is better to be exquisite than to be ample,' it really seems to have been because he did not care to learn it. For the distinctive quality of Scott is

that he seems to be greater than his work—as much greater, indeed, as a towering oak seems greater than the leaves it sheds. Coleridge's *Christabel*, *The Ancient Mariner*, and *Kubla Khan* are, as regards the romantic spirit, above—and far above—any work of any other English poet. Instances innumerable might be adduced showing how his very nature was steeped in the fountain from which the old balladists themselves drew, but in this brief and rapid survey there is room to give only one. In the 'Conclusion' of the first part of *Christabel* he recapitulates and summarises, in lines that are at once matchless as poetry and matchless in succinctness of statement, the entire story of the bewitched maiden and her terrible foe which had gone before

A star hath set, a star hath risen,  
O Geraldine! since arms of thine  
Have been the lovely lady's prison  
O Geraldine! one hour was thine—  
Thou'st had thy will! By tairn and rill,  
The night-birds all that hour were still.  
But now they are jubilant anew,  
From cliff and tower, tu whoo! tu whoo!  
Tu whoo! tu whoo! from wood and fell!

Here we get that feeling of the inextricable web in which the human drama and external nature are woven which is the very soul of poetic wonder. So great is the maleficent power of the beautiful witch that a spell is thrown over all Nature. For an hour the very woods and fells remain in a shuddering state of sympathetic consciousness of her—

The night birds all that hour were still.

When the spell is passed Nature awakes as from a hideous nightmare, and 'the night-birds' are jubilant anew. This is the very highest reach of poetic wonder—finer, if that be possible, than the night storm during the murder of Duncan. And note the artistic method by which Coleridge gives us this amazing and overwhelming picture of the oneness of all Nature. However the rhymes may follow each other, it is always easy for the critic, by studying the intellectual and emotional movement of the sequence, to see which rhyme-word first came to the poet's mind and suggested the rhyme-words to follow or precede it. It is the witch's maleficent will-power which here dominates the poet's mind as he writes. Therefore we know that he first wrote—

Thou'st had thy will

In finding a rhyme-word for 'will' and 'rill,' the word 'still' would of course present itself, among others, to any poet's mind, but it required a poet steeped in the true poetic wonder of pre-Augustanism—it required Coleridge, whose genius was that very

Lady of the Lake,  
Sole sitting by the shores of Old Romance—

to feel the most tremendous and awe inspiring

picture, perhaps, in all poetry called up to his imagination—

The night birds all that hour were still.

The nearer in temper any other line approaches this, the nearer does it approach the ideal of poetic wonder. It is, however, owing to the very rarity of Coleridge's genius that not he but Scott popularised the romantic movement. In such purely poetical work as the first part of *Christabel*, which was entirely unlocalised, realistic mediæval pictures were not requisite as they were in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. After such work as Coleridge's all that the romantic revival needed was a poet who would supply it with feet in addition to wings. Scott supplied those feet. However, in the second part of *Christabel*, written later—in which the poem is localised after Scott's manner—Coleridge showed so much of Scott's influence that it may not be too fanciful to call these two immortal poets the binary star of romanticism revolving round one common poetic centre. Scott's poetry became so immensely popular that it soon set every poet and every versifier, from Byron downwards, writing romantic stories in octosyllabic couplets, with the old tapaestic hit of romantic poetry.

As regards Wordsworth's share in this movement, though it was, no doubt, confined largely to poetic methods, the following superb lines from 'Yew Trees' can be set beside even Coleridge's masterpieces as regards the romantic side of the Renaissance of Wonder.

Beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked  
With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes  
May meet at noon tide, Fear and trembling Hope,  
Silence and Foresight, Death the Skeleton  
And Time the Shadow,—there to celebrate,  
As in a natural temple scattered o'er  
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,  
United worship, or in mute repose  
To he, and listen to the mountain flood  
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

Whether the reaction would have died out (as did the revival of natural language by Theocritus after such comparatively feeble followers as Bion and Moschus) had not Wordsworth's indomitable will and masterful simplicity of character stood up and saved it, or whether, on the contrary, the movement was injured and delayed by this obstinacy and simplicity of character—which led him into exaggerated theories, exposing it to ridicule—is perhaps a debatable question. However, it ended by the 'poetic diction' of the eighteenth century being swept away. But as to real knowledge of the mere physiognomy of mediævalism, Coleridge and Scott were perhaps on a par. Indeed, imperfect knowledge of this physiognomy was a weak point in the entire group of poets who set to work to revive it. Coleridge showed a certain knowledge of it, which, like Scott's, was

no doubt above that of Horace Walpole and Mrs Radcliffe. But since the great accumulation of learning upon this subject which came afterwards for the use of English poets, it seems slight enough. Abbotsford alone is enough to show that Scott did not fully escape the mediævalism of the eighteenth century. If he in *Ivanhoe* vanquished every difficulty and wrote in immortal mediæval romance with not many touches of true mediævalism, that is only another proof of his vitiling imagination and genius. Fortunately, however, Scott was something more than a man like his successor Memhold, who had every mediæval detail at his command. Had the author of *Kenilworth* been as truly mediæval as the author of *Sadorna*, he would have appealed to a lessured society, whom the past is more beloved than the present, but he would not have given the English-speaking race those superb works of his which we

A large number of like the sun.

Though the Cuckoo Shepherd, in *The Queen's Walk*, shows plenty of the true feeling for the supernatural side of the movement, he had not sufficient government over his wild imagination to express himself with that concentrated energy which is one of the first requisite.

As to Wordsworth as a nature poet, there are, of course, three attitudes of the poet towards Nature. There is Wordsworth's attitude—that which recognises her as *Natura Bonifica*, there is the attitude which recognises her as *Natura Mortifica*, that of the poet who by temperament exclaims with the Syrian Gnostics, 'Matter is dark, —matter is evil, and of matter is this body, and to become incarnate is to inherit sorrow and grievous pain,' and there is the attitude which recognises her as being neither benign nor malignant but the cold, passionless, unloving mother to whom the sorrows, fears, and aspirations of man are indifferent because unknown—the attitude, in a word, of Matthew Arnold and other recent poets who have written after the general acceptance of the evolutionary hypothesis.

Wordsworth's influence in regard to the painting of Nature was no doubt great upon all the poets of his time, and upon none was it greater than upon Byron, who scoffed at him. In order to see Wordsworth's influence upon Byron we have only to compare the third and fourth cantos of *Corteo Harold* with the first and second. But besides this, Byron was evidently in the later decade of his life a student of Wordsworth's theories as to the use of natural language instead of poetic diction. In Julian's letter in *Don Juan*, notwithstanding occasional echoes like that of Barton Booth's couplet given on page 290, Vol II of this work—

So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,  
As vibrates my fond heart to my fixed soul,

is an admirable illustration of Wordsworth's aphorism, 'What comes from the heart goes to

the heart.' The same may be said concerning the pathetic naturalness of the Haidée episode. Would this ever have been written as we now have it had it not been for Wordsworth's Preface? What makes Byron an important figure in the romantic revival is that, while his own draughts of romanticism were drawn from the well-springs of Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, it was from his own reservoir that the French *romantiques* drank. Indeed, it may almost be said that to his influence was largely due that revival which, according to Banville, 'made French poetry leap from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth'. As regards, however, the French *romantiques* of the thirties to whom Banville alludes—those whose revolt against French classicism culminated, perhaps, in that great battle of *Hernani* before mentioned—their revolt was even more imperfectly equipped with knowledge of the physiognomy of mediævalism than that of Scott.

With regard to Victor Hugo, however, it may be said that, modern as he was in temper, he was able by aid of his splendid imagination in *La Pas d'Armes du Roi Jean*, and indeed in many other poems, to feel and express the true renascence of wonder. But in poetry the mere physiognomy of life is only suggested in prose it has to be secured. Hugo never secured it.

Shelley's place in the Renascence of Wonder is peculiar. His vigorous imagination was partially strangled by his humanitarianism and ethical impulse, inherited largely from Rousseau. Of all the poets of this group he was by far the most influenced by the social upheaval of the French Revolution, and, of course, apart from his splendid work in so many kinds of poetry, he is a very important figure in the revival of romanticism broadly considered. But those poems of his dealing with subjects akin to those represented by the purely romantic work of the old ballads and *Christabel* show that in the Renascence of Wonder his place is not among the first. *Queen Mab* is not the least in touch with the spiritual world. And there is more of the pure romantic glamour in Keats's two lines—

Charmed magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,

than in the whole of *The Witch of Atlas*

Southey's voluminous and industrious work upon romantic lines is receiving at this moment less attention than it deserves. There is really a fine atmosphere of romance thrown over *Thalaba* and *The Curse of Kehama*. But the atmosphere is cold.

With regard to Keats in relation to it, the present writer has elsewhere dwelt upon the fact that, brief as was his life, he who had already passed through so many halls of the poetic palace was at one time passing into yet another—the magic hall of Coleridge and the old ballads. As expressions of the highest romantic temper there are not many

things in our literature to be set above *The Eve of St Mark* and *La Belle Dame sans Merci*.

Our object being merely to trace to its sources that stream of Romanticism upon which the poetry of the nineteenth century has been nourished, this essay should properly close with Keats. And if a word or two is here said upon the poets who immediately followed the great group, it must not be supposed that any general criticism of these latter poets is attempted.

Tennyson, in virtue of the large mass of perfect work actually done, would perhaps be the greatest poet of the nineteenth century if Coleridge had not left us among his own large mass of inferior work half-a-dozen poems which will be the wonder and the despair of English poets in all time to come. In the blending of music and colour so that each seems born of each, it is hard to think that even the poet of *The Eve of St Agnes* and *The Ode to a Nightingale* was the superior of him who gave us *The Lady of Shalott* and *The Lotos-Eaters*. But when it comes to the true romantic glamour it cannot be said that he was instinctively in touch with the old spirit. The magnificent *Idylls of the King*, in temper as well as in style one of the most modern poems of its time, does occasionally, as in the picture of the finding of Arthur, give us the old glamour very finely. But the stately rhetorical movement of his blank verse is generally out of harmony with it. That romantic suggestion which Shakespeare's blank verse catches in such writing as we get in the fifth act of the *Merchant of Venice*, and in hundreds of other passages, shows, however, that blank verse, though not so 'right' in romantic poetry as rhyme, can yet be made sufficiently flexible. It is only in the poetic methods of his rhymed poems that Tennyson successfully worked on romantic lines, though of course the *naïveté*, the fairy-like, unconscious grace of Coleridge at his best, were never caught by any of his successors. And yet above all nineteenth-century poets Tennyson is steeped in the absolute humour of romanticism. In Shakespeare himself there is no finer example of absolute humour than he gives us in those lines where the 'Northern Farmer' expresses his views on the immorality of Bessy Marris

Bessy Marris's barne' tha knaws she hæid it to mea.  
Mowt a bean, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, shea.  
'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun understand,  
Edone moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the lond

As to Browning, in order to discuss adequately his place as regards the Renascence of Wonder a long treatise would be required. On the realistic side of the Romantic movement he is, of course, very strong. His sympathies, however, are as modern as Matthew Arnold's own, except, of course, on the theological side, where he is a century behind his great poetic contemporaries. His

desire is to express not wonder but knowingness, the opposite of wonder. In a study of his works made by the present writer many years ago, the humour of Browning was named Teutonic grotesque. The name is convenient, and nearly, though not quite, satisfactory. But subsequent writers on Browning seem to have caught it up. Perhaps Teutonic grotesque, which, in architecture at least, lies in the expression of deep ideas through fantastic forms, is the only absolute grotesque. In Italian and French grotesque the incongruity throughout all art lies in a simple departure from the recognised line of beauty, spiritual or physical, but in the Teutonic mind the instinctive quest is really not—save in music—beauty at all, but the wonderful, the profound, the mysterious, and the incongruity of Teutonic grotesque lies in expressing the emotions aroused by these qualities in forms that are unexpected and bizarre. It is easy, however, to give too much heed to Browning's grotesquerie in considering his relation to Romanticism. Ruskin has affirmed that such poems as *The Bishop Orders his Tomb* is the best rendering to be found in literature of the old temper, and on this point Ruskin speaks with authority.

With regard to Matthew Arnold, in *The Scholar Gy<sup>ps</sup>y* he undoubtedly shows, reflected from Wordsworth, a good deal of the realistic side of Romanticism. But there is no surer sign that his temper was really Augustan than the fact that in his selections from Gray in Ward's *English Poets*, he actually omits the one stanza in Gray's *Elegy* which shows him to have been a true poet—the stanza about the robin, above quoted in the remarks upon Gray. *The Forsaken Merman*, whose very name suggests the Renaissance of Wonder, beautiful as it is, is quite without the glamour and magic of such second-rate poets as the author of the *Queen's Wake*, and has no kinship with Coleridge or the old ballads. As to his attitude towards Nature, it is in such poems as *Morality* and *In Harmony with Nature* that Arnold shows that he comes under the third category of nature poets above mentioned. With regard to his humour, Arnold was essentially a man of the world—of the very modern world—and his humour, though peculiarly delicate and delightful, must always be called relative and not absolute.

As regards the Romantic temper, two English imaginative writers only have combined a true sympathy with a true knowledge of it, and these were of more recent date—Rossetti and William Morris. They had, of course immense advantages owing to such predecessors in literature as Meinhold, and also to the attention that had been given to the subject in Pugin's *Gothic Architecture* and in the works of other architects, English and foreign.

The poet of *Christabel* himself was scarcely more steeped in the true magic of the romantic

temper than was the writer of *The Blessed Damozel* and *Sister Helen*, while in knowledge of romance he was far behind the later poet. With regard to humour, he and Morris hold in their poetry no place either with the absolute or relative humourists, but those who knew them intimately can affirm that personally they were both humourists of a very fine order. The truth is that Rossetti consciously, and Morris unconsciously, worked upon the entirely mistaken theory that in romantic poetry humour has properly no place.

It is want of space alone that prevents our bringing prose fiction into this essay, otherwise Mr Meredith would receive more attention in these remarks than almost any other writer, but to discuss so vast a subject as that of the Renaissance of Wonder as seen in prose fiction would require the space of a large book, or rather of a library.

It is hard to think that even the singer of the *Ode to the West Wind* is in lyric power greater than he who wrote the choruses of *Alcestis* and the still more superb measures of *Songs before Sunrise* and *Lichttheus*. Indeed, we have only to recall the fact that before Shelley wrote it is an axiom among poets and critics that few, if any, more metres could ever be invented in order to give his proper place to a poet who has invented more metres than all the poets combined from the author of *Piers Plowman* down to the present day. Mr Swinburne too seems, consciously, or unconsciously, to act upon the theory that humour is out of place in romantic poetry. For in his prose writings he shows a great deal of wit and humour. With regard to form and artistic quality generally, a new kind of poetic diction now grew up—a diction composed mainly of that of “Pey and of heats,” of Tennyson, of Rossetti, i.e. Mr Swinburne, yet mixed with Elizabethan and more archaic forms—a diction, to be sure, less poetic in its elements than that which Scott, and Wordsworth did so much to establish, but none the less musical when set to music by a purely artistic impulse for the production of purely rustic verse. It is, we say, true enough that the gorgeous and bewitching word spinning of writers like Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Philip Bourke Marston, and those cited the Pre Raphaelite poets is far more like genuine poetry than was the worn out, tawdry texture of eighteenth century platitudes in which Hiley and Samuel Jackson Pratt bedecked their puny limbs. Rossetti, the great master of this kind of poetic diction, saw this, and during the last few years of his life endeavoured to get away from it when writing his superb poems, *A King's Tragedy* and *The White Ship*. His relative, Mr Ford Madox Hueffer, in his monograph on Rossetti tells us that it should be pointed out that the *White Ship* was one of Rossetti's best works, and that in it he was aiming at simplicity of narrative under the advice of the present writer.

## William Wordsworth.

The story of Wordsworth's earlier life is told in *The Prelude*, 'the long poem on my own education,' finished in 1805, but not published till after the author's death in 1850. This poem was addressed to Coleridge, who described it in the verses written in acknowledgment

An Orphic song indeed,  
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts  
To their own music chanted.

It had to be kept back, because the great work to which it was an introduction—*The Recluse*, of which *The Excursion* is only a fragment—was never completed. If Wordsworth had published the *Prelude* immediately, it might have saved his literary reputation from some tedious controversies; it would certainly have given pleasure to Shelley and Keats, both of whom were fascinated by Wordsworth and anxious to discover his meaning. It is an authentic story, the course of his life and the growth of his faculties are described sincerely. It is one of the happiest of lives, blest from the outset with natural gifts of the most fortunate kind, a pilgrim's progress, in which the ordeals are indeed severe, but saved from the worst afflictions, and especially from low spirits. By keeping back the *Prelude* Wordsworth made *The Excursion* his most authoritative work regarding his own temper and ideas. His contemporaries generally judged him from the *Excursion*, and the *Excursion*, taken by itself, gives a false impression of Wordsworth. It makes him too much of a philosopher, too sedate, too tame. The *Prelude* is a story of life and will, not mainly of meditations or theories, these have their place in it, but the purport of the whole book is to show that his reflections spring from what is alive. Wordsworth's life, which to many of his readers has appeared a monotonous affair, comes out in the *Prelude* as a life of pure energy from the beginning, wakeful, alert, self-willed. Also by accident (or 'divine chance') he was carried into the middle of great things. He stood nearer to the reality of the French Revolution than any of his contemporaries in England, and he discovered the secret of the Alps. The slow mooning person which Wordsworth seemed to be in later life is hardly to be found in the *Prelude*. The story of his childhood and boyhood is an enthusiastic description of all kinds of adventure. The pride of life kindled and lit up his world for him, Nature for him was full throughout of 'danger and desire.'

He was born at Cockermouth, on 7th April 1770, the son of John Wordsworth, law-agent to Sir James Lowther. His mother, who died when he was eight years old, was anxious about him, owing to the faults of his disposition, more than about any of her other children. He says himself that he was 'of a stiff, moody, and violent temper,' but his wilfulness had nothing unsound

in it. His account of his school life (at Hawkshead) would be interesting simply as a story of a boy's adventures. The early revelations of sublime things came to him not in moments of a wise passiveness, but in the crisis of heroic action

When I have hung  
Above the raven's nest by knots of grass  
And half inch fissures in the slippery rock.  
But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)  
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,  
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time  
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,  
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind  
Blow through my ear! The sky seemed not a sky  
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

The first book of the *Prelude* is a commentary on the lines in *Tintern Abbey*

The coarser pleasures of my boyish days  
And their glad animal movements all gone by

It explains how different Wordsworth's love of Nature was from mere critical observation of the 'beauties' of Nature or what is called 'scenery'. It is through life that Nature is revealed to him, in rowing, riding, and skating, and the old panic terror found him, about his tenth year, in night raids on the fells

I heard among the solitary hills  
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds  
Of undistinguishable motion, steps  
Almost as silent as the turf they trod

In October 1787 Wordsworth went up to St John's College, Cambridge. The change of scene was a trial for him, but he was not depressed. He found that his mistress, Nature, was lady of the fens also, and in the flat country he surrendered himself to the elemental beauty of light and air, and the broad general aspect of the earth

As if awakened, summoned, roused, constrained,  
I looked for universal things, perused  
The common countenance of earth and sky

There was at the same time a certain lowering of temperature in his life, as was perhaps natural and right. The touch of worldliness in his conversation at Cambridge gave him tolerance, and saved his enthusiasm from wasting itself. In his third long vacation (1790) Wordsworth went for a walking tour in France and Switzerland with his friend Jones, of the same college, and found himself in the middle of the Revolution

—Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,  
France standing on the top of golden hours,  
And human nature seeming born again.

There is no one who has borne better witness than Wordsworth to the unselfish happiness, the overpowering hope, that seemed to attend the first movement of the Revolution.

The two Cambridge men, however, saw one



he required, but motives He verified the saying of Burke, that the world would be ruined 'if the practice of all moral duties and the foundations of society rested upon having their reasons made clear and demonstrative to every individual' His progress led him through the valley of Abstract Thought, where he was not happy

Viewing all objects unremittingly  
In disconnection dead and spiritless,

as it is expressed in the *Excursion*, or as in the *Prelude*

Dragging all precepts, judgments, maxims, creeds  
Like culprits to the bar, calling the mind  
Suspiciously to establish in plain day  
Her titles and her honours.

His deliverance from futile analysis was in great part due, he says, to his sister Dorothy

She in the midst of all preserved me still  
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,  
And that alone, my office upon earth

In 1795 they settled at Racedown, a house near Crewkerne in Dorset. There in June 1797 they were visited by Coleridge, who had read Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches* (published in 1793), the next month the Wordsworths moved to Alforden, a house in the Quantocks not far from Coleridge's home at Nether Stowey. Coleridge and Wordsworth, walking about the hills, found occasion for all sorts of imaginative projects, *Lyrical Ballads*, their common venture, came out in 1798, beginning with the 'Ancient Mariner' and ending with 'Tintern Abbey'. Coleridge explained their partnership later 'It was agreed that my efforts should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith'. Mr Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself as his object to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us, an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand'

Wordsworth and his sister did not stay long in Somerset. In the autumn of 1798 they went to Germany, travelling with Coleridge in the earlier part of their journey. German literature did not affect Wordsworth strongly, he imitated Burger's verse in two of his worst poems, and disapproved of it in one of his critical essays. But his German winter was productive, the poems of that year are among the finest in the second volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, published in 1800. He came back to England in 1799, and settled at Grasmere. The

*Prelude* was already begun, part of the great ambition of Wordsworth's life—'a philosophical poem containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled *The Recluse*, as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement'. The *Prelude* was finished in 1805, but it was not the only work of these years. In 1807 appeared two volumes, about the same size as the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1800, containing poems in some respects considerably different from anything of Wordsworth's hitherto published, the 'Sonnets on Liberty', the 'Happy Warrior', the 'Ode to Duty', and at the end, with a motto of its own, *paullo majora canamus*, the 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality'. There were also the poems of the tour in Scotland in 1803 recorded in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal—*Yarrow Unvisited*, *Stepping Westward*, *The Solitary Reaper*. The most obvious difference between 1800 and 1807 in Wordsworth's poetry was the result of his studies among the older English poets—Chaucer, Drayton, Daniel, Sidney—of whom he had known little or nothing before. Milton and Spenser he had long known and praised; now their influence returned to him along with the others, and gave a new character to his poetical language.

In 1813 he went to Rydal Mount, his home for the rest of his life. About the same time he obtained the office of Distributor of Stamps for Westmorland. In 1814 he made his second tour in Scotland (*Yarrow Visited*), and published the *Excursion*, 'being a portion of *The Recluse*, a Poem'. A collected edition of his Poems was published in the following year, and also in 1815, separately, *The White Doe of Rylstone*. *Peter Bell*, a tale in verse, begun long before among the Quantocks but not included in *Lyrical Ballads*, was published in 1819, preceded by the mischievous work of the same name, 'the ante-natal Peter,' a parody of Wordsworth by Keats's friend Reynolds, and followed by Shelley's *Peter Bell the Third*. Other publications are *The Waggoner* (1819), *The River Duddon* (1820), *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (1820), *Ecclesiastical Sketches* (1822). There were few adventures in Wordsworth's later life. He travelled in Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Wales, Ireland, in 1831, with his daughter, he went to see Scott at Abbotsford, just before his departure for Naples. Scott refusing Wordsworth's commendation of the Italian landscape, and quoting 'although 'tis fair, 'twill be another Yarrow', *Yarrow Kissed* and other poems appeared in 1835, and at the end of the year, in the *Athenaeum*, the 'Extempore Effusion on the Death of James Hogg'—Wordsworth's lament for the poets Coleridge and Lamb had died the year before.

Like clouds that take the mountain summits,  
Or waves that own no curving hand,  
How fast has brother followed brother  
From sunshine to the sunless land



1800 he became more magnificent, he went back to the Elizabethans and used more elaborate forms of verse and a richer language, 'armoury of the invincible knights of old' But this implicit withdrawal of his thesis did not affect his main position except to strengthen it the conviction, namely, that the poetical idea or view, or whatever it may be called—the poetical comprehension of the theme—must determine the expression of it to the minutest point of detail When the eye is single, the body of poetry is full of light Further, the poetic vision is not mere vision poetical insight (which he called imagination) is one with its passionate motive, the demonstration of this is the whole scope and upshot of the *Prelude*

He meant to write a great philosophical poem, and he failed to complete his design Nothing would have contented him in it unless it had included all the poetical meaning of all his works, when finished, it was to be like 'a Gothic church' in regard to which his shorter poems were to be chapels and oratories With all his sense of the value of his work, he underrated these shorter poems, not to speak of the *Prelude*, which was, as he says, his 'portico' He did not know that in some of these poems and in some passages of the *Prelude* he had gone to the very verge of what is permissible in the use of poetry dealing with the mystery of the world The tension of mind in the *Tintern* poem, in part of the *Ode on Immortality*, in the verses on the Simplon, is near the limits of speech a little more, and speech and thought would vanish, above these heights of speculation there is no footing for mere humanity Beyond them poetry can hardly go without turning into something else than poetry And it is not certain what it may be come, it is certain there is danger If a loftier mode of vision is denied, then what remains is apt to be mere talk about the Universe, no more inspiring than the talk about education noted by Mr Arnold in his essay on Wordsworth

Not even the philosophical poem which he imagined, and hoped for, could take the place of Wordsworth's actual accomplished work in the smaller chapels and oratories The variety of his style is not shown in the *Recluse* as it is, for example, in the poems of 1807, and luckily there is no need to restrict one's self to these two glorious volumes He had command of many different instruments, and was more sensitive to poetical influences, more humble as a student of old masters, than is commonly supposed The *Yarrow* poems are on the beautiful old model

Sing Ercelbourne and Cowdenknowes  
Where Homes had once commanding

*Resolution and Independence* is in Milton's stanza—a Spenserian variety—used in the poem of the *Nativity* ode. The verse of *The Green Linnet* is borrowed from Drayton's *Nymphidia*, the form of the *Ode to Duty* from Gray His poetry is full of

reminiscences, sometimes acknowledged *Michael* and *The Brothers*, poems that work out his principle of plain language, also justify it by the commanding dignity and pathos of their thought transforming the simple words into sublimity But the author of *Michael* could also use, in spite of all his prefaces, the language of the courtly schools—'invested with purpureal gleams' And no one since Dryden has used the heroic couplet like Wordsworth—with an onward rush, sometimes louder, as in the *Expected Invasion*, sometimes more varied and musical, as in the *Happy Warrior* His poetry of the 'trump and timbrel' is irresistible, no fighting poet, not even Byron, ever struck harder at the enemy than Wordsworth no political satire ever went home more cleanly and effectively than Wordsworth's conclusion against a certain possible type of Ministry

A servile band  
Who have to judge of danger which they fear  
And honour which they do not understand

This, it is true, is borrowed from Sir Philip Sidney, but the edge is given to it by Wordsworth The moral of *Yarrow Revisited*, its pure and reverend grace, gives a new meaning to the old poetic praise of righteousness, 'more beautiful than the morning or the evening star,' the friendship of Wordsworth and Scott is recorded in words that seem to have the whole soul of human goodness and nobility in them

For busy thoughts the stream flowed on  
In foamy agitation,  
And slept in many a crystal pool  
For quiet contemplation,  
No public and no private care  
The freeborn mind enthralling,  
We made a day of happy hours  
Our happy days recalling

Into a single phrase—'breaking the silence of the seas'—he can put the spirit of all the myths about the powers of Winter and Spring the voice of the Spring triumphing in the very heart of the vast desolation He has a new mythology of his own, not displayed in large works like *Hyperion* or *Prometheus Unbound*, but expressing itself in apparently casual ways The *Ode to Duty* is his largest mythological poem, and there the personifying imagination really does its work in one sentence With his poetical magic he scatters phrases that fill the mind as if they were complete works, like

flaunting Summer when he throws  
His soul into the briar rose

The simplicity of Wordsworth's style is more varied than most poets' opulence, just as the tranquillity of his life, the contemplative quiet of much of his writings, is consistent with a rebellious energy law and impulse in him were reconciled, but impulse was not degraded or diluted in this harmony of opposite powers The things that give him most delight are lawless his heart leaps

up at the humour of the two Thieves His zest for happiness is unfailing, and he finds it out and blesses it with the same sincerity as wisdom or heroism In two different ways he has praised the River—once in the morning at Westminster Bridge, and again because he saw a miller and two women dancing at sunset on one of the floating mills. ‘Charles Lamb was with me at the time, and I thought it remarkable that I should have to point out to him, an idolatrous Londoner, a sight so interesting as the happy group dancing on the platform’ Nature has more meanings for him even than those of *Tintern Abbey*, and his poetical mind has regard to many things that are neither solemn nor contemplative. It has not been found necessary here to consider the less interesting parts of his work, it may be observed, however, that the later poems, which are seldom read, include many things like those of 1800 and 1807 one of them, that may be called his last word, written in his seventy-fifth year, has already been quoted.

Wordsworth’s prose is not all of one kind, but it is all good It has given some phrases to literature that have the currency of Milton’s, like ‘the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge,’ and there are others less known, especially in the blazing tract on the *Convention of Cintra* (1809), as vehement as Burke. He had not lost his power in 1844 when he wrote against the proposed Kendal and Windermere Railway The Guide to the Lakes is in a different style.

#### Expostulation and Reply

‘Why, William, on that old grey stone,  
Thus for the length of half a day,  
Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
And dream your time away?’

Where are your books?—that light bequeathed  
To Beings else forlorn and blind?  
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed  
From dead men to their kind

You look round on your Mother Earth,  
As if she for no purpose bore you,  
As if you were her first born birth,  
And none had lived before you!’

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
To me my good friend Matthew spake,  
And thus I made reply

‘The eye—it cannot choose but see  
We cannot bid the ear be still,  
Our bodies feel, where’er they be,  
Against or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress,  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness

Think you, ’mid all this mighty sum  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking’

—Then ask not wherfore, here, alone,  
Conversing as I may,  
I sit upon this old grey stone,  
And dream my time away’

(From *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798)

#### The Tables-Turned.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you’ll grow double  
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks,  
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain’s head,  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields has spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow

Books! ‘tis a dull and endless strife  
Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There’s more of wisdom in it

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher

She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings,  
Our meddling intellect  
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things—  
We murder to dissect.  
Enough of Science and of Art,  
Close up those barren leaves,  
Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives

(1798.)

Lines composed a few miles above Tintern  
Abbey on revisiting the Banks of the Wye  
during a Tour July 13 1798

Five years have past, five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters! and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs  
With a soft inland murmur—Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
’Mid groves and copses Once again I see  
These hedge rows, hardly hedge rows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild these pastoral farms,  
Green to the very door, and wreaths of smoke  
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!  
With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
Or of some Hermit’s cave, where by his fire  
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration —feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts  
Of kindness and of love Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime, that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened —that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft—  
In darkness and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer thro' the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee !

And now, with gleams of half extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
I came among these hills, when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the side  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all —I cannot paint  
What then I was The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion, the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite, a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye —That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur, other gifts

Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompence I or I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains, and of all that we behold  
From this green earth, of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,  
And what perceive, well pleased to recognise  
In nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being

Nor perchance,  
If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
Suffer my genial spirits to decay  
For thou art with me here upon the banks  
Of this fair river, thou my dearest Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes Oh ! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her, 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With losty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,  
And let the misty mountain winds be free  
To blow against thee and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, oh ! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance—  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together, and that I, so long

A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
Unwearied in that service rather say,  
With warmer love—oh ! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !  
(1798.)

I have not ventured to call this Poem an Ode but it was written with a hope that in the transitions, and the impassioned music of the versification, would be found the principal requisites of that species of composition. (Note, 1800.)

### The Simplon Pass

—Brook and road

Were fellow travellers in this gloomy Pass,  
And with them did we journey several hours  
At a slow step The immeasurable height  
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,  
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,  
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,  
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,  
Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside  
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,  
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—  
Were all like workings of one mind, the features  
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,  
Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of Eternity,  
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end

(From *The Prelude*)

Strange fits of passion have I known  
And I will dare to tell,  
But in the Lover's ear alone,  
What once to me befel.

When she I loved looked every day  
Fresh as a rose in June,  
I to her cottage bent my way,  
Beneath an evening moon

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,  
All over the wide lea ,  
With quickening pace my horse drew nigh  
Those paths so dear to me

And now we reached the orchard plot ,  
And, as we climbed the hill,  
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot  
Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
Kind Nature's gentlest boon '  
And all the while my eyes I kept  
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on , hoof after hoof  
He raised, and never stopped  
When down behind the cottage roof,  
At once, the bright moon dropped  
What fond and wayward thoughts will slide  
Into a Lover's head !

'O mercy !' to myself I cried,  
'If Lucy should be dead !'

(From *Lyrical Ballads*, vol. II., 1800.)

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love  
A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye !  
—Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be ,  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me !

(From *Lyrical Ballads*, vol. II., 1800.)

Three years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown ,  
This Child I to myself will take ,  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A Lady of my own

Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse and with me  
The Girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain

She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ,  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things

The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her , for her the willow bend ,  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the Storm  
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form  
By silent sympathy

The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her , and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round ,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ,  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell '

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run !  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene ,  
The memory of what has been ,  
And never more will be.

(From *Lyrical Ballads*, vol. II., 1800.)

A slumber did my spirit seal ,  
I had no human fears ,  
She seemed a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force,  
She neither hears nor sees,  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
With rocks, and stones, and trees

(From *Lyrical Ballads*, vol. II., 1800.)

I travelled among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea,  
Nor, England I did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time, for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire,  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played,  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never ending line  
Along the margin of a bay  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils

(From *Poems*, 1807.)

#### Resolution and Independence

There was a roaring in the wind all night,  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods,  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright,  
The birds are singing in the distant woods,  
Over his own sweet voice the Stock dove broods,  
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters,  
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors,  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth  
The grass is bright with rain-drops,—on the moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth,  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,  
I saw the hare that riced about with joy,  
I heard the woods and distant waters roar,  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy  
The pleasant season did my heart employ  
My old remembrances went from me wholly,  
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight  
In our dejection do we sink as low,  
To me that morning did it happen so  
And fears and fancies thick upon me came [name]  
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky,  
And I bethought me of the playful hire  
Even such a happy Child of earth am I,  
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare,  
Far from the world I walk, and from all care,  
But there may come another day to me—  
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,  
As if life's business were a summer mood,  
As if all needful things would come unsought  
To genial faith, still rich in genial good,  
But how can He expect that others should  
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,  
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride,  
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy  
Following his plough, along the mountain side  
By our own spirits are we desir'd  
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness,  
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,  
A leading from above, a something given,  
Yet it beset that, in this lonely place,  
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,  
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven  
I saw a Man before me unawares  
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bold top of an eminence,  
Wonder to all who do the same esp'ly,  
By what means it could thither come, and whence,  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense  
Like a sea beast crawled forth, that on a shelf  
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to sun itself,  
Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,  
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age  
His body was bent double, feet and head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage,  
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,  
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,  
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood  
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish flood  
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call  
And moveth all together, if it move at all

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond  
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look  
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,  
As if he had been reading in a book.  
And now a stranger's privilege I took,  
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,  
'This morning gives us promise of a glorious day.'  
A gentle answer did the old Man make,  
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew  
And him with further words I thus bespake,  
'What occupation do you there pursue?  
This is a lonesome place for one like you'  
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes  
His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
But each in solemn order followed each,  
With something of a lofty utterance drest—  
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach  
Of ordinary men, a stately speech,  
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,  
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues  
He told, that to these waters he had come  
To gather leeches, being old and poor  
Employment hazardous and wearisome!  
And he had many hardships to endure  
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor,  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance,  
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.  
The old Man still stood talking by my side,  
But now his voice to me was like a stream  
Scarce heard, nor word from word could I divide,  
And the whole body of the Man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a dream,  
Or like a man from some far region sent,  
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment  
My former thoughts returned—the fear that kills,  
And hope that is unwilling to be fed,  
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills,  
And mighty Poets in their misery dead  
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,  
My question eagerly did I renew,  
'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?'  
He with a smile did then his words repeat,  
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide  
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet  
The waters of the pools where they abide.  
'Once I could meet with them on every side,  
But they have dwindled long by slow decay,  
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may'  
While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me  
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace  
About the weary moors continually,  
Wandering about alone and silently  
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,  
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed  
And soon with this he other matter blended,  
Cheerfully uttered, with demurely kind  
But stately in the main, and when he ended,  
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find  
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind  
'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure  
I'll think of the Leech gatherer on the lonely moor!'

(From *Poems, 1807*)

### The Green Linnet

Beneath these fruit tree boughs that shed  
Their snow-white blossoms on my head  
With brightest sunshine round me spread

Of spring's unclouded weather,  
In this sequestered nook how sweet  
To sit upon my orchard seat!  
And birds and flowers once more to greet,

My last year's friends together

One have I marked, the happiest guest  
In all this covert of the blest  
Hail to Thee, far above the rest

In joy of voice and pionion!  
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,  
Presiding Spirit here to-day,  
Dost lead the revels of the May,

And this is thy dominion

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers  
Make all one band of paramours,  
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,

Art sole in thy employment  
A Life, a Presence like the Air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care  
Too blest with any one to pair,  
Thyself thy own enjoyment

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,  
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
Behold him perched in ecstasies,

Yet seeming still to hover,  
There ' where the flutter of his wings  
Upon his back and body flings  
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
That cover him all over

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,  
A Brother of the dancing leaves,  
Then flits, and from the cottage eaves

Pours forth his song in gushes,  
As if by that exulting strain  
He mocked and treated with disdain  
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,  
While fluttering in the bushes

(From *Poems, 1807*)

### The Solitary Reaper

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass'

Reaping and singing by herself,

Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the Vile profound  
Is overflowing with the sound

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
So sweetly to reposing bands

Of travellers in some shady haunt,

Among Arabian sands

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the sunniest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sing?—  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago

Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Marden sang  
As if her song could have no ending,  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending —  
I listened, motionless and still,  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

(From Poems, 1807.)

#### Yarrow Unvisited.

(See the various Poems the scene of which is laid upon the banks of the Yarrow, in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning,

' Busk ye busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow! —)

From Stirling castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled,  
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled,  
And when we came to Clovensford,  
Then said my 'winsome Marrow,'  
' Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the Braes of Yarrow '

' Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,  
Each maiden to her dwelling!  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!  
But we will downward with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow'

There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us,  
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed  
The linnwights sing in chorus,  
There's pleasant Tiviot dale, a land  
Made blithe with plough and harrow  
Why throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow?

What's Yarrow but a river bare,  
That gildes the dark hills under?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder'  
—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn,  
My True love sighed for sorrow  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

' Oh! green,' said I, ' are Yarrow's holms,  
And sweet is Yarrow flowing'  
Fair hangs the apple *frae* the rock,  
But we will leave it growing  
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,  
We'll wander Scotland thorough,  
But, though so near, we will not turn  
Into the dale of Yarrow

Let beesves and home bred lene partake  
The sweets of Burn mill meadow  
The swan on still St Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow!

We will not see them, will not go,  
To day nor yet to morrow,  
Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow

Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!  
It must, or we shall rue it  
We have a vision of our own,  
Ah! why should we undo it?  
The treasured dreams of times long past,  
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,  
'Twill be another Yarrow'

If Care with freezing years should come,  
And wandering seem but folly,—  
Should we be loth to stir from home,  
And yet be melancholy,  
Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,  
That earth has something yet to show,  
The bonny holms of Yarrow!'

(From Poems, 1807.)

#### Yarrow Visited—September 1814.

And is this—Yarrow?—This the Stream  
Of which my fancy cherished,  
So faithfully, a waking dream?  
An image that hath perished?  
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air,  
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows  
With uncontrolled meanderings,  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake  
Is visibly delighted,  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused,  
A tender hazy brightness,  
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
All profitless dejection,  
Though not unwilling here to admit  
A pensive recollection

Where was it that the famous Flower  
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?  
His bed perchance was 'pon smooth mound  
On which the herd is feeding  
And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The Water wraith ascended thrice—  
And gave his doleful warning

Delicious is the Lay that sings  
The haunts of happy Lovers,  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers  
And Pity sanctifies the Verse  
That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of love,  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy,  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy

That region left, the vale unfolds  
Rich groves of lofty stature,  
With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
Of cultivated nature,  
And, rising from those lofty groves,  
Behold a Run hoary !  
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,  
Renowned in Border story

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
For sportive youth to stray in,  
For manhood to enjoy his strength,  
And age to wear away in !  
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
A covert for protection  
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—  
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on thus autumnal day,  
The wild wood fruits to gather,  
And on my True love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather !  
And what if I enwreathed my own !  
'Twere no offence to reason,  
The sober Hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee,  
A ray of fancy still survives—  
Her sunshine plays upon thee !  
Thy ever youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure  
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,  
They melt, and soon must vanish,  
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—  
Sad thought, which I would banish,  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !  
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow

#### Yarrow Revisited.

(The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples. The title *Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream.)

The gallant Youth, who may have gained,  
Or seeks, a 'winsome Marrow,'  
Was but an Infant in the lap  
When first I looked on Yarrow  
Once more, by Newark's Castle gate  
Long left without a warden,  
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,  
Great Minstrel of the Border !

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,  
Their dignity installing  
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves  
Were on the bow, or falling,  
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—  
The forest to embolden,  
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot  
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on  
In foamy agitation,  
And slept in many a crystal pool  
For quiet contemplation  
No public and no private care  
The freeborn mind enthraling,  
We made a day of happy hours,  
Our happy days recalling

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,  
With freaks of graceful folly,—  
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Lve,  
Her Night not melancholy,  
Past, present, future, all appeared  
In harmony united,  
Like guests that meet, and some from far,  
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
And down the meadow ranging,  
Did meet us with unaltered face,  
Though we were changed and changing,  
If, then, some natural shadows spread  
Our inward prospect over,  
The soul's deep valley was not slow  
Its brightness to recover

Eternal blessings on the Muse,  
And her divine employment !  
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons  
For hope and calm enjoyment,  
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,  
Has o'er their pillow brooded,  
And Care wavlays their steps—a Sprite  
Not easily eluded

For thee, O Scott ! compelled to change  
Green Eildon hill and Cheviot  
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes,  
And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot  
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves,  
May classic Fancy, linking  
With native Fancy her fresh aid,  
Preserve thy heart from sinking !

O ! while they minister to thee,  
Each yning with the other,  
May Health return to mellow Age  
With Strength her venturesome brother !  
And Tiber, and each brook and rill  
Renowned in song and story,  
With unimagined beauty shine,  
Nor lose one ray of glory !

For Thou, upon a hundred streams  
By tales of love and sorrow,  
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
Hast shed the power of Yarrow,  
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,  
Wherever they invite Thee,  
At parent Nature's grateful call,  
With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,  
Such looks of love and honour  
As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
When first I gazed upon her,  
Beheld what I had feared to see,  
Unwilling to surrender  
Dreams treasured up from early days,  
The holy and the tender

And what, for this frail world, were all  
That mortals do or suffer,  
Did no responsive harp, no pen,  
Memorial tribute offer?  
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?  
Her features, could they win us,  
Unhelped by the poetic voice  
That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localised Romance  
Plays false with our affections,  
Unsanctifies our tears—made sport  
For fanciful dejections  
Oh, no! the visions of the past  
Sustain the heart in feeling  
Life as she is—our changeful Life  
With friends and kindred dealing

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day  
In Yarrow's groves were centred,  
Who through the silent portal arch  
Of mouldering Newark enter'd,  
And climb the winding stair that once  
Too timidly was mounted  
By the 'last Minstrel,' (not the last!)  
Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!  
Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
Well pleased that future Bards should chant  
For simple hearts thy beauty,  
To dream light dear while yet unseen,  
Dear to the common sunshine,  
And dearer still, as now I feel,  
To memory's shadowy moonshine!  
(1831, published 1835.)

#### Gipsies

Yet are they here the same unbroken knot  
Of human Beings, in the self same spot!  
Men, women, children, yea the frame  
Of the whole spectacle the same!  
Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,  
Now deep and red, the colouring of night,  
That on their Gipsy faces falls,  
Their bed of straw and blanket walls.  
—Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are gone, while I  
Have been a traveller under open sky,  
Much witnessing of change and cheer,  
Yet as I left I find them here!  
The weary Sun betook himself to rest,—  
Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west,  
Outshining like a visible God  
The glorious path in which he trod  
And now, ascending, after one dark hour  
And one night's diminution of her power,  
Behold the mighty Moon! this way  
She looks as if at them—but they

Regard not her—oh better wrong and strife  
(By nature transient) than this torpid life,  
Life which the very stars reprove  
As on their silent tasks they move!  
Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth!  
In scorn I speak not,—they are what their birth  
And breeding suffer them to be,  
Wild outcasts of society!

(From *Parins*, 1807)

#### Ode to Duty

'Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eō perductus, ut non tantum  
recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possum.'

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!  
O Duty! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove,  
Thou, who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe,  
From vain temptations dost set free,  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them, who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth  
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot,  
Who do thy work, and know it not  
Oh! if through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! 'round them  
cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed,  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have repos'd my trust  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray,  
But thee I now wuld serve more strictly, if I may

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control,  
But in the quietness of thought  
Me this unchartered freedom tires,  
I feel the weight of chance desires  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace,  
Nor know we any thing so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads,  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,  
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh  
and strong

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
 I call thee I myself command  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ,  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self sacrifice ,  
 The confidence of reason give ,  
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !  
 (From *Poems, 1807*)

## Character of the Happy Warrior

Who is the happy Warrior ? Who is he  
 That every man in arms should wish to be ?  
 —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought  
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
 That makes the path before him always bright  
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ,  
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
 But makes his moral being his prime care ,  
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train '  
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ,  
 In face of these doth exercise a power  
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ,  
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives  
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
 Her feeling, rendered more conipassionate ,  
 Is placable—because occasions rise  
 So often that demand such sacrifice ,  
 More skilful in self knowledge, even more pure,  
 As tempted more , more able to endure  
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ,  
 Thence, also, more alive to tenderness  
 —'Tis he whose law is reason , who depends  
 Upon that law as on the best of friends ,  
 Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
 To evil for a guard agamst worse ill ,  
 And what in quality or act is best  
 Doth seldom on a right foundation rest ,  
 He labours good on good to fix, and owes  
 To virtue every triumph that he knows  
 —Who if he rise to station of command ,  
 Rises by open means , and there will stand  
 On honourable terms, or else retire ,  
 And in himself possess his own desire ,  
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ,  
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state  
 Whom they must follow , on whose head must fall ,  
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all  
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife ,  
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life ,  
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ,  
 But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind ,  
 Is happy as a Lover , and attired  
 With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ,  
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ,  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed ,  
 Come when it will, is equal to the need

—He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence ,  
 Is yet a Soul whose master bias leans  
 To home felt pleasures and to gentle scenes ,  
 Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be ,  
 Are at his heart , and such fidelity  
 It is his darling passion to approve ,  
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love —  
 'Tis, finally, the Man who, lifted high ,  
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye ,  
 Or left unthought of in obscurity,—  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot ,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—  
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
 Where what he most doth value must be won  
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay ,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ,  
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast ,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last  
 From well to better, daily self surpast  
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth ,  
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame ,  
 And leave a dead unprofitable name—  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ,  
 And, while the mortal must is gathering, draws  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause  
 This is the happy Warrior , this is He  
 That every Man in arms should wish to be .

(From *Poems, 1807*)

## Ode—Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.

The Child is father of the Man ,  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety ,

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream ,  
 The earth, and every common sight ,  
 To me did seem  
 Appareled in celestial light ,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream .  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore ,—  
 Turn wheresoe'er I may ,  
 By night or by day ,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more .

The Rainbow comes and goes ,  
 And lovely is the Rose ,  
 The Moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ,  
 Waters on a starry night  
 Are beautiful and fair ,  
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ,  
 But yet I know, where'er I go ,  
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth  
 Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song ,  
 And while the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound ,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief ,  
 And I again am strong  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ,  
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng ,  
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep ,  
 And all the earth is gay ,

Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every Beast keep holiday,—  
 Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
 Shepherd boy !

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make, I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee,  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all,  
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
 While Earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May morning,  
 And the Children are calling  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers, while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm —  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
 A single Field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone  
 The Pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison house begin to close  
 Upon the growing Boy,  
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows  
 He sees it in his joy,  
 The youth, who daily farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended,  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own,  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And even with something of a Mother's mind,  
 And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster child, her Inmate Man,  
 Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came

Behold the Child among his new born blisses,  
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fructified by kisses of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly learned art

A wedding or a festival,  
 A mourning or a funeral,  
 And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song  
 Then will he sit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife,  
 But it will not be long  
 Ere this be thrown aside,  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little Actor cons another part,  
 Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage,  
 As if his whole vocation  
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 Thy Soul's immensity,  
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !  
 On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave,  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by,  
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?  
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction—not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new fledged hope still fluttering in his breast —  
 Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise,  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings,  
 Blank misgivings of a Creature

Moving about in worlds not realised,  
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing,  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence—truths that wake,  
 To perish never,  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man nor Boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
And let the young Lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !

We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ,  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind ,  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ,  
In the faith that looks through death  
In years that bring the philosophic mind

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves !  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ,  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway  
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret ,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ,  
The innocent brightness of a new born Day  
Is lovely yet ,

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ,  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live ,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears

(From *Poems*, 1807)

If this great world of joy and pain  
Revolve in one sure track ,  
If freedom, set, will rise again ,  
And virtue, flown, come back ,  
Woe to the purblind crew who fill  
The heart with each day's care ,  
Nor gain, from past or future, skill  
To bear, and to forbear !

(1833, published 1835)

#### Composed upon Westminster Bridge September 3 1802.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning , silent, bare,

Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ,  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ,  
Ne er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will  
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ,  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

#### On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee ,  
And was the safeguard of the west the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty  
She was a maiden City, bright and free ,  
No guile seduced, no force could violate ,  
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
And what if she had seen those glories fade ,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ,  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reached its final day  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade  
Of that which once was great is passed away

#### To Toussaint L'Ouverture

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men !  
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough  
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ,—  
O miserable Chieftain ! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not , do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again ,  
Live, and take comfort Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee , air, earth, and skies ,  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee , thou hast great allies ,  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies ,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind

#### September 1802

Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood ,  
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear ,  
The coast of France—the coast of France how near !  
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood  
I shrunk , for verily the barrier flood  
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,  
A span of waters , yet what power is there !  
What mightiness for evil and for good !  
Even so doth God protect us if we be  
Virtuous and wise Winds blow, and waters roll ,  
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity ,  
Yet in themselves are nothing ! One decree  
Spake laws to them, and said that by the soul  
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

It is not to be thought of that the Flood  
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea  
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood ,'  
Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,

That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish, and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held —In every thing we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold

The world is too much with us late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers  
Little we see in Nature that is ours,  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up gathered now like sleeping flowers,  
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune,  
It moves us not —Great God ! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn

Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go ?  
Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,  
Festively she puts forth in trim array,  
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow ?  
What boots the inquiry ?—Neither friend nor foe  
She cares for, let her travel where she may  
She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
Ever before her, and a wind to blow  
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark ?  
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,  
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there  
Crossing the waters) doubt and something dark,  
Of the old Sea some reverential fear,  
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark !

(From Poems 1807)

### Burns

In illustration of this sentiment, permit me to remind you that it is the privilege of poetic genius to catch, under certain restrictions of which perhaps at the time of its being exerted it is but dimly conscious, a spirit of pleasure wherever it can be found—in the walks of nature, and in the business of men.—The poet, trusting to primary instincts, luxuriates among the felicities of love and wine, and is enraptured while he describes the fairer aspects of war nor does he shrink from the company of the passion of love though immoderate—from convivial pleasure though intemperate—nor from the presence of war though savage, and recognised as the hand maid of desolation. Frequently and admirably has Burns given way to these impulses of nature, both with reference to himself and in describing the condition of others. Who, but some impenetrable dunce or narrow minded puritan in works of art, ever read without delight the picture which he has drawn of the convivial exaltation of the rustic adventurer, Tam o' Shanter ? The poet fears not to tell the reader in the outset that his hero was a desperate and sottish drunkard, whose excesses were frequent as his opportunities. This reprobate sits down to his cues, while the storm is roaring, and heaven and earth are in confusion,—the night is

driven on by song and tumultuous noise—laughter and jest thicken as the beverage improves upon the palate—conjugal fidelity archly bends to the service of general benevolence—selfishness is not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordiality—and, while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoyment within—I pity him who cannot perceive that, in all this, though there was no moral purpose, there is a moral effect

'Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills of life victorious'

(From 'A letter to a friend of Robert Burns, 1816.)

### A Delusion Confuted

But it is a belief propagated in books, and which passes currently among talking men as part of their familiar wisdom, that the hearts of the many are constitutionally weak, that they do languish, and are slow to answer to the requisitions of things. I entreat those who are in this delusion to look behind them and about them for the evidence of experience. Now this, rightly understood, not only gives no support to any such belief, but proves that the truth is in direct opposition to it. The history of all ages, tumults after tumults, wars, foreign or civil, with short or with no breathing spaces, from generation to generation, wars—why and wherefore? yet with courage, with perseverance, with self-sacrifice, with enthusiasm—with cruelty driving forward the cruel man from its own terrible nakedness, and attracting the more benign by the accompaniment of some shadow which seems to sanctify it, the senseless weaving and interweaving of factions—vanishing and reviving and piercing each other like the Northern Lights, public commotions, and those in the bosom of the individual, the long calenture to which the Lover is subject, the blast, like the blast of the desert, which sweeps perennially through a frightful solitude of its own making in the mind of the Gamester, the slowly quickening but ever quickening descent of appetite down which the Miser is propelled, the agony and cleaving oppression of grief, the ghost like hauntings of shame, the incubus of revenge, the life distemper of ambition,—these inward existences, and the visible and familiar occurrences of daily life in every town and village, the patient curiosity and contagious acclamations of the multitude in the streets of the city and within the walls of the theatre, a procession, or a rural dance, a hunting, or a horse race, a flood, or a fire, rejoicing and ringing of bells for an unexpected gift of good fortune, or the coming of a foolish heir to his estate,—these demonstrate incontestably that the passions of men (I mean, the soul of sensibility in the heart of man)—in all quarrels, in all contests, in all quests, in all delights, in all employments which are either sought by men or thrust upon them—do immeasurably transcend their objects. The true sorrow of humanity consists in this,—not that the mind of man fails, but that the course and demands of action and of life so rarely correspond with the dignity and intensity of human desires and hence that which is slow to languish is too easily turned aside and abused. But—with the remembrance of what has been done, and in the face of the interminable evils which are threatened—a Spaniard can never have cause to complain of this

while a follower of the tyrant remains in arms upon the Peninsula.

(From *The Convention of Cintra*, 1809.)

### Ossian.

All hail, Macpherson! hail to thee, Sire of Ossian! The Phantom was begotten by the snug embrace of an impudent Highlander upon a cloud of tradition—it travelled southward, where it was greeted with acclamation, and the thin Consistence took its course through Europe, upon the breath of popular applause. The Editor of the *Reliques* had indirectly preferred a claim to the praise of invention, by not concealing that his supplementary labours were considerable! How selfish his conduct, contrasted with that of the disinterested Gael, who, like Lear, gives his kingdom away, and is content to become a pensioner upon his own issue for a beggarly pittance!—Open this far famed Book!—I have done so at random, and the beginning of the ‘Epic Poem Temora,’ in eight Books, presents itself ‘The blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills with aged oaks surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there. On its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king, the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises on his soul with all his ghastly wounds.’ Precious memorandums from the pocket-book of the blind Ossian!

If it be unbecoming, as I acknowledge that for the most part it is, to speak disrespectfully of Works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely spread reputation, without at the same time producing irrefragable proofs of their unworthiness, let me be forgiven upon this occasion—Having had the good fortune to be born and reared in a mountainous country, from my very childhood I have felt the falsehood that pervades the volumes imposed upon the world under the name of Ossian. From what I saw with my own eyes, I knew that the imagery was spurious. In Nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. In Macpherson’s work it is exactly the reverse, everything (that is not stolen) is in this manner defined, insulated, dislocated, deadened,—yet nothing distinct. It will always be so when words are substituted for things. To say that the characters never could exist, that the manners are impossible, and that a dream has more substance than the whole state of society, as there depicted, is doing nothing more than pronouncing a censure which Macpherson defied, when, with the steeps of Morven before his eyes, he could talk so familiarly of his Car borne heroes,—of Morven, which, if one may judge from its appearance at the distance of a few miles, contains scarcely an acre of ground sufficiently accommodating for a sledge to be trailed along its surface.—Mr Malcolm Laing has ably shown that the diction of this pretended translation is a motley assemblage from all quarters, but he is so fond of making out parallel passages as to call poor Macpherson to account for his ‘ands’ and his ‘buts’! and he has weakened his argument by conducting it as if he thought that every striking resemblance was a *conscious plagiarism*. It is enough that the coincidences are too remarkable for its being probable or possible that they could arise in different minds without communication between them. Now, as the Translators of the Bible, and Shakespeare,

Milton, and Pope, could not be indebted to Macpherson, it follows that he must have owed his fine feathers to them, unless we are prepared gravely to assert, with Madame de Staél, that many of the characteristic beauties of our most celebrated English Poets are derived from the ancient Fingallian, in which case the modern translator would have been but giving back to Ossian his own—it is consistent that Lucien Buonaparte, who could censure Milton for having surrounded Satan in the infernal regions with courtly and regal splendour, should pronounce the modern Ossian to be the glory of Scotland—a country that has produced a Dunbar, a Buchanan, a Thomson, and a Burns!

(1815.)

The chief editions of Wordsworth’s poetry are the author’s editions published by Moxon (1836-37, 1845, and 1849-50), the library edition by Professor Knight (1882-86) that by Mr John Morley (1888) the Aldine edition by Professor Dowden (1893), and the complete edition with prose works, life, and Dorothy’s journals and letters, by Professor Knight (16 vols. 1896-97). The text of the *Lyrical Ballads* (1798) has been reprinted with notes by Professor E. Dowden (1890) and Mr T. Hutchinson (1898), and the *Poems* of 1807 have been also edited by Mr Hutchinson (2 vols. 1897). There are selections by Palgrave (1863), Matthew Arnold (1879), and Knight (1888). The prose works were collected by Grosart (3 vols. 1870). There are Lives by his nephew, [Bishop] Christopher Wordsworth (1851), F. W. H. Myers (1880) J. M. Sutherland (1887), Elizabeth Wordsworth (1891), and Professor Knight (1892). The most important criticisms are those of Coleridge, M. Arnold, Pater, Swinburne and W. Raleigh (*Wordsworth* 1903). See also De Quincey’s *Recollections of the Lake Poets*, J. S. Cottle’s *Early Recollections of Coleridge* (1837) *Memorials of Coleorton* (1887) H. Crabb Robinson’s *Diary* (1869), Dorothy Wordsworth’s *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland*, edited by Principal Sharp (1874) the *Wordsworth Society’s Proceedings* (1880-89) and *La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth*, by Emile Legouis (1896 trans. 1897).

W P KER

**Dorothy Wordsworth** (1771-1855), only sister of the poet, set up housekeeping with her brother in 1795 at Racedown Lodge in Dorsetshire. In 1832 she had an attack of brain-fever from which she never entirely recovered. Her *Journals* kept at Alfoxden and Grasmere, and the records of her journeys in Scotland, the Isle of Man, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy, reveal a mind as subtly sensitive to nature as the poet’s own, and an exquisiteness of expression which he hardly surpassed. ‘She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,’ said her brother, and, as Professor Sharp pointed out, his poems ‘are sometimes little more than poetic versions of her descriptions of the objects which she had seen, and which he treated as if seen by himself’. Compare these sentences from her journal with Wordsworth’s poem quoted above (page 20)

### Daffodils

When we were in the woods below Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close by the water side. As we went along there were more and yet more, and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there were a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on the stones, as on a pillow, the rest tossed, and recled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing.

Dorothy Wordsworth’s *Tour in Scotland* was edited by Principal Sharp in 1874, her *Journals* were edited by Professor Knight in 1897.

### Sir Walter Scott.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August 1771. His father, a Writer to the Signet, was of the family of Scott of Harden, his mother, Anne Rutherford, was also of good Border descent on both sides. The Border was truly Scott's own country, and he spent much of his childhood there, he had to be sent away from Edinburgh after the fever which lamed him. In his third year, at

Sandylane, he used to be left to lie on the grass all day long, with his friend Sandy Ormiston, the cobble, to take care of him.

'The local information, which I conceive had some share in forming my future taste and pursuits, I derived from the old songs and tales which then formed the amusement of a retired country family. My grandmother, in whose youth the old Border depredations were matter of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Wat of Harden, Wight Willie of Askwood, Jamie Fraser of the fur

Dodhead, and other heroes—merry men all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John.' Scott in his later life, when the younger generation was writing new romances, looked on comfortably at their historical studies and their industry after 'local colour'. He himself had taken in his knowledge in a different way, beginning at Sandylane. As he told Miss Seward, he had a regiment of horse exercising through his head ever since he was five years old. Whatever may be due to his ancestry for this bent of mind, at any rate it was helped in the most natural and old fashioned way, his upbringing. He learned the history of his country as history was learned by Homer, not out of books, to begin with. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, for example, is a story that came to Scotland in no slight degree by oral tradition, like the stories of the heroes.

SIR WALTER SCOTT  
From a sketch taken in the Court of Session by John Sheriff about 1825.



His lameness as he grew older ceased to interfere with his activity and enjoyment. At the High School of Edinburgh, to which he went in 1778, he was not prevented from taking part in the common amusements, he climbed 'the little nine steps' of the Castle Rock, like Darsie Latimer, and shared in the battles of the Crosscauseway and the Potterrow. The episode of Greenbrecks gave him an example of what is meant by chivalry, the story, as he tells it, is as good as Richard and

Saladin. From the High School he went to the College of Edinburgh. By this time books had come to be more important, he took sides with the Moderns against the Ancients in that old controversy, and learned Italian for himself, but no Greek from his professor. Then he began inventing stories. He and his friend John Irving used to go every Saturday to Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, or Blackford Hill, climb up into some difficult corner of the rocks, and read. Then they thought of inventing romances for

themselves. 'The stories we told were interminable, for we were unwilling to have any of our favourite knights killed.' He began early to collect old ballads,' says John Irving.

In 1796 Scott was apprenticed to his father, in the next year he saw Burns at Professor Ferguson's, and was thanked by him for giving the author of a quotation which no one else in the company knew (see Vol. II p. 521). In 1792 he was called to the Bar, this was the year of his first raid into Liddesdale to look for ballads, along with Mr Shortrede, the Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburgh, who accompanied him in all these expeditions for seven years. 'He was mad in himself at the time,' said Mr Shortrede, 'but he didn't know maybe what he was about till years had passed, at first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun.' In 1793 he saw the

scenery of *The Lady of the Lake*, and heard from old men such stories of the Highlands as formed the groundwork of many of his novels. He took up German, which at that time meant Romance and Poetry, and in 1795 made his translation of Bürgers *Lenore*, the ballad of terror and wonder. Later, he translated Goethe's adventurous drama of *Goetz of the Iron Hand* (1799). Foreign romance and historical fiction doubtless helped him to find his way among his own subjects, the mingled likeness and difference of the German work quickening (if that were possible) his interest in kindred themes at home, such as True Thomas or Kinmont Willie, and encouraging him to think of modern renderings on his own account. For a time he was strongly affected by the German manner, not to his advantage, and indulged in horrors 'written at the request of Mr Lewis,' and too like Mr Lewis's own productions. A disappointment in love, referred to long afterwards in Scott's *Journal*, was at the time kept to himself, it was not his habit to complain. After his marriage to Miss Charpentier in 1797 he had many years of prosperity before him, making himself known as 'the hardest worker and the heartiest player,' and steadily going on with his poetry, then with his novels, at the same time carrying on all sorts of historical and antiquarian researches, besides miscellaneous literary work by the way, not to speak of his duties as Sheriff of Selkirk and (after 1806) as Clerk of Session. He had also a commission in the Edinburgh Light Horse (a yeomanry regiment), and did not neglect his military calling.

*The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published in 1805. It followed close upon the *Border Minstrelsy* (1802-3) and the edition of the old rhyming romance *Sir Tristrem* (1804), from the famous Auchinleck manuscript, to which Scott was attracted (among other reasons) because it begins with *Erceldoune*. Scott added some stanzas of his own in the old language, the original of *Sir Tristrem* having lost its proper ending. After this antiquarian work came the *Lay, Marmion*, and their successors, down to the year 1814, when *The Lord of the Isles* closed the series and another order of romance was founded in *Waverley*. Neither the poems nor the novels kept him fully occupied even in the time that he gave to literature, which was by no means the whole of his life. His edition of Dryden, which appeared in the same year as *Marmion* (1808), might have served any ordinary man of letters for a long task, that book, with its admirable biography and its rich historical notes, was followed by an edition of Swift, and by innumerable miscellaneous articles and reviews, without hindering the poems or the novels. Very few people could make out how he worked, his visitors never knew that he was working at all.

Scott moved from Ashiestiel in 1812 to a place lower down the Tweed near Melrose, where he built the house he called Abbotsford. His reputa-

tion, wealth, and power of mind went on increasing together. His health was not always good—the *Bride of Lammermoor* was composed in pain so great, and with such an effort, that the author's mind refused to remember the story afterwards, the opera of *Ivanhoe* in Paris amused him by recalling the distressing conditions (cramp in the stomach) in which the novel had been put together. But his strength seemed inexhaustible, he had sons and daughters and many friends, and the affection of all who knew him. Beyond American tourists and literary ladies there were few grievances. In 1822, at the king's visit to Edinburgh, Scott, who had been made a baronet in 1820, found himself the representative of his country, as well as his town, by a kind of general consent every one knew that he was the greatest man there.

In 1826 the reverse came, in his fifty-fifth year, when he was beginning to feel himself no longer young, he was involved in Constable's failure to the amount of £117,000. Shortly before that he had begun to keep a journal, and he continued it—his own story, told without any illusions, sad enough, but never dispirited nor merely pathetic. On the contrary, the humour of Scott is shown nowhere more truly than in the 'Gurnal.'

Between 1826 and 1828 he earned for his creditors nearly £40,000. But he was an old man, before his time, he himself did not reckon on living much over sixty. He had to leave Abbotsford for Naples in September 1831, the day after the expedition to Yarrow along with Wordsworth, who wrote the best memorial of Scott in his poem on that day, and in the verses on Scott's departure.

A trouble not of clouds nor weeping rain,  
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light  
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height.  
Spirits of Power assembled there complain  
I or kindrel power departing from their sight,  
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,  
Saddens his voice again and yet again  
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners, for the might  
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes,  
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue  
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows  
Follow this wondrous potentate Be true  
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,  
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

Scott went first to Malta, at Naples he showed himself still unbeaten, though, as he had told Wordsworth beforehand, he got little good from the beauty of Italy. He was interested in the manuscript of *Sir Bevis of Hamton* at Naples, at Lake Avernus the verse that ran in his head was about 'Charlie and his men'.

He spent a short time in Rome in the spring of 1832, then he came home. On the 21st of September he died at Abbotsford. Goethe had died earlier in the same year, a much older man.

Scott's poetry, at any rate the common form of his tales in verse, was well described, some years

before he acknowledged himself the author of *Waverley*, in the comparison of the poems and novels by J. L. Adolphus, of which there is a fair account in Lockhart. The passage is worth quoting, for many reasons. It is one of the soundest pieces of criticism ever written by a contemporary. It uses the favourite method of Mr Arnold, and with equal judgment, in the choice of illustrative lines to express the different types of poetry. The book appears to be almost unknown to Scott's countrymen (apart from Lockhart's quotations), and is not to be found in the most learned libraries of Edinburgh.

'If required to distinguish the poetry of the author of *Marmion* from that of other writers by a single epithet, I should apply to it the term Popular. The same easy openness which was remarked in his prose style is also a prevailing quality of his poetical composition, where, however, it appears not so much in verbal arrangement as in the mode of developing and combining thoughts. Few authors are less subject to the fault of over-describing, or better know the point at which a reader's imagination should be left to its own activity, but the images which he does supply are placed directly in our view, under a full noonday light. It is a frequent practice of other poets, instead of exhibiting their ideas in a detailed and expanded form, to involve them in a brilliant complication of phrase, high wrought and pregnant with imagery, but supplying materials only, which the reader may shape out in his own mind according to his reach of fancy or subtlety of apprehension, and not presenting in itself any regular, fixed, or definite representation of objects. This style of composition is well exemplified in the τοτελε κυρτάς ἀνήρθμος γέλασμα of Aeschylus, the lines of Shakspeare

Now

creeping murmur, and the poring dark,  
fills the wide vessel of the universe,

(Chorus to *Henry V.*, Act II.)

these of Milton

The sands and seas, with all their sinny drove,  
Now to the moon in wavering mornice move,

(*Comus*)

and when, describing the battle of the angels, he says, that the "air"

Soaring on main wing,  
Tormented all the air (*Paradise Lost*, Book VI.)

In no instance that I recollect does the author of *Marmion* adopt this kind of poetical phraseology, which conveys in a few words the germ and essence of a beautiful or sublime description, but is not itself that description. I do not insist upon the circumstance as a subject of either praise or censure, I only point to it as distinguishing the method of an individual writer from those of his brethren and predecessors.

'Again, it is very common with poets of strong feeling and exuberant fancy to describe (if that

word may be applied to such a process) by accumulating round the principal object a number of images not physically connected with it, or with each other, but which, through the unfailing association of ideas, give, unitedly, the same impulse to the imagination and passions as would have been produced by a finished detail of strictly coherent circumstances. Such is the effect of that well-known passage in *Macbeth*, where murder is thus personified

Now

wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost.

(*Macbeth*, Act II. sc. 1.)

This method, also, appears unsuitable to the simplicity with which the author of *Marmion* is accustomed to unfold his poetical conceptions. In his mode of describing, the circumstances, however fanciful in themselves, still follow each other by natural consequence, and in an orderly series, and hang together, not by the intervention of unseen links, but by immediate and palpable conjunction. His epithets and phrases, replete as they often are with poetic force and meaning, have always a direct bearing on the principal subject. He pursues his theme, in short, from point to point, with the steadiness and plausibility of one who descants on a common matter of fact. The difference between his style of description and the two kinds from which I have distinguished it, is very perceptible in the following lines

They

bade the passing knell to toll  
For welfare of a parting soul.  
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,  
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung,  
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,  
His beads the wakeful hermit told,  
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,  
But slept ere half a prayer he said,  
So far was heard the mighty knell,  
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,  
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,  
Listed before, aside, behind,  
Then couched him down beside the hind,  
And quaked among the mountain fern,  
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

(*Marmion*, Canto II. st. 53.)

'These remarks, which in part explain my application of the term "popular," will not, I think, appear irrelevant, when it is considered that a poet accustomed to express himself in this expanded, simple, and consecutive style can readily transfer the riches of his genius to prose composition, while the attempt would be almost hopeless to one who delighted in abrupt transition and fanciful combination, and whose thoughts habitually condensed themselves into the most compendious phraseology.'

It is impossible to find a better description of

Scott's narrative style, or of the difference between his plain, straightforward method and that of the great tragic poets. What is wanting in the passage quoted is something that did not suit the writer's purpose at the time. For a comparison of the poems with the Waverley Novels it was expedient to take what might be called ordinary passages from both, not the exceptional things in either. But it is in the large number of exceptions to his ordinary style that Scott shows his quality as a poet, especially in the songs and lyrical poems, of which there is a great variety. Scott gave way to Byron in poetry 'I gave over writing romances because Byron beat me. He hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow. He has access to a stream of sentiment unknown to me.' The public generally accepted this view, and preferred the *Giaour* and its successors to *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*. Neither Scott nor Byron nor their readers seem to have known the value of Scott's lyrical poetry. His songs are as distinct in quality as Shakespeare's, and Byron had no access to the sources of their music. Some of them, like the songs of Burns, are founded on the Scottish tradition of popular songs, and take up old phrases and rhythms.

He turned his charger as he spake  
Upon the river shore.

'O Brignall banks are fresh and fair' was probably suggested by the verse of 'Bothwell banks,' which the traveller in Palestine, long before, heard sung by a woman to her child—the beautiful story is told by Scott in the *Minstrelsy*. Scott, like Burns, had his own way of dealing with these suggestions, and the best of his lyrics are in the poet's own style, as clearly as those of Keats or Shelley. They also have in them the magic that is found so seldom in the course of Scott's narrative verse. *Proud Mairrie* and *County Guy* are as different from the narrative verse as from the prose of the novels. They belong, as the Ettrick Shepherd put it (in speaking of his own poetry compared with Scott's), to 'a far higher order.' 'Dear Sir Walter, ye can never suppose that I belang to your school o' chivalry.' Ye are king o' that school, but I'm the king o' the mountain and fairy school, which is a far higher ane nor yours.' Hogg, whatever his manners may have been, had a sense of the difference between picturesque romance like *Marmion* and the kind that will not bear strong lights or definite language, that is all vague—a thing of dreams. He was right also in feeling the want of this 'fine fabling' in Scott's tales. But the songs are different, and claim their place in that kingdom of fantasy which the author of *Kilmenny* asserted for himself, in which the true queen is *La Belle Dame sans Merci*.

Besides these, which are the essential part of Scott's poetry, there are other songs of a different and less exacting kind, like *Jock o' Hazeldean* and

*Donald Cawd*, and the noble lyrics in the old-fashioned reflective style of the eighteenth century, recitative rather than lyrical—the poems of the Ettrick sunset, 'The Sun upon the Weirlaw Hill,' and Rebecca's hymn, 'When Israel of the Lord beloved.' Scott professed no great care for the niceties of verse, and took small interest in the run of syllables and the other technical details that Dryden was so fond of. But, careless as he might be, he had the gift of verse, and struck out harmonies such as many weaker poets have laboured hard for.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and umbrel answered keen

This is a different kind of lyric poetry from *County Guy*, but it has a rank of its own, and an honourable one, much of Johnson's verse belongs to the same kind, serious and dignified, and there is one other poem of Scott's there also, the quatrain in which his work is summed up, the utterance of almost his whole heart:

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

Many of the shorter poems were written after the tales in verse had been given up. Scott's poetical genius did not fail when he took to prose for story-telling.

The tales themselves were hardly treated by their author, and in yielding to Byron he gave his own work less than its due. There was more of passion in Byron, but he could not tell a story like Scott. William of Deloraine and Roderick Dhu are stronger in adventures than *The Corsair*. The *Corsair* may be better at getting sympathy from his readers, but one cannot be always giving sympathy, whereas a large number of people can always be found to listen to stories of adventure even when the hero is wanting in the passionate attractions of Conrad.

The battle passages, especially Flodden in *Marmion* and the battle of Beal' an Dume in the *Lady of the Lake*, have a sound and swell in them beyond the ordinary tone of the stories. This is heard not less plainly in some of the shorter poems:

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,  
Murder's foul minion, led the van,  
And clash'd their broadswords in the rear  
The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan

How much of Scott's war-songs may have gone to fortify the old ballads in the *Minstrelsy* is hard to say. There is something of him in *Kingmont Willie*, and though his confessed additions to the *Minstrelsy* are inferior to that heroic poem, he wrote, later, the ballad of the Harlaw

What wouldest thou do, my squire so gay,  
That rides beside my reyne,  
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day  
And I were Roland Cheyne?

It is not true of Scott's thin the *Eve of St. Agnes*, and it is better poetry than the style of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* is certainly unlike the two. But in *Rob Roy* he much in common the two. Both in *Rob Roy* and their morals and their romances, *Marmion* and *Rob Roy* in the novels is in their poems. The more we are, they bring out the best part of Scott's strength. It was not that he had his prose stories that he made his poems. The dialogue in the poems is mostly comic, and rhetorical. Rob Roy wants the style of Rob Roy—he is a romantic personage, like the author of *Rob Roy* is Scott put out of knowledge and his local sympathies are too far—it takes in most of the Border country, but it could not give the accent like *Border Ballads*.

The *Waverley* Novels made their fortune as books of romances. What is first of all attractive "there is none had even most pleasure in the picture than the scenery dresses, and gives us evoking 'picturesque' in them is that there is a real under-tonal Calpin, an authority on the Brulie who had pointed out that there was a confusion between 'picturesque' and 'romantic'. But the confusion is not abolished by the application of the terms, and the inaccurate and unuseful in describing the literary taste of the age. Scott himself is admiring at first for the art of narration which his imitators learned to copy. As well as for the battles, duels, scenes of crime, such very more difficult to copy rightly. There is no doubt about his being the most popular of Scott's critics because he is so fresh, like Hazlitt and Seele. The latter of these while depreciating the value of his novels in comparison with the novels of other and continent, makes no secret of his popularity. He is the chief of the romantics. He has given the best by his own scrupulous for his *Waverley*, *Redgauntlet*, *Rob Roy*, and *Vivian Grey*.—but he has copied the moral tendencies of Scott. What no foreign reader is, and most English readers missed was the absolute character of the different parts of the novels. No one can imagined that Scott himself did not copy from the speeches of the great copper mines. Scott's style is not good all could he did not copy from his source and he had many to copy from, besides his own style. The *Waverley* is the most natural. Put his *Waverley* tale in its most wanted scenes, it is not fit for drama or tragedy, but it is fit for comedy. Such as *Yarrow* or *Redgauntlet* or *Rob Roy*. But the *Waverley* is done in the style of *Rob Roy*. He is the best, the only one of the

chief characters, and it is their talk that makes the greatness of Scott as a novelist. Stendhal was right about the historical trappings. The pageantry of *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth* was learned and repeated like a lesson, by professional novelists, East and West, till the wearied reader would almost have turned, like Niebuhr, to Josephus for recreation. It was not so easy to imitate the other things, except by a share of Scott's genius. Scenes like the beginning of the *Antiquary*, the drama of the slowcoach and the start for Queen's Ferry, are to be copied, like *Hamlet*, by 'those who have the mind'. But the imitators, as happened with Chaucer also, generally repeated the least characteristic things in their master, the conventional framework and decorations, and made a living that way. But the real excellence of Scott is in the dramatic dialogue.

Sometimes there are curious discrepancies in Scott, inequalities and incongruities, of which the most obvious is in *Rob Roy*, in the conversation of the Brulie with Helen McGregor. The two characters are not in the same world—the Brulie is alive, the wife of Rob Roy has no language but that of rhetoric. There is the same sort of thing in Shakespeare only in Shakespeare the mere rhetoric is usually kept in its place—he does not produce one of his humorous characters talking, at the front of the stage, with one of the rhetorical personages, or if he does, the rhetoric is for the time modified.

Scott's style has been severely treated by many critics, and it has become permissible to speak of his carelessness, his slipshod grammar, and so forth. But there is no way of summing up the qualities of Scott's style in prose or verse, because in both he has many varieties. There is a common, plain manner, fluent and clear, in his prose as in his verse, there are also passages in his prose as distinct from this as his lyrics from his narrative poetry, and fortunately in much greater profusion. Wandering Wilkie's tale in *Redgauntlet* is the most famous of these, a story in which the strong and careless writer proves himself inferior to none of the careful artists in composition and elegance of phrasing. The readers of Scott have grown so familiar with his easy methods that they do injustice to his powers of compression, and forget the literary reserve, the concentration of the tragic motive, in the *Highland Widow*, the *Two Drovers*, and the story of Elspeth Mucklebackit. Yet it is manifest enough on the face of his writings how his style is quickened to meet the crisis of action, how the leisurely, expository manner that came natural to Scott as a historian is exchanged for another sort of language in such places, for example, as Inveraray Castle in the *Legend of Fonthill*, when Sir Dugald Dalgety is setting his wife against Argyle.

Scott is treated by Carlyle in the same way as Fielding by Johnson, and almost in the same terms. 'There is as great a difference between

Richardson and Fielding as between a man who knows how a watch is made and a man who can tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate.' Scott imitates the surface of life, says Carlyle, he does not imagine his characters from within. There is the less need to discuss this since Mr Ruskin's praise of Scott in *Fors Clavigera*, a piece of criticism not easily refuted with regard to dramatic imagination in the Waverley Novels. No analytic novelist ever showed a finer psychological sense than the author who kept two such characters as the Bailie and Andrew Fairservice on the stage at the same time. They belong to the same country, they breathe the same Westland air, they have the same sort of humour in many ways, the same power of evasion and escape when they are asked to commit themselves, the same comfortable sense of their own importance. But they are never allowed to interfere with one another, there is no discord or confusion. The character, the man himself, shines through the humour of Mr Jarvie, there is a grip in his talkative discourse, something of substance and courage. The likeness in garrulous humour does not in the least obscure the difference in character between the honourable man and the churl.

Scott as a leader in the romantic movement, followed by the authors of *The Three Musketeers* and *Notre-Dame de Paris*, and many more beyond counting, was never in full sympathy with the ideals of the romantic school, except in the short poems already mentioned. The unrest, the mystery of romance, felt by many poets of that time, was not attractive to Scott. Notably, there was little of the mediæval spirit in his study of mediæval literature. He speaks of what Milton might have done for King Arthur, and finds in the books of *Lancelot* and *Tristam* 'a thousand striking Gothic incidents, worthy subjects of the pen of Milton'. 'What would he not have made of the adventure of the Ruinous Chapel, the Perilous Manor, the Forbidden Seat, the Dolorous Wound, and many others susceptible of being described in the most sublime poetry!' Scott himself does not make anything of these 'Gothic incidents,' and never comes nearer than this to the sources most revered by some other scholars in romance. He loves Froissart, he is not greatly touched by the Quest of the Grail. His mediævalism is generally positive and reasonable, there is great variety in it, great historical interest. But it was not by his antiquities that Scott established his lasting fame. The dialogue in his novels is little in debt to the romantic accessories, except where the problems of an older time give an opportunity for modern character to show itself. Cudlie Headrigg, for example, belongs to the seventeenth century in precisely the same sense as Falstaff to the time of Henry IV. Before either of these humourists the ordinary critical formulas of 'realist' and 'romantic' disappear, they are irrelevant. The injustice from which Scott's reputation has suffered most is that

which assumes his mastery of romantic fiction, and undervalues his triumphs in the more difficult art of comedy.

### The Minstrel.

The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infirm and old,  
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,  
Seemed to have known a better day,  
The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy  
The last of all the bard, was he  
Who sung of Border chivalry,  
For, well a day their date was fled,  
His tuneful brethren all were dead,  
And he, neglected and oppressed,  
Wished to be with them, and at rest.  
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
He caroled, light as lark at morn,  
No longer, courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured, to lord and lady gay,  
The unpremeditated lay  
Old times were changed, old manners gone,  
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne,  
The bigots of the iron time  
Had called his harmless art a crime.  
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,  
He begged his bread from door to door,  
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp a king had loved to hear

(From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*)

### My Native Land.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned

From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well  
For him no minstrel raptures swell  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can clum,  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung

O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires' what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand!  
Still as I view each well known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems as, to me, o' ill bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left,  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill  
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray  
Though none should guide my feeble way,  
Still feel the breeze down Kintick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek,

It's a really Terrible  
Taste, but it's Standard  
for the Last <sup>first</sup> Year.

### Yorkham Castle

Day or night we must go to sleep,  
And twice is river, broad and deep,  
With you we cannot sleep alone  
There sits at the door on keep,  
The old greyer where captives sleep,  
Bent like all that round it sleep,  
It will be to me  
To sit it on the turret high,  
Watching about the evening sky,  
Such forms of grim height  
To remove as it caught the rays,  
Flashing again the western blaze,  
I lines of dazzling light

Sister types I meant broad and gay  
Not I left as the following day  
I took him in, and his was shiny,  
The centaur had scarce the power  
To ween them on the demon to me,  
Said when it hung  
Tis said he had perished on their search  
The eagle gales were bare  
All could do no mortal well  
Thinking his step to a match,  
The warlike kept his guard,  
Lo he running, she perished along,  
So another loitererathing long

(From *Sargent*)

## Flodden

I see I am up-on Hulden bent,  
The south so he shied his tent  
At a cold fresh spray,  
In the trap, so of the hill  
He went to the brinks of Tull,  
Where he is alone,  
Set of fells are falling for  
Tides he keeps his hands over,  
A dozen fells he will take  
So to it how nor man before  
Has cast the marsh their tree alone,  
At his commandy tempe down  
Methusaleh's tree  
Till I cast them all down thro' e  
I see I am in him come  
See the fells cast their force  
Down upon the close  
How the fells are laid down,  
With such a noise as thus  
As if a bell were  
On the ridge, set which  
When I am, - then I,  
Am in him, up  
I see the fells comes the close  
See the fells cast their force  
Down upon the close  
As if a bell were  
On the ridge, set which  
When I am, - then I,  
Am in him, up

Then marked they, dashing broad and far,  
The broken billows of the war,  
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,  
Floating like foam upon the wave.

But nought distinct they see  
Wide raged the battle on the plain,  
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain,  
Fell Englands arrow flight like rain,  
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,  
Wild and disorderly  
But as they left the darkening heath,  
More desperate grew the strife of death  
The English shafts in volleys rained,  
In headlong charge their horse assailed  
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,  
To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their king  
But yet, though thick the shirts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
Though bill men ply the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring  
The stubborn spearmen still made good  
Their dark impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
The instant that he fell

No thought was there of dastard flight,  
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well,  
Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host and wounded king  
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
Led back from strife his shattered bands,  
And from the charge they drew.

And from the charge they drew,  
As mountan wives from wasted lands  
Sweep back to ocean blue  
Then did their loss his foemen know,  
Their king their lords, their mightiest low,  
They melted from the field as snow,  
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,  
    Dusellos in silent day.

Dissolves in silent dew  
Træd's echoes heard the ceaseless splash,  
While many a broken bind,  
Disordered, through her currents dash,

To gain the Scottish land,  
To town and tower to down and dale,  
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
And ruse the universal wail  
Tradition, legend, tune, and song  
Shall many an age that wail prolong  
Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife and carnage drear  
Of Flodden's fatal field.

Where shivered was fur Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield ! (From Mr.

### The Sun upon the Welshlow Hill

The sun upon the Weetlaw Hill,  
In I tric's vale is sinking so fleet,  
The eastland wind is hush and still,  
The lark lies sleeping at my feet.

Ye not the landscape to mine eye  
T'ers how bright hues that once it bore,  
The evening with her richest dye,  
I ramble o'er the hills of Fife's shore

With listless look along the plain,  
I see Tweed's silver current glide,  
And coldly mark the holy fane  
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.  
The quiet lake, the balmy air,  
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—  
Are they still such as once they were,  
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,  
How can it bear the painter's dye?  
The harp of strung and tuneless chord,  
How to the minstrel's skill reply?  
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,  
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill,  
And Araby's or Eden's lowers  
Were barren as this moorland hill.

#### Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest  
The font, reappearing,  
From the rain drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory  
The autumn winds rushing,  
Wast the leaves that are severest,  
But our flower was in flushing  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber!  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and for ever!

(From *The Lady of the Lake*)

#### County Guy

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
The sun has left the lea,  
The orange flower perfumes the bower,  
The breeze is on the sea.  
The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,  
Sits hushed his partner nigh,  
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,  
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,  
Her shepherd's suit to hear,  
To beauty shy, by lattice high,  
Sings high born cavalier  
The star of Love, all stars above,  
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,  
And high and low the influence know—  
But where is County Guy?

(From *Quentin Durward*)

#### Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her father's God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow,  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered keen,  
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone,  
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own

But, present still, though now unseen!  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,  
To temper the deceitful ray  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn,  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, 'The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize,  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice'

(From *Scandinavie*)

#### The Battle of Beal' an Duine

The minstrel came once more to view  
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,  
For ere he parted, he would say  
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—  
Where shall he find, in foreign land,^  
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!—

There is no breeze upon the fern,  
Nor ripple on the lake,  
Upon her eyry nods the erne,  
The deer has sought the brake,  
The small birds will not sing aloud,  
The springing trout lies still  
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,  
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,  
Benledi's distant hill  
Is it the thunder's solemn sound  
That matters deep and dread,  
Or echoes from the groaning ground  
The warrior's measured tread?  
Is it the lightning's quivering glance  
That on the thicket streams,  
Or do they flash on spear and lance  
The sun's retiring beams?  
—I see the dagger crest of Mar,  
I see the Moray's silver star,  
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,  
That up the lake comes winding far

For I am sick and faint,  
 Of a feverish pain,  
 I can scarce earn a peaceful life,  
 O ! where is my art ?

There lay dead archers far and near  
 So sad the scene I groan'd,  
 There lay the rest, with spear and spear,  
 And not a son I found

Far off I see in the rear,  
 The sound of battle crown'd  
 Now is there no clarion rans,  
 Now here the pipe and drum

Now is there none of armour's clang,  
 The soldier then was dumb

The blithe is no more their crests to shal,  
 Or wave their flag abroad,  
 Scatter the standards and to quake,  
 For shal is over their road.

Here comes the noise to tell us bring,  
 Let you the lurking, see  
 Never a tree of living thing,  
 Save it is they heard the roar,

There is no like a le peev' wave,  
 Were no man has its pride to brave,  
 Hugis' colour dark and slow

The noise is pale and thin they gun  
 Across the broken plain,  
 I see the fire of hell jaws  
 And in the heat of sparren pruce,  
 Where o'er is the dangerous g'en,  
 Directly through pass the archer men

At me there comes so wild a yell  
 We on the earth in blotto dell,  
 And that's from heaven that fell,  
 Hell, said the lame er, of hell !

Is his son he pit in tumult driven,  
 I see it is the wind of heaven,  
 And it is appar

For here I 'm their phant they play—  
 And now, and short and little ere,  
 And I am and or is a wing huch,  
 And the world's flahing to the sky,  
 And the tempest in the rear

On ! they drive, in direful rare,  
 I see it is I perad,  
 I see the noise of flight and chase,  
 Here comes the hoop its root I place,  
 Here comes the twilght wood—

I see here, er I M-, your lane's down !  
 Do you b'leven to see —  
 Do you b'leven to see —

(From "The Lake of Menteith")

### O Brignall Banks

O Brignall Banks !  
 You're a drowsy, dozy,  
 Drowsy, dozy place,  
 But you're a drowsy, dozy  
 Place, I say, a drowsy, dozy

And as I rode by Dalton hall,  
 Beneath the turrets high,  
 A maiden on the castle wall  
 Was singing merrily —

**Chorus** — 'O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
 Than reign our English queen '—

'If, maiden, thou wouldest wend with me,  
 To leave both tower and town,  
 Thou first must guess what hse lead we,  
 That dwell by dale and down ?  
 And if thou canst that riddle read,  
 As read full well you may,  
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,  
 As blithe is Queen of May '—

**Chorus** — Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
 Than reign our English queen.

'I read you, by your bugle horn,  
 And by your palfrey good,  
 I read you for a ranger sworn,  
 To keep the king's greenwood '—  
 'A ringer, lady, winds his horn,  
 And 'tis at peep of light,  
 His blast is heard at merry morn,  
 And mine at dead of night '—

**Chorus** — Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are gay,  
 I would I were with Edmund there,  
 To reign his Queen of May !

'With burnish'd brand and musketoon,  
 So gallantly you come,  
 I read you for a bold Dragoon,  
 That lists the tuck of drum '—  
 'I list no more the tuck of drum,  
 No more the trumpet hear,  
 But when the beetle sounds his hum,  
 My comrades take the spear

**Chorus** — 'And, O ! though Brignall banks be fair,  
 And Greta woods be gay,  
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare,  
 Would reign my Queen of May !

'Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,  
 A nameless death I'll die,  
 The fiend, who a lantern lights the mead,  
 Were better mate than I !  
 And when I'm with my comrades met,  
 Beneath the greenwood bough,  
 What once we were we all forgot,  
 Nor think what we are now

**Chorus** — Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there  
 Would grace a summer queen '—

(From Pecky)

### A Weary Lot is Thine

'A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine !  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rose for wine !'

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue  
A doublet of the Lincoln green—  
No more of me you knew,  
                My love!

No more of me you knew

'This morn is merry June, I trow,  
The rose is budding fain,  
But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
Ere we two meet again'  
He turn'd his charger as he spake,  
Upon the river shore,  
He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
Said, 'Adieu for evermore,  
                My love!

And adieu for evermore.' (From *Rokeby*)

#### Proud Maisie

Proud Maisie is in the wood,  
Walking so early,  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
Singing so rarely

'Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
When shall I marry me?'—  
'When six braw gentlemen  
Kirkward shall carry ye'

'Who makes the bridal bed,  
Birdie, say truly?'—  
'The grey headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly  
  
'The glow worm o'er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady  
The owl from the steeple sing,  
"Welcome, proud lady!"'

(From *The Heart of Midlothian*)

#### St Mary's

When, musing on companions gone,  
We doubly feel ourselves alone,  
Something, my friend, we yet may gain,  
There is a pleasure in this pain  
It soothes the love of lonely rest,  
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.  
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,  
And stifled soon by mental broils,  
But, in a bosom thus prepared,  
Its still small voice is often heard,  
Whispering a mingled sentiment,  
'Twixt resignation and content  
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,  
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake,  
Thou know'st it well—nor fen, nor sedge,  
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge,  
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink  
At once upon the level brink,  
And just a trace of silver sand  
Marks where the water meets the land  
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,  
Each hill's huge outline you may view,  
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,  
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,  
Save where, of land, yon slender line  
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.  
Yet even this nakedness has power,  
And aids the feeling of the hour

Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,  
Where living thing concealed might lie,  
Nor point, retiring, ludes a dell,  
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell,  
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,

\* You see that all is loneliness  
And silence aids—though the steep hills  
Send to the lake a thousand rills,  
In summer tide, so soft they weep,  
The sound but lulls the ear asleep,  
Your horse's hoof tread sounds too rude,  
So stilly is the solitude

Nought living meets the eye or ear,  
But well I ween the dead are near,  
For though, in feudal strife, a foe  
Hath lain Our Lady's chapel low,  
Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,  
The peasant rests him from his toil,  
And, dying, bids his bones be laid,  
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd

(From Introduction to Canto II of *Marmion*)

#### Harlaw

As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative—

'The herring loves the merry moonlight,  
The mackerel loves the wind,  
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,  
For they come of a gentle kind'

A diligent collector of these legendary scraps of ancient poetry, his foot refused to cross the threshold when his ear was thus arrested, and his hand instinctively took pencil and memorandum book. From time to time the old woman spoke as if to the children—'Oh ay, hinnies, whisht! whisht! and I'll begin a bonnier ane than that—

'Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,  
And listen, great and sma',  
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl  
That fought on the red Harlaw

'The cronach's cried on Bennachie,  
And doun the Don and a',  
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be  
For the sair field of Harlaw —

I dinna mind the neist verse w威尔—my memory's failed, and there's unco thoughts come ower me—God keep us frae temptation!'

Here her voice sunk in indistinct muttering

'It's a historical ballad,' said Oldbuck, eagerly, 'a genuine and undoubted fragment of minstrelsy!' Percy would admire its simplicity—Ritson could not impugn its authenticity'

'Ay, but it's a sad thing' said Ochiltree, 'to see human nature sae far owertaen as to be skirling at auld sangs on the back of a lass like hers'

'Hush! hush!' said the Antiquary—'she has gotten the thread of the story again'—And as he spoke, she sung—

'They saddled a hundred milk white steeds,  
They hae bridled a hundred black,  
With a chafron of steel on eich horse's head,  
And a good knight upon his back —

Chrisron!' exclaimed the Antiquary,—'equivalent, perhaps, to *chevron*,—the word's worth a dollar,'—and down it went in his red book.

'They hiedna ridden a mile, a mile,  
A mile, but bairly ten  
When Donald come brankin down the brie  
Wi' twenty thousand men'

'Their tartans they were waving wide,  
Their gloves were glancing clear,  
Their pibrochs rung frae side to side,  
Would deafen ye to hear'

'The great Earl in his stirrups stood  
That Highland host to see  
Now here a night that's stout and good  
May prove a jeopardie'

'What woldseth thou do, my squire so gay,  
That rides beside my ryne,  
Were ye Glenallan's I arl the day,  
And I were Roland Cheyne?'

'To turn the rein were sin and shame,  
To fight were wondrous peril,  
What wold ye do now Roland Cheyne,  
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?'

Ye maun ken, hinnies, that this Roland Cheyne, for as poor and auld as I sit in the chimney neuk, was my fore bear, and an awfu man he was that day in the fight, but specially after the Earl had fa'en for he blamed himself for the counsel he givit to fight before Mar came up wi' Mearns, and Aberdeen, and Angus.'

Her voice rose and became more animated as she recited the warlike counsel of her ancestor—

'Were I Glenallan's I arl this tide,  
And ye were Roland Cheyne,  
The spur should be in my horse's side,  
And the bridle upon his mane.'

'If they ha'e twenty thousand blades,  
And we twice ten times ten,  
Yet they ha'e but their tartan plaids,  
And we are mail clad men.'

'My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,  
As through the moorland fern,  
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude  
Grow cauld for Highland kerne.'

'Do you hear that, nephew?' said Oldbuck, —'you observe your Gaelic ancestors were not held in high repute formerly by the Lowland warriors?'

'I hear,' said Hector, 'a silly old woman sing a silly oll song. I am surprised sir, that you, who will not listen to Ossian's songs of Selma, can be pleased with such trash. I say, I ha've not seen or heard a worse halspenn's ballad, I don't believe you could match it in any pedlar's pack in the country. I should be ashamed to think that the honour of the Highlands could be affected by such doggrel!—And, tossing up his head, he snuffed the air indignantly.'

Apparently the old woman heard the sound of their voices, for, ceasing her song, she called out, 'Come in, sirs, come in—good will never halted at the door stane.'

They entered, and found to their surprise Elspeth alone sitting ghastly on the hearth, like the personification of Old Age in the Hunter's song of the Owl, 'wrinkled, tattered, vile, dim eyed, discoloured, torpid'

'They're a' out' she said, as they entered 'but an ye will sit a blink, someb'le will be in. If ye ha've busine a wi' my girlie day, hither, or m' son, they'll be in belyve,—I never spak on busine m' ell. I've pit them scots—the burns are a' run out, I know, and a' singin around her, —I was crooning to keep them quiet a' veer while since but they ha've strapp'd out some fire. Set down, sirs, they'll be in belyve, and the dinness a' her spindle from her hand to the el upon the floor, and I can seem exclusively occupied in regulating its motion, is unconscious of the presence of the strangers as she appeared indifferent to their rank or business etc etc'

'I wish' said Oldbuck, 'she would recite that cattle or legendary fragment. I ha' as suspected there was a skirmish of cavalry before the main battle of the Harlaw.'

'If your honour plese—said I doo, 'had ye not better proceed to the busine that I brought us a' here? I'm enrage to get ye the ring o' time'

(See *Scandinavia*, 1853  
next page)

#### Dandie Dinmont and Counsellor Pleydell

Dinmont who ha'd pushed after Mar into the room began with a snap of his fist and a scratch of his head in unison 'I am Dandie Dinmont, sir, o' the Cludie hop—the I did—did bad—it'll nae I me'. It was for me you won yon grand plaid'

'What plaid you leggethead? said the lawyer 'd ye think I can remember all the frocks that come to plaid me?'

'Lord, sir, it was the grand plaid about the graining o' the Langtree heid,' said the farmer

'Well, cur e thee, never mind—give me the facts sir, and come to me on Monday at ten,' replied the learned counsellor

'Put, sir, I haent got ony distinct memorial'

'No memorial, man?' said Pleydell

'Na sir, no memorial' answered Dandie 'for your honour said before, Mr Pleydell ye'll mind, that ye liked best to hear us hill folk tell our ain tale by word o' mouth'

'Peshrew my tongue that cut so!' answered the counsellor, 'it will cost my ears a dinning—Well sir in two words what you've got to say—you see the gentle man wnts'

'Ou, sir, if the gentleman like he mis plai his un spring fires it's a' one to Dandie'

'Now, you looby,' said the lawyer 'canna you conceive that your business can be no hing to Colored Manning—But that he may not choo e to have these great ears of thine riggled with his mitter?'

'Awel, sir, just as you and he like, so ye see to my business,' said Dandie, not a whit disconcerted by the roughness of this reception 'We're at the auld park o' the marches again, Jock o' Dawson Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthop rigg after we pas the Pomorigrums, for the Pomorigrains, and Shielenspool and Bloodilaws they come in there, and they belog to the Peel, but after ye pass Pomorigrums at a muckle great stucr headed cutlugged stane that they ca' Chirches Chuckie there Dawson Cleugh and Chirkies hope they march. Now, I say, the march runs on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears, but Jock o' Dawson Cleugh again he contrivenes that, and says that it haunds down by the auld drove road that

gaes awa by the Knot o' the Gate ower to Keeldar ward—and that makes an unco difference.'

'And what difference does it make, friend?' said Pleydell. 'How many sheep will it feed?'

'Ou, no mony,' said Dandie, scratching his head, 'it's lying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year.'

'And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two?'

'Na, sir, it's no for the value of the grass,' replied Dimont, 'it's for justice.'

'My good friend,' said Pleydell, 'justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter.'

Dimont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand—'It's no for that, sir—but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him,—he threeps he'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair—and I'm sure there's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a' their days upon the Charlies hope, and wadna like to see the land lose its right.'

'Zounds, man, if it be a point of honour,' said the lawyer, 'why don't your landlords take it up?'

'I dinna ken, sir' (scratching his head again), 'there's been nae election-dusts lately, and the lirds are unco neighbourly, and Jock and me cannot get them to jokyethither about it a' that we can say, but if ye thought we might keep up the rent'—

'No' no' that will never do,' said Pleydell, 'confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and settle it?'

'Od, sir,' answered the farmer, 'we tried that three times already—that's twice on the land and ance at Lockerby fair. But I dinna ken—we're baith gey good at single stick, and it couldna weel be judged.'

'Then take broadswords, and be d—d to you, as your fathers did before you,' said the counsel learned in the law.

'Aweel, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, it's a' aine to Dandie.'

'Hold hold!' exclaimed Pleydell, 'we shall have another Lord Soulis' mistake—Pr'ythee, man, comprehend me, I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a lawsuit you wish to engage in.'

'Ay, sir?' said Dandie, in a disappointed tone. 'So ye winna take on wi' me, I'm doubting?'

'Me! not I—Go home, go home, take a pint and agree.' Dandie looked but half contented, and still remained stationary. 'Anything more, my friend?'

'Only, sir, about the succession of this ledly that's dead—auld Miss Margaret Bertram o' Singleside.'

'Ay, what about her?' said the counsellor, rather surprised.

'Ou, we have nae connection at a' wi' the Bertrams,' said Dandie—'they were grand folk by the like o' us.—But Jean Liltup, that was auld Singleside's housekeeper, and the mother of these twa young ladies that are gane—the last o' them's dead at a ripe age, I trow—Jean Liltup came out o' Liddel water, and she was as near our connection as second cousin to my mother's half sister. She drew up wi' Singleside, nae doubt when she was his housekeeper, and it was a sair vex and grief to a' her kith and kin. But he acknowledged a marriage, and satisfied the kirk—and now I wad ken frae you if we hae not some claim by law?'

'Not the shadow of a claim'

'Aweel, we're nae pu' rer,' said Dandie—'but she may ha'e thought on us if she was minded to make a testament.—Weel, sir, I've said my say—I'se e'en wish you good night, and'—putting his hand in his pocket.

'No, no, my friend, I never take fees on Saturday night, or without a memorial—away with you, Dandie.' And Dandie made his reverence, and departed accordingly.

(From *Guy Mannering*)

*Hog a young sheep, aiblins perhaps bragged wi', crowed over by threep inst., joke thegither, engage in a contest draw up wi', keep company with*

#### Monkbarns and Saunders Mucklebackit.

The Antiquary, as we informed the reader in the end of the thirty first chapter, had shaken off the company of worthy Mr Blattergowl, although he offered to entertain him with an abstract of the ablest speech he had ever known in the teind court, delivered by the procurator for the church in the remarkable case of the parish of Getherem. Resisting this temptation, our senior preferred a solitary path, which again conducted him to the cottage of Mucklebackit. When he came in front of the fisherman's hut, he observed a man working intently, as if to repair a shattered boat which lay upon the beach, and going up to him was surprised to find it was Muckle backit himself. 'I am glad,' he said in a tone of sympathy—'I am glad, Saunders, that you feel yourself able to make this exertion.'

'And what would ye have me to do,' answered the fisher gruffly, 'unless I wanted to see four children starve, because aine is drowned? It's weel wi' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een when ye lose a friend, but the like o' us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer.'

Without taking more notice of Oldbuck, he proceeded in his labour, and the Antiquary, to whom the display of human nature under the influence of agitating passions was never indifferent, stood beside him, in silent attention, as if watching the progress of the work. He observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual symphony of a rude tune, hummed or whistled,—and as often a slight twitch of convulsive expression showed that ere the sound was uttered, a cause for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length, when he had patched a considerable rent, and was beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared altogether to derange the power of attention necessary for his work. The piece of wood which he was about to nail on was at first too long, then he sawed it off too short, then chose another equally ill adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed, 'There is a curse either on me or on this auld black bitch of a boat, that I have hauled up high and dry, and pitched and clouted sae mony years that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, in' be d—d to her' and he flung his hammer against the boat, as if she had been the intentional cause of his misfortune. Then recollecting himself, he added, 'Yet what needs aine be angry at her, that has neither soul nor sense?—though I am no that muckle better myself. She's but a rickle o' auld rotten deals nailed

thegether, and warped wi' the wind and the sea—and I am a dour carle, battered by foul weather at sea and land till I am maist as senseless as hersell. She maun be mended though again the morning tide—that's a thing o' necessity.

Thus speaking, he went to gather together his instruments, and attempt to resume his labour,—but Oldbuck took him kindly by the arm. ‘Come, come,’ he said, ‘Saunders, there is no work for you this day. I’ll send down Shavings the carpenter to mend the boat, and he may put the day’s work into my account—and you had better not come out to morrow, but stay to comfort your family under this dispensation, and the gardener will bring you some vegetables and meal from Monk barns.’

‘I think ye, Monk barns,’ answe red the poor fisher, ‘I am a plain spoken man, and hae little to say for myself, I might haie learned fairer fashions frae my mither lang syne, but I never saw muuckle gude they did her, however, I thank ye. Ye were aye kind and neighbourly, whatever folk says o’ your being near and close, and I haie often said, in thae times when they were ganging to raise up the purt folk against the gentles—I haie often said ne’er a man should steer a hair touching to Monk barns while Steenie and I could wag a finger—and so said Steenie too. And, Monk barns, when ye laid his head in the grave (and mony thanks for the respect), ye saw the mous laid on an honest lad that lifit you weel, though he made little phrase about it.’

(From *The Antiquary*)

*Dour carle* stiff rough fellow the mould, the mould, earth.

#### Cuddie Headrigg and Mause

Cuddie, whose mirlar, real or pretended, still detained him in bed, lay *peris* during all this conference, snugly ensconced within his boorded bedstead, and terrified to death lest Lady Margaret, whom he held in hereditary reverence, should haive detected his presence, and be stowed on him personally some of those bitter reproaches with which she loaded his mother. But as soon as he thought her ladyship fairly out of hearing, he bounced up in his nest.

‘The soul fa’ ye, that I suld say sae,’ he cried out to his mother, ‘for a lang tongued clavering wife, as my father, honest man, aye ca’d ye! Couldna ye let the leddy stan wi’ your whiggery? And I was e’en as great a gomeral to let ye persuade me to he up here among the blankets like a hurchein, instead o’ gaun to the wappenschaw like other folk.—Oid, but I put a trick on ye, for I was out at the window hole when your auld bric was turned, and awr’ down by to hae a bass at the popinjay, and I shot within twa on’t. I cheated the leddy for your clavers, but I wisna gaun to cheat my joe. But she may marry whae she likes now, for I’m clean dung ower. This is a waur dirdum than we got frie Mr Gudyill when he garr’d me refuse to eat the plum porridge on Yule eve, as if it were ony matter to God or man whether a pleughman had suppit on minched pies or sour sowens.’

‘Oh, whisht, my bairn! whisht!’ replied Mause, ‘thou kensna aboot thae things—it was forbidden meat, things dedicated to set days and holidays, which are inhibited to the use of Protestant Christians.’

‘And now,’ continued her son, ‘ye haie brought the leddy hersell on our hands! An I could but haie gotten some decent claes in, I wad haie spangit ont o’ bed, and

tauld her I wad ride where she liked, night or dry, an she wad but leave us the free house, and the yaard that grew the best early kale in the haill country, and the cow’s grass.’

‘O now! my winsome bairn, Cuddie,’ continued the old dame, ‘murmur not at the dispensation, never grudge suffering in the gude cause.’

‘But what len I if the cause is gude or no, mither,’ rejoined Cuddie, ‘for a ye bleeze out sae muuckle doctrine about it? It’s clean beyond my comprehension a’ the gither—I see nae sae mucl le difference between the tua ways o’t as a’ the folk pretend. It’s very true the curates read aye the same words ower again, and if they be right words, what for no?—a gude tale’s no the waur o’ being twice tauld, I trow, and a body has aye the better chance to understand it. Everybody’s no sae gleg at the uplat e as ye are yourself, mither.’

‘O, my dear Cuddie, this is the sairest distress of a,’ said the anxious mother. ‘O, how often have I shown ye the difference between a pure evangelical doctrine, and ane that’s corrupt wi’ human inventions? O, my bairn, if no for your ain saul’s sake, yet for my grey hairs?’

‘Weel, mither,’ said Cuddie, interrupting her, ‘what need ye mak sae muuckle din about it? I haie aye dune whate’er ye bade me, and gaed to lirk whare’er ye likit on the Sundays, and fended weel for ye in the ilka days besides. And that’s what vexes me mair than a’ the rest, when I think how I am to fend for ye now in thae brickle times. I am no clear if I can pleugh ony place but the Mains and Mucklewhame, at least I never tried ony other grund, and it wadna come natural to me. And nae neighbouring heritors will daur to take us, after being turned aff thae bounds for non enormity.’

‘Non conformiti, hinnie,’ sighed Mause, ‘is the name thathae warldly men gie us.’

‘Aweel, aweel—we’ll haie to gang to a far country, maybe twall or fifteen miles aff. I could be a dragoon, nae doubt, for I can ride and play wi’ the broadsword a bit, but ye wad be roaring about your blessing and your grey hairs’ (Here Mause’s exclamations became extreme). ‘Weel, weel, I but spoke o’t, besides, ye’re ower auld to be sitting cocked up on a baggage waggon, wi’ Eppie Dumblane, the corporal’s wife. Sae what’s to come o’us I canna weel see—I doubt I’ll haie to take the hills wi’ the wild whigs, as they ca’ them, and then it will be my lot to be shot down like a mawkin at some dike side, or to be sent to Heaven wi’ a Saint Johnstone’s tippet about my hause.’

‘O, my bonny Cuddie,’ said the zealous Mause, ‘sorbear sic carnal, self seeking language, whilk is just a misdoubting o’ Providence—I have not seen the son of the righteous begging his bread,—sae syis the text, and your father was a douce honest man, though some what warldly in his dealings, and cumbered about earthly things, e’en like yoursell, my jo!’

‘Aweel,’ said Cuddie, after a little consideration, ‘I see but ae gate for’t, and that’s a cauld coal to blaw at, mither. Howsoever, mither, ye haie some guess o’ a wee bit kindness that’s abeen Miss Edith and young Mr Henry Morton, that suld be ca’d young Milnwood, and that I haie whiles earned a bit book, or maybe a bit letter, quietly abeen them, and made believe never to ken wha it cam frae, though I ken’d brawly. There’s whiles convenience in a body looking a wee stupid—and

I have aften seen them walking at e'en on the little path by Dinglewood burn, but naebody ever ken'd a word about it frae Cuddie. I ken I'm gey thick in the head, but I'm as honest as our auld fore hand ox, purr fallow, that I'll ne'er work ony mair—I hope they'll be as kind to him that come ahunt me as I hae been.—But, as I was saying, we'll awa' down to Milnwood and tell Mr Harry our distress. They want a pleughman, and the grund's no unlike our ain—I am sure Mr Harry will stand my part, for he's a kind hearted gentleman—I'll get but little penny fee, for his uncle, auld Nippie Milnwood, has as close a grip as the deil himself! But we'll aye win a bit bread, and a drap kale, and a fire-side, and theeking ower our heads, and that's a' we'll want for a season.—Sie get up, mither, and sort your things to gang away, for s'ne sae it is that gang we maun, I wad lit'e ill to wait till Mr Harrison and auld Gudlyill cam to pu' us out by the lug and the horn'

(From *Old Mortality*)

*Gomeral, simpleton, hurcheon, hedgehog, curdum, hubbub sovens,*, a kind of thin porridge, *kale greens gleg keen, quicke, uptake comprehension, heritors landlords, matukin, hare, a Saint Johnstone's tippet, halter, haire, throat, bravely bravely, perfectly, theekung, thatch, lug, ear*

Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Andrew Fairservice

'Keep back, sir, as best sets ye,' said the Bailie, as Andrew pressed forward to catch the answer to some question I had asked about Campbell, —'ye wad fain ride the fore horse, an ye wist how —That chield's aye for being out o' the cheese fat he was moulded in —Now, as for your questions, Mr Osbaldistone, now that chield's out of ear shot, I'll just tell you it's free to you to speer, and it's free to me to answer, or no—Gude I canna say muckle o' Rob, purr chield, ill I winna say o' him, for, sorby that he's my cousin, we're coming near his ain country, and there may be ane o' his gillies abint every whin bush, for what I ken—And if ye'll be guided by my advice, the less ye speak about him, or where we are gaun, or what we are gaun to do, we'll be the mair likely to speed us in our errand. For it's lit'e we may fa' in wi' some o' his unsfreends—there are e'en ower mony o' them about—and his bonnet sits even on his brow yet for a' that, but I doubt they'll be upsides wi' Rob at the last—air day or late day, the fox's hide finds ye the flying knife.'

'I will certainly,' I replied, 'be entirely guided by your experence.'

'Right, Mr Osbaldistone—right. But I maun speak to this gabbling skye too, for bairns and fules speal at the Cross what they hear at the ingle side.—D ye hear, you, Andrew—what's your name?—Fairservice!'

Andrew, who at the last rebuff had fallen a good way behind, did not choose to acknowledge the summons.

'Andrew, ye scoundrel!' repeated Mr Jarvie, 'here, sir! here!'

'Here is for the 'dog,' said Andrew, coming up sulkyly

'I'll gie you dog's wages, ye rascal, if ye dinna attend to what I say t'ye—We are gaun into the Hielands a bit!—'

'I judged as muckle,' said Andrew

'Haud your peace, ye knave, and hear what I have to say till ye—We are gaun a bit into the Hielands'—'

'Ye tauld me sae already,' replied the incorrigible Andrew

'I'll break your head,' said the Bailie, rising in wrath, 'if ye dinna haud your tongue.'

'A hadden tongue,' replied Andrew, 'makes a slabbered mouth'

It was now necessary I should interfere, which I did by commanding Andrew, with an authoritative tone, to be silent at his peril.

'I am silent,' said Andrew. 'I'se do a' your lawfu' bidding without a nav say. My purr mother used aye to tell me,

"Be it better, be it worse,  
Be ruled by him that has the purse."

Sae ye may e'en speak as lang as ye like, baith the tane and the tither o' you, for Andrew'

Mr Jarvie took the advantage of his stopping after quoting the above proverb, to give him the requisite instructions.

'Now, sir, it's as muckle as your life's worth—that wad be dear o' little siller, to be sure—but it is as muckle as a' our lives are worth, if ye dinna mind what I say to ye. In this public whar we are gaun to, and whar it is like we may ha'e to stay a' night, men o' a' clans and kindred—Hieland and Lawland —tak up their quarters—And whiles there are mair drawn dirks than open Bibles amang them, when the usquebaugh gets uppermost. See ye neither meddle nor mak, nor gie nae offence wi' that clavering tongue o' yours, but keep a calm sough, and let ilk a cock fight his ain battle.'

'Muckle needs to tell me that,' said Andrew, contemptuously, 'as if I had never seen a Hielandman before, and ken'd nae how to manage them. Nae man alive can cuitle up Donald better than myself—I ha'e bought wi' them, sauld wi' them, eaten wi' them, drucken wi' them!—'

'Did ye ever fight wi' them?' said Mr Jarvie.

'Na, na,' answered Andrew, 'I took care o' that it wad ill ha'e set me, that am an artist and half a scholar to my trade, to be fighting amang a wheen kilted loons that dinna ken the name o' a single herb or flower in braid Scots, let abee in the Latin tongue.'

'Then,' said Mr Jarvie, 'as ye wad keep either your tongue in your mouth, or your lugs in your head (and ye might miss them, for as saucy members as they are), I charge ye to say nae word, gude or bad, that ye can weel get by, to onybody that may be in the Clachan. And ye'll specially understand that ye're no to be bleezing and blasting about your master's name and mine, or saying that this is Mr Bailie Nicol Jarvie o' the Saut Market, son o' the worthy Deacon Nicol Jarvie, that a' body has heard about, and this is Mr Frank Osbaldistone, son of the managing partner of the great house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, in the City.'

'Eneuch said,' answered Andrew—'eneuch said What need ye think I wad be speaking about your names for?—I ha'e mony things o' mair importance to speak about, I trow'

'It's tha'e very things of importance that I am feared for, ye blethering goose, ye maunna speak ony thing, gude or bad, that ye can by any possibility help'

'If ye dinna think me fit,' replied Andrew, in a huff, 'to speak like ither folk, gie me my wages and my board wages, and I'se gae back to Glasgow—There's sm' sorrow at our parting, as the auld mear said to the broken cart.'

(From *Rob Roy*)

*Cheesefat cheese vat, speer ask- unsfreends, enemies, a calm sough quiet, smille tickle, drucken, drunk, swear, mare*

## David Deans and Bartoline Saddletree

'These are little times—little times, Mr Deans, when the people take the power of life and death out of the hands of the rightful magistrate into their ain rough grip I am of opinion, and so I believe will Mr Crossmyloof and the Privy Council, that this rising in effeir of war, to take away the life of a reprieved man, will prove little better than perduellion'

'If I hadna thit on my mind whilk is ill to bear, Mr Saddletree,' said Deans, 'I wad make bold to dispute that point wi you'

'How could you dispute what's plain law, man?' said Saddletree, somewhat contemptuously, 'there's no a callant that e'er carried a poch wi' a process in't, but will tell you that perduellion is the wrast and most virulent kind of treason, being an open convocating of the King's lieges against his authority (mair especially in arms, and by took of drum to baith whilk accessories my een and lugs bore witness), and muckle worse than fese majesty, or the concealment of a treasonable purpose—It winni bear a di puite, neighbour'

'But it will, though,' retorted Douce Davie Deans, 'I tell ye it will bear a dispute—I never like your cauld, legal, formal doctrines, neighbour Saddletree I haud unco little by the Parliament House, since the awfu' downfall of the hopes of honest folk that followed the Revolution'

'But whut wad ye hae had, Mr Deans?' said Saddletree impatiently 'dunna ye get baith liberty and concet ne made fast, and settled by tailzie on you and your heirs for ever?'

'Mr Saddletree' retorted Deans, 'I ken ye are one of those that are wise after the manner of this world, and that is haud i' our part and east in your portion, wi' the King heads and King gowns, and keep with the smart wauvitated lais yers of this our land—Weary on the dark and dolesu' east that they haen given this unhappy king dom i' hen their black hands of defection were clasped in the red hands of our sworn murtherers when those who had numbered the towers of our Zion, and marked the hillocks of Reformation, saw their hope turn into a snare and their rejoicing into weeping'

I can understand this, neighbour, answered Saddletree 'I am an honest Presbyterian of the Kirk of Scotland, and stand by her and the General Assembly, and the due administration of justice by the fifteen Lords o' Session and the five Lords o' Justiciary'

'Out upon ye, Mr Saddletree!' exclaimed David, who in an opportunity of giving his testimony on the services and backslidings of the land, forgot for a moment his own domestic calamity—'out upon your General Assembly, and the brick o' my hand to your Court o' Session!—What is the tane but a waefu' bunch o' cauld rife profesors and ministers that eat bien and warm when the poor ute remnant were wrastling wi' hunger, —I could and fear of death, and danger of fire and sword, roon i' et baie sides, peat bages and flow mosses, and naebody creep out of their holes, like bluebottle flies in a bur'nt of sunshine, to take the pu'pits and places of better folks—them that were fed, and teefised and fought, or endur'd prison house and transportation beyond seas—*I bonny blythe there's o' them!*—And for your Court o' Session—'

'Aye, aye, when ye will o' the General Assembly,' said Saddletree interrupting him, 'and let them clear up that lens them, but as for the Lords o' Session,

sorby that they are my next door neighbours, I would have ye ken, for your ain regulation, that to ruse scandal anent them, whilk is termed to murmur again them, is a crime  *sui generis*,—*similis generis*, Mr Deans—ken ye what that amounts to?'

'I ken little o' the language of Antichrist,' said Deans, 'and I care less than little what carnal courts may call the speeches of honest men. And as to murmur again them, it's what a' the folk that loses their pleas, and nine tenths o' them that win them, will be gey sure to be guilty in Sae I wad hae ye ken that I haud a' your gleg tongued advocates, that sell their knowledge for pieces of silver—and your worldly wise judges, that will gie three days of hearing in presence to a debate about the peeling of an ingan, and no ae half hour to the gospel testimony—as legalists and formalists, countenancing by sentences, and quirks, and cunning terms of law, the late begun courses of national defections—union, toleration, patronages, and Yerastian prelatic oaths. As for the soul and body killing Court o' Justiciary'—

The habit of considering his life as dedicated to bear testimony in behalfe of whut he deemed the suffering and deserted cause of true religion, had swept honest David along with it thus far, but with the mention of the criminal court, the recollection of the disastrous condition of his daughter rushed at once on his mind, he stopped short in the midst of his triumphant declamation, pressed his hands aginst his forehead, and remained silent.

(From *The Heart of Midlothian*)

*A little ticklish poock, bag, tank, tap, tailzie entail, cauldryse, cold, bren, snug, blythe, hive, forty besides, gleg, quick ingan, onion*

## Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline

The queen seemed to acquiesce, and the duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained, watching countenances which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her majesty could not help smiling at the awe struck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and she besought 'her leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature,' in tones so affecting that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

'Stand up, young woman,' said the queen, but in a kind tone, 'and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country folk are, where child murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours'

'If your leddyship pleases,' answered Jeanie, 'there are mony places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood'

It must be observed that the disputes between George II and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good natured part of the publick laid the blame on the queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of the most penetrating character, first at Jeanie, and then at the duke. Both sustained it unmoved, Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, 'My unlucky protégé has with this luckless answer shot dead, by a kind of chance medley, her only hope of success'

Lady Suffolk, good humouredly and skilfully, inter-

posed in this awkward crisis. ‘You should tell this lady,’ she said to Jeanie, ‘the particular causes which render this crime common in your country’.

‘Some thinks it’s the Kirk session—that is—it’s the—it’s the cutty stool, if your leddyship pleases,’ said Jeanie, looking down and courtesying.

‘The what?’ said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

‘That’s the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your leddyship,’ answered Jeanie, ‘for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command.’ Here she raised her eyes to the duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself, there goes another shot, and she has hit with both barrels right and left!

Indeed the duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well appointed drawing room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie’s last chance hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first, for her majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a queen, but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of ‘her good Suffolk.’ She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, ‘The Scotch are a rigidly moral people.’ Then, again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she had travelled up from Scotland.

‘Upon my foot mostly, madam,’ was the reply.

‘What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?’

‘Five and twenty miles and a bittock.’

‘And a what?’ said the queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

‘And about five miles more,’ replied the duke.

‘I thought I was a good walker,’ said the queen, ‘but this shames me sadly.’

‘Mas your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart that we canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs,’ said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the duke, it’s the first thing she has said to the purpose.

‘And I dinna just a’thegither walk the haill way neither, for I had whiles the cast o’ a cart, and I had the cast o’ a horse from Ferrbridge—and divers other easements,’ said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

‘With all these accommodations,’ answered the queen, ‘you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose, since, if the king were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.’

‘She will sink herself now outright, thought the duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay underground,

and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

‘She was confident,’ she said, ‘that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature.’

‘His majesty has not found it so in a late instance,’ said the queen, ‘but I suppose my lord duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the ribble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?’

‘No, madam,’ said the duke, ‘but I would advise his majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort, and then I am sure punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance.’

‘Well, my lord,’ said her majesty, ‘all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favour to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man, otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognised? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depository of the secret.—Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?’

‘No, madam,’ answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

‘But I suppose,’ continued the queen, ‘if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it a matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?’

‘I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,’ answered Jeanie.

‘Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,’ replied her majesty.

‘If it like you, madam,’ said Jeanie, ‘I would haen gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition, but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gaen to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my pur sister, Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered. She still lives, and a word of the king’s mouth might restore her to a brol’en hearted wuld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O madam, if ever ye lend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca’d fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people’s sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours!—Oh, my leddy, then it isna

45

what we ha'e dune for ourselves, but what we ha'e dune for o' hers, it's we think on must pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye ha'e interwoven to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of yo'r mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of 'e tow'

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features flitting and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

'This is eloquence,' said her mistress to the Duke of Argyle.—'Young woman,' she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, 'I cannot grant a pardon to your sister—but you shall not want my warm intercession with his majesty. Take this housewife case' she continued, putting a small embroidered needle case into Jeanie's hands, 'do not open it now, but at your leisure—you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline.'

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude, but the duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

'Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my lord duke,' said the queen, 'and I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your grace more frequently both at Richmond and St James's—Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his grace good morning.'

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, sent for Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

(From *The Heart of Midlothian*)

*Credit me,* i.e., the stool of repentance, *bittock*, small bit, *easements* help.

#### Meg Dods on her Neighbours

As if he had observed for the first time these new objects, he said to Mistress Dods in an indifferent tone 'You have got some gay new neighbours yonder, my trees.'

'Nei hib us!' said Meg, her wrath beginning to arise, as it always did upon any allusion to this sore subject—'Ye now ex them neighbours, if ye like—but the deil flang wi' the neighbourhood for Meg Dods!'

'I suppose,' said Tyrrel, as if he did not observe her displeasure, 'that yonder is the Fox hole they told me of?'

'The Fox!' said Meg. 'I am sure it is the fox that has carried off a' my geese—I might shut up house, Maister Francie if it wis the thing I lived by—me that ha'e seen a' our gilesfolk burnes, an' gien them snaps and sic' rhenant mair o' them r' my ain hand.' They wa'e lae to a my father's ro' tree fa'down and smoor me twa ore the wad ha'e gien a boldle a piece to hae propellit it up—but they could a' link out their fifty an' over hand to lugg a hot le at the Well yonder an' I muckle they ha'e made o't—the bankrupt body, Sir John L'Estrange, haasn't paid them a ha'p'ice o' four years yet!

'Eh, nae reas, I think, if the Well became so famous for its water to leas, the gentlemen could have done was to m'eet you the first o' er'

'Ye prenter, I am nee Quaker, I wo' Maister

Francie, and I never heard of alewife that turned preacher, except Luckie Buchin in the west. And if I were to preach, I think I ha'e mair the spirit of a Scottishwoman than to preach in the very room they ha'e been dancing in ilk a night in the week, Saturday itself not excepted, and that till twal o'clock at night Na, na, Maister Francie, I leave the like o' that to Mr Simon Chatterly, as they ca' the bit prelatical spring of divinity from the town yonder, that plays at cards and dances six days in the week, and on the seventh reads the Common Prier book in the ball room, with Tam Simson, the drunken barber, for his clerk.'

'I think I have heard of Mr Chatterly,' said Tyrrel

'Ye'll be thinking o' the sermon he has printed,' said the angry dame, 'where he compares their nasty puddle of a well yonder to the pool of Bethesda, like a soul mouthed, fleshing feather headed fule as he is! He shoukli ha'e kend that the place got a' its fame in the times of Black Popery, and though they pat it in St Ronn's name, I'll never believe for one that the honest man hadd ony hand in it, for I ha'e been tell'd by ane that suld ken, that he was nae Roman, but only a Cuddie, or Culdee, or such like—But will ye not take another dish of tea, Maister Francie? and a wee bit of the diet loaf, raised wi' my ain fresh butter, Maister Francie? and no wi' greasy kitchen fee, like the seedcake down at the confectioner's yonder, that has as mony dead flees as carvey in it. Set him up for confectioner! Wi' a penniworth of rye meal, and another of tryacle, and twa or three carvey seeds, I will make better confections than ever cam out of his oven.'

'I have no doubt of that, Mrs Dods,' said the guest, 'and I only wish to know how these new comers were able to establish themselves against a house of such good reputation and old standing as yours?—It was the virtues of the mineral, I dare say, but how came the waters to recover a character all at once, mistress?'

'I dinna ken, sir—they used to be thought good for mething, but here and there for a puir body's bairn, that had golten the cruelis, and could not afford a penniworth o' salts. But my Liddy Penelope Penfeather had sa'en ill, it's like, as nae other body had ever fell ill, and sae she was to be cured some gate noboby was ever cured, which was naething mair thin was reasonable—and my leddy, ye ken, has wit at wull, and has a' the wise folk out from Edinburgh at her house at Windyhill's yonder, which it is her leddyship's will and pleasure to call Air castle—and they ha'e a' their different turns, and some can clink verses, wi' their tale, as weel as Rob Burns or Allan Ramsay—and some rin up hill and down dale, knapping the chucky stanes to pieces wi' hammers, like sae mony road makers run daft—they say it is to see how the world was made!—and some that play on all manner of ten stringed instruments—and a whieen sketching souls, that ye may see perched like crows on every craig in the country, e'en working at your ain trade, Maister Francie, forby men that hadd been in foreign parts, or said they had been there, whilk is a' ane, ye ken, and maybe twa or three drabble tailed misses, that wear my Liddy Penelope's follies when she has dune wi' them, as her queans of maids wear her second hand clathes. So, after her leddyship's happy recovery as they ca'd it, down cam the hul tribe of wild geese, and settled by the Well, to dine thereout on the bare grund, like a

wheen tinklers, and they had sangs, and tunes, and healths, nae doubt in praise of the fountain, as they ca'd the Well, and of Leddy Penelope Penseather, and, lastly, they behoved a' to take a solemn bumper of the spring, which, as I am tauld, made unco havoc among them or they wan hame, and this they ca'd Picknick, and a plague to them! And sae the jig was begun after her leddyship's pipe, and mony a mad measure has been danced sin'syne, for down cam masons and murgeon makers, and preachers and player-folk, and Episcopalians and Metho dists, and fools, and fiddlers, and Papists and pie bakers, and doctors and drugsters, by the shop folk, that sell trash and trumpery at three prices—and so up got the bonny new Well, and down fell the honest auld town of St Ronan's, where blithe decent folk had been heart some eneugh for mony a day before ony o' them were born, or ony sic vapouring fancies kittled in their cracked brains.'

(From *St Ronan's Well*)

*Snior smother, boddle, a small coin, Luckie Buchan a tradesman's wife who founded an apocalyptic sect in Ayrshire in 1784, fleecing, whuning fat put, kitchen set, dripping the cruel scrofula knapping knocking, chunky stanes, pebbles a ween a lo of, scurvy, besides hail whale, murgeon makers, makers of wry faces or grimaces kittled, brought to birth (as by a cat).*

Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, one of the great biographies in the language (1837-38 2nd ed. 20 vols. 1839), has been supplemented by the publication of Scott's *Journal* (1830) and his *Letters* (2 vols. 1893). There are also condensed editions of the *Life* by Lockhart part of the original *Lif*, telling the story of Scott's last days and death, will be found below at page 255. Reference may also be made to the shorter Lives by George Gilfillan (1873) R. H. Hutton (1879) C. D. Yonge (1888), Professor Saintsbury (1897) and W. H. Hudson (1900), to Sir Francis Doyle's essay on Scott (1877), to Robert Chambers's *Illustrations of the Author of Waverley* (1822), and to Hogg's *Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott* (1834). There is a German *Life* by Elze (1864) and more than one German translation of the novels, of several French translations most are not good. Editions of Scott's works are innumerable. It should be added that Scott's debt was finally cleared off after his death out of the value of the copyrights in the publisher's hands.

The following is a list of the dates of the principal works. *The Border Blunderer*, recognised more and more as having contained the germs of much of his best work in prose and verse (first two volumes, 1802) *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805) *Marmion* (1808) *The Lady of the Lake* (1810) *Rokeby* (1812) *The Bridal of Triermain* (1813) *The Life of Scott* with an edition of his works (1814), *Waverley* (begun at Ashiestiel laid aside, discovered by accident finished and published in 1814) *Introduction to Border Antiquities* (1814-17), *Lord of the Isles* *Guy Mannering* and *The Antiquary* (1815) *The Black Dwarf and Old Mortality* (1816), *Pob Ley and The Heart of Midlothian* (1818) *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *The Legend of Montrrose* (1819) *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery* and *The Abbot* (1820) *Kenilworth* (1821) *The Pirate*, *The Fortunes of Nigel* and *Power of the Peak* (1822), *Quentin Durward* (1823), *St Ronan's Well* and *Redgauntlet* (1824) *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman* (1825) *Woodstock* (1826) *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* (9 vols. 1827) *The Two Drovers*, *The Highland Widow*, and *The Surgeon's Daughter* (1827) *Tales of a Grandfather* (1828-30), *The Fair Maid of Perth* (1828) *Anne of Geierstein* (1829), *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* *The Doom of Dervorgilla*, and *Auchindrane* (1830) *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* (1831).

The extent of Scott's influence on literature, English and foreign, can hardly be calculated. Much of it was transient, and his imitators were often mechanical, especially in England and Germany. But in France the example of Scott was followed with more freedom, much as Scott himself had followed Goethe, the *Three Musketeers* and *Notre-Dame de Paris* being works of genius, are nearer to Scott than the romances which copied him more closely.

The reader is referred to the sections in this volume or in Vol. II on Lockhart, Taylor (of Norwich), Monk Lewis, M. Crie Jeffries, Hogg, Leyden, Maria Edgeworth Joanna Baillie, Wordsworth, and others of Scott's friends and contemporaries.

## Robert Southey

was born at Bristol on 12th August 1774, the son of Robert Southey, an unlucky linen-draper, his mother, who likewise came of good old yeoman ancestry, was a bright, sweet-tempered woman, who 'could whistle like a blackbird.' Much of his lonely childhood was passed with his mother's half-sister, a rich, genteel old maid who hated noise and matrimony, and had a passion for cleanliness and the drama. With her he saw many plays, read Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Hoole's *Tasso* and *Ariosto*, the *Faerie Queene*, Pope's *Homer*, and Sidney's *Arcadia*, and he himself scribbled thousands of verses. He had meanwhile had four schoolmasters, and in 1788 was placed by an uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, at Westminster. There Picart's *Religious Ceremonies* led him 'to conceive a design of rendering every mythology the basis of a narrative poem,' there he formed lifelong friendships, and thence in 1792 he was expelled for writing an article against flogging in a school magazine. Next year he entered Balliol College with a view to taking orders. He went up to Oxford a Republican, his head full of Rousseau and 'Werther,' his religious principles shaken by Gibbon, and he left it in 1794 a Unitarian, having learnt a little swimming and a little boating, and ingrained his very heart with Epictetus. At Oxford in June 1794 he had a visit from Coleridge, who infected him with his dream of a 'Pantisocracy' on the banks of the Susquehanna. The Pantisocrats required wives, and wives were forthcoming in three Miss Frickers of Bristol. The eldest, Sara, fell to Coleridge, the second, Edith, to Southey, and Mary, the third, to Robert Lovell, who with Southey in 1794 published a booklet of poems, and died two years afterwards penniless. The Pantisocrats further more required money, and money was not forthcoming, so, having tried medicine, and been sickened by the dissecting-room, having been turned out of doors by his indignant aunt, having lectured with some success, and having on the 14th November 1795 secretly married his Edith, Southey started the same day on a six months' visit to Lisbon, where his uncle was chaplain to the British factory, and there laid the foundation of his profound knowledge of the literatures and history of the Peninsula. He returned to England to take up law, but reading Coke was to him 'threshing straw,' so after sundry migrations—Westbury near Bristol, Burton near Christchurch, Lisbon again for a twelvemonth (1800-1), and Ireland (a brief secretaryship to its Chancellor of the Exchequer), with intervals of London—in September 1803 he settled at Greta Hall, Keswick, in the Lake Country. The Coleridges were there already, and thither came Mrs Lovell three households were to rest on Southey's shoulders.

His school friend Wynn allowed him £160 a year from 1796 till 1807, when a Government



times, who regarded only one side of the question' The poem is indeed a miserable performance, harmless from its very inanity Full of the same political sentiments and ardour, Southey composed his epic, *Joan of Arc*, displaying some boldness of imagination, but diffuse in style and in parts incoherent. In imitation of Dante, the young poet conducted his heroine in a dream to the abodes of departed spirits, and dealt very freely with the 'murderers of mankind,' from Nimrod the mighty hunter down to the victor of Agincourt In the second edition of the poem, published in 1798, the Maid's vision with everything miraculous was omitted

While in Portugal, Southey finished his second epic, *Thalaba, the Destroyer*, a pseudo Arabian fiction not without beauty and magnificence. The verse is irregular and unrhymed, but not lacking in power and rhythmical harmony, though in so long a poem the peculiar charm vanishes and the metre, like the redundant descriptions, becomes wearisome. The metre accords well with the subject, and is, as Southey said, 'the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.' Southey's greatest poem, *The Curse of Kehama*, has much in common with *Thalaba*, but is in rhyme. With characteristic egotism, he prefixed to *Kehama* a declaration that he would not change a syllable or measure for anybody. *Kehama* is a Hindu rajah, who like Faust obtains and trifles with supernatural power, and his sufficiently startling adventures give scope for Southey's too generous amplitude of description 'The story is founded,' as Sir Walter Scott put it, 'upon the Hindu mythology, the most gigantic, cumbrous, and extravagant system of idolatry to which temples were ever erected. The scene is alternately laid in the terrestrial paradise—under the sea—in the heaven of heavens—and in hell itself. The principal actors are a man who approaches almost to omnipotence, another labouring under a strange and fearful malediction, which exempts him from the ordinary laws of nature, a good genius, a sorceress, and a ghost, with several Hindustan deities of different ranks. The only being that retains the usual attributes of humanity is a female, who is gifted with immortality at the close of the piece.' Some of the scenes in this strangely magnificent theatre of horrors are described with unquestionable power, Scott said that the account of the approach of the mortals to Padalon, the Indian Hades, quoted below, was equal in grandeur to any passage he had ever read. *Kehama* is almost oppressively Hindu, as Hinduism was understood by a laborious student who sought to omit nothing he had read that was characteristic in land or people. But the Orientalism of Southey, Moore, and most of their contemporaries was essentially artificial and factitious. *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, is a dignified and pathetic poem, though liable also to the charge of redundancy.

Southey's laureate-poems, *Carmen Triumphale* (1814) and *The Vision of Judgment* (1821), pro-

voked much ridicule at the time, and would have passed into utter oblivion if Byron had not published another *Vision of Judgment*—a profane but powerful satire that gave the laureate a merciless and witty castigation According to Sir Leslie Stephen, Byron's *Vision of Judgment* is more reverent as well as more witty than Southey's, in which we have 'the quaintest of all illustrations of the transition of intense respectability into something very like blasphemy' Some of his youthful ballads were extremely popular His *Lord William*, *Mary the Maid of the Inn*, *The Well of St Keyne*, and *The Old Woman of Berkeley* were the delight of young readers a century ago, and are yet eminently readable. He loved to sport with subjects of diablerie, and one satirical piece of this kind, *The Devil's Thoughts*, the joint production of Southey and Coleridge, was long believed to be the work of Porson or of other more or less likely authors. The original notion of the piece (not without parallels in Dunbar, Ben Jonson, and others) was Southey's, but the greater part of the most piquant verses were Coleridge's, at least one of them has passed into a proverb

He saw a cottage with a double coach house,

A cottage of gentility,

And the devil did grin, for his darling sin

Is pride that apes humility

Scott read *Madoc*, and thrice re-read it with increasing admiration, Charles James Fox read it aloud with joy to an admiring circle, Dean Stanley was an ardent admirer of Southey's, and Cardinal Manning contrasts *Samson Agonistes* with *Thalaba*, all to the advantage of the later poet. But there was nobody who believed more confidently in Southey's immortality than Southey himself, who quite agreed with a critic in holding that *Madoc* was the best English poem since *Paradise Lost*. On the other hand, Macaulay in 1830 expressed a doubt whether 'fifty years hence Mr Southey's poems will be read,' and the doubt has been amply justified, probably no poet so well known by name is so little known by his poetry. There are, of course, some short exceptions—the 'Holly Tree,' 'Battle of Blenheim,' 'Stanzas written in my Library,' the 'Old Woman' named above, and perhaps a dozen more, including 'those in which Southey appears as poet-laureate to the devil.' His ballads are better, in Sir Leslie Stephen's opinion, than the *Ingoldsby Legends*, because they are less vulgar and less elaborately funny, and they are read still. But the 'Simorg,' the 'Glendoveers,' 'Mohareb'—how many can localise these creations of Southey's Muse? His epics repel, not so much by prolixity or by their irregular, sometimes rhymeless metres, as by the unreality of their fact and fancy. They remind us of scene-paintings, and a scene-painting even by Roberts will fetch next to nothing in the auction-room. With Southey's prose it is otherwise. He wrote out of the fullness of knowledge, for something more than the mere sake of writing,

and his was that rarest gift of good pure English. Yet even here he wrote far too much, and was often unhappy in his choice of subjects. One book alone by him, the *Life of Nelson*, belongs to universal literature. It rose into instant and universal favour, and is still considered as one of our standard popular biographies. Unhappily its value is rather literary than historical. Professor Laughton thus comments on it: ‘The celebrated life by Southey, interesting as it always will be as a work of art, has no original value, but is a condensation of Clarke and McArthur’s ponderous work, dressed to catch the popular taste, and flavoured, with a very careless hand, from the worthless pages of Garrison, from Miss Williams’s *Manners and Opinions in the French Republic towards the Close of the Eighteenth Century*, 1 123–223, and from Captain Foote’s *Vindication*. There is no doubt that Southey’s artistic skill gave weight and currency to the falsehoods of Miss Williams, as it did to the trash of Garrison and the wild fancies of Lady Hamilton.’ But, spite of its jingoism and its unfair abuse of the French, it remains a classic, because no biographer was ever more in sympathy with his hero or wrote more simply and directly.

Thackeray summed up ‘Southey’s politics are obsolete and his poetry dead, but his private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us as long as kind hearts like to sympathise with goodness and purity and upright life.’ Sir Leslie Stephen enjoys the letters, but not for that reason, and in spite of the fact that in them Southey ‘goes to the point at once like a good man of business, and cannot give the effect of leisurely and amused reflection.’ Sir Leslie finds Southey and his letters interesting because he is the most complete type of the man fitted by nature for the peculiar function of living by his pen, ‘which one must sorrowfully admit not to be the highest,’ for ‘the man who lives by his pen cannot expect to be on a pedestal beside the great philanthropists and prophets and statesmen.’ But again, Southey was of another opinion, he never doubted that he ‘could combine the professional author with the inspired prophet,’ and so could divide his time and his literary production ‘with the absolute punctuality of a city clerk.’

The *Life of John Wesley*, while leaving ample room for later biographers, was justly described as the first book to bring home to Englishmen in general a real sense of Wesley’s importance in English religious and social history. Southey also contributed a series of Lives of British Admirals to Lardner’s *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. Landor’s tribute to Southey is quoted at page 142. The *Doctor* contains, as Southey said, something of *Tristram Shandy*, something of Rabelais, more of Montaigne, and a little of old Burton, yet its predominant characteristics are still his own. It is a delightful book, a bedside book, though but a commonplace book in disguise, a collection of

curiosities of literature ‘with charming interludes when Southey is not tempted into too deliberate facetiousness.’ The gem of the *Doctor* is the story of ‘The Three Bears,’ and that immortal nursery-story is more likely to secure for Southey literary immortality than *Madoc* or *Roderick*.

#### The Hall of Glory

A huge and massy pile—  
Massy it seemed, and yet with every blast  
As to its ruin shook There, porter fit,  
Remorse for ever his sad vigils kept.  
Pale, hollow eyed, emaciate, sleepless wretch,  
Inly he groaned, or, starting, wildly shrieked,  
Aye as the fabric, tottering from its base,  
Threatened its fall—and so, expectant still,  
Lived in the dread of danger still delayed.

They entered there a large and lofty dome,  
O’er whose black marble sides a dim drear light  
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp  
Enthroned around, the Murderers of Mankind—  
Monarchs, the great! the glorious! the august!  
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire—  
Sat stern and silent Nimrod, he was there,  
First king, the mighty hunter, and that chief  
Who did belie his mother’s fame, that so  
He might be called young Ammon. In this court  
Cæsar was crowned—accursed liberticide,  
And he who murdered Tully, that cold villain  
Octavius—though the courtly mimic’s lyre  
Hath hymned his praise, though Maro sung to him,  
And when death levelled to original clay  
The royal carcass, Flattery, fawning low,  
Fell at his feet, and worshipped the new god  
Titus was here, the conqueror of the Jews,  
He, the delight of humankind misnamed,  
Cæsars and Soldans, emperors and kings,  
Here were they all, all who for glory sought,  
Here in the Court of Glory, reaping now  
The meed they merited.

As gazing round,  
The Virgin marked the miserable train,  
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth  
‘Thou who art come to view our punishment,  
Maiden of Orleans! hither turn thine eyes,  
For I am he whose bloody victories  
Thy power hath rendered vain Lo! I am here,  
The hero conqueror of Agincourt,  
Henry of England!’

(From the Vision of the Maid of Orleans in *Joan of Arc*)

#### Night in the Desert.

How beautiful is night!  
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,  
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,  
Breaks the serene of heaven  
In full orbéd glory, yonder moon divine  
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.  
Beneath her steady ray  
The desert-circle spreads,  
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky  
How beautiful is night!  
Who, at this untimely hour,  
Wanders o’er the desert sands?  
No station is in view,  
Nor palm grove islanded amid the waste.

The mother and her child,  
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,  
They, at this untimely hour,  
Wander o'er the desert sands

Alas' the setting sun  
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,  
Hodeirah's wife beloved,  
The fruitful mother late,  
Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,  
They wished their lot like hers  
She wanders o'er the desert sands  
A wretched widow now,  
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,  
With only one preserved,  
She wanders o'er the wilderness

No tear relieved the burden of her heart,  
Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one  
Half wakened from a midnight dream of blood  
But sometimes, when the boy  
Would wet her hand with tears,  
And, looking up to her fixed countenance,  
Sob out the name of Mother, then did she  
Utter a feeble groan  
At length, collecting, Zeinab turned her eyes  
To heaven, exclaiming 'Praised be the Lord'  
He gave, he takes away'  
The Lord our God is good!'

(From *Thalata*)**Nearing Padalon.**

Far other light than that of day there shone  
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon  
They, too, in darkness entering on their way,  
But far before the car,  
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,  
Filled all before them 'Twas a light that made  
Darkness itself appear  
A thing of comfort, and the sight, dismayed,  
Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere  
Their way was through the adamantine rock  
Which girt the world of woe on either side  
Its massive walls arose, and overhead  
Arched the long passage, onward as they ride,  
With stronger glare the light around them spread—

And, lo' the regions dread—  
The world of woe before them opening wide,  
There rolls the fiery flood,  
Girding the realms of Padalon around  
A sea of flame, it seemed to be  
Sea without bound,  
For neither mortal nor immortal sight  
Could pierce across through that intensest light

(From *The Curse of Kehama*)**Apostrophe to Love**

They sin who tell us Love can die.  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity  
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell,  
Earthly these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they had their birth  
But Love is indestructible  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times oppressed,  
It here is tried and purified,  
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of Love is there.  
Oh! when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrows, all her tears,  
An over payment of delight?

(From *The Curse of Kehama*)**The King's Return.**

The sound, the sight  
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scimitar,  
And tawny skins awoke contending thoughts  
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth,  
The unaccustomed face of humankind  
Confused him now—and through the streets he went  
With haggard men, and countenance like one  
Crazed or bewildered. All who met him turned,  
And wondered as he passed One stopped him short,  
Put alms into his hand, and then desired,  
In broken Gothic speech, the moon struck man  
To bless him. With a look of vacancy,  
Roderick received the alms, his wandering eye  
Fall on the money, and the fallen king,  
Seeing his royal impress on the piece,  
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,  
That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon  
In hollow groan suppressed the Mussulman  
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified  
The name of Allah as he hastened on.  
A Christian woman, spinning at her door,  
Beheld him—and with sudden pity touched,  
She laid her spindle by, and running in,  
Took bread, and following after, called him back—  
And, placing in his passive hands the loaf,  
She said, 'Christ Jesus for his Mother's sake  
Have mercy on thee!' With a look that seemed  
Like idiocy, he heard her, and stood still,  
Staring a while, then bursting into tears,  
Wept like a child

(From *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*)**Moonlight Scene in Spain.**

How calmly, gliding through the dark blue sky,  
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,  
Through thinly scattered leaves, and boughs grotesque,  
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope,  
Here o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, gray  
And massy, motionless they spread, here shine  
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night  
Their chasms, and there the glittering argente  
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.  
A lovelier, purer light than that of day  
Rests on the hills and oh! how awfully,  
Into that deep and tranquil firmament,  
The summits of Auseva rise serene!  
The watchman on the battlements partakes  
The stillness of the solemn hour, he feels  
The silence of the hour, the endless sound  
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,  
Which in that brightest moonlight well nigh quenched,  
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth



With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe,  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedew'd  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them  
I live in long past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with a humble mind

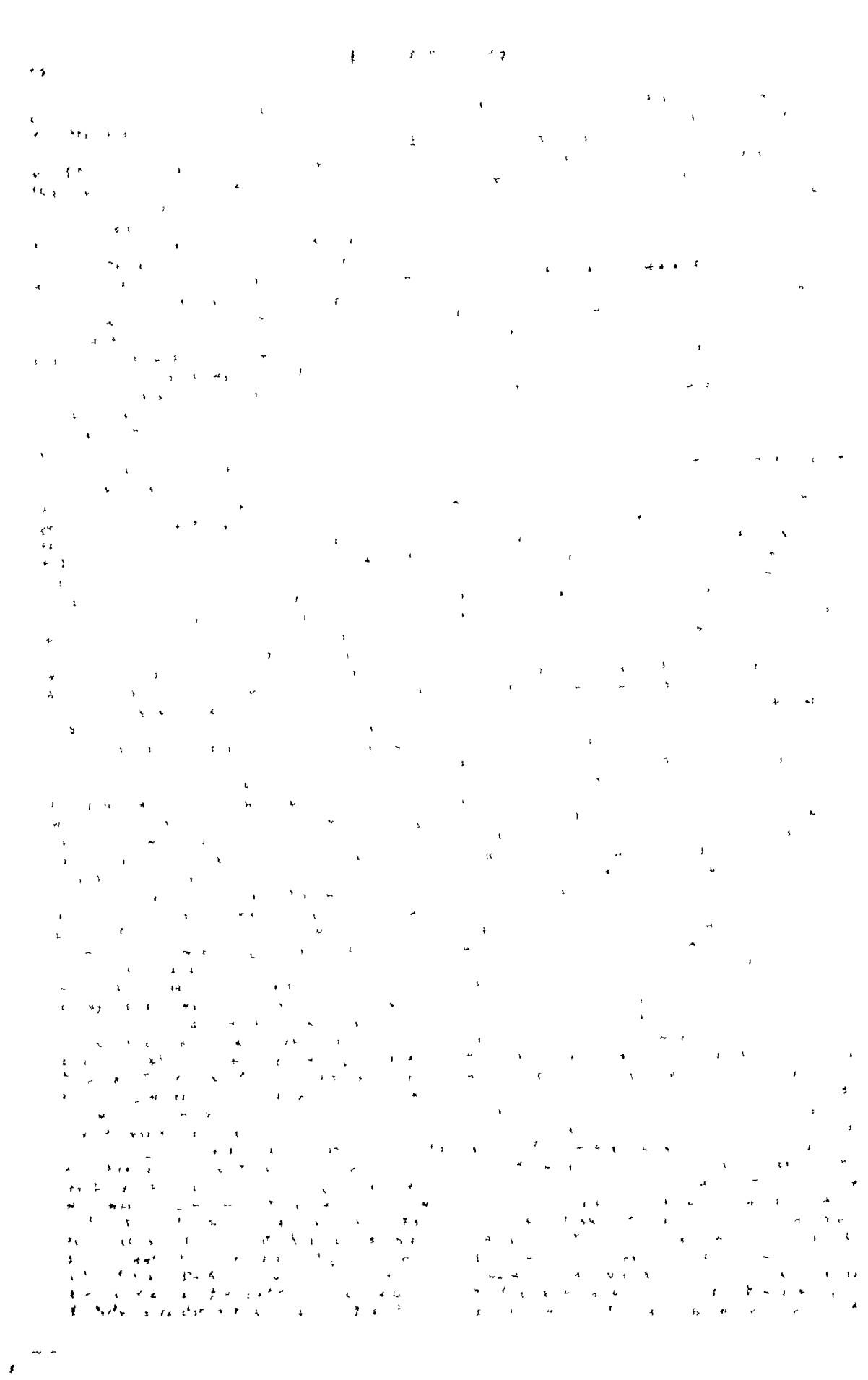
My hopes are with the Dead, anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all Futurety  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust

#### The Death of Nelson.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent, for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death A ball fired from her mizzen top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up 'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he 'I hope not,' cried Hardy 'Yes,' he replied, 'my back bone is shot through' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately, then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchiefs, and covered his face and his stars Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal This however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momently in his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful 'for,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me' All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurried, and a even before a

visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero But he became impatient to see Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed, he is surely dead' An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him They shook hands in silence, Hardy, in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment 'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?' 'Very well,' replied Hardy, 'ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and shew an intention to bear down upon the *Victory* I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing' 'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered, 'There was no fear of that' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he, 'I am going fast it will be all over with me soon Come nearer to me Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all o her things belonging to me' Hardy observed that he hoped Mr Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life 'Oh no,' he replied, 'it is impossible My back is shot through Beatty will tell you so' Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him 'You know I am gone I know it I feel something rising in my breast,' putting his hand on his left side, 'which tells me so' And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, 'So great that he wished he was dead Yet,' said he in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer too' And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?' Next to his country she occupied his thoughts Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least 'That's well,' cried Nelson, 'but I bargained for twenty' And then, in a stronger voice, he said 'Anchor, Hardy, anchor' Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs 'Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed 'do you anchor' His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, 'Don't throw me overboard,' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise Then reverting to private feeling 'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy - take care of poor Lady Hamilton kiss me, Hardy,' said he Hardy bent down and kiss'd his cheek and Nelson said 'Now I am satisfied Thank God I have done my duty' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two then kiss'd again and kiss'd his forehead 'Who is that?' said Nelson,



will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can, that is, all I have.'

On the 1st of February 1791 he wrote his last letter to America. It shows how anxious he was that his followers should consider themselves as one united body. 'See,' said he, 'that you never give place to one thought of separating from your brethren in Europe. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue.' He expressed, also, a sense that his hour was almost come. 'Those that desire to write,' said he, 'or say anything to me, have no time to lose, for Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is not far behind' words which his father had used in one of the last letters that he addressed to his sons at Oxford. On the 17th of that month he took cold after preaching at Lambeth. For some days he struggled against an increasing fever, and continued to preach till the Wednesday following, when he delivered his last sermon. From that time he became daily weaker and more lethargic, and on the 2nd of March he died in peace, being in the eighty eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry.

During his illness he said 'Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel.' Some years before, he had prepared a vault for himself, and for those itinerant preachers who might die in London. In his will he directed that six poor men should have twenty shillings each for carrying his body to the grave, 'for I particularly desire,' said he, 'there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this.' At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel the day preceding the interment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band, the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five and six in the morning. The intelligence, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred persons attended at that unusual hour. Mr Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to that part of the service, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother,' his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father*, and the feeling with which he did this was such that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.

(From the *Life of John Wesley*)

The second Mrs Southey (Caroline Anne Bowles, 1786-1854), who was the daughter of a retired officer, submitted to Southey a pathetic story in verse, *Ellen Fitzarthur*, and the laureate encouraged her to publish it. It was followed by *The Widow's Tale*, with other poems (1822), *Solitary Hours*, in prose and verse (1826), and by

her most popular work, *Chapters on Churchyards* (1829), prose tales and sketches republished from *Blackwood's Magazine*. So early as 1823 Southey had asked Caroline Bowles to co-operate in writing a poem on Robin Hood, never completed, and her contributions to the scheme were published after Southey's death, with other fragments. In 1823 also she produced *Tales of the Factories* in verse, on the hardships of factory hands, her longest poem was *The Birthday* (1836). The marriage in 1839 amazed the friends of both. Southey was already sinking into mental and physical decay, and in 1843 his death left her a widow for the last nine years of her life. The following is her poem on

#### The Pauper's Death-bed.

Tread softly—bow the head—  
In reverent silence bow—  
No passing bell doth toll—  
Yet an immortal soul

Is passing now

Stranger! however great,  
With lowly reverence bow,  
There's one in that poor shed—  
One by that paltry bed—  
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
Lo! Death doth keep his state,  
Enter—no crowds attend—  
Enter—no guards defend  
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold  
No smiling courtiers tread,  
One silent woman stands  
Lifting with meagre hands  
A dying head

No mingling voices sound—  
An infant wail alone,  
A sob suppressed—again  
That short deep gasp, and then  
The parting groan

O change—O wondrous change!—  
Burst are the prison bars—  
This moment there, so low,  
So agonised, and now  
Beyond the stars'

O change—stupendous change!  
There lies the soulless clod  
The sun eternal breaks—  
The new immortal wakes—  
Wakes with his God

Southey's *Life and Correspondence* (6 vols. 1849-50) by his younger son, the Rev Cuthbert Southey (1819-89), contains a delightful fragment of autobiography. A Selection from the letters was edited by his son in-law, Mr Warter (4 vols. 1850), who also issued Southey's *Commonplace Book* (4 vols. 1849-51). His *Correspondence with Caroline Bowles* was edited by Professor Dowden (1881). See too the latter's *Southey* (Men of Letters, 1880). Dennis's *Southey* (Boston, 1887), Southey's *Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands* with introduction by Dr Robertson Nicoll (1902), and Sir Leslie Stephen's delightful essay on 'Southey's Letters in Studies of a Biographer' (vol. iv 1902).

### Samuel Taylor Coleridge,

poet, critic, and philosopher, was born at Ottery St Mary, Devon, 21st October 1772. He was the youngest son of the Rev John Coleridge (born 1718), vicar of the parish, chaplain-priest of the Collegiate Church, and master of the grammar-school, and of his second wife Ann, the daughter of an Exmoor farmer named Bowdon. John Coleridge, of whose family and origin little or nothing is known, was a self-made man. He began life as a village schoolmaster, married, and in his thirtieth year matriculated as a sizar of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge (1748). He had kept some five or six terms when the offer of the mastership of an endowed school at South Molton, and a prospect of taking orders, induced him to leave the university without a degree (1749). He moved to Ottery in 1760, and died 4th October 1781. He was a learned man, and published, *inter alia*, an excursus (*Dissertations*) on two chapters of the Book of Judges (1768) and a *Critical Latin Grammar* (1772). The anecdotes recorded by De Quincey and Gillman of his eccentricity and simple-mindedness are apocryphal. When he died three of his sons were officers in the army, three were, or had been, at the university, and his widow, though but poorly left, was not penniless. In the auto-biographical letters addressed to Thomas Poole in 1797-98 (*Letters, &c.*, 1895, vol. 1 pp. 3-21) Coleridge describes himself as a 'poetic child,' a devourer of fairy tales, a weaver of day-dreams, at odds with his playmates, but delighting in 'long conversations' with his father. Before he was nine years old his father died, and in the following spring (24th April) he was nominated to Christ's Hospital, and entered the 'great school' on 12th September 1782.

At first he was forlorn and unhappy, ill-fed and homesick, but as time went on there were mitigations. His schoolfellow, Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, noticed and protected him from the first, and after he had taken rank as 'a Grecian' he made friends with and held his own among seniors and contemporaries. Chief among those who looked up to him as elder and superior was Charles Lamb. He believed—or, perhaps, chose to think—that he owed his faculty as writer and poet to the severities of his fierce though painstaking master, James Boyer, who forced him to use his brains and control his fancies, and who once, he said, flogged him justly when he had been reading Voltaire and 'spotted infidel'. It was doubtless to the austere discipline of the Blue coat School that Coleridge owed the command over his extraordinary talents, which neither genius nor temperament could 'utterly abolish or destroy'. When he was seventeen, on one of the monthly 'leave days' he swam the New River in his clothes, and was punished for his folly by a sharp attack of rheumatic fever. He never completely regained his health, and it is probable

that the rheumatic gout, or what not, which attacked him at Keswick, encouraging and confirming, if it did not awaken, the indulgence in opium, may be traced to this fatal escapade. He was in the sick ward—'seas of pain waving through each limb' (see sonnet to *Pain*)—for several months, and after his recovery his next step was to fall, or rush, into a first love with a schoolfellow's sister named Mary Evans. She was a blue eyed maiden, quick-tempered and quick-witted, 'nobly planned' to love and be loved, but, alas! she was not for Coleridge, and, to his loss and sorrow, married and passed out of his life. But whilst he was at school, and for long afterwards, she was a 'phantom of delight,' an influence and an inspiration.

Coleridge was entered as a sizar on the books of Jesus College, Cambridge, 5th February 1791, but did not go into residence till the following October. He received from the Hospital a donation of £40, an annual exhibition of £40, a 'Rustat' scholarship for the sons of clergymen of about £25 per annum, and an irregular allowance from his brothers. With prudence this was a bare sufficiency, but from ignorance or indifference he at once plunged into debt. At first, thanks to the presence and example of Middleton, he worked hard, and in July 1792 was Browne medallist (see *The Poetical Works*, 1893, pp. 476-477). In the winter of 1792 he was 'among the select' for the Craven scholarship, but missed success. The long vacation of 1793 was spent at Ottery, and towards the close of the Michaelmas term he went up to London, spent his last guinea, and enlisted (2nd December 1793) in the 15th or King's Regiment of Light Dragoons. Debts to his college-tutor and to Cambridge tradesmen prompted this counsel of despair. He had wasted his time, his talents, and his brothers' money, and he shrinked from the disclosure which was at hand. The 'gests and exploits' of Silas Tomkyn Comberbacke (his *nom de guerre*), which Cottle and Gillman retail, are more or less mythical. A less agreeable—but a more probable version of the story is to be found in Charles Lloyd's novel *Edmund Oliver*, which was published in 1798. Coleridge was an indifferent dragoon, and soon betrayed his own secret. His brother, Captain James Coleridge, discovered that 'Sam' was quartered at Reading, wrote to him a letter of forgiveness, and after some time and trouble bought him out. His discharge is dated 10th April 1794, and on the following day he went up to Cambridge. The authorities were lenient, and he escaped with a nominal punishment.

At the end of the summer term he started for a walking tour in North Wales, taking Oxford on his way. Then it was that he first met Robert Southey, of Balliol College, and, inspired by his sympathy and companionship, talked out a scheme for turning socialist and emigrating with a chosen band to America. Coleridge, who was great at

coining words, thought communism or socialism might be rechristened *Pantisocracy*. Early in August, when the tour was over, he rejoined Southey at Bristol, where he met and engaged himself to his future wife, Sarah Fricker. She was the eldest of five sisters, of whom the second, Mary, was already married to a young Quaker poet named Robert Lovell, and the third, Edith, was betrothed to Southey. Byron maintained that Sarah and Edith were 'milliners of Bath,' and, when brought to book, gave his authority for the statement (*Letters and Journals*, 1901, vol. vi p. 113). They certainly went out to work in the houses of friends, and it is possible that they had been taught their trade. They were, however, of decent stock and parentage, and had been born and brought up to better things. In September Coleridge returned, somewhat reluctantly, to Cambridge, and kept one more term, but he passed the time in writing letters to Southey and in preaching pantisocracy. In December he quitted the university without taking a degree.

His first work, *The Fall of Robespierre, an Historic Drama*, of which Southey wrote the second and third acts, was published at Cambridge in September 1794. The first act contains the well-known lines, 'Tell me on what holy ground May domestic peace be found.'

For a few weeks he lingered in London, writing sonnets for the *Morning Chronicle*, and 'sitting late, drinking late' with Charles Lamb at the 'Citt and Salutation' in Newgate Street, but early in February, at Southey's instance or insistence, removed to Bristol. For some months the friends lodged together and endeavoured to make a living by lecturing on politics, history, and theology (for specimens of Coleridge's political lectures, see *Conciones ad Populum*, printed in pamphlet form at Bristol, November 1795, and republished in *Essays on His Own Times*, 1850, vol. i pp. 1-55), but in

the autumn they quarrelled and dissolved partnership. Southey had been the first to realise that pantisocracy was impracticable, and, to his friend's dismay and indignation, determined to pass the winter with his uncle at Lisbon. The result was that Coleridge, relying on the offer of a new friend and patron, Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, married (4th October 1793) and settled with his wife in a 'myrtle-bound' cottage at Clevedon. Here, for a brief while, 'domestic peace' was found, but want of books, friends, and, perhaps, the necessities of life in less than three months led to a 'domestication' with his mother-in law at Bristol. The spring of 1796 was taken up with the publication of the *Watchman*, a periodical which professed to be the organ of the Whig Club and other patriotic societies. The first number appeared on 1st March, and the tenth and last on 13th May 1796 (for Coleridge's articles, see the *Essays, &c.*, 1850, vol. i pp. 99-178). Meanwhile a volume of *Poems on Various Subjects* (first edition) was issued by Cottle, 16th April 1796.

The summer was

consumed in devising abortive plans for making a living at Derby and elsewhere. He was away from home 'prospecting' when his eldest son—named, but not christened, David Hartley—was born, 19th September, and two days later he returned, bringing with him as inmate and pupil Charles Lloyd, a bank clerk who preferred poetry to keeping his father's ledgers. On 31st December 1796 the *Ode to the Departing Year* appeared in the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, and on 1st January 1797 Coleridge, with his wife and baby, took up their quarters in a cottage at Nether Stowey, a market-village at the foot of the Quantock Hills.

He moved for two reasons. In the first place, he wished to be within reach of his friend Thomas Poole, a tanner of good means and of good education, whose 'mansion' and tan yard were in the village, and secondly, because he proposed to



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

From a Drawing (aged 24) by Robert Hancock in the National Portrait Gallery.

himself to earn his living as market gardener. Here he stayed for twenty months, making his home in the now celebrated 'Coleridge Cottage,' and here he wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, the first part of *Christabel*, and almost all his greater poems. Here, too, grew and flourished his friendship with William and Dorothy Wordsworth, which led to their settling (July 1797) at the neighbouring manor-house of Alforden. For the next twelve months the friends were constantly together, and the interchange of sentiments and ideas, or, rather, the influence of a mutual inspiration, formed the 'atmosphere' in which the *Lyrical Ballads* (September 1798) were conceived and composed. But Coleridge had other interests besides poetry. At Cambridge he had come under the influence of William Frend, a Fellow of Jesus College who had turned Unitarian, and in 1795 at Bristol, and afterwards at Taunton and Bridgwater, he volunteered his services as preacher in Unitarian chapels. 'Hire' or remuneration was against his principles, but, failing literature and horticulture, he was ready to accept 'a call' from the Unitarian congregation of Shrewsbury, who had invited him (December 1797) to preach on approval. At Shrewsbury, and after he had obtained the appointment, he received and accepted from the brothers Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood the offer of an annuity for life of £150, and to meet their views, if not to satisfy their requirements, he resigned the ministry and returned to Stowey. In the long run the Wedgwood annuity proved a *donum extitale*, an injurious benevolence, but for a while competence came with healing on its wings. On 15th May a second son—named, but not christened, Berkeley (died 10th February 1799)—was born to him, and on 16th September, in company with the Wordsworths, he left England for Germany. After a few days spent at Hamburg, where he visited the 'German Milton,' Klopstock, he parted from his friend and took lodgings (1st October) at Ratzeburg in the house of the pastor. Having learnt to read the language with ease and to master the accent, he left Ratzeburg on 6th February, and matriculated at Göttingen on 12th February 1799. Among the professors whose lectures he attended, and who paid him 'the most flattering attentions,' were the naturalist Blumenbach, and J. G. Eichhorn, a pioneer of the 'higher criticism.' For four months of eager studentship he worked with a will at German literature, laying the foundation, the 'low beginnings,' of his after-work as critic, theologian, and metaphysician. A journal which he wrote up as letters to his friends at home was published as 'Satyrane's Letters' in *The Friend* (November–December 1809) and in the *Biographia Literaria* (1817, vol. II, pp. 183–253). 'A Tour through the Hartz Mountains,' &c., which he took in company with young Blumenbach and some English friends, was published in the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1835 (No. xl, pp. 211–226). The descriptions of scenery and manners in these and

other letters are laboured, but precise and vivid. He looked upon the world with a poet's eye, and proceeded to put down what he saw with the particularity of an auctioneer or a house agent. In verse he had no need, and in prose no inclination, to learn the art 'to blot.' He returned to Stowey in July. In September he accompanied Southey, once more his friend, on a walking tour over Dartmoor, and in November, under the guidance of Wordsworth, walked through the whole of the Lake District. During this memorable excursion Wordsworth revived old memories and Coleridge enjoyed a new experience. Henceforth the English lakes and mountains were married to immortal verse. At the close of the year Coleridge gave up the cottage at Stowey and moved to London. He had already contributed poems to the *Morning Post*, at that time the property of Daniel Stuart, whose brother-in-law, [Sir] James Mackintosh, was the friend and afterwards a connection of the Wedgwoods, but for two or three months (December 1799–March 1800) he was regularly employed as a writer of leaders and, occasionally, as a parliamentary reporter. These and other newspaper articles (of 1802, 1809, 1811, 1814, and 1817), which not only served the purpose of the moment but have taken rank as literature, were reprinted as *Essays, &c.* (1850, vols. I–III, see, for an appreciation, H. D. Traill's *Coleridge*, 1884, pp. 79–86). After two months of successful journalism he bent himself to another task, the translation of the second and third parts of Schiller's *Wallenstein*. He seems to have turned a German poem into a great, some say a greater, English poem in about seven weeks (1st March–21st April 1800).

It was now a question where he should live, and for a while he halted, or seemed to halt, between south and north, the vicinity of Poole or the vicinity of Wordsworth, but the north prevailed. On 24th July 1800 he brought his wife and Hartley to Greta Hall, a newly-built and partly-furnished house which stands on 'a small eminence a furlong from Keswick,' and for fifteen months he remained at home. At first, before and after the birth (14th September 1800) of his third son, Derwent, he passed his time wandering, note-book in hand, over the hills and exploring the remoter valleys, and in some genial moment wrote the second part of *Christabel*, but, with the approach of winter, fell into a diseased condition of nerve and limb. He contrived to edit some articles of Poole's for the *Morning Post*, and he assisted the Wordsworths in the transcription of poems for a second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, but attempted nothing original. It was in the winter of 1800–1 that, in Charles Lamb's expressive phrase, the 'dark column turned,' and his promising and joyous youth passed into an unrejoicing and unfruitful manhood. Two causes are assigned for this disastrous change—opium and an unhappy marriage, but a third must be added—persistent ill health which provoked, though it did not justify,

both stimulants and narcotics. As to the opium, Coleridge knew something of its effects at Cambridge, perhaps had been dosed with it at Christ's Hospital, but it was not till the Lake District climate brought on a complication of gouty and rheumatic ailments that he drugged himself habitually and to excess. Except for a long spell of total abstinence in 1832, he took laudanum to the last, but from April 1816 and onwards the habit was regulated, and, by his own efforts, to a great extent overcome. Of his marriage a few words must be said. His wife was a good woman, honest, veracious, and dutiful, but passionate, nervous, and querulous. Intellectually she was quick-witted and clear-headed, and above the average in knowledge and acquirements, but out of sympathy with her husband's imaginative temperament and impatient of his theological subtleties, she could neither share his dreams, nor laugh away his fears, nor 'make the cheerless cottage warm.' 'Home was no home for him,' and Wordsworth's cottage was both paradise and home. They 'stood apart,' and there was no love to lose between them or to find again 'with tears.' It cannot be said that there were faults on both sides—'the faults' were Coleridge's—but none the less it was an unlucky as well as an unhappy marriage. Greta Hall witnessed many quarrels and many short-lived reconciliations, but from the end of 1803, though still with occasional meetings and much correspondence, there was a virtual separation.

In November 1801 Coleridge went up to London, resumed his connection with Stuart, and visited Poole at Stowey. On, perhaps because of, his return to Keswick he wrote *Desjection, an Ode* (4th April 1802), which has been called the swan-song of his Muse. In November–December he visited South Wales as the travelling companion of his 'munificent co-patron' Tom Wedgwood, and once again in his absence a child, his only daughter, Sara, was born to him (23rd December 1802). In the summer Longman published a third edition of his *Poems*, from which the poems by Lamb and Lloyd were omitted. On Sunday, 14th August 1803, he started with Wordsworth and Dorothy in a 'jaunting-car' on a tour through the Highlands. He found the car ill travelling, and, longing to get by himself, he left his friends at Arrochar, near Luss, 29th August, and proceeded on foot via Glencoe to Inverness, and back by Tummel Bridge and Perth to Edinburgh. He walked two hundred and sixty-three miles in eight days, hoping to cure himself of the gout, to lull the heartache, and to still the nerves. But the remedy increased the disease, and it was at Edinburgh when the walk was over that he wrote *The Pains of Sleep*. A letter from Southey announcing the death of his first born, and offering a visit, recalled him to Keswick. As it fell out, Southey remained at Greta Hall, first as guest, then as co-tenant, and finally as the sole occupier till his death in 1843, while Coleridge, from 1804 to 1810, was but an

infrequent visitor, and after 1812 slept not again under that or other roof-tree of his own *Habent sua fata—poetæ!* By the end of the year Coleridge had resolved to try the effect of a warmer climate, and with means provided by the painter-baronet Sir George Beaumont and Wordsworth, he sailed for Malta on 25th April 1804. On landing at Valetta on 18th May he was received as guest or boarder by Dr (afterwards Sir John) Stoddart and his sister Sarah (afterwards Mrs Hazlitt), but before long (6th July) was offered rooms in the palace of the Civil Commissioner, Sir Alexander Ball. Ball, who had been one of Nelson's captains, took a fancy to Coleridge, and perceiving that though he talked much he talked wisely, employed him as private secretary from the first, and, on the death of the 'Public Secretary of Malta and its Dependencies,' appointed him secretary *ad interim* (18th January–6th September 1805). At first the climate worked wonders, but in spite of a second change to Sicily (August–November 1804), the effect wore off, and sickness, dejection, and their fateful alleviators remained to stay. He proved a thorough man of affairs, and made his mark as secretary, but out of reach of his friends and cut off from his philosophical pursuits he was a lost man, and felt that he had 'no business there.' To make money, to gain credit, to win applause, were as dust in the balance compared with the sympathy of the Wordsworths or a possible revelation of the mysteries of being.

He left Malta on 21st September, revisited Syracuse as the guest of his friend G F Leckie, H M Consul, and made a tour through Sicily, visiting Taormina (4th October) and other places of interest. He had reached Naples before 20th November, and thence, after a prolonged stay, arrived at Rome on 11th January 1806, where he passed the spring in the society of Ludwig Tieck, Humboldt, Bunsen, and the American painter Washington Allston. He told Gillman and others that Napoleon had given orders for the arrest of the Englishman who had attacked him in the columns of the *Morning Post*, and that he owed his escape to a warning conveyed to him by an emissary of the Pope. From whatever cause, he left Rome on 18th May, and, after visiting Florence and Pisa, sailed from Leghorn on or about 24th June. He wrote but little whilst he was abroad, but later works betray an intimate acquaintance with Mediterranean politics, a knowledge of Italian literature, and a speaking acquaintance with the 'Fine Arts' (For Sir Alexander Ball, see *The Friend*, 22nd, 26th, and 27th November 1810, in the 1850 ed., vol. III pp. 215–286). He reached London on 17th August, but did not rejoin his family at Greta Hall till the middle of October. The winter and early spring (1806–7) were passed at a farmhouse at Coleorton with the Wordsworths, where he listened to the *Prelude*, which had been completed in his absence, and wrote those pathetic lines with the prosaic title (*To a Gentleman*), in

which he bewails his 'sense of past youth and manhood come in vain' The summer was passed at Stowey with his wife and children, and, after their return to Keswick, the late autumn at Bristol, where he formed the close attachment to his friends the Morgans, which in later years served him in such good stead when 'old friends burned dim' and the shadows deepened. In 1808 (January-June) he delivered his first course of 'Lectures on Shakespeare,' &c., at the Royal Institution. A few notes, which were taken down at the time (5th February) by H C Robinson (*Diary*, 1869, vol. 1 pp 267-268), and a résumé of two later lectures (*Notes and Lectures, &c.*, 1849, vol. 1 pp 323-334), constitute the sole record of this course. More than once he disappointed his patrons by missing a lecture, and on one noted occasion he incurred the censure of the Council by a personal attack on the educationist Joseph Lancaster, who was a *persona grata* to the royal family and the public at large (see *The Jerningham Letters*, 1896, vol. 1 p 316), but he attracted notice, and, on the whole, increased his reputation. His next venture revealed another side of his character. He had given proof of capacity as a journalist, a diplomatist, a public lecturer, and, instead of following up either of these callings, nothing would serve him but to compile and publish at his own cost an abstruse periodical from which 'Personal and Party Politics and the Events of the Day' were deliberately excluded. It was 'a vain endeavour!' *The Friend*, which was written and despatched by post from Grasmere, was printed first by W Pennington of Kendal, and afterwards by J Brown of Penrith. The first number appeared on 1st June 1809, and the twenty-seventh and last on 15th March 1810. The public, even the literary Unitarian and Quaker public, would not buy 'Principles' at a shilling a week. The original issue of *The Friend* was republished in 1812, and in 1818 Coleridge expanded his weekly essays into three volumes. *The Friend* wants reading as it has always wanted readers, but it rewards the adventurous! For a year and six months (18th September 1808 to April 1810) Coleridge lived with Wordsworth at Grasmere, but on the demise of *The Friend* he seems to have returned to what was still his residence, Greta Hall. Of this period there is no record, and when the curtain lifts once more he is posting to London with Wordsworth's old friend Basil Montagu, who had offered him rooms in his house. It seems that Wordsworth, acting for the best, had warned Montagu that Coleridge was a troublesome inmate, and that Montagu indiscreetly, if not ill-naturedly, repeated a confidential hint in the form of a message or ultimatum to Coleridge. There had been differences in the past, and the return to Greta Hall points to an altered relationship, but then for the first time Coleridge heard his sentence passed, and it broke his heart. The greater the truth, the greater the libel—most of all when it is spoken by

one's 'own familiar friend.' The quarrel or alienation was brought to an end in May 1812 through the intervention of H C Robinson, but in the following December fresh offence was given and taken, and it was long before there was a lasting reconciliation. As Wordsworth had foreseen, Montagu soon tired of his charge, and Coleridge took refuge with the Morgans, who, with brief intervals, shared their home with him for almost five years—at first at Hammersmith, then in London, and finally at Calne in Wiltshire. During the summer months (April-November) of 1811 he was on the staff of the *Courier* writing leading articles (*Essays, &c.*, 1850, vol. III pp 733-938), and discharging the duties of sub-editor, and when this arrangement broke down or came to an end, he delivered his second course of lectures (November 1811-January 1812) on Shakespeare and Milton at the Scots' Corporation Hall in Fleet Street (for a reprint of Collier's shorthand notes, see *Lectures, &c.*, edited by T Ashe, 1883). The lectures were well attended. Byron, who 'came to scoff,' admits rather reluctantly that the lecturer 'is a sort of rage at present.' In February-March 1812 Coleridge paid a brief and final visit to Greta Hall, and on his return rejoined the Morgans, who had moved to No. 71 Berners Street. He delivered a third course of lectures on 'The Drama' at Willis's Rooms in May-June, and a fourth course on 'Belles Lettres' at the Surrey Institute in October. In December he was engaged in attending rehearsals of *Remorse* (a rewritten version of the once rejected *Osorio*), which, at Byron's instance, had been accepted by the committee of Drury Lane Theatre. For once his star seemed to be in the ascendant, but before the year (1812) closed Josiah Wedgwood, without assigning any reason whatever, withdrew his moiety of the annuity of £150 which had been offered and conferred 'for life.' Wedgwood was an honourable man, but the violation of a solemn pledge was, on the evidence before us, unjustifiable. Thenceforward Mrs Coleridge's regular income was less than £70 a year, a sum which, in 1814 and possibly afterwards, was expended on the education of her sons. At a later period she contributed a small annual payment towards the expenses of Southey's household.

*Remorse* was produced for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre on 23rd January 1813, and ran for twenty nights. On the whole the play was a success, and Coleridge received at least £400 for his rights as author. The play was published in pamphlet form and went into a third edition. Like the fair breeze which drove the *Ancient Mariner* into a silent sea, this gust of fortune blew no good to Coleridge. He lingered in London through the spring and summer, and it was not till October that he started for Bristol, partly to make money by lecturing and partly to transact business for the Morgans. A course of six lectures on Shakespeare and Milton was delivered in October, a second course on the same subject in November, and, yet

again, a third course, of four lectures, on Milton in April 1814, when he scandalised his old friend and brother-minister, Dr Estlin, by describing the Satan of *Paradise Lost* as a 'sceptical Socinian' But then and always, whether the room was full or half-empty, he 'gave satisfaction' to the audience. It was not the matter (which was sometimes hard to follow) but the manner which revealed the native and inextinguishable genius of the orator To speak of Shakespeare and Milton was to unlock his soul and to pour out a flood of eloquence as the 'spirit gave him utterance' Eleven months (October 1813–September 1814) were spent at Bristol For the greater part of this 'weary time' he was the guest of his old friend and correspondent, Josiah Wade, who placed him under the care of a Bristol physician, Dr Daniel, and provided him with an attendant But under whatever conditions of restraint or freedom, his life was grievous Then, if ever, he was 'wrecked in a mist of opium' Early in the autumn he was back with the Morgans at Ashley, near Box, and in November followed them to Calne Thenceforward there was a betterment, the result of a strenuous though unsuccessful attempt to break through the opium-habit. Six letters on the Irish question, 'To Mr Justice Fletcher,' were published in the *Courier*, September–December 1814 (*Essays, &c.*, 1830, vol iii pp 677–733), and in 1815, though he published no books, delivered no lectures, and was silent in the *Courier*, he wrote and passed for the press the *Biographia Literaria* (1817), revised and rewrote his poems—*Sibylline Leaves* (1817)—and completed three acts of *Zapolya* (1817) Over and above these measurable entities he laid the foundation of, or at least wrote fragmentary notes for, a *magnum opus*, to be entitled *Logosophia—in Six Treatises* Despite these achievements Coleridge was sorely in need of funds, and, as it will, poverty stood between him and his printers and publishers He must have been in dire straits when, in response to some complaint or revelation of his circumstances, Lord Byron sent him a hundred pounds It was a fine and generous action, for the donor had no spare cash at his disposal, and was able and willing to help in other ways without putting his hand in his pocket On the strength of this loan or gift, and armed with the MS of *Christabel*, which Byron had already shown to Murray, and with the MS of *Zapolya* for the managing committee of Drury Lane, he went up to town at the end of March 1816 When or where he forgathered with Byron, who was on the eve of his lifelong exile, is uncertain, but an arrangement was come to with Murray for the publication of *Christabel*, and, more important still, Coleridge gained a haven and foothold for himself On the recommendation of Dr Joseph Adams, the relative of an old Bristol friend, Mr Matthew Coates, he was received on 25th April as patient and boarder by Mr James Gillman, a Highgate surgeon, who was willing to undertake his case

and could offer him 'retirement and a garden' Here, 'or not far off,' he remained for the rest of his life In April 1816 Coleridge was but half-way through his forty-fourth year, but with the first genial reception of Gillman his wanderings and his story come to an end Highgate was 'a termination' and a last retreat To what extent Gillman helped Coleridge to 'give up laudanum' is disputed and is insusceptible of proof, but he undoubtedly inspired and encouraged him 'to scotch the snake' Byron (who had stood his friend in 1816), under the impression that his kindness had been abused, reviled him in *Don Juan* (1819), but his odious personalities were no longer even 'part a truth,' and the calumny fell to the ground Coleridge's frailties and shortcomings were ever before him, and at the last his plea was 'to be forgiven for fame' During the eighteen years of life which remained to him he was not only loved but honoured, not only admired but esteemed and revered The 'dark column' turned once more, and 'at evening there was light' *Christabel* (with *Kubla Khan, a Vision*, and *The Pains of Sleep*) was published in June, and the *Statesman's Manual* (first lay sermon) in November 1816 The *Edinburgh Review* attacked and vilipended both poetry and prose If the writer of these reviews was not, as Coleridge supposed, William Hazlitt, he was an accomplished plagiarist of the style and quality of Hazlitt's acknowledged compositions Early in 1817 a second *Lay Sermon*, and, later in the year, the long-delayed *Biographia Literaria* and *Sibylline Leaves*, made their appearance In December *Zapolya*, which to Coleridge's chagrin had been rejected by the committee of Drury Lane Theatre, was published as a 'Christmas Tale'

In January 1818 an *Essay on Method*, which had been prepared some months before, was printed as an Introduction to the first volume of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and late in the spring the reconstituted *Friend* was published in three volumes Neither poetry nor prose filled Coleridge's pockets, and both at the beginning and the end of 1818 he was under the 'necessity of appearing as a lecturer' The first course of fourteen lectures on 'Shakespeare' and 'Poetical Literature' was delivered at Flower-de-Luce Court in Fetter Lane, 27th January–26th March 1818, and two other courses, the first on the 'History of Philosophy,' the other on 'Shakespeare,' were delivered concurrently at the Crown and Archer Tavern in the Strand, 14th December 1818–29th March 1819 With this double course lecturing came to an end, and for many years, so far as the public was concerned, both voice and pen were silent Two misfortunes, differing in kind and in degree, befell him in successive years In 1819 he suffered a considerable loss of money through the bankruptcy of his publisher, Rest Fenner, and, in 1820, his son Hartley was deprived of his Oriel fellowship on the score of intemperance 'Work without hope' was not

beyond Coleridge's power of will, but the business of authorship, always distasteful, became more and more intolerable. He shrank into himself, devoting his energies to the accumulation of materials for his *magnum opus*, and his leisure to the 'grounding, strengthening, and integration' of a class of young men, pupils or disciples, who attended his discourses and formed a kind of miniature 'school' of philosophy. His sole publications during this period were a few contributions to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*—for example, 'Letters to Literary Correspondents,' in October 1821, and 'The Histone and Gests of Maxilian' (see *Miscellanies, &c.*, 1885, pp. 261–285) in January 1822. In 1824 he was elected a Royal Associate of the Royal Society of Literature, a distinction which conveyed an annual pension of one hundred guineas, and by way of doing service for this honorarium he read (18th May 1825) at a meeting of the society a paper on 'The Prometheus of Aeschylus' (*ibid.*, pp. 55–83). In 1825 he published his *Aids to Reflection*, a commentary in the form of aphorisms and selected passages from the writings of Archbishop Leighton. The *Aids*, which may be regarded as an eirenicon between faith and reason, and at one time served as a kind of manual of liberal orthodoxy, brought their compiler applause and recognition, and since his death have been frequently republished. In 1828 he prepared for the press a collected edition of his poems, which was published in three volumes by William Pickering. A second edition, with emendations, was issued in 1829. In June–July 1828 Coleridge accompanied Wordsworth and his daughter Dora on a tour through Belgium and on the Rhine. His 'merry' rhymes on Kōln and its 'two and seventy stenches' are a proof that the boisterous high spirits of his youth were not gone for ever. His last work was a pamphlet on *The Constitution of Church and State*, which deals with the question of Catholic Emancipation, and seems to be rather than is a plea for inaction or reaction. For the last three years of his life Coleridge was with 'few and brief intervals confined to a sick-room,' but he was often to be seen, and he could almost always talk 'to the satisfaction' if sometimes to the bewilderment of his hearers. Once and again he went into company. Early in August 1832 he was present at the christening of his grandchild Edith, and drove to the church with his wife, who was living with her daughter and son-in-law at Hampstead. In June 1833 he attended a meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, and though he rose from his bed at Trinity College 'not a man but a bruise,' he seems to have taken all literature 'for his province' in a series of monologues to his friends (see *Conversations at Cambridge* [by C. V. Le Grice], 1836, pp. 1–36). He suffered much towards the close of his life, but retained almost to the last his intellectual subtlety and his discursive

eloquence. He died at The Grove, Highgate, 25th July 1834.

Many of Coleridge's best-known works were posthumous. The *Table Talk*, which was taken down almost verbatim from his lips by his son-in-law and nephew, H. N. Coleridge, was published (2 vols.) in 1835, *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, by T. Allsop (2 vols.), in 1836, *Literary Remains* (4 vols. 1836–39), *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit* (1840), *The Idea of Life* (1848), *Notes, Theological and Political* (1853), *Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (2 vols. 1895), *Anima Poetæ*—from his *Unpublished Note-books* (1895). The greater part of his *Marginalia*, a work on Logic (2 vols. MS.), the preliminary chapters of his *magnum opus*, Notes on the Gospels, &c.; Diaries of Tours, and a multitude of letters, fragmentary papers, notes and memoranda remain unpublished.

It is commonly held that Coleridge wrote a few poems, half a-dozen more or less, of supreme excellence, and that he did no more. It is true that Coleridge at his best is immeasurably greater than at his second best, but, if we except his *juvenilia*, he wrote little or nothing which may be passed over or rejected as worthless. His peculiar quality as a poet lay in his power of visualising scenes of which neither he nor another had any actual experience. These 'fancies from afar' did not flash upon him as memories of the past nor as strange and disordered dreams, but they assumed the realities and possibilities of a harmonious though supernatural world. The open vision was rare, and it was seldom that the intuition was clear or adequate. Again, he was a laborious and accomplished metrist, and it was only by repeated experiments and intense mental effort that he could clothe these shapings of his imagination in a becoming and appropriate garb. Hence it was that after he had passed his thirtieth year and his mind became preoccupied with metaphysical speculations and theological ideas, as Charles Lamb put it, 'he wrote no more *Christabel*'s and *Ancient Mariners*'. But whenever he was minded to express his thoughts in verse, he was a poet at last as well as at first. It is enough to mention such poems as *Youth and Age*, *The Garden of Boccaccio*, *Love, Hope, and Patience in Education*, which were written towards the close of his life. If in some half dozen pieces Coleridge exceeds himself, in at least thirty or more of lesser excellence he displays imaginative and artistic qualities of the highest order. The *Christmas Carol* (1799), *Pains of Sleep* (1803), and the undated ballad *Alice du Clos* may be instanced as great poems not reckoned in the first flight. It is, however, only as a lyrical poet that Coleridge belongs to the immortals. He could and did force his extraordinary talent into producing dramatic pieces which have been performed with success and still invite study, but his plots drag and his characters

are neither attractive nor rememberable *Remorse*, a Tragedy (1812), and *Zapolya, a Christmas Tale*, which was written in 1815, contain beauties, 'purple patches' suitable for quotation, but as dramas they are lifeless and uninteresting. On the other hand, his one translation, Schiller's *Wallenstein*, rivals if it does not surpass the original. As a humourist he attempted little, but that little was first-rate. The wit of *The Devil's Thoughts* was Southey's wit, but the humour is Coleridge's, and as 'good, simple, savage verse,' as Byron labelled his Dedication to *Don Juan, Fire, Famne, and Slaughter* and *The Two Round Spaces* neither require nor admit of an apology. Originally mere *jeux d'esprit*, doggerel verses in a newspaper, they have won their place in literature.

Coleridge maintained that he owed his first inspiration as a poet to Bowles's sonnets and the 'Lewesdon Hill of Mr Crowe.' His first turn for versification was, perhaps, more immediately due to an intimate knowledge of the odes of Gray and Collins, and his first inclination towards sentiment and the poetry of the affections to Bowles and Cowper, and to Macpherson's *Ossian*. The Romantic School was already a power in Germany, and was touching the younger génération in England through translations or the works of such imitators as Horace Walpole, Mrs Radcliffe, 'Monk' Lewis, and William Taylor previous to the inception or publication of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and it is certain that before he went to Germany, in September 1798, Coleridge had read Voss's *Luise* in the original and was familiar with translations of Schiller's *Robbers* and the *Ghostseer*. But however responsive he may have been to 'voices in the air,' he owed the awakening and the consummation of his genius to the example and companionship of Wordsworth and of Wordsworth's sister Dorothy. We have only to compare his *Ode to the Departing Year* (December 1796) with the great Stowey poems, beginning with *This Lime tree Bower my Prison* (May 1797), to understand in what degree and in what sense Wordsworth was 'the master-light of all his seeing'! There is, indeed, little or no resemblance between Coleridge's great poems and Wordsworth's great poems. The magic and the melody of Coleridge's verse are all his own, and the spirit and direction of his poetry are other and different from the spirit and direction of Wordsworth's. As a poet Coleridge 'taught us little,' and as a poet Wordsworth was essentially a teacher, but it was Wordsworth who helped Coleridge to find himself, and, as Dykes Campbell has finely expressed it, 'put a new song in his mouth.'

But art for art's sake did not satisfy Coleridge. The desire of his soul was to teach and to preach, and in order to deliver his message he expended—some would say scattered—his intellectual activities in various directions. He was a journalist, a critic, a lecturer, a philosopher, and a divine. He regarded it as his mission to found a new school,

or at any rate to elaborate a new system, of philosophy, and at the same time to propound an eirenicon between faith and reason. It is held by those most competent to judge that as a philosopher he interpreted and carried on the speculations of others—of Kant and Maass, of Fichte and Schelling—but failed to formulate or work out a system of his own. Of the vast preparations which he made for a work to comprehend all knowledge and all philosophy, a portion sufficient to form an introductory volume was dictated to his disciple and amanuensis, Joseph Henry Green, and remains unpublished. His influence on the religious thought and opinion of his own age and of the last sixty years is of a less questionable nature. The *Aids to Reflection* (1825) and the posthumous *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit* (1840) have been largely instrumental in deepening and widening religious thought within and without the pale of the Churches. Their direct and immediate influence belongs to the past, but the leaven is still at work. Finally, in his critical notes on Shakespeare's plays, originally delivered as lectures, and in his masterly dissertation on the 'Tenets peculiar to Mr Wordsworth' which concludes the *Biographia Literaria*, he speaks not as the inspirer of others, but as a potent if not a final authority. A word which he borrowed from the Greek and applied to Shakespeare describes him best. He was 'myriad-minded.'

#### From 'The Ancient Mariner'

'The Sun now rose upon the right  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe  
For all averred, I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow  
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow !

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
The glorious Sun uprise  
Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free,  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sals dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be,  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean

Water, water, every where,  
And all the boards did shrink,  
Water, water, every where,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot O Christ !  
That ever this should be !  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death fires danced at night,  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were  
Of the spirit that plagued us so  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root,  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young !  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung

There passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time ! a weary time !  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist,  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !  
And still it neared and neared  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could not laugh nor wail,  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call  
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !  
Hither to work us weal,  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all a flame.  
The day was well nigh done !  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright Sun,  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)  
As if through a dungeon grate he peered,  
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears !  
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,  
Like restless gossamer ?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate ?  
And is that Woman all her crew ?  
Is that a DEATH ? and are there two ?  
Is DEATH that Woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her locks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-Mare LIFE IN-DEATH was she,  
Who thickens man's blood with cold

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice,  
"The game is done ! I've won ! I've won !" Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips, the stars rush out  
At one stride comes the dark,  
With far heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre bark.

We listened and looked sideways up !  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life blood seemed to sip !  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till climb above the eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip

One after one, by the star dogged Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one

The souls did from their bodies fly,  
They fled to bliss or woe !  
And every soul it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

O Wedding Guest ! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide wide sea  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be

O sweeter than the marriage feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding Guest !  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all !

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar, —  
Is gone and now the Wedding Guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn

(1797-98)

#### From 'Christabel'

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,  
And the owls have awokened the crowing cock !  
Tu—whit ! — Tu—whoo !  
And hark, again ! the crowing cock,  
How drowsily it crew

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,  
Hath a toothless mastiff, which  
From her kennel beneath the rock  
Maketh answer to the clock,  
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour,  
Ever and aye, by shine and shower  
Sixteen short howls, not over loud  
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud

Is the night chilly and dark ?  
The night is chilly, but not dark  
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,  
It covers but not hides the sky  
The moon is behind, and at the full,  
And yet she looks both small and dull  
The night is chill, the cloud is gray  
'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the Spring comes slowly up this way

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the wain so late,  
A furlong from the castle gate ?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothed knight  
And she in the midnight wood will prance  
For the weal of her lover that's far away

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,  
And naught was green upon the oak  
But moss and rarest mistletoe  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel !  
It mourned as near, as near can be,  
But what it is, she cannot tell —  
On the other side it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad breasted, old oak tree

The night is chill, the forest bare,  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek —  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky

Hush, beating heart of Christabel !  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well !  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak  
What sees she there ?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck, and arms were bare  
Her blue veined feet unsandied were,  
And wildly glittered here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair  
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she —  
Beautiful exceedingly !

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well,  
A little door she opened straight,  
All in the middle of the gate,  
The gate that was ironed within and without,  
Where an army in battle array had marched out.  
The lady sank, belike through pain,  
And Christabel with might and main  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved, as she were not in pain

So free from danger, free from fear  
They crossed the court right glad they were  
And Christabel devoutly cried  
To the lady by her side,  
Praise we the Virgin all divine  
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !  
Mrs, this ! said Geraldine  
I cannot speak for weertness,  
So free from danger free from fear  
They crossed the court right glad they were

They passed the hall that echoes still  
Pass as lightly as you will !



A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud

Enveloping the Earth—

And from the soul itself must there be sent

A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me  
What this strong music in the soul may be !  
What, and wherein it doth exist,  
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
This beautiful and beauty making power

Joy, virtuous Lady ! Joy that ne'er was given,  
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,  
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,  
Joy, Lady ! is the spirit and the power,  
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,

A new Earth and new Heaven,  
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—  
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—  
We in ourselves rejoice !

And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,  
All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
All colours a suffusion from that light

There was a time when, though my path was rough,  
This joy within me dallied with distress,  
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff

Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness  
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,  
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine  
But now afflictions bow me down to earth  
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,

But oh ! each visitation

Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,  
My shaping spirit of Imagination  
For not to think of what I needs must feel,  
But to be still and patient, till I can,  
And haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural man—  
This was my sole resource, my only plan  
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,  
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul

(1801)

#### Youth and Age

Verse, a Breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—  
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying

With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
When I was young !

When I was young ?—Ah, woe ! when !  
Ah for the Change twixt Now and Then !  
This breathing House not built with hands,  
This body that doth me grievous wrong,  
O'er very Cliffs and glittering Sands,  
How lightly then it flashed along —  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
On winding Lakes and Rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of Sail or Oar,  
That fear no spite of Wind or Tide !  
Dought cared this Body for wind or weather  
When Youth and I lived in't together

Flowers are lovely. Love is flower like  
Friendship is a sheltering tree,  
O the joys, that came down shower like,  
Of Friendship, Love and Liberty,  
Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woe ! Lre,  
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !  
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,  
'Tis known that Thou and I were one,  
I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
It cannot be, that Thou art gone !  
Thy Vesper bell hath not yet tolled —  
And thou wert ye a Masker bold !  
What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To mak belieue, that thou art gone ?  
I see these locks in silver slips,  
This drooping gait, this altered size  
But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears like sunshine from thine eyes !  
Life is but thought so think I will  
That Youth and I are House mates still

Dew drops are the gems of Morning,  
But the tears of mournful Eve !  
Where no hope is, Life's a warning  
That only serves to make us grieve,

When we are old  
That only serves to make us grieve  
With oft and tedious taking leave,  
Like some poor nigh related guest,  
That may not rudely be dismisse,  
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,  
And tells the jest without the smile

(1822-32)

#### Epitaph (November 1833)

Stop, Christian passer by !—Stop, child of God,  
And rend with gentle breast Beneath this sod  
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he,—  
O, list one thought in prayer for S T C ,  
That he who many a year with toil of breath  
Found death in life, may here find life in death !  
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame  
He ask'd, and hoped, through Christ Do thou the same !

#### On the Present War

It is recorded in the shuddering hearts of Christians that every Bishop but one voted for the continuance of the war [with France]. They deemed the fate of their Religion to be involved in the contest !—Not the Religion of Peace, my Brethren, not the Religion of the meek and lowly Jesus, which forbids to his Disciples all alliance with the powers of this World—but the Religion of Miracles and Mysteries, the Religion of Pluralities and Persecution, the Eighteen Thousand found a Year Religion of Episcopacy. Alas ! what room would there be for Bishops or for Priests in a Religion where Duty is the only object of Reverence, and our Immortality the only article of Faith—Immortality made prohibitive to us by the Light of Nature, and proved to us by the Resurrection of Jesus. Him the High Priests crucified, but he has left us a Religion, which shall prove fatal to every High Priest—a Religion, of which every true Christian is the Priest his own Heart the Altar, the Universe its Temple, and Errors and Vices its only Sacrifices. Rule on, mighty Jesus ! because of thy words of Truth of Love, and Equality ! The age of Priesthood will soon be no more—but of Philosophers and Christians will succeed, and the torch of Superstition be extinguished for ever

(From 'Conciones ad Populum' of 1795 in 'Essays on His Own Times', 1850.)



of spring, and sow their fields in confident faith of the ripening summer and the rewarding harvest tide' But the loss is confined to the unenlightened and the prejudiced—say rather, to the weak and prejudiced of a single generation. The prejudices of one age are condemned even by the prejudiced of the succeeding ages, for endless are the modes of folly, and the fool joins with the wise in passing sentence on all modes but his own. Who cried out with greater horror against the murderers of the Prophets than those who likewise cried out, Crucify him! Crucify him!—Prophet and Saviour, and Lord of life, Crucify him! Crucify him!—The truth haters of every future generation will call the truth haters of the preceding age by their true names for even these the stream of time carries onward. In fine, truth considered in itself, and in the effects natural to it, may be conceived as a gentle spring or water source, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snow drift that is piled over and around its outlet. It turns the obstacle into its own form and character, and as it makes its way increases its stream. And should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss, and waits only for a change in the wind to awaken and again roll onwards.

(From *The Friend*, No. 4, Sept. 7, 1803—slightly altered in 1818, in 'Essay viii. of *The Friend*' as published in 1850.)

#### Ariel and Caliban.

If a doubt could ever be entertained whether Shakespeare was a great poet, acting upon laws arising out of his own nature, and not without law, as has sometimes been idly asserted, that doubt must be removed by the character of Ariel. The very first words uttered by this being introduce the spirit, not as an angel, above man, not a gnome, or a fiend, below man, but while the poet gives him the faculties and the advantages of reason, he divests him of all mortal character, not positively, it is true, but negatively. In air he lives, from air he derives his being, in air he acts, and all his colours and properties seem to have been obtained from the rainbow and the skies. There is nothing about Ariel that cannot be conceived to exist either at sunrise or at sunset; hence all that belongs to Ariel belongs to the delight the mind is capable of receiving from the most lovely external appearances. His answers to Prospero are directly to the question, and nothing beyond, or where he exults, which is not unfrequently, it is to himself and upon his own delights, or upon the unnatural situation in which he is placed, though under a kindly power and to good ends.

Is there anything in nature from which Shakespeare caught the idea of this delicate and delightful being, with such child-like simplicity, yet with such preter natural powers? He is neither born of heaven, nor of earth, but, as it were, between both, like a May blossom kept suspended in air by the fanning breeze, which prevents it from falling to the ground, and only finally, and by compulsion, touching earth. This reluctance of the Sylph to be under the command even of Prospero is kept up through the whole play, and in the exercise of his admirable judgment Shakespeare has availed himself of it, in order to give Ariel an interest in the event, looking forward to that moment when he was to gain his last and only reward—simple and eternal liberty.

Another instance of admirable judgment and excellent preparation is to be found in the creature contrasted with Ariel—Caliban, who is described in such a manner by Prospero as to lead us to expect the appearance of a foul, unnatural monster. He is not seen at once; his voice is heard, this is the preparation he was too offensive to be seen first in all his deformity, and in nature we do not receive so much disgust from sound as from sight. After we have heard Caliban's voice he does not enter, until Ariel has entered like a water nymph. All the strength of contrast is thus required without any of the shock of abruptness, or of that unpleasant sensation which we experience when the object presented is in any way hateful to our vision.

The character of Caliban is wonderfully conceived; he is a sort of creature of the earth, as Ariel is a sort of creature of the air. He partakes of the qualities of the brute, but is distinguished from brutes in two ways—by having mere understanding without moral reason, and by not possessing the instincts which pertain to absolute animals. Still, Caliban is in some respects a noble being—the poet has raised him far above contempt—he is a man in the sense of the imagination; all the images he uses are drawn from nature, and are highly poetical, they fit in with the images of Ariel. Caliban gives us images from the earth, Ariel images from the air. Caliban talks of the difficulty of finding fresh water, of the situation of morasses, and of other circumstances which even brute instinct, without reason could comprehend. No mean figure is employed, no mean passion displayed, beyond animal passion and repugnance to command.

(From *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare*)

#### Hamlet

The seeming inconsistencies in the conduct and character of Hamlet have long exercised the conjectural ingenuity of critics, and, as we are always loth to suppose that the cause of defective apprehension is in ourselves, the mystery has been too commonly explained by the very easy process of setting it down as in fact inexplicable, and by resolving the phenomenon into a misgrowth or *Iusus* of the capricious and irregular genius of Shakespeare. The shallow and stupid arrogance of these vulgar and indolent decisions I would fain do my best to expose. I believe the character of Hamlet may be traced to Shakespeare's deep and accurate science in mental philosophy. Indeed, that this character must have some connection with the common fundamental laws of our nature may be assumed from the fact that Hamlet has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered. In order to understand him, it is essential that we should reflect on the constitution of our own minds. Man is distinguished from the brute animals in proportion as thought prevails over sense but in the healthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between the impressions from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect,—for if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation and loses his natural power of action. Now one of Shakespeare's modes of creating characters is, to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakespeare, thus mutilated or disordered, under given circumstances,

In Hamlet he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses and our meditation on the workings of our minds—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed his thoughts, and the images of his fancy, are far more vivid than his actual perceptions, and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the *medium* of his contemplations, require, as they pass, a form and a colour not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment—Hamlet is brave and circless of death, but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve. Thus it is that this tragedy presents a direct contrast to that of *Machiavelli*, the one proceeds with the utmost slowness, the other with a crowded and breathless rapidity.

(From *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare*)

#### The Defects of Wordsworth's Poetry

The first characteristic, though only occasional defect, which I appear to myself to find in these poems is the *inconstancy* of the style. Under this name I refer to the sudden and unprepared transitions from lines or sentences of peculiar felicity—(at all events striking and original)—to a style not only unimpassioned but undistinguished. He sinks too often and too abruptly to that style which I should place in the second division of language, dividing it into the three species, first, that which is peculiar to poetry, second, that which is only proper in prose, and third, the neutral or common to both.

The second defect I can generalise with tolerable accuracy, if the reader will pardon an uncouth and new coined word. There is, I should say, not seldom a *matter-of-factness* in certain poems. This may be divided into, first, a laborious minuteness and fidelity in the representation of objects, and their positions, as they appeared to the poet himself, secondly, the insertion of accidental circumstances, in order to the full explanation of his living characters, their dispositions and actions, which circumstances might be necessary to establish the probability of a statement in real life, where nothing is taken for granted by the hearer, but appear superfluous in poetry, where the reader is willing to believe for his own sake.

Third, in undue predilection for the *dramatic* form in certain poems, from which one or other of two evils results. Either the thoughts and diction are different from that of the poet, and then there arises an incongruity of style, or they are the same and indistinguishable, and then it presents a species of ventriloquism, where two are represented as talking, while in truth one man only speaks.

The fourth class of defects is closely connected with the former but yet are such as arise likewise from an intensity of feeling disproportionate to such knowledge and value of the objects described, as can be fairly anticipated of men in general, even of the most cultivated classes, and with which therefore few only, and those few particularly circumstanced, can be supposed to sympathise. In this class I comprise occasional pro-

anity, repetition, and an eddying, instead of progression of thought.

Fifth and last, thoughts and images too great for the subject. This is an approximation to what might be called mental bombast, as distinguished from verbal, for, as in the latter there is a disproportion of the expressions to the thoughts, so in this there is a disproportion of thought to the circumstance and occasion. This, by the bye, is a fault of which none but a man of genius is capable. It is the awkwardness and strength of Hercules with the distaff of Omphale.

(From the *Biographia Literaria*, Chap. ix.)

#### The Excellences of Wordsworth's Poetry

First, an austere purity of language both grammatically and logically, in short a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning.

The second characteristic excellence of Mr Wordsworth's works is a correspondent weight and sanity of the *Thoughts and Sentiments*, won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditative observation. They are fresh, and have the dew upon them. His muse, at least when in her strength of wing, and when she hovers aloft in her proper element,

'Makes audible a linked lay of truth,  
Of truth profound a sweet continuous lay,  
Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!'

Even throughout his smaller poems there is scarcely one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection.

Third, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs a frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction, of which I need not here give specimens. This beauty, and as eminently characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry, his rudest assailants have felt themselves compelled to acknowledge and admire.

Fourth, the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives the physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. Like a green field reflected in a calm and perfectly transpient lake, the image is distinguished from the reality only by its greater softness and lustre. Like the moisture or the polish on a pebble, genius neither distorts nor false colours its objects, but on the contrary brings out many a vein and many a tint which escape the eye of common observation, thus raising to the rank of gems what had been often kicked away by the hurrying foot of the traveller on the dusty high road of custom.

Fifth, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility a sympathy with man as man, the sympathy indeed of a contemplator rather than a fellow sufferer or co-mate (*Spectator, hand particeps*), but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature, no injuries of wind or weather, of toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. The superscription and the image of the Creator still remain legible to him under the dark lines, with which guilt or calamity had cancelled or cross barred it. Here the man and the poet lose and find themselves in each other, the one as glorified, the latter as substituted. In this mild and philosophic pathos, Wordsworth appears to me without a compeer. Such as he is so he writes.

(From the *Biographia Literaria*, Chap. ix.)

### The Inspiration of the Scriptures

'Tell me first, why it [plenary inspiration] should not be received! Why should I not believe the Scriptures throughout dictated, in word and thought, by an infallible Intelligence?'

I admit the fairness of the retort, and eagerly and earnestly do I answer For every reason that makes me prize and revere these Scriptures,—prize them, love them, revere them, beyond all other books' Why should I not? Because the Doctrine in question petrifies at once the whole body of Holy Writ with all its harmonies and symmetrical gradations,—the flexible and the rigid,—the supporting hard and the clothing soft,—the blood which is the life,—the intelligencing nerves, and the rudely woven, but soft and springy, cellular substance, in which all are embedded and lightly bound together This breathing organism, this glorious *panharmonicon*, which I had seen stand on its feet as a man, and with a man's voice given to it, the Doctrine in question turns at once into a colossal Memnon's head, a hollow passage for a voice, a voice that mocks the voices of many men, and speaks in their names, and yet is but one voice, and the same,—and no man uttered it, and never in a human heart was it conceived Why should I not? Because the Doctrine evacuates of all sense and efficacy the sure and constant tradition, that all the several books bound up together in our precious family Bibles were composed in different and widely distant ages, under the greatest diversity of circumstances, and degrees of light and information, and yet that the composers, whether as uttering or as recording what was uttered and what was done, were all actuated by a pure and holy Spirit, one and the same one Spirit working diversely, now awaking strength, and now glorifying itself in weakness, now giving power and direction to knowledge, and now taking away the sting from error!

*Curse ye Aseroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof—sang Deborah* Was it that she called to mind any personal wrongs—rapine or insult—that she or the house of Lapidoth had received from Jabin or Sisera? No, she had dwelt under her palm tree in the depth of the mountain But she was a mother in Israel, and with a mother's heart, and with the vehemency of a mother's and a patriot's love, she had shot the light of love from her eyes, and poured the blessings of love from her lips, on the people that had jeopardized their lives unto the death against the oppressors, and the bitterness, awakened and borne aloft by the same love, she precipitated in curses on the selfish and coward recreants who came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord, against the mighty As long as I have the image of Deborah before my eyes, and while I throw myself back into the age, country, circumstances, of this Hebrew Bondiaca in the not yet tamed chaos of the spiritual creation,—as long as I contemplate the impassioned, high souled, heroic woman in all the prominence and individuality of will and character,—I feel as if I were among the first ferment of the great affections—the prophetic waves of the microcosmic chaos, swelling up against—and yet towards—the outspread wings of the dove that lies brooding on the troubled waters. So long all is well,—all replete with instruction and example In the fierce and inordinate I am made to know and be grateful for the clearer and purer radiance which shines on a Christian's path, neither blunted by the preparatory

veil, nor crimsoned in its struggle through the all-enwrapping mists of the world's ignorance whilst in the self-oblivion of these heroes of the Old Testament, their elevation above all low and individual interests,—above all, in the entire and vehement devotion of their total being to the service of their divine Master, I find a lesson of humility, a ground of humiliation, and a shaming, yet rousing, example of faith and fealty But let me once be persuaded that all these heart-wracking utterances of human hearts—of men of like faculties and passions with myself, mourning, rejoicing, suffering, triumphing—are but as a *Drama Commedia* of a superhuman—O bear with me, if I say—Ventriloquist,—that the royal Harper, to whom I have so often submitted myself as a many-stringed instrument for his fire-tipt fingers to traverse, while every severl nerve of emotion, passion, thought, that thrills the flesh and blood of our common humanity, responded to the touch,—that this sweet Psalmist of Israel was himself as mere an instrument as his harp, an automaton poet, mourner, and supplicant,—all is gone,—all sympathy, at least, and all example. I listen in awe and fear, but likewise in perplexity and confusion of spirit

(From *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, 1840)

### Taste, an Ethical Quality

Modern poetry is characterised by the poets' anxiety to be always striking There is the same march in the Greek and Latin poets Claudian, who had powers to have been anything—observe in him this anxious, craving vanity! Every line, nay, every word, stops, looks full in your face, and asks and begs for praise! As in a Chinese painting, there are no distances, no perspective, but all is in the foreground, and this is nothing but vanity I am pleased to think that, when a mere stripling, I had formed the opinion that true taste was virtue, and that bad writing was bad feeling

(From *Anima Poeta*, 1895 p 165)

### The Night is at Hand. (1828)

The sweet prattle of the chimes—counsellors pleading in the court of Love—then the clock, the solemn sentence of the mighty judge—long pause between each pregnant, inappellable word, too deeply weighed to be reversed in the High Justice Court of Time and Fate. A more richly solemn sound than this eleven o'clock at Antwerp I never heard—dead enough to be opaque as central gold, yet clear enough to be the mountain air

(From *Anima Poeta* 1895, p. 307)

For a brief but accurate and exhaustive biography see *Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a Narrative*, by J. Dales Campbell (a reprint of the Introductory Memoir to the *Poetical Works* 1893 Macmillan, 1894) and for a list of authorities on the life of S T Coleridge, *vide ibid*, page [lx]. For an attempt to systematise Coleridge's philosophical teaching, see *Spiritual Philosophy*, by T H Green (1865). The question of Coleridge's indebtedness to German metaphysics is ably and temperately discussed by the late Professor Hort in *Cambridge Essays* (1856), and by Principal Sharp in *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy* (1868). For an unfavourable estimate of his originality and independence as a thinker see *New Essays towards a Critical Method*, by J M Robert (1807 pp. 154–161). For a general estimate of Coleridge as thinker and poet see Mill's *Dissertations* (1859, vol i), *Coleridge* by H D Traill (Men of Letters series 1884) Brand's *S T Coleridge and the English Romantic School* (1887), and *Coleridge* in Pater's *Appreciations* (1890). See also the essays in Mr Swinburne's edition of *Christabel* (1869) and the introductions to editions or selections of the poems by Mr Stopford Brooke (1805) Dr Garnett (1897) and Mr Andrew Lang (1898).

ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

**Hartley Coleridge** (1796–1849), eldest son of the preceding, was born at Bristol and educated by the Rev John Dawes at Ambleside and at Merton College, Oxford. He obtained a second-class in the final schools, was elected probationary Fellow of Oriel, but at the end of the first year was rejected on the score of intemperance (1820). He spent the next two years in London writing for the *London Magazine*, &c., attempted school keeping at Ambleside, retired to Grasmere, and in 1831 removed to Leeds, where he wrote a series of lives of the Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire, republished (1833) as *Biographia Borealis*. The first of two projected volumes of *Poems* was also published at Leeds (1833). The rest of his life was spent at Grasmere and (1840–49) at the Nab Cottage, Rydal. His last work was a Life of Massinger prefixed to an edition of Massinger and Ford. His days were spent in fitful study, lonely reverie, and wanderings over the Lake Country. His intemperance notwithstanding, ‘Little Hartley’ (he was very short) was admired and loved by all who knew him. ‘Untimely old,’ he returned to the last the warmth and the simplicity of boyhood. His *Poems* (e.g. *Leonard and Susan*) and a dramatic fragment, *Prometheus*, were published with a Memoir by his brother Derwent (1800–83, first Principal of St Mark’s College, Chelsea) in 1851 (2 vols). *Essays and Marginalia* (2 vols) were also published in 1851. His poetry is never without a certain tender grace, but it is in the sonnet that he reached eminence. The following is one of two famous sonnets on ‘Prayer’:

There is an awful quiet in the air,  
And the sad earth, with moist imploring eve,  
Looks wide and wileful at the pondering sky,  
I like Patience slow subsiding to Despair  
But see, the blue smoke as a voiceless prayer,  
Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,  
Unfolds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies  
Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare  
Capacious ether,—so it fades away,  
And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,  
The undistinguishable waste of day  
So here I dream d’—Oh, may the dream be true!—  
That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,  
And grow as pure as He to whom they pray

**Sara Coleridge** (1802–52), sister of the preceding, was brought up in Southey’s house. In 1822 she translated Dobrizhoffer’s Latin *Account of the Ihipones*, and in 1825 the ‘Loyal Servant’s’ *Chivalry Bayard*. She married her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge (1829). Her original works were *Pretty Lessons for Good Children* (1834) and *Phantasmion*, a fairy-tale (1837), but her intellectual powers are best shown in her essay on *Rationalism* appended to her father’s *Aids to Reflection* in 1843, and her ‘Introduction’ to the *Biographia Literaria* (1847). Her *Memoirs and Letters* were published by her daughter in 1873.

### Charles Lamb

was born on the 10th of February 1775, in Crown Office Row, in the Temple, London, where his father was clerk and confidential servant to Samuel Salt, a wealthy bencher of the Inner Temple. To John Lamb and his wife there were born in the Temple seven children, of whom three only survived their early childhood—Charles, his sister Mary, ten years older than himself, and a yet older brother, John. Charles received his first schooing at a humble academy out of Fetter Lane, but at seven years of age he obtained through his father’s patron a presentation to Christ’s Hospital, where he remained for the next seven years. His school experiences and the friendships he formed, notably that with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, three years his senior, are familiar to all readers of the *Essays of Elia*. At the age of fourteen he left school with a fair amount of scholarship and an intensified love of reading. He might have stayed and become a ‘Grecian,’ and so proceeded to the university. But the exhibitions were given on the understanding that the holder was to take holy orders, and Lamb’s unsurmountable stammer barred him from that profession.

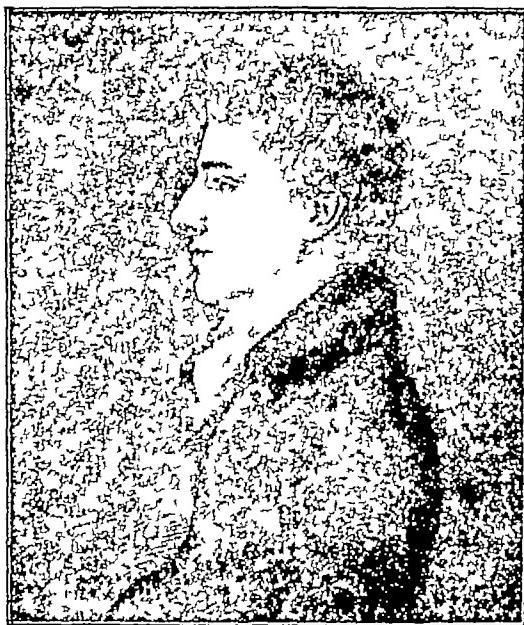
Lamb left Christ’s Hospital in November 1799. At that time his brother John held a post in the South Sea House, of which Salt was a deputy-governor, and Charles was soon presented through the kind offices of this friend to a humble situation in the same company, but early in 1792 he obtained promotion in the shape of a clerkship in the accountant’s office of the India House, where he remained for more than thirty years. In this same year Salt died. The occupation of his old clerk and servant was at an end, and with his legacies from his employer, Charles’s salary, and whatever Mary Lamb could earn by needlework, in which she was proficient, the family of four (for the brother John was living a comfortable bachelor life elsewhere) retired to humble lodgings. In 1796 we find them in Little Queen Street, Holborn, and it was there that the terrible disaster occurred, destined to mould the career and character of Charles Lamb for the whole of his future life. There was a strain of inherited insanity in the children. The father, who had married late in life, was growing old and childish, the mother was an invalid, and the stress and anxiety of the many duties devolving on Mary Lamb began to tell upon her reason. In an attack of mania, induced by a slight altercation with a little apprentice girl at work in the room, Mary Lamb snatched up a knife from the dinner-table, and stabbed her mother, who had interposed in the girl’s behalf. Charles was himself present, and wrested the knife from his sister’s hand, and with him the whole direction of affairs for the sister’s future remained. After the inquest Mary would in the natural course have been transferred

for life to a public asylum, but, by the intervention of friends, the brother's guardianship was accepted by the authorities as an alternative. To carry out this trust Charles Lamb from that moment devoted his life, sacrificing to it all other ties and ambitions, and never flagging in duty and tenderness for thirty-eight years. Charles removed with his old father to Pentonville, where at successive lodgings they remained until the father's death. Mary Lamb remained subject to attacks of temporary aberration for the rest of her life, the attacks being usually foreseen, and at such seasons she was removed to some suitable asylum. The length and frequency of these periods of absence increased, until the closing years of her brother's life, when she was exiled from him during the greater part of each year. In the meantime Charles Lamb had fallen in love, but renounced all hope of marriage when the duty of tending his otherwise homeless sister had appeared to him paramount. The history of his brief attachment, to which there is frequent pathetic allusion in his writings, is obscure. Anne Simmons, who appears in his earliest sonnets as Anna, and in his essays as Alice W., lived with her mother in the village of Widford in Hertfordshire—the scene of Lamb's early romance of *Rosamund Gray*, and Lamb made her acquaintance during his frequent visits to his grandmother, Mrs Field, housekeeper at Blakesware (immortalised in one of the loveliest of his essays as 'Blakesmoor, in Hertfordshire'). Arne, who afterwards married Mr Bartram, a London silversmith, is referred to under that name in the essay 'Dream-Children'.

Lamb's earliest poems, written in 1795, were prompted by this deep attachment. Two sonnets on this theme, with two others on different topics, were included in S. T. Coleridge's earliest volume of poems, issued at Bristol in 1796. Next year a second edition of Coleridge's poems appeared, 'to which are now added poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd,' Lloyd being a young man of kindred poetic tastes, whose acquaintance Lamb had made through Coleridge. Here, as before, the poetic influence under which Lamb wrote was the same that had so strangely moved Coleridge while still at Christ's Hospital—the graceful and pensive sonnets of W. L. Bowles. In the following year Lamb and Lloyd made a second venture in a slight volume of their own (*Blank Verse*, by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, 1798), and here for the first time Lamb's individuality made itself felt in the touching and now famous verses on the 'Old Familiar Faces'—like so many of his memorable utterances in prose and verse, full of autobiographical allusion, and yet gaining rather than losing in permanence of charm through the circumstance. It was, however, in prose, not in verse, that he was to find his true strength. In the same year as *Blank Verse* he published his little prose romance, *The Tale of Rosamund Gray* and *Old Blind Margaret*, and four years

later his *John Woodvil*—the fruit of that study of the dramatic poetry of the Elizabethan period, in the revived study of which he was to bear so large a part. Lamb had little or no dramatic faculty. The play was crude and valueless as a drama, but with detached passages reflecting much of the music and quaintness of Fletcher and Jonson.

Meantime Lamb and his sister were wandering from lodging to lodging, too often forced to leave through the rumour of Mary Lamb's malady which followed them wherever they went. They had lived at more than one house in Pentonville—they were in Southampton Buildings in 1800 and 1801—and then removed to Lamb's old familiar neighbourhood, where they continued for sixteen years. The



CHARLES LAMB

From the Drawing (1798) by R. Hinckley in the National Portrait Gallery

early years of their residence in the Temple were among the hardest and saddest of their lives. They were very poor, Charles's experiments in literature had as yet brought him neither money nor reputation, and the gradual accession of new friends that might have brightened their path had the drawback of bringing Charles face to face with social temptations which he could not resist. A very moderate indulgence in wine or spirits seems to have speedily affected him, and his shyness and his impediment of speech made him eagerly resort to what for the moment made him forget both. 'We are very poor,' writes Mary Lamb in 1804, and again in 1805, 'It has been sad and heavy times with us lately.' In Lamb's anxiety to rouse a few pounds, rather than from any confidence in his dramatic faculty, he began to write a farce, which the proprietors of Drury Lane accepted, and produced in December 1806.

It was the now famous farce *Mr H*—famous, however, not for its success, but for its failure. His love for things dramatic soon found a more profitable outlet in a commission from William Godwin to contribute to his 'Juvenile Library,' then in course of publication. For this series Charles and Mary wrote in 1807 their well-known *Fals from Shakespeare*—Mary Lamb making the version of the comedies, Charles that of the tragedies. This was Lamb's first success. It brought him sixty guineas, and, what was more valuable, hope for the future, and the increased confidence and recognition of his growing circle of friends. As one consequence of the success, the brother and sister composed jointly two other children's books—*Mrs Leicester's School* (1807) and the *Poetry for Children* (1809). Charles also told for children the story of the *Odyssey*, under the title of *The Adventures of Ulises*. Another more important consequence was a commission from the Longmans to edit a volume of selections from the Elizabethan dramatists. The volume at once exhibited Lamb, to those who had eyes to see, as one of the most profound, subtle, and original of English poetical critics. Three years later a conviction of the same fact would be deepened in those who knew that the unsigned articles in Leigh Hunt's *Reflector*, on Hogarth and the tragedies of Shakespeare, were from the same hand, and that a prose writer of new and unique quality was showing above the dull level of the conventional essayist.

In 1817 Lamb and his sister left the Temple for rooms in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden. Next year an enterprising young publisher induced him to collect his scattered verse and prose in two neat volumes, as the *Works of Charles Lamb*, and this publication naturally paved the way for his being invited to join the staff of the *London Magazine*, then newly started. Lamb was required to contribute light prose essays, and was wisely allowed a free hand. His first essay appeared in August 1820, 'Recollections of the old South Sea House,' the public office in which his first small salary was earned, and where his elder brother had remained a high placed and prosperous clerk. Lamb signed his first paper *Ela*, borrowing for a joke the name of a foreigner who had been fellow clerk with him in the office. The signature was continued through Lamb's successive contributions to the magazine, and is he placed it on the title page (without his own) of the first collected edition of the essays in 1823, it became indissolubly connected with the work. The series came to an end as far as the *London Magazine* was concerned, in 1825. *The Last Essays of Elia* were collected in a second volume in 1833.

In August 1823 Charles and Mary quitted their rooms over the brazier's in Russell Street, and made their first experiment as householders in a cottage in Colchbrook Row, Islington, with the New River (into which George Dyer walked in

broad daylight) flowing within a few feet of their front door. Moreover, they were now on the eve of making a pleasant addition to their household in the form of a young friend, the orphan daughter of an Italian teacher of languages at Cambridge. Charles and Mary Lamb virtually adopted Emma Isola, and she was treated as a member of their family until her marriage with Edward Moxon the publisher, in 1833.

Early in 1825 Lamb, who had been for some time failing in health, was allowed to resign his post in the India House, the directors liberally granting him a pension two thirds of his then salary. Having now no tie to any particular neighbourhood, the brother and sister were free to wander. They took lodgings—and subsequently a house—at Enfield, but Mary Lamb's health becoming gradually worse and requiring constant supervision, they parted with their furniture and gave up housekeeping. They finally removed to the neighbouring village of Edmonton, where, in a small cottage hard by the church, they spent their last year together. It was a melancholy year. Lamb's own health was suffering. They had lost their young friend Emma Isola. The absence of settled occupation had not brought Lamb all the comfort he had looked for—the separation from his London friends, and now the almost continuous mental alienation of his sister, left him companionless, and with the death of Coleridge in the summer of 1834 the chief attractions of his life were gone. In December of the same year, while taking one day his usual walk on the London Road, he stumbled and fell slightly injuring his face. The wound was in itself trifling, but erysipelas ensued, under which he rapidly sank, and he passed quietly away, without pain, on the 29th of December. He was buried in Edmonton churchyard. His sister survived him nearly thirteen years, and was buried by his side in May 1847.

Lamb's place in literature is unique and unchallengeable. As a personality he is more intimately known to us than any other figure in literature, unless it be Samuel Johnson. He is familiar to us through his works, which throughout are composed in the form of personal confidences, through his many friends who have loved to make known his every mood and trait, and through his letters, the most fascinating body of correspondence in our language. It is a dangerous thing to say, but it may be doubted whether, outside a necessarily limited circle, his works are read so much for their own sakes as for the light they throw upon the character of their author. It is the harmonious concord of dissonances in Lamb that is the secret of his attraction. The profound and imaginative character of his criticism, which at its best is unerring, and with it the reckless humour of the Bohemian and the *fâcheur*, the presence of one lamentable weakness serving to throw into stronger relief the patient strength of his life struggle, his

loyalty and generosity to his friends, even when they abused it most, and all this flowing from one of the most beautiful acts of devotion in the records of self sacrifice—the wild fun of Trinculo and Stephano, alternating with the tenderness of Miranda and Ferdinand, or the profound philosophic musings of Prospero—and all these, like Ariel, now ‘flaming distinctly,’ now ‘meeting and joining’—it is this wondrous blending of opposites that has made Lamb, save to the ‘sour-complexioned’ and matter-of-fact, one of the most dearly loved among English men of letters, and with every sign that this love is one which no changes of taste are likely to diminish

#### To Hester

When maidens such as Hester die,  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
With vain endeavour

A month or more hath she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed,  
And her together

A springy motion in her gut,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flush'd her spirit

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call—if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that illied,  
She did inherit

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which cloth the human feeling cool,  
But she was train'd in Nature's school,  
Nature had blest her

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,  
Ye could not Hester

My sprightly neighbour, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the div,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet forewarning?

#### The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

I loved a love once, fairest among women  
Closed were her doors on me I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar face

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man  
I like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces

Ghost like I paced round the haunts of my childhood  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me, all are departed,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces

#### Sonnet on ‘Innocence’

We were two pretty babes, the youngest she,  
The youngest, and the loveliest far, I ween,  
And INNOCENCE her name. The time has been,  
We two did love each other's company,  
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart,  
But when by show of seeming good begui'd,  
I left the garb and manners of a child,  
And my first love for man's society,  
Desiring with the world my virgin heart—  
My loved companion dropped a tear, and fled,  
And hid in deepest shades her woful head  
Beloved, who shall tell me where thou art—  
In what delicious Eden to be found—  
That I may seek thee the wide world around?

#### Lines in my own Album

Fresh clad from heaven in robes of white,  
A young probationer of light,  
Thou wert, my soul, in Album bright

A spotless leaf, but thought and care,  
And friend and foe, in soul or fair,  
Have ‘written strange desfeatures’ there,

And Time with heaviest hand of all,  
Like that fierce writing on the wall,  
With stamp'd sad dates, he can't recall,

And error, gilding worst designs—  
Like speckled snake that strays and shines—  
Betrays his path by crooked line,

And vice hath left his ugly blot,  
And good resolves, a moment hot,  
Fairly began—but finish'd not,

And fruitless, like remorse doth trice—  
Like Hebrew lore, a backward pace—  
Her irrecoverable race

Disjointed numbers, sense unknit,  
Huge reams of folly, shreds of wit,  
Compose the mingled mass of it

My scalded eyes no longer brook  
Upon this ink blurr'd thing to look—  
Go, shut the leaves, and clasp the book

#### On an Infant Dying as soon as Born.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk  
A curious frame of Nature's work  
A slow'ret crushed in the bud,  
A nameless piece of Babyhood,  
Was in her cradle coffin lying,  
Extinct with scarce the sense of dying  
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb  
For darker closets of the tomb  
She did but ope an eve, and put  
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut

For the long dark ne'er more to see  
 Through glasses of mortality  
 Riddle of destiny, who can show  
 What thy short visit meant, or know  
 What thy errand here below?  
 Shall we say that Nature blind  
 Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,  
 Just when she had exactly wrought  
 A finish'd pattern without fault?  
 Could she flig, or could she tire,  
 Or lack'd she the Promethean fire  
 (With her nine moons long workings sicken'd)  
 That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?  
 Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure  
 Life of health, and days mature  
 Woman's self in miniature!  
 I limbs so fair, they might supply  
 (Themselves now but cold imagery)  
 The sculptor to make Beauty by  
 Or did the stern eyed Fate descrv  
 That babe, or mother, one must die,  
 So in mercy left the stock,  
 And cut the branch, to save the shock  
 Of young years widow'd, and the pain,  
 When Single State comes back again  
 To the lone man who, 'rest of wife  
 Thenceforward drags a maimed life?  
 The economy of Heaven is dark,  
 And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,  
 Why human Buds, like this, should fall,  
 More brief than fly ephemeral,  
 That has his day while shrivel'd crones  
 Stiffen with age to stocks and stones,  
 And crabbed use the conscience sears  
 In sinners of a hundred years.  
 Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,  
 Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss  
 Rites, which custom does impose,  
 Silver bells and baby clothes,  
 Coral, redder than those lips  
 Which pale death did late eclipse  
 Music framed for infants glee,  
 Whistle never tuned for thee,  
 Though thou want st not, thou shalt have them,  
 Loving hearts were they which gave them  
 Let not one be missing, nurse,  
 See them laid upon the hearse  
 Of infant slain by doom perverse.  
 Why should kings and nobles have  
 Pictured trophies to their grave,  
 And we, churls, to thee den  
 Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,  
 A more harmless vanity?

#### Dream Children a Reverie

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children, to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditional great uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the 'Children in

the Wood'. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county, but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C's tawdry gilt drawing room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'That would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman, so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart—at, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great grandmother Field once was, and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain, but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm,' and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grand children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cesars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them, how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nestlings and perches hung

upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or busking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impudent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common bruts of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great grand mother Field loved well her grand children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L.—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us, and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great grandmother Field most especially, and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain,—and how in after life he became lame footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame footed, and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death, and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me, and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and praved me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, some times in des�r, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n, and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what covness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to

Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re presentment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was, and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech ‘We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartram father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name’—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever

(From *Essays of Elia.*)

#### Mackery End.

Bridget Lin has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in, a sort of double singleness with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash King's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so as ‘with a difference’. We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed, and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading table is daily fed with assiduous fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out of the wry humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She ‘holds Nature more clever’. I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religo Medici*, but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine free thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems, but she neither wrangles with nor accepts their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive, and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points—upon something proper to be done or let alone—whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always in the long run to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly, but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to, and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasture. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress she is the truest comforter, but in the teasing accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit, but best when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End, or Mickarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire, a farm house, delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget, who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of

persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Albans, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, we had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to that which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still, the air breathed balmily about it, the season was in the 'heart of June,' and I could say with the poet,

'But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation!'

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy, but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections, and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon house had stood (house and birds were alike flown), with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable, for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out of date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me, but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans, who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollects in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together, were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget, and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us—I had almost forgotten him—but B F will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the fir-

distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming, and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing—With what corresponding kind ness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thou sand half obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment and her own, and to the astoundment of B F, who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth—when I forgot all this, then may my country cousins forget me, and Bridget no more remember that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire

(From *Essays of Elia*)

### Lear

So to see Lear acted,—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear; they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual—the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on, even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage, while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear,—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms, in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that 'they themselves are old'? What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show—it is too hard and stony, it must have love scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast

about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through, the flying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die!

(From the Essay 'On the Tragedies of Shakspeare')

Our chief authorities for Lamb are his own writings, and the *Life and Letters* and *Final Memorials*, by Mr Justice Talfourd. Later editions of these works have appeared enlarged by Percy Fitzgerald and W C Hazlitt. There is a quite separate Memoir of Lamb, of considerable interest, by B W Procter ('Barry Cornwall'). Another Memoir, and a complete edition of Lamb's works and correspondence by the writer of the present article, were published by Messrs Macmillan (6 vols. 1883-88). A new and enlarged edition of Lamb's letters by the same editor was in preparation in 1903. Lamb's *Essays* are the best commentary on his life, his father is the *Loaf* of the essay on the 'Old Benchers of the Middle Temple', see also E. V. Lucas's *Lamb and the Loyds* (1898). The present article has been revised and reprinted from that originally written for *Chambers's Encyclopaedia* (new edition, vol. vi., 1890).

ALFRED AINGER.

### William Hazlitt,

born at Maidstone on 10th April 1778, came of a family of Hazlitts who had settled in County Antrim at the Revolution. Shortly after Hazlitt's birth his father, who was a Unitarian minister, removed to Bindon near Cork, and in 1783 emigrated to America, but he returned with his family a few years later and settled in 1787 at Wem in Shropshire. At his father's desire Hazlitt studied in 1793 at the Unitarian College at Hackney, but even then his tastes lay rather in philosophy and politics. It was not till his meeting with Coleridge in 1798, which he has himself described in the essay 'My First Acquaintance with Poets,' that his interest in literature was fully awakened, though in this matter he has also recorded his debt to the friendship of Joseph Fawcett (see his essay 'On Criticism'). Following the example of his brother John, he first chose for himself the profession of artist, and in October 1802 went to Paris, where for four months he worked at the Louvre (see his essay 'On the Pleasure of Painting'). On his return he set up as a portrait-painter, and numbered Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lamb among his sitters, but he could never satisfy himself, though judges such as Northcote believed in his ability. His first publication, *An Essay on the Principles of Human Action*, appeared in 1805, and was followed in 1806 by *Free Thoughts on Public Affairs, or Advice to a Patriot*, in 1807 by *An Abridgment of the Light of Nature Pursued by A Tucker*, and a *Reply to the Essay on Population by the Rev T R Malthus*, in 1808 by *The Eloquence of the British Senate* (a selection with biographical and critical notes), and in 1810 by *A New and Improved Grammar of the English Tongue, for the Use of Schools*. He was engaged

chiefly to the *London and New Monthly*, he brought out another collection of his essays in 1821, entitled *Table Talk, or Original Essays*, a second volume with the same title following in 1822. In 1823 appeared his *Characteristics, in the Manner of La Rochefoucauld's Maxims*, while to 1824 belong his *Sketches of the Principal Picture Galleries in England*, his *Select British Poets* (suppressed, and published in 1825 under the title *Select Poets of Great Britain*), and his article on the 'Fine Arts' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Before this Hazlitt had won for himself an ugly notoriety by his *Liber Amoris, or the New Pygmalion* (1823), recording his infatuation for a girl named Sarah Walker, the daughter of his landlady, and 'the only woman that ever made me think she loved me.' His marriage had proved unhappy, and in June 1822 he was divorced at Edinburgh, but he was soon after disillusioned of the heroine of the *Liber Amoris*. In 1824 he married Mrs Bridgwater, a widow with some money. This marriage was likewise unhappy, he travelled for some months with his wife in France, Switzerland, and Italy but in 1825 he returned to London alone, and his wife refused to rejoin him. While on this tour he contributed to the *Morning Chronicle* a series of letters, collected in 1826 under the title *Notes of a Journey in France and Italy*. At the same time there appeared in the *New Monthly* the series of articles which went to form the *Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits* (1825). The last collection of miscellaneous essays which he himself edited, *The Plain Speaker, Opinions on Books, Men, and Things* (2 vols.), was published in 1826. From this time onwards he devoted himself chiefly to the *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*. Recognising the occasional nature of his earlier work, he now hoped to found his fame on a monumental biography of his life's hero, and he accordingly squandered the energies of his closing years on a work which could not but arouse animosity and for which he was hardly suited either by character or training. The first and second volumes appeared in 1828, and the third and fourth in 1830. The literary merits of the book are now, as at its appearance, too often ignored in hostility to its motive. Unfortunately Hazlitt was embarrassed financially by the failure of his publisher. He had to resort again to magazine articles, he brought out the *Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., RA* (1830), a collection of articles contributed in 1826-27 under the title 'Boswell Redivivus,' to the *New Monthly*, and he collaborated with Northcote on the *Life of Titian* (1830). But in this struggle he had no longer health on his side. He died at London on 1<sup>st</sup> September 1830. Three other collections of his essays were published posthumously by his son—*Literary Remains* (2 vols. 1836), *Sketches and Essays* (1839), and *Winter Hours: Essays and Characters written there* (1850).

Hazlitt's political views prejudiced his reputa-

tion as a critic and essayist to a wider public than that of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* he was best known in a wild Republic in Even his idiosyncrasies tended to make him unpopular Unhappy in his married life, he was unhappy also in his friendships, for he quarrelled unaccountably with all his associates—even with Lamb, though he was afterwards reconciled. Tractless, but of downright honesty, though brilliant in conversation yet devoid of social instinct, he seemed to his friends to live in dread of hearing some remark with which he could not agree. The stimulating acuteness and fine enthusiasm of his lectures did not conceal the fact that there was little sympathy between him and his audience. If his worth is better known now than it was in his own day, it is because his writings have lived down the personal prejudice which he too readily aroused.

With Coleridge and Lamb, Hazlitt marks the close of the short interregnum in criticism when the classical code of the eighteenth century had been replaced by the mere whim of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly* reviewer. Like Coleridge, he believed that the first requisite of a critic is intelligent sympathy, and that his duty is not so much to report on a work as to interpret it. Yet he can hardly be claimed as a member of the romantic school, for, though true to their principles, he had not their limitations, he laughed away their tenet that Pope was not a poet, and he would not be blinded to the merits of French literature by the new German cult and the crusade against the classical. In certain respects he preserves the eighteenth century attitude, as in his indifference to the Middle Ages and his appreciation of the elegant in literature, while he had not the enthusiasm of the new school for their own work. Personal and political considerations tended to warp his judgment on his contemporaries. Though eloquent in his praise of Scott, he discovers in objectionable political motive in the 'Scotch novels,' his dislike of Byron is based on the 'noble author's' peerage, Coleridge, to whom he owed so much, he came to despise for changing his political views, even his whole hearted appreciations of Wordsworth are dished with unfriendly references to the poet's foibles. But these prejudices were vented merely on the living, no political bias, for instance, could dull his enthusiasm for Burke. He himself confesses that his criticism of the living is in a different category from his appreciations of the older authors. 'I have more confidence in the dead than the living,' he says, 'contemporary writers may generally be divided into two classes, one's friends and one's foes.' But it may be claimed for him that his prejudices, unlike those of the romantics, were not literary. He was one of the first to recognise the impossibility of reconciling different tastes. The disagreement between French and English taste, he points out, is bound to remain till the French become English or the English French, and he

adds, with special reference to Shakespeare and Racine, that when we see nothing but grossness and barbarism or insipidity and verbiage in a writer that is the god of a nation's idolatry, it is we and not they who want true taste and feeling. Hazlitt's appreciations are more free from the distinguishing marks of a particular school than those of any of the great English critics before him.

Hazlitt characterised his own work when he said that 'a genuine criticism should reflect the colours, the light and shade, the soul and body of a work.' Whether he deals with printing or with literature, he pays little attention to matters of form or technique and he always ignores the circumstances under which the works were produced. 'If,' he says, 'a man leaves behind him any work which is a model of its kind we have no right to ask whether he could do anything else, or how he did it, or how long he was about it.' Uninterested in the development and interaction of literatures, he is indifferent even to the growth of the art of an individual author. He may tell us that in the *Tempest* Shakespeare has shown all the variety of his powers, and that *Love's Labour's Lost* is the play with which he would most readily part, but he never hints that the one was written at the end of Shakespeare's career and the other at the beginning. His indifference to such matters explains his inaccuracy in points of fact. Few of his many quotations are given correctly, his references are vague, and he knew nothing of the worries of accurate chronology. What alone interests him is the complete work in itself. He had not, and expressly disclaimed, a wide knowledge of literature, and latterly he would rather read the same book for the twentieth time than read a new one. His favourite authors, and Shakespeare in particular, he knew so well that he could hardly write without alluding to them, or quoting from them, or employing their phraseology. And this intense knowledge makes him as guiltless of a second hand as of an off hand opinion, though he is occasionally under some debt to the conversation of his friends. The writer from whom he borrows most is himself, for he indulges largely in the questionable habit of repeating, often in the same words, what he has said elsewhere. But this only points to that 'pertinacity of opinion' on which he prided himself, in literature as in politics. In no case would he revise his judgments, he would only repeat them and emphasise them.

He has spoken of his early difficulties in writing, but latterly he could say that he had merely to 'unfold the book and volume of the brain' and transcribe the characters he saw there as mechanically as any one might copy the letters in a sampler. It was fitting that a critic who was indifferent to technique should himself have no ambitions to be known by his style, and should expressly avoid formal method. What he desired above all was 'life, and spirit, and truth,' and whether he writes on Cavanagh the Fives Player, or the fight of

years in the history of the person represented. That which perhaps more than anything else distinguishes the dramatic productions of Shakespeare from all others is this wonderful truth and individuality of conception. Each of his characters is as much itself, and is absolutely independent of the rest, as well as of the author, as if they were living persons, not fictions of the mind. The poet may be said, for the time, to identify himself with the character he wishes to represent, and to pass from one to another, like the sun soul successively animating different bodies. By an art like that of the ventriloquist, he throws his imagination out of himself, and makes every word appear to proceed from the mouth of the person in whose name it is given. His plays, alone are properly expressions of the passions, not descriptions of them. His characters are real beings of flesh and blood, they speak like men, not like authors. One might suppose that he had stood by at the time, and overheard what passed. As in our dreams we hold conversations with ourselves, make remarks, or communicate intelligence, and have no idea of the answer which we shall receive, and which we ourselves make, till we hear it so the dialogues in Shakespeare are carried on without any consciousness of what is to follow, without any appearance of preparation or premeditation. The gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. Nothing is made out by formal inference and analogy, by climax and antithesis all comes, or seems to come, immediately from nature. Each object and circumstance exists in his mind, as it would have existed in reality, each several train of thought and feeling goes on of itself, without confusion or effort. In the world of his imagination, everything has a life, a place, and being of its own!

Chaucer's characters are sufficiently distinct from one another, but they are too little varied in themselves, too much like identical propositions. They are consistent, but uniform, we get no new idea of them from first to last, they are not placed in different lights, nor are their subordinate traits brought out in new situations, they are like portraits or physiognomical studies, with the distinguishing features marked with inconceivable truth and precision, but that preserve the same unaltered air and attitude. Shakespeare's are historical figures, equally true and correct, but put into action, where every nerve and muscle is displayed in the struggle with others, with all the effect of collision and contrast, with every variety of light and shade. Chaucer's characters are narrative, Shakespeare's dramatic, Milton's epic. That is, Chaucer told only as much of his story as he pleased, as was required for a particular purpose. He answered for his characters himself. In Shakespeare they are introduced upon the stage, are liable to be asked all sorts of questions, and are forced to answer for themselves. In Chaucer we perceive a fixed essence of character. In Shakespeare there is a continual composition and decomposition of its elements, a fermentation of every particle in the whole mass, by its alternate affinity or antipathy to other principles which are brought in contact with it. Till the experiment is tried, we do not know how far the turn which the character will take in new circumstances. Milton took only a few simple principles of character, and raised them to the utmost conceivable grandeur, and refined them from every base alloy. His imagination, 'nigh spher'd in Heaven,' clung only with what he saw from

that height, and could rise to the same elevation with itself. He sat retired and kept his state alone, 'plying with wisdom,' while Shakespeare mingled with the crowd, and played the host, 'to make society the sweeter welcome.'

(From *Lectures on the English Poets*)

### Pope

The question whether Pope was a poet has hardly yet been settled, and is hardly worth settling, for if he was not a great poet, he must have been a great prose writer—that is, he was a great writer of some sort. He was a man of exquisite faculties, and of the most refined taste, and as he chose verse (the most obvious distinction of poetry) as the vehicle to express his ideas, he has generally passed for a poet, and a good one. If, indeed, by a great poet we mean one who gives the utmost grandeur to our conceptions of nature, or the utmost force to the passions of the heart, Pope was not in this sense a great poet for the bent, the characteristic power of his mind, lay the clean contrary way, namely, in representing things as they appear to the indifferent observer, stripped of prejudice and passion, as in his *Critical Essays*, or in representing them in the most contemptible and insignificant point of view, as in his *Satires*, or in clothing the little with mock-dignity, as in his poems of *Fancy*, or in adorning the trivial incidents and familiar relations of life with the utmost elegance of expression and all the flattering illusions of friendship or self-love, as in his *Lustres*. He was not, then, distinguished as a poet of lofty enthusiasm, of strong imagination, with a passionate sense of the beauties of nature, or a deep insight into the workings of the heart, but he was a wit and a critic, a man of sense, of observation, and the world, with a keen relish for the elegances of art, or of nature when embellished by art, a quick tact for propriety of thought and manners as established by the forms and customs of society, a refined sympathy with the sentiments and habitudes of human life, as he felt them within the little circle of his family and friends. He was, in a word, the poet, not of nature, but of art, and the distinction between the two, as well as I can make it out, is this—The poet of nature is one who, from the elements of beauty, of power, and of passion in his own breast, sympathises with whatever is beautiful and grand and impassioned in nature, in its simple majesty, in its immediate appeal to the senses, to the thoughts and hearts of all men, so that the poet of nature, by the truth and depth and harmony of his mind, may be said to hold communion with the very soul of nature, to be identified with and to foreknow and to record the feelings of all men at all times and places, as they are liable to the same impressions, and to exert the same power over the minds of his readers that nature does. He sees things in their eternal beauty, for he sees them as they are, he feels them in their universal interest, for he feels them as they affect the first principles of his and our common nature. Such was Homer, such was Shakespeare, whose works will last as long as nature, because they are a copy of the indestructible forms and everlasting impulses of nature, welling out from the bosom as from a perennial spring, or stamped upon the senses by the hand of their maker. The power of the imagination in them is the representative power of all nature. It has its centre in the human soul, and makes the circuit of the universe.

Pope was not assuredly a poet of this class, or in the

first rank of it. He saw nature only dressed by art, he judged of beauty by fashion, he sought for truth in the opinions of the world, he judged of the feelings of others by his own. The capricious soul of Shakespeare had in intuitive and mighty sympathy with whatever could enter into the heart of man in all possible circumstances. Pope had in exact knowledge of all that he himself loved or hated, wished or wanted. Milton has winged his daring flight from heaven to earth, through Chaos and old Night. Pope's Muse never wandered with safety but from his library to his grotto, or from his grotto into his library back again. His mind dwelt with greater pleasure on his own garden than on the garden of Eden, he could describe the faultless whole length mirror that reflected his own person, better than the smooth surface of the lake that reflects the face of heaven—a piece of cut glass or a pair of paste buckles with more brilliance and effect than a thousand dew drops glittering in the sun. He would be more delighted with a patent lamp than with 'the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow,' that fills the skies with its soft silent lustre, that trembles through the cottage window, and cheers the watchful mariner on the lonely wave. In short, he was the poet of personality and of polished life. That which was nearest to him was the greatest, the fashion of the day bore sway in his mind over the immutable laws of nature. He preferred the artificial to the natural in external objects, because he had a stronger fellow-feeling with the self-love of the maker or proprietor of a gewgaw than admiration of that which was interesting to all mankind. He preferred the artificial to the natural in passion because the involuntary and uncalculating impulses of the one hurried him away with a force and vehemence with which he could not grapple, while he could trifle with the conventional and superficial modifications of mere sentiment at will, laugh at or admire, put them on or off like a masquerade dress, make much or little of them, indulge them for a longer or a shorter time, as he pleased, and because, while they amused his fancy and exercised his ingenuity, they never once disturbed his vanity, his levity, or indifference. His mind was the antithesis of strength and grandeur, its power was the power of indifference. He had none of the enthusiasm of poetry, he was in poetry what the sceptic is in religion.

(From *Lectures on the English Poets*)

### Scott and Shakespeare

No one admires or delights in the Scotch Novels more than I do, but at the same time when I hear it asserted that his mind is of the same class with Shakespeare's, or that he imitates nature in the same way, I confess I cannot assent to it. No two things appear to me more different. Sir Walter is an imitator of nature and nothing more, but I think Shakespeare is infinitely more than this. The creative principle is everywhere restless and redundant in Shakespeare, both as it relates to the invention of feeling and imagery, in the author of *Waverley* it lies for the most part dormant, sluggish, and unused. Sir Walter's mind is full of information, but the '*über informierende Power*' is not there. Shakespeare's spirit, like fire, shines through him. Sir Walter's, like a stream, reflects surrounding objects. It is true, he has shifted the scene from Scotland into England and France, and the manners and characters are strikingly English and French, but this does not prove that they are not local, and that they are not borrowed, as well as the scenery and costume,



attempting to dazzle superficial people with them, or smiling, delighted, at my own want of success?

In matters of taste and feeling, one proof that my conclusions have not been quite shallow or hasty is the circumstance of their having been lasting. I have the same favourite books, pictures, passages, that I ever had. I may therefore presume that they will last me my life—nay, I may indulge a hope that my thoughts will survive me. This continuity of impression is the only thing on which I pride myself. Even Lamb, whose relish of certain things is as keen and earnest as possible, takes a surfeit of admiration, and I should be afraid to ask about his select authors or particular friends after a lapse of ten years. As to myself, any one knows where to have me. What I have once made up my mind to, I abide by to the end of the chapter. One cause of my independence of opinion is, I believe, the liberty I give to others, or the very diffidence and distrust of making converts. I should be an excellent man on a jury. I might say little, but should starve ‘the other eleven obstinate fellows’ out.

(From ‘A Farewell to Essay Writing in *Winterslow*’)

#### On Judging of Pictures

I deny *in toto* and at once the exclusive right and power of painters to judge of pictures. What is a picture made for? To convey certain ideas to the mind of a painter—that is, of one man in ten thousand? No, but to make them apparent to the eye and mind of all. If a picture be admired by none but painters, I think it is a strong presumption that the picture is bad. A painter is no more a judge, I suppose, than another man of how people feel and look under certain passions and events. Everybody sees as well as he whether certain figures on the canvas are like such a man, or like a cow, a tree, a bridge, or a windmill. All that the painter can do more than the *lay* spectator is to tell *why* and how the merits and defects of a picture are produced. I see that such a figure is ungraceful, and out of nature—he shows me that the drawing is faulty, or the foreshortening incorrect. He then points out to me whence the blemish arises, but he is not a bit more aware of the existence of the blemish than I am. In Hogarth’s ‘Frontispiece’ I see that the whole business is absurd, for a man on a hill two miles off could not light his pipe at a candle held out of a window close to me, he tells me that is from a want of perspective—that is, of certain rules by which certain effects are obtained. He shows me why the picture is bad, but I am just as well capable of saying ‘the picture is bad’ as he is. To take a coarse illustration, but one most exactly opposite I can tell whether a made dish be good or bad—whether its taste be pleasant or disagreeable, it is dressed for the palate of uninitiated people, and not alone for the disciples of Dr Kitchener and Mr Ude. But it needs a cook to tell one *why* it is bad, that there is a grain too much of this, or a drop too much of t’other, that it has been boiled rather too much, or stewed rather too little. These things, the whereso’re, as Squire Western would say, I require an artist to tell me, but the point in debate—the worth or the bad quality of the painting or pottery—I am as well able to decide upon as any who ever brandished a pallet or a pan, a brush or a skimming ladle.

To go into the higher branches of the art—the poetry of painting—I deny still more peremptorily the exclusiveness of the initiated. It might as well be said that none

but those who could write a play have any right to sit on the third row in the pit, on the first night of a new tragedy, nay, there is more plausibility in the one than the other. No man can judge of poetry without possessing in some measure a poetical mind, it need not be of that degree necessary to create, but it must be equal to taste and to analyse. Now, in painting there is a directly mechanical power required to render those impressions, to the judging of which the mind may be perfectly competent. I may know what is a just or a beautiful representation of love, anger, madness, despair, without being able to draw a straight line, and I do not see how that faculty adds to the capability of so judging. A very great proportion of painting is mechanical. The higher kinds of painting need first a poet’s mind to conceive, very well, but then they need a draughtsman’s hand to execute. Now, he who possesses the mind alone is fully able to judge of what is produced, even though he is by no means endowed with the mechanical power of producing it himself. I am far from saying that any one is capable of duly judging pictures of the higher class. It requires a mind capable of estimating the noble or touching, or terrible, or sublime subjects which they present, but there is no sort of necessity that we should be able to put them upon the canvas ourselves.

(From Hunt’s *Literary Examiner*, 1823 No 5 reprinted in *Essays on the Fine Arts* 1873.)

*Works* edited by A. R. Waller and A. Glover, with Introduction by W. F. Henley (2 vols 1902, &c.) *Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt with a Notice of his Life by his Son and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings*, by E. L. Bulwer and Talfourd (2 vols 1836) *Memoirs of William Hazlitt* by W. Carew Hazlitt (1867) *Four Generations of a Literary Family* by W. Carew Hazlitt (2 vols 1867) *William Hazlitt Essayist and Critic*, with a Memoir by Alexander Ireland (1889) *Hazlitt Essays on Poetry*, edited with Introduction, by D. Nichol Smith (1901) *William Hazlitt* by Augustine Birrell, ‘English Men of Letters series’ (1902).

D NICHOL SMITH

**Francis Jeffrey**, son of George Jeffrey, a depute-clerk in the Court of Session, was born at Edinburgh on 23rd October 1773. There he lived almost continuously from his earliest school days ‘in the abyss of Baile Fyfe’s Close’ to his latter years as a Lord of Session and ‘Duke of Crugcrook’. At the age of fourteen he passed from the High School of Edinburgh to the University of Glasgow, where he remained till 1799. During the next two years, which he spent in his native city and at an uncle’s place in Stirlingshire, he appears to have devoted himself to the composition of letters and essays on various critical and ethical subjects, as well as a *Sketch of My Own Character*. That he wrote no less than thirty one papers between November 1789 and March 1790 is a fact of some interest in the biography of the later editor. Yet they are of indifferent promise, and history will prefer to signalise these aimless years by the occasion on which he assisted in carrying to bed the greatest of biographers in a state of the greatest intoxication. He proceeded to Oxford in September 1791, but he found the life there so uncongenial that he returned in July of the next year. The men at Queen’s were ‘pedants, coxcombs, and strangers’ so ill at ease was he that he could say, ‘This place has no latent charms,’ and



extent, as in the later *Causées du Lundi* and other analogous examples, the outcome of journalistic necessity. In Jeffrey's case this manner was probably helped by a habit, acquired in youth, of making extensive notes and *précis* of books and lectures, and of interpolating paragraphs of approval or dissent. The method made 'criticism' easy to those who were in a hurry to write, or in a hurry to read, and it undoubtedly did much, in the earlier stages at least, to stimulate literary taste. Jeffrey, however, never sank the critical in the descriptive (the *Edinburgh Review* was also, as its title-page claimed, a *Critical Journal*), and, far more than his successors, made his reviewing an excuse for the iteration of a definite critical doctrine.

There are but few pages of Jeffrey's writings—at least in the ample selection which he reprinted—which are lacking in literary interest either in point of view or in style. Despite the miscellaneous character of his work, the manner is uniformly 'correct' in the best sense, his English is not merely good, but always clear, and often lively. When he is dull or commonplace, as he is on occasion, it is nearly always because he has looked at the subject too carefully and from both sides, and has declined to give a bias to the indolent reader. The sincerity which he showed in his analysis and judgment has its counterpart in the sincerity of his style, it was a necessary corollary to the exact rule which guided his approach to a subject that he should spare no effort to make his familiarity clear to his readers. In the more intimate passages of his *juventina* he vows himself to a strenuous discipline, guided by the best models, in the preparation of a careful prose style. His more obvious faults of manner are traceable to a certain priggishness, which appears in the exercises of his earliest college days, reappears at times in the censorious *Review*, and is transformed in the correspondence of later life into that condescension from which a Scottish judge of that day could hardly escape. There can be no doubt that it was this profession of superiority, apart from political and personal antipathies, which irritated his more sensitive contemporaries, but it must be conceded that Jeffrey, if at times indiscreet, had good reason to believe in his more thorough mastery of the problem in hand. His legal cast of mind, strengthened by his experience at the Bar, undoubtedly stimulated this habit, for in his writings, and in the later rather than in the earlier, he shows the ingenuity of the cross examiner in coaxing from himself effective evidence of his own learning and judgment.

Later criticism has inclined to discredit Jeffrey's literary acumen and to blame him for his Corinthian manner of disagreement—even for setting a bad example to the essayists of the next generation. Yet Jeffrey's obtuseness is but apparent. Opinions like his 'This will never do,' wrenched from their context and brought face to face with modern taste,

may well put the best of Jeffrey's apologists out of countenance, but it must be remembered, in his behalf, that he had the difficult problem of dealing with the work of contemporaries, and of passing judgments which his readers wished to receive as final, and, moreover, that the issues before him were not exactly the issues which concern us. He has his prejudices, but they are never wanton. His most extravagant utterances about the Lake School, even his unfortunate gibe at 'dancing daffodils,' for which he is still in the critics' purgatory, are less the expression of mere dislike than the logical outcome of a carefully adopted theory. He took ill to the Wordsworthian dogmas, to German transcendentalism and vulgarity, in a general way to the 'new things' of the Romantic Spirit, primarily because the indifference or opposition of these views to artistic method, as expressed in the catch phrase 'Poetic Diction,' struck rudely at his lifelong purpose to establish an analogical rule or habit in the domain of criticism. And after all, in his most inconsiderate (not unconsidered) judgments he never went so far astray as Wordsworth did in his description of the eighteenth century. To the historical student it is an easier task to justify Jeffrey from his point of view than it is to be convinced of Wordsworth's perspective, however strongly Wordsworthian the reader's sympathies may be. Moreover, Jeffrey's fine instinct for the best passages in contemporary literature, even in those authors which were not after his heart, is a qualification for the critical Areopagus which his greatest errors of judgment cannot destroy. The pages of extract which fill the earlier numbers of the *Edinburgh* form, if taken by themselves, an anthology of no small permanent value. To the charge of undue severity or unfairness in his criticism the readiest retort is to invite a comparison with Gifford or Lockhart, who dragooned heresy and ineptitude as Jeffrey never did or could have done. His generous appreciation of Burns and Keats, and his *amende honorable* in his postscripts on Scott and Wordsworth, are unmatched in those who gloried 'in resting on one side of the question.' Jeffrey has gained the obloquy of the pioneer, but the rereading of his 'insensate rage' at the distance of a century will adjust the balance. His breadth of view saved him from the minor and persistent asperities. He was for that reason more prone to annoy his victim by a suspension of judgment, by hopping round and round him, than by knocking him down with a blow. But this active indecision, if we may so call it, while it was more merciful to the author, sometimes undid or damaged the reputation of the critic.

#### Men of Letters and Society

The last distinction between good French and good English society arises from the different position which was occupied in each by the men of letters. In France, certainly, they mingled much more extensively with the polite world—incalculably to the benefit both of that



much counter to the general character of the nation to be very much followed, and undoubtedly the greater and better part of their writers turned rather to us for hints and lessons to guide them in their ambitious career. There was a greater original affinity in the temper and genius of the two nations, and, in addition to that consideration, our great authors were indisputably at once more original and less classical than those of France. England, however, we are sorry to say, could furnish abundance of bad as well as of good models, and even the best were perilous enough for rash imitators. As it happened, however, the worst were most generally selected, and the worst parts of the good. Shakespeare was admired, but more for his flights of fancy, his daring unproprieties, his trespasses on the borders of absurdity, than for the infinite sagacity and rectifying good sense by which he redeemed those extravagances, or even the profound tenderness and simple pathos which alternated with the lofty soaring or dazzling imagery of his style. Altogether, however, Shakespeare was beyond their rivalry, and although Schiller has dared, and not ingloriously, to emulate his miracles, it was plainer to other merits and other rivalries, that the body of his ingenious countrymen aspired to the ostentatious absurdity, the affected oddity, the pert familiarity, the broken style and exaggerated sentiment of *Stratford Shandy*, the mawkish moralities, dawdling details, and interminable agonies of Richardson, the vulgar adventures and homely, though at the same time fantastical, speculations of John Bunyan and others of his forgotten class, found far more favour in their eyes. They were original, startling, unclassical, and puzzling. They excited curiosity by not being altogether intelligible, effectually excluded monotony by the rapidity and violence of their transitions, and promised to rouse the most torpid sensibility by the violence and perseverance with which they thundered at the heart. They were the very things, in short, which the German originals were in search of, and they were not slow, therefore, in adopting and improving on them. In order to make them thoroughly their own, they had only to exaggerate their peculiarities, to mix up with them a certain allowance of their old visionary philosophy, misty metaphysics, and superstitious visions, and to introduce a few crazy sententious theorists, to sprinkle over the whole a seasoning of rash speculation on morality and the fine arts.

(From the *Edinburgh Review* August 1825.)

#### Burns and Wordsworth.

Our other remark is of a more limited application, and is addressed chiefly to the followers and patrons of that new school of poetry, against which we have thought it our duty to neglect no opportunity of testifying. Those gentlemen are outrageous for simplicity, and we beg leave to recommend to them the simplicity of Burns. He has copied the spoken language of passion and affection, with infinitely more fidelity than they have ever done, on all occasions which properly admitted of such adaptation, but he has not rejected the helps of elevated language and habitual associations, nor debased his composition by an affectation of babyish interjections, and all the puking expletives of an old nursery mud's vocabulary. They may look long enough among his nervous and manly lines before they find any 'Good licks'!—'Dear hearts'!—or 'As a body my says,' in them, or any stuff about dancing daffodils and sister Emmelines. Let them think with what infinite contempt the powerful mind of Burns would have perused the story of Alice Fell and her duffle

cloak, of Andrew Jones and the half crown, or of Little Dan without breeches, and his thievish grandfather. Let them contrast their own fantastical personages of hysterical schoolmasters and sententious leech gatherers with the authentic rustics of Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and his imitable songs, and reflect on the different reception which those personifications have met with from the public. Though they will not be reclaimed from their puny affectations by the example of their learned predecessors, they may, perhaps, submit to be admonished by a self-taught and illiterate poet, who drew from Nature far more directly than they can do, and produced something so much like the admired copies of the masters whom they have injured.

(From the *Edinburgh Review*, January 1809.)

#### Scott's Poetic Genius.

In the choice of his subjects, for example, he does not attempt to interest merely by fine observation or pathetic sentiment, but takes the assistance of a story, and enlists the reader's curiosity among his motives for attention. Then his characters are all selected from the most common *dramatis personae* of poetry—kings, warriors, knights, outlaws, nuns, minstrels, secluded damsels, wizards, and true lovers. He never ventures to carry us into the cottage of the modern peasant, like Crabbe or Cowper, nor into the bosom of domestic privacy, like Campbell, nor among creatures of the imagination, like Southey or Darwin. Such personages, we readily admit, are not in themselves so interesting or striking as those to whom Mr Scott has devoted himself, but they are far less familiar in poetry, and are therefore more likely, perhaps, to engage the attention of those to whom poetry is familiar. In the management of the passions, again, Mr Scott appears to have pursued the same popular and comparatively easy course. He has roused all the most familiar and poetical emotions, by the most obvious aggravations and in the most compendious and judicious way. He has dazzled the reader with the splendour, and even warmed him with the transient heat of various afflictions, but he has nowhere fairly kindled him with enthusiasm or melted him into tenderness. Writing for the world at large, he has wisely abstained from attempting to raise any passion to a height to which worldly people could not be transported, and contented himself with giving his reader the chance of feeling as a brave, kind, and affectionate gentleman must often feel in the ordinary course of his existence, without trying to breathe into him either that lofty enthusiasm which despises the ordinary business and amusements of life, or that quiet and deep sensibility which unfit for most of its pursuits. With regard to diction and imagery, too, it is quite obvious that Mr Scott has not aimed at writing either in a very pure or a very consistent style. He seems to have been anxious only to strike, and to be easily and universally understood, and, for this purpose, to have culled the most glittering and conspicuous expressions of the most popular authors, and to have interwoven them in splendid confusion with his own nervous diction and irregular versification. Indifferent whether he coins or borrows and drawing with equal freedom on his memory and his imagination, he goes boldly forward, in full reliance on a never failing abundance, and dazzles, with his richness and variety, even those who are most apt to be offended with his glare and irregularity. There is nothing in Mr Scott of the severe and majestic style of Milton, or of the terse and fine composition of Pope, or



whether he was going, till he had covered his pages with an interminable arabesque of connected and incongruous figures, that multiplied as they extended, and were only harmonised by the brightness of their tints and the graces of their forms. In this rash and headlong career he has, of course, many lapses and failures. There is no work, accordingly, from which a malicious critic could cull more matter for ridicule, or select more obscure, unnatural, or absurd passages. But we do not take *that* to be our office, and must beg leave on the contrary to say that any one who on this account would represent the whole poem as desppicable must either have no notion of poetry or no regard to truth.

(From the *Edinburgh Review*, August 1820.)

### Wordsworth.

I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr Wordsworth's poetry, and forgetting that, even on my own view of them, they were but faults of taste or venial self partiality, have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *viracuts* of expression. And indeed so strong has been my feeling in this way, that, considering how much I have always loved many of the attributes of his Genius, and how entirely I respect his Character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, in my old age and his, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence to him or his admirers. But when I reflected that the mischief, if there really ever was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain, in substance, the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion might be held to import a retraction which I am as far as possible from intending, or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be manfully persisted in or openly renounced and abandoned as untenable.

I finally resolved, therefore, to reprint my review of *The Excursion*, which contains a pretty full view of my griefs and charges against Mr Wordsworth set forth too, I believe, in a more temperate strain than most of my other incriminations—and of which I think I may now venture to say further, that if the faults are unspringingly noted, the beauties are not penitently or grudgingly allowed, but commended to the admiration of the reader with at least as much heartiness and good will.

But I have also reprinted a short paper on the same author's *White Doe of Rydal*—in which there certainly is no praise or notice of beauties to set against the very unqualified censures of which it is wholly made up. I have done this, however, not merely because I adhere to these censures, but chiefly because it seemed necessary to bring me fairly to issue with those who may not concur in them. I can easily understand that many whose admiration of the *Excursion* or the *Lyrical Ballads* rests substantially on the passages which I too should join in admiring may view with greater indulgence than I can do the tedious and flat passages with which they are interspersed, and may consequently think my censure of these works a great deal too harsh and uncharitable. Between such persons and me, therefore, there may be no

radical difference of opinion or contrariety as to principles of judgment. But if there be any who actually admire this *White Doe of Rydal*, or *Peter Bell* [or] *The Waggoner*, or the *Lamentations of Martha Rae*, or the *Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death*, there can be no such ambiguity or means of reconciliation. Now I have been assured not only that there are such persons, but that almost all those who seek to exalt Mr Wordsworth as the founder of a new school of poetry consider these as by far his best and most characteristic productions, and would at once reject from their communion any one who did not acknowledge in them the traces of a high inspiration. Now I wish it to be understood that when I speak with general intolerance or impatience of the school of Mr Wordsworth, it is to the school holding these tenets and applying these tests that I refer and I really do not see how I could better explain the grounds of my dissent from their doctrines than by republishing my remarks on this *White Doe*.

(Note to review of *The Excursion* November 1814  
Contributions, vol. II, ed. 1846 pp. 504-5.)

This [*The White Doe*], we think, has the merit of being the very worst poem we ever saw imprinted in a quarto volume, and though it was scarcely to be expected, we confess, that Mr Wordsworth, with all his ambition, should so soon have attained to that distinction, the wonder may perhaps be diminished when we state that it seems to us to consist of a happy union of all the faults, without any of the beauties, which belong to his school of poetry. It is just such a work, in short, as some wicked enemy of that school might be supposed to have devised on purpose to make it ridiculous, and when we first took it up, we could not help suspecting that some ill natured critic had actually taken this harsh method of instructing Mr Wordsworth, by example, in the nature of those errors, against which our precepts had been so often directed in vain. We had not gone far, however, till we felt intuitively that nothing in the nature of a joke could be so insupportably dull, and that this must be the work of one who earnestly believed it to be a pattern of pathetic simplicity, and gave it out as such to the admiration of all intelligent readers. In this point of view, the work may be regarded as curious at least, if not in some degree interesting, and at all events it must be instructive to be made aware of the excesses into which superior understandings may be betrayed by long self indulgence, and the strange extravagances into which they may run when under the influence of that intoxication which is produced by unrestrained admiration of themselves. This poetical intoxication, indeed, to pursue the figure a little further, seems capable of assuming as many forms as the vulgar one which arises from wine, and it appears to require as delicate a management to make a man a good poet by the help of the one as to make him a good companion by means of the other. In both cases, a little mistake as to the dose or the quality of the inspiring fluid may make him absolutely outrageous, or lull him over into the most profound stupidity, instead of brightening up the hidden stores of his genius and truly we are concerned to say that Mr Wordsworth seems hitherto to have been unlucky in the choice of his liquor—or of his bottle holder. In some of his odes and ethic exhortations he was exposed to the public in a state of incoherent rapture and glorious delirium to which we think we have seen a parallel



'a regular and confirmed (no longer an intermitting) opium-eater,' taking not less than eight thousand drops daily, sometimes as much as twelve thousand. Wilson's friendship drew him to Edinburgh in the winter of 1814-15, where he had a remarkable success as a conversationalist. Towards the close of 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, daughter of a Westmorland farmer.

Of literary production there was as yet no hint, and the growing mystery of the opium habit had impured his energy. One reasonable interval, in which he had been attracted by Ricardo's *Principles*, brought forth no more than a fragment, *Præludia to all Future Systems of Political Economy*, which he did not complete. In 1819 he undertook the editing of a local Tory journal, *The Westmoreland Gazette*. It was not till September 1821, in the pages of the *London Magazine*, that he broke his silence with the first instalment of the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater, being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar*, followed, during his stay in London, by an intermittent series of articles on miscellaneous subjects, including the *Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected* (1823) and an attack on Carlyle's translation of *Wilhelm Meister* (1824). In 1825 he prepared a free version of *Walladmar*, a poor Leipzig contribution in the genre of the Waverley Novels, and in that year he went to the north again, to live, partly at Grasmere, but with increasing frequency in Edinburgh, where he found literary opportunity in *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*. He summoned his wife and children thither in 1830, and remained there almost continuously till his death. He moved his family from house to house, sometimes in the city, sometimes in the outskirts; after the death of his wife (1837) he found a home for his children at Lasswade. He did his literary work in rooms at No. 42 Lothian Street, but he occasionally fled to

other lodgings, which he 'snowed up' with papers and books. He resided in Glasgow between March 1841 and June 1843, and for the greater part of 1847, first as the guest of his friends Professors Nichol and Lushington, but for most of the time in lodgings at No. 79 Renfield Street. His writing in Edinburgh was mainly for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and after 1834 for *Tait's*, to which he contributed the autobiographic *Sketches*. His activity was great, despite his indifferent health, and it was at this period that he produced some of his more notable papers—*Spiritus de Profundis* (1845), *Joan of Arc*, the review of Schlosser's *Literary History*, and *The Spanish Military Nun* (1847), *The English Mail Coach* and *The Vision of Sudden Death* (1849). His original romance, *Klosterheim*, appeared in 1832, and his *Logia of Political Economy* in 1844. After 1849 nearly all his papers appeared in the recently founded magazine, *Hogg's Instructor* (renamed later *The Titan*), and in 1850 he was engaged by the publisher, James Hogg, to prepare a collective edition

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

From the Portrait by Sir J. Watson Gordon in the National Portrait Gallery



of his writings. The first volume appeared in 1853, with the title *Selections, Grave and Gay, from Writings Published and Unpublished*, and the fourteenth and last was printed in 1860. This task was the man, if not the sole, occupation of his closing years. Since 1848 his daily allowance of opium had been reduced, but his health had not improved. Yet his vitality had been great, for when the restless little man passed away in his seventy-fifth year (8th December 1859), he appeared to his physician and friends to make the peaceful and natural submission of sheer old age.

De Quincey's reputation, like Jeffrey's, is based exclusively on a long series of miscellaneous papers contributed to periodicals. His work has had a more permanent popularity, because of the wider range of subject and the greater measure of imagination allowed by the 'Magazine' as con-



approach, we missed some features of the sublimity belonging to any of the common approaches upon a main road, we missed the whirl and the uproar, the tumult and the agitation, which continually thicken and thicken throughout the last dozen miles before you reach the suburbs. Already at three stages' distance (say, forty miles from London), upon some of the greatest roads, the dim presentiment of some vast capital reaches you obscurely and like a misgiving. This blind sympathy with a mighty but unseen object, some vast magnetic range of Alps, in your neighbourhood, continues to increase, you know not how. Arrived at the last station for changing horses—Burnet, suppose, on one of the north roads, or Hounslow on the western—you no longer think (as in all other places) of running the next stage, nobody says on pulling up, ‘Horses on to London,’ that would sound ridiculous, one mighty idea broods over all minds, making it impossible to suppose any other destination. Launched upon this final stage, you soon begin to feel yourself entering the stream as it were of a Norwegian *maelstrom*, and the stream at length becomes the rush of a cataract. What is meant by the Latin word *trepidatio*? Not anything peculiarly connected with panic, it belongs as much to the hurrying to and fro of a coming battle as of a coming flight, to a mairing festival as much as to a massacre, *agitation* is the nearest English word. This *trepidation* increases both audibly and visibly at every half mile, pretty much as one may suppose the roar of Niagara and the thrilling of the ground to grow upon the senses in the last ten miles of approach, with the wind in its favour, until at length it would absorb and extinguish all other sounds whatever. Finally, for miles before you reach a suburb of London such as Islington, for instance, a last great sign and augury of the immensity which belongs to the coming metropolis forces itself upon the dullest observer, in the growing sense of his own utter insignificance. Everywhere else in England, you yourself, horses, carriage, attendants (if you travel with any), are regarded with attention, perhaps even curiosity at all events you are seen. But, after passing the first post house on every avenue to London, for the latter ten or twelve miles, you become aware that you are no longer noticed, nobody sees you, nobody hears you, nobody regards you, you do not even regard yourself. In fact, how should you at the moment of first ascertaining your own total unimportance in the sum of things—a poor shivering unit in the aggregate of human life? Now, for the first time, whatever manner of man you were or seemed to be at starting, squire or ‘squireen,’ lord or lordling, and however related to that city, hamlet, or solitary house from which yesterday or to-day you slipped your cable—beyond disguise you find yourself but one wave in a total Atlantic, one plant (and a parasitical plant besides, needing alien props) in a forest of America.

(From the *Autobiography*)

### The Sacred Danger

Gibbon has left us a description, not very powerful, of a case which is all powerful of itself, and needs no expansion—the case of a state criminal vainly attempting to escape or to hide himself from Cæsar—from the arm wrapped in clouds, and stretching over kingdoms alike, or oceans, that arrested and drew back the wretch to judgment—from the inevitable eye that slept not nor slumbered, and from which neither Alps interposing,

nor immeasurable deserts, nor trickless seas, nor a scour months' flight, nor perfect innocence, could screen him. The world, the world of civilisation, was Cæsar's and he who fled from the wrath of Cæsar said to himself, of necessity, ‘If I go down to the sea, there is Cæsar on the shore, if I go into the sands of Bihulgerid, there is Cæsar waiting for me in the desert, if I take the wings of the morning, and go to the utmost recesses of wild beasts, there is Cæsar before me.’ All this makes the condition of a criminal under the Western Empire terrific, and the condition even of a subject perilous. But how strange it is, or would be had Gibbon been a man of more sensibility, that he should have overlooked the converse of the case—viz., the terrific condition of Cæsar, amidst the terror which he caused to others. In fact, both conditions were full of despair. But Cæsar's was the worst, by a great pre-eminence, for the state criminal could not be made such without his own concurrence, for one moment, at least, it had been within his choice to be no criminal at all, and then for him the thunderbolts of Cæsar slept. But Cæsar had rarely any choice as to his own election, and for him, therefore, the dagger of the assassin never could sleep. Other men's houses, other men's bedchambers, were generally asylums, but for Cæsar, his own palace had not the privileges of a home. His own armies were no guards, his own pavilion, rising in the very centre of his armies sleeping around him, was no sanctuary. In all these places had Cæsar many times been murdered. All these pledges and sanctities—his household gods, the mysteis of the empire, the *sacramentum militare*—all had given way, all had yawned beneath his feet.

The imagination of man can frame nothing so awful—the experience of man has witnessed nothing so awful, as the situation and tenure of the Western Cæsar. The danger which threatened him was like the pestilence which walketh in darkness, but which also walketh in the noon day. Morning and evening, summer and winter, brought no change or shadow of turning to this particular evil. In that respect it enjoyed the immunities of God, it was the same yesterday, to day, and for ever. After three centuries it had lost nothing of its virulence, it was growing worse continually, the heart of man ached under the evil, and the necessity of the evil. Can any man measure the sickening fear which must have possessed the hearts of the ladies and the children composing the imperial family? To them the mere terror, entailed like an inheritance of leprosy upon their family above all others, must have made it a woe like one of the evils in the Revelations—such in its infliction, such in its inevitability. It was what Pagan language denominated ‘a sacred danger,’ a danger charmed and consecrated against human alleviation.

(From *The Philosophy of Roman History*)

### Prose

Those people are, therefore, mistaken who imagine that prose is either a natural or a possible form of composition in early states of society. It is such truth only as ascends from the earth, not such as descends from heaven, which can ever assume an unmetrical form. Now, in the earliest states of society, all truth that has any interest or importance for man will connect itself with heaven. If it does not originally come forward in that sacred character, if it does not borrow its importance from its sanctity, then, by an inverse order, it will



good number of Latin phrases. Latin!—Oh, but *that* was charming, and in one so young! The grave Don owned the soft imperfection, relented at once, and clasped the hopeful young gentleman in the Wellington trousers to his *uncular* and rather angular breast. In this house the yarn of life was of a mingled quality. The table was good, but that was exactly what Kate cared least about. On the other hand, the amusement was of the worst kind. It consisted chiefly in conjugating Latin verbs, especially such as were obstinately irregular. To show him a withered frost bitten verb, that wanted its preterite, wanted its gerunds, wanted its supines, wanted, in fact, everything in this world, fruits or blossoms, that make a verb desirable, was to earn the Don's gratitude for life. All day long he was, as you may say, marching and countermarching his favourite brigades of verbs—verbs frequentative, verbs inceptive, verbs desiderative—horse, foot, and artillery, changing front, advancing from the rear, throwing out skirmishing parties, until Kate not given to faint, must have thought of such a resource, as once in her life she had thought so seasonably of a *vesper headache*. This was really worse than St. Sebastian's. It reminds one of a French gaiety in Thiebault, who describes a rustic party, under equal despair, as employing themselves in conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer*—*je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il s'ennuie, nous nous ennuyons, etc.*, thence to the imperfect—*je m'ennuyois, tu t'ennuyois, etc.*, thence to the imperative—*Qu'il s'ennuize, etc.*, and so on, through the whole dolorous conjugation. Now, you know, when the time comes that *nous nous ennuyons*, the best course is to part. Kate saw that, and she walked off from the Don's (of whose amorous passion for defective verbs one would have wished to know the catastrophe), taking from his mantelpiece rather more silver than she had levied on her aunt. But then, observe, the Don also was a relative, and really he owed her a small cheque on his banker for turning out on his field days. A man, if he is a kinsman, has no unlimited privilege of boring one in uncle has a qualified right to bore his nephews, even when they happen to be nieces; but he has no right to bore either nephew or niece gratis.

(From *The Spanish Military Arm*)

#### The Mail-Coach.

The modern modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail coach system in grandeur and power. They boast of more velocity, not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon *alien* evidence, as, for instance, because somebody says that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, though we are far from seeing it as a personal experience, or upon the evidence of a result, is that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London. Apart from such an assertion or such a result, I myself am little aware of the pace. But, seated on the old mail coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. On this system the word was, *Non magna locumur, as upon railways, but vi viuis*. Yes, '*magna vi viuis*,' we do not make verbal ostentation of our grandeur, we realise our grandeur in act, and in the very experience of life. The vital experience of the glad animal sensibilities made doubts impossible on the question of our speed, we heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling, and this speed was not the product of blind insensate agencies, that had no sympathy to give, but was near

rooted in the fiery eyeballs of the noblest amongst brutes, in his dilated nostril, spasmotic muscles, and thunder beating hoofs. The sensibility of the horse, uttering itself in the minute light of his eye, might be the first vibration of such a movement, the glory of Salamanca might be the first. But the intervening links that connected them that spread the earthquake of battle into the eyeball of the horse, were the heart of man and its electric thrillings—kindling in the rupture of the very strife, and then propagating its own tumults by contagious shouts and gestures to the heart of his servant the horse.

But now, on the new system of travelling, iron tubes and boilers have disconnected man's heart from the ministers of his locomotion. Nile nor Trasimilus has power to raise an extra bubble in a steam kettle. The galvanic cycle is broken up for ever, man's imperial nature no longer sends itself forward through the electric sensibility of the horse, the inter agencies are gone in the mode of communication between the horse and his master, out of which grew so many aspects of sublimity under accidents of mist that hid, or sudden blazes that revealed, of mobs that agitated, or midnight solitudes thatewed. Tidings, fitted to convulse all nations, must henceforward travel by culinary process and the trumpet that once announced from afar the laurelled mail, heart striking when heard screaming on the wind and proclaiming itself through the darkness to every village or solitary house on its route, has now given way for ever to the pot wallopings of the boiler.

Thus have perished multiform openings for public expressions of interest, scenical yet natural, in great national tidings, for revelations of faces and groups that could not offer themselves amongst the fluctuating mobs of a railway station. The gatherings of grazers about a laurelled mail had one centre, and acknowledged one sole interest. But the crowds attending at a railway station have as little unity as running water and own as many centres as there are separate carriages in the train.

(From *The English Mail Coach*)

#### Our Ladies of Sorrow.

These sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply, 'The Sorrows,' there will be a chance of mistaking the term, it might be understood of individual sorrow—separate cases of sorrow, whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart, and I wish to have these abstractions presented as in personations—that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow*.

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household, and their paths are wide apart, but of their dominion there is no end. There I saw often conversing with Levania, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh no! Nightly phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound, eternal silence reigns in their kingdom. They spoke not, as they talked with Levania, they whispered not, they sing not though oftentimes methought they might have sung for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by



youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bound  
g, and with a tiger's leaps She carries no key , for,  
ough coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors  
which she is permitted to enter at all. And her name  
*Mater Tenebrarum*—Our Lady of Darkness

(From *Suspiria de Profundis*)

De Quincey is his own biographer but a more compact account, with additional matter, will be found in H. A. Page's *Thomas de Quincey, his Life and Writings* (2 vols., and ed., London, 1879), and in a handier form in Masson's *De Quincey*, in the series of English Men of Letters. The first collective edition of the works ran to fourteen volumes (Edinburgh, 1853-60), a fifteenth was added in 1863, and a sixteenth in 1871. The American edition, which was begun in 1851, before the author's Edinburgh edition, and was extended to twenty two volumes, is fuller and the later Riverside Press edition, in twelve thick volumes is even more complete. Masson's New and Enlarged Edition of *The Collected Writings of Thomas de Quincey* (14 vols. Edinburgh, 1889-90) contains all the known remains regrouped according to subject.

G. GREGORY SMITH

### John Keats.

Of the greater poets who were writing in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, Keats (1795-1821) was born latest and was the first to die. The eldest child of a London stable keeper of west country origin, he had lost both his parents when, at the age of fifteen, he left school and was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton. In 1814 he went into lodgings in London, and began to walk the hospitals. But his passion for poetry, stimulated by intimacy with Leigh Hunt, Haydon, and others, developed into an ardent ambition, and after a time he abandoned his profession, and, living on his small inheritance, devoted himself to literature. Early in 1817 he published a small volume of *Poems*, which, together with verses of no merit or promise, contained the famous sonnet, 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer,' and several pieces less completely successful but equally characteristic. This volume also shows the influences which had so far most affected him that of Spenser and other Elizabethans, that of Leigh Hunt, and that of Classical Mythology, as gathered chiefly from books like Lemire's *Dictionary*. After its publication, which was hardly noticed outside the circle of his friends, he began to write his first long poem, *Endymion*, the composition of which occupied him till near the end of 1817, and which was published in the spring of 1818. His mind was growing fast at this time. He was dissatisfied with his work before he had finished it, in the Preface he ascribes to it 'every error denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished,' and he was little affected by the contempt with which *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly* greeted an author known to the Tory writers as a friend of the Radical Hunt. Indeed, before *Endymion* appeared Keats had passed out of the stage of apprenticeship. Early in 1818, when he was a few months over twenty-two, he was writing *Isabella*, and by the autumn of 1819 he had produced almost all the work on which his fame rests—*Isabella*, *Hyperion*, *The Eve of St*

*Agnes*, *Lamia*, the poems in seven-syllable couplets, the Odes, most of the Sonnets, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, and the fragment of *The Eve of St Mark*, an achievement not merely remarkable but quite unparalleled in the history of English poetry.

But even during its accomplishment the turning-point in Keats's life arrived. His mother had died of consumption. In December 1818 his brother Tom, tenderly nursed by him, succumbed to the same disease. His own health, after a walking-tour in Scotland in the summer of that year, was never satisfactory. And about the time of his brother's death he met Fanny Brawne, and the passion which fevered the last two years of his life fastened on him. In February 1820 his lungs were attacked. He slowly recovered, but in June another attack occurred, and in July, just when his new poems appeared, he was described as 'under sentence of death.' In the early autumn he left England for Italy with the painter Joseph Severn, who remained with him until, after much suffering, he died in Rome on 23rd February 1821. Since that wonderful period of twenty months he had written little of great value, though the revision of *Hyperion* is extremely interesting for its ideas and for the comparative severity of the style. It is not strange that in the last year of his life he should sometimes have spoken and written with a bitterness quite foreign to his nature in health, or should now have felt the brutal injustice of the attacks which, he thought, had deprived him of fame.

The accounts of Keats left by his friends, like his own letters, which are invaluable, present the picture of a very attractive and, on the whole, a fine character: eager, enthusiastic and sensitive, but humorous, and remarkably reasonable, quite free from pettiness, vanity, and affectation, resolute and, at bottom, deeply serious. The passion of love seems to have affected him violently without engaging his whole nature, and there is something unpleasant in many of his references to this subject, but he was a good brother and a good friend, sweet tempered and full of helpfulness and tact. Being about a quarter of a century younger than Wordsworth and Coleridge, he had not to experience their political disillusionment, and, like his contemporaries Byron and Shelley, he was a Liberal in politics and quite unorthodox in religion. These subjects are referred to only in his earlier poems, and they never engrossed his attention, but he neither was nor thought that he ought to be absorbed in poetry to the exclusion of all other interests. In spite of much despondency the consciousness of genius was strong in him, but it was accompanied by a winning modesty and an unusual degree of self-knowledge. He was aware of a certain contention in his nature. To the beauty which speaks primarily to the senses, and brings unmixed pleasure, he was exquisitely sensitive, and it is no defect but a

great merit in his poetry that it expresses so keenly this poetic joy. But he believed that a higher and more intense beauty is to be found elsewhere—for instance, in the strife of human hearts?—and that it cannot be found except through a sympathy and a thought or knowledge which bring pain. In this ‘thought’ he felt himself wanting, and he felt also that in him it disturbed that simpler enjoyment of beauty which he sometimes called ‘sensation’ or ‘luxury’. But for this very reason he held himself to be unfit as yet for poetry of the highest kinds and he was determined to go forward. The cry, ‘O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts’ is characteristic of Keats, and, however long he had lived, he would never have been content with any thought that failed to take an imaginative form and so to excite sensation, but not less characteristic of him are words like these ‘I find there is no worthy pursuit but the idea of doing some good for the world. Some do it with their society—some with their wit—some with their benevolence.

There is but one way for me. The road lies through application, study, and thought’.

Of Keats’s longer poems the two on mythological subjects were for the most ambitious in design. *Endymion* is a romance in four books, *Hyperion* was to be an epic in ten, and it seems evident that in both poems something which may be called an ‘inner meaning’ was to be shadowed forth by the story. The adventures of Endymion are also the experiences of the poetic soul in its search for union with the absolute Beauty. The hero may almost be compared with the hero of the *Prelude*, the heroine is more like Shelley’s Intellectual Beauty than Lemprière’s Diana. That the absolute Beauty in its diverse manifestations—moonlight and sunlight, earth and sea, friendship and love, heroic enterprise and heroic death—is still one, that the poet can attain its final fruition only by

traversing the dark places of life, and finding it only when he thinks he has surrendered it—ideas like these were to be embodied in the love tale of the shepherd and the goddess. But the result is a series of adventures to the detail of which it is impossible to assign a distinct symbolic meaning, and which, taken more simply, have the importunate of a broken dream; and yet the failure reveals more of Keats’s mind than any of his later completed works, though full of faults it is also full of beauty, and there is no other poem in the world which gives us such a picture of the tumult of imagination and emotion in a wonderful poet.

This is what I call a life because I know only because Keats said that the soul is steeled by the wind of Andromeda, is as fully natural to him. Here is, on one of the ideas present in *Endymion*, a scene which I took at work by these are now applied to the development of mankind. The Titans must yield to the Olympians because they are the less complete manifestation of the supreme Beauty. The struggle of the two forces causes

JOHN KEATS

From the Portrait by W. Hilton, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery



pain and waste, like the conflict of two forms of civilisation or two religions. Yet in reality since both are manifestations of one and the same principle, the defeat of the less perfect is also the fulfilment of its own being. If such ideas were to govern the conduct of the poem, it must have been intended to close, if not in rapture, yet in harmony. Perhaps here, as in *Endymion*, the fusion of inner meaning and outward events would have been imperfect, and the events, taken more simply, would have failed to satisfy. Yet the superiority of the fragment to *Endymion* is in both respects so great that this is far from certain, and in any case *Hyperion* which first opened the eyes of Byron and others to the genius of Keats, gives the fullest idea of his capabilities. It has the inspiration, the ‘natural magic,’ the ‘fascinating felicity of diction,’ the richness and variety of

music, the pictorial power, which have so often been praised. It has also the visionary touch which appears from the first in his poetry, and it has the largeness and even the sublimity of effect at which elsewhere he hardly aimed.

*Isabella*, the poem which succeeded *Endymion*, is a tale of unhappy love. It is not equal to the works that followed it, and in narrative art is not strong. But in several passages it shows imagination of a penetrating quality, and it is beside the mark to criticise it on the ground that it fails to move profoundly. Even if this were quite true, Keats was following not only his nature but his poetic creed when he transformed the matter of the story, even while he retained its most painful incidents, into a 'thing of beauty,' and left his readers musing rather on the loveliness of love than on the cruelty of fate.

The theme of *The Eve of St Agnes*, however, suited him still better, the Spenserian stanza, a finer one than *ottava rima*, was also more congenial to his style, and this lovely poem is the happiest of his narratives. The contrast on which it is built, between the cold, the storm, the old age, the empty pleasure and noisy enmity, of the world outside Madeline's chamber, and the glow, the hush, the rich and dreamy bliss within it, is exquisitely imagined and conveyed, and issues from one of Keats's deepest feelings—the same that inspired several of his odes.

In *Lamia*, the latest of the poems in the volume of 1820, Keats returned, after a study of Dryden, to the metre of *Endymion*, which is now handled in a less Elizabethan manner and with much greater firmness and skill. There is a similar advance in narrative power. This poem is extremely vivid, and undoubtedly has the merit which Keats claimed for it when he wrote 'I am certain there is that sort of fire in it that must take hold of people some way.' It shows, too, that in writing it he had 'made use of his judgment more deliberately' than in any previous work. Yet *Lamia* is not, on the whole, so successful as the *Eve of St Agnes*. It lacks in places that inspiration which is one of the enchantments of Keats's poetry, and one or two of its descriptions have almost an artificial air. It is also inferior to the *Eve* in regard to unity of impression. Keats was feeling at the time both the fascination and the slavery of his passion, and perhaps also the resistance offered to it by what he called thought or philosophy. These feelings give intensity to the poem, but they produce also an oscillation which is never brought to rest, and which communicates itself to the reader, who sometimes feels that the love of Lycius is based on a passing and ruinous illusion, and sometimes that not only his love for Lamia but also Lamia's love for him is a beautiful thing, and its destruction by the philosopher no less needless than disastrous. The ballad of *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, in some ways the most wonderful of all Keats's poems,

deals with a somewhat similar theme, and has not this defect.

A selection which aimed at showing Keats at his best, without illustrating at the same time the variety of his powers, would include nearly all the Odes, and certainly could not omit the 'Grecian Urn'. The 'Autumn' has been preferred here as an example of his peculiar happiness in describing Nature in a serene and reposeful mood. Though apparently so impersonal, this description is steeped in feeling, and this is more obviously true of the other Odes, which are full of characteristic experience. The 'Nightingale' and the 'Grecian Urn,' for example, though quite unlike in colour, express one and the same contrast—that between the unrest, decay, and transitoriness of life, and the perfection and eternity of beauty and joy as realised in imagination. The land where the nightingale would sing to men who, like it, know naught of the 'weariness, the fever, and the fiend,' can be reached only 'on the viewless wings of poesy,' the love that never cloys and the music that cannot die are felt and heard only in that land of the 'spirit,' here too, 'in some untrodden region of the mind.' Psyche, unworshipped on earth, may still find her temple. The feeling of this contrast haunted Keats, it inspires the ode 'To Melancholy' and the verses, written in a lighter mood, called 'Fancy.' Keats does not appear to have recognised the extraordinary merit of his Odes. Though far from unsubstantial, they are among the most purely poetic of all poems, and, like the best passages in his other works, they are triumphs of expression. Indeed, except by Shakespeare, the English language has scarcely been used elsewhere in a manner at once so spontaneously perfect and so wholly English.

The best of Keats's sonnets reach a very high level, but he left no songs of at all the same excellence, and for 'dancing measures,' and 'rhythm for the soaring or rushing movement of the most passionate lyrics, he shows little gift or inclination. It is therefore uncritical to describe him in general terms as a great lyrical poet. His ambition in the last years of his life was to compose dramas, but in *Otho the Great* he merely versified materials supplied by his friend Brown, and his much superior fragment of *King Stephen*, which holds out high promise in regard to style, does not, of course, suffice to show whether he possessed, or was likely to develop, the powers of dramatic conception and construction.

Among the contemporaries of Keats, Leigh Hunt was the poet whose influence on him is most obvious, but it was never very deep, and it passed away as he grew to maturity. He had a profound admiration for Wordsworth, whose *Excursion* appeared when Keats was feeling his first passion for poetry. One of his most interesting letters is concerned with the 'Lines written near Tintern Abbey,' and there are echoes in his poems of

phrases in the 'Immortality Ode,' the sonnet 'The world is too much with us,' and the *Lamia*. He objected, however, to that obtrusion of a purpose which injures some of Wordsworth's writing. In his boyhood he wrote a feeble sonnet on Byron, but afterwards rated him low. He knew Shelley, but apparently met his friendliness with some reserve and never fully recognised his genius. Keats's own influence on his successors appeared at once in the early works of Hood and Tennyson, and has been considerable ever since, it may be traced in the tendencies to choose subjects from Greek mythology, to describe nature imaginatively but without much of the Wordsworthian spirituality, to saturate language with colour, and to aim at felicity of phrase. It is also visible both in paintings and poems of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Rossetti admired Keats (and particularly his *Belle Dame*) almost as much as Coleridge, the *Legend of St. Mark* is the forerunner of some of Morris's best descriptions, and in speaking of *Isabella* Mr. Bridges has truly observed 'The lovers who "could not in the self same mansion dwell without *sorci maladis*," the "sick longing" of Isabella, the "passion both meek and wild," the "little sweet among much bitterness," and the consciousness of something too horrible to speak of behind the scene— with all the passionate futility of the personages of the romance in whom as in a faded tapestry the brilliancy of the dresses has outlasted the flesh colour, have a likeness to the creations of this school so remarkable, that Keats may be safely credited with a chief share of the parentage.'

In the following selection it has unfortunately been necessary to mutilate the so-called 'song' from *Endymion*. One of Keats's letters has been included. It is comparatively early, and shows some mannerisms from which the later letters are free, but it is highly characteristic, and contains one of his most beautiful fragments of verse. In this letter some of his peculiarities in punctuation and the use of capitals have been removed.

#### From the Song of the Indian Maid

Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,  
I sat a weeping in the whole world wide  
There was no one to ask me why I kept—  
And so I kept  
Brimming the water lily cups with tears  
Cold as my fears

Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,  
I sat a weeping what enamour'd bride,  
Cheated by shadowy woeer from the clouds,  
But hides and shrouds  
Beneath dark palm-trees by a river side?

And as I sat, over the light blue hills  
There came a noise of revellers—the rills  
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—  
'Twas Breeches and his crew!

The earnest trumpet spoke, and silver thrills  
From kissing cymbals made a merry din—  
'Twas Breeches and his crew!

I like to a moving winter, i down they come,  
Crowded with green leaves, and I see all o' flume,  
All merrily dancing through the pleasant valley,

To care thee, Melancholy  
O then! O then! tho' was a simple name!  
And I forgot thee—the terrible day  
By shepherd I reported, when in sun  
Tall elms stand keep wavy th' in and in me—  
I run hither into the folly

Within his ear, slof yearn, I stretchis stord,  
Trishin hi my datt in diamond mood,  
With delong, I urhine  
An little nills of crimson wif undine  
His plump white arm an I shoulder, elat hwhite  
For Venu, purly late  
And near him to le salmons o' hie—  
Peltel with horsets a' he could j—  
Lipsid, and m,

Whence cam ye, merry Breeches? whence came ye,  
So many and so many, and such big?—  
Why have ye left your bower de 'de,  
Your hate, and penitent fate?  
'We follow I cubis' Breeches on the ring  
A' upering!  
Breeches young Breeches' post on ill brestle,  
We dinner before him that w'k'z done's me—  
Come hither, luly fur, and j'med be  
To our w'k'z minster's'

Whence came ye, jolly Savers? whence came ye,  
So many, and so many, ar I such gl'c?  
Why have ye left your se'et chain? why left  
Your nots in oak tree skeft—  
For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree  
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brioms,  
And cold mustard iss,  
For wine we follow Breeches thro', h the earth,  
Great God of brithles, eys, and clapping mouth!  
Come hither, luly fur, and j'med be  
To our w'k'z minster's'

Over wide streams an' mountains great we went,  
And, evv when Breeches kept his iss tent,  
Onward the tiger and the leopard pan's,  
With Asian elephants

Onward these myrmids—with song and dance,  
With zebras striped an' sleek Arabans' prince,  
Web footed alligators, crocodiles,  
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,  
Plump infant huk'ers muddling the co'l  
Of seamen, and stout galleon rowers' toil  
With toving ears and silken ails they glide,  
Nor care for wind and tide

(From *Lyra Graeca*, Book IV.)

#### Sonnet—On first looking into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,  
That deep brow'd Homer rul'd as his demesne  
Yet did I never breathe its pure seren.  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken,  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmuse—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

1816.

**Sonnet**

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has gleam'd my teeming brain,  
Before high piled books, in charact'ry,  
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain,  
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance,  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the faery power  
Of unreflecting love,—then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,  
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink

Jan. 1818 (1)

**Saturn and Thea**

Deep in the shudy sadness of a vale  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,  
Sat gray hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,  
Still as the silence round about his lair,  
Forest on forest hung about his head  
Like cloud on cloud No stir of air was there,  
Not so much life as on a summer's day  
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,  
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest  
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more  
By reason of his fallen divinity  
Spreading a shade the Nard 'mid her reeds  
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips

Along the margin sand large foot marks went,  
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,  
And slept there since Upon the sodden ground  
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,  
Unsceptred, and his realmless eyes were closed,  
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth,  
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place  
But there came one, who with a kindred hand  
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low  
With reverence, though to one who knew it not  
She was a Goddess of the infant world,  
By her in stature the tall Astarte  
Had stood a pygm's height she would have ta'en  
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck,  
Or with a finger striv'd Ixion's wheel  
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,  
Pedestal'd high in a palace court,  
When eges look'd to Egypt for their lord  
But oh! how unlike marble was that face  
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made  
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self  
There was a listening fear in her regard,  
As if calamity had but begun,

As if the vanward clouds of evil days  
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear  
Was with its stored thunder labouring up  
One hand she press'd upon that aching spot  
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,  
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain  
The other upon Saturn's bended neck  
She laid, and to the level of his ear  
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake  
In solemn tenour and deep organ tone  
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue  
Would come in these like accents, O how frail  
To that large utterance of the early Gods!

(From *Hymeron*, Book 1.)**Fancy**

Ever let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth,  
Then let winged Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond her  
Open wide the mind's cage door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar  
O sweet Fancy! let her loose,  
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
And the enjoying of the Spring  
Fades as does its blossoming,  
Autumn's redipp'd fruitage too,  
Blushing through the mist and dew,  
Cloy'd with tasting What do then?  
Sit thee by the ingle, when  
The sear faggot blazes bright,  
Spirit of a winter's night,  
When the soundless earth is muzzled,  
And the caked snow is shuffled  
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon,  
When the Night doth meet the Noon  
In a dark conspiracy  
To banish Even from her sky  
Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
With a mind self-overaw'd,  
Fancy, high commission'd — send her!  
She has vassals to attend her  
She will bring, in spite of frost,  
Beauties that the earth hath lost,  
She will bring thee, all together,  
All delights of summer weather,  
All the buds and bells of May,  
From dewy sward or thorny spray,  
All the herbed Autumn's wealth,  
With a still, mysterious stealth  
She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff it — thou shalt hear  
Distant harvest carols clear,  
Rustle of the reaped corn,  
Sweet birds intemming the morn  
And, in the same moment — hark!  
'Tis the early April lark,  
Or the rooks, with busy cau,  
Foraging for stiel's and straw  
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
The daisy and the mangold,  
White plum'd lilies, and the fir-t  
Hedge grown primrose that hath burst,

Shaded hyacinth, alway  
Sapphire queen of the mid May,  
And every leaf, and every flower,  
Pearled with the self same shower  
Thou shalt see the field mouse peep  
Mere from its celled sleep,  
And the snail all winter thin  
Crest on sunny bank its slim,  
Freckled nest egg thou shalt see  
Hatching in the hawthorn tree,  
When the hen bird's wing doth rest  
Quiet on her mossy nest,  
Then the hurry and alarm  
When the bee hive casts its swarm,  
Acorns ripe down puttering,  
While the autumn breezes sing

Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose  
Everything is spoilt by use  
Where's the check that doth not fide  
Too much gay'd at ? Where's the maid  
Whose lip mature is ever new ?  
Where's the eye however blue  
Doth not weary ? Where's the free  
One would meet in every place ?  
Where's the voice however soft,  
One would hear so very oft ?  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
I like to bubbles when run pelteth  
Let, then winged Fancy find  
Thee a mistre's to thy mind  
Dulcet ev'l as Ceres daughter,  
I re the God of torment taught her  
How to frown and how to chide  
With a wrost an I with a side  
White as Hebe's when her zone  
Slipt its golden clasp, and down  
Fell her kirtle to her feet  
While she held the goblet sweet,  
And Jove grew languid — Break the mesh  
Of the Laney's silken leash  
Quickly break her prison string,  
And such joys as these she'll bring —  
Let the winged Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home

1818

## Madeline in her Chamber

Out went the taper as she hurried in,  
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died  
She clos'd the door, she printed, ill skin  
To spirits of the air, and visions wide  
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !  
But to her heart, her heart was volatile,  
Pining with eloquence her balmy side,  
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell  
Her throat in vain, and die, heart stifled, in her dell

A casement high and triple arch'd there was,  
All garlanded with carven imag'ries  
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot grass,  
And diamonded with panes of quaint device  
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes ;  
As are the tiger moth's deep dimask'd wings :  
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldties,  
And twilight saints, and dim emblemings,  
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and  
kings

Pull on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
And threw warm glares on Madeline's fair breast,  
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon  
Rose bloom fell on her hands, for other priest,  
And on her silver cross soft amethyst  
And on her hair a glory, like a sun  
She seem'd a splen'did angel, ne'er to drear  
Save wings, for heaven — Purple in grew faint  
She knelt, so pure & thin, to see from mortal taint

Anon his heart revives — her ve' perdon  
Of all its writhed parts her hair he see's,  
Unclasp her v' armed jewels on, by om  
Loosens her sin' not by force, I desire  
Her rich attire off, & rulin' to her knee,  
Half hidden like a nymph in her west  
I ensue to hit the dreams in old, and see,  
In lines, fair St Agnes in her bed,  
But dates no last beholding, or all the el' em is fled

Soon tremblin' in her of malady not  
In sort of wretched synom, perplex'd he lay,  
Until the poppie warmth of sleep o' press'd  
Her soothed limb, and so fair feel'd in  
I flown like a thought until the mornin' sun  
His fully bourn'd both strain joy and pain  
Chisp'd like a mirr' or where sweet pleasure prev  
Blinded alike from sinning and sinning  
A though a rose should shut, and be a bad gain

(End of First Series)

## Ode to a Nightingale

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pain  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and the world had sunk  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot

But being too happy in thine happiness —

Thou thou light winged Dryad of the trees,

In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green and shadowy number'd trees  
Sungest of summer in full-throated ease

O for a draught of vintage that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep delv'd earth,  
Tasting of lily and the country green,  
Dance, and I roveng'd long in sun burnt mirth !

O for a beaker full of the warm South  
I all of the time, the blushing Hippocrate  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,

And purple stain'd mouth  
That I might drink and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee side away into the sole & dim

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan  
Where palely shames a few, sad last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale and spectre thin, and dies,

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

And leaden ey'd despair  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine it them beyond to morrow

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,  
Not chariotied by Bacchus and his pride  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards

Already with thee ! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,  
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays,  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass the thicket, and the fruit tree wild,  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine,  
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves,  
And mid May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves

Darkling I listen, and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath,  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy !  
Still wouldest thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !  
No hungry generations tread thee down  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown  
Perhaps the self same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn,  
The same that oftentimes hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !  
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fain'd to do, deceiving elf  
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hillside, and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley glides  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?  
Fled is that music —Do I wake or sleep ?

May 1819.

#### Ode to Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun  
Conspiring with him ho to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run,  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel, to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?  
Sometimes who ever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind,

Or on a half reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;  
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook,  
Or by a cyder press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue,  
Then in a waifful choir, the small gnats mourn  
Among the river sallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies,  
And full grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ,  
Hedge crickets sing , and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

Sept 1819

#### La Belle Dame sans Merci.

O what can ail thee, knight at arms,  
Alone and palely loitering ?  
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing

O what can ail thee, knight at arms !  
So haggard and so woe begone ?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest 's done.

I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too

I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful—a faery's child ,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ,  
She look'd at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long ,  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A faery's song

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew,  
And sure in language strange she said—  
' I love thee true ! '

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,  
And there I shut her wild wild eyes  
With kisses sour

And there she lulled me asleep,  
And there I dream'd—ah ! woe betide !  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill's side

I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death pale were they all ,  
They cried, ' La Belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall ! '

I saw their stars & lips in the gloom,  
With horrid warning gripe wide,  
And I woke and found me here,  
On the cold hill's side

And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing

April 1819

## Sonnet—On a Dream

As Hercules once took to his feathers light,  
When lulled Argus, bristled, swoon'd and slept,  
So on a Delphic reed my idle sprite  
So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd to herself  
The dragon world of all its hundred eyes  
And seeing it asleep, so fled away  
Not to pure Ida with its snow cold cleve,  
Nor unto Tempe, where Jove giveth a day,  
But to that second circle of soft Hell,  
Where in the gust, the whirlwind and the flur  
Of sun and hail stone, lovers need not tell  
Their sorrows,—pale were the sweet lip I saw  
Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the form  
I floated with, about that melancholy storm

April 1819

## Keats's Last Sonnet

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—  
Not in lone splendour hung lost the night,  
And watching with eternal lids apart  
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task  
Of pure ablation round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft fallen snow—  
Of snow upon the mountaintops and the moors—  
No—not still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender taken breath,  
And so live ever—or else swoon to death

Sept 1820.

## Letter

Feb 19 1818

MY DEAR REYNOLDS,—I had an idea that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner—let him on a certain day read a certain page of full Poesy or distilled Prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect upon it, and bring home to it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it, until it becomes stale. But when will it do so? Never. When Man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect and one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting post towards all ‘the two and thirty Palaces.’ How happy is such a voyage of conception, what delicious diligent indolence! A doze upon a sofa does not hinder it, and a nap upon clover engenders ethereal finger pointings. The prattle of a child gives it wings, and the concrete of middle age a strength to beat them. A strain of music conducts to ‘an odd angle of the Isle,’ and when the leaves whisper it puts a girdle round the earth. Nor will this sparing touch of noble books be any irreverence to their writers, for perhaps the honours paid by man to man are trifles in comparison to the benefit done by great works to the ‘Spirit and pulse’ of good by their mere passive existence. Memory should not be called

off as a sort of scullion Mercury, or even a humble bee. It is no matter whether I am right or wrong, either one way or another, if there is sufficient to lift a little time from your shoulders — & our affectionate friend,

JOHN KEATS

Feb 19, 1818

See Keats's *Poems and Letters*, edited by Forman, in five small volumes (Gowans & Gray, 1900). The Aldine edition of the Poems (1876) gives them in nearly chronological order, but the text is bad. The Letters (without those to Miss Brawne, and a few others) have been well edited by Colvin (1891). Lord Houghton's biography, first published in 1848, can never be superseded, but Colvin's *Keats* in the 'Men of Letters' series (1887) is based on fuller material, and contains excellent criticism. See also, among many criticisms, F. M. Owen's *Study* (1880—the first serious attempt to examine Keats's ideas), W. T. Arnold's Introduction to his edition of the Poems (1883—on literary influences and on Keats's vocabulary); W. Arnold in *Essays in Criticism*, second series; Swinburne in *Miscellanies*, and especially R. Bridges in his Introduction to the Poems in the 'Muses Library.'

A. C. BRADLEY

### Percy Bysshe Shelley,

born 4th August 1792, son of Timothy the son of Sir Bysshe Shelley, first baronet of an ancient and noble house till then undistinguished from its equals by any hereditary title, entered Eton twelve years later, after some private schooling, and passed on to Oxford in 1810. Next year he was expelled from the university which had recently cast out Landor, whose noble poem of *Gebir* had already excited his just and ardent admiration. The rather irrational reason, in the younger poet's case, was the appearance of an anonymous pamphlet or fly-sheet called *The Necessity of Atheism*. It is not a work of any particular promise, but it is the first of Shelley's writings which would not disgrace a lower boy at Eton. His previous verse and prose, ballad or elegy or fiction, were servile and futile imitations of the illustrious Monk Lewis and the less illustrious Laura Maitland. And the boy had succeeded in sinking to a deeper and a duller depth of absurdity than had ever been fathomed by his models. In 1811 the youth of nineteen was induced to marry Harriet Westbrook, a schoolgirl of sixteen who had made use of her acquaintance with his sister to throw herself upon his protection. This unlucky alliance was the source of all the serious trouble which could possibly have affected the life of a man not miserable enough by nature to be made miserable by reviling or neglect. A short first visit to Ireland, hardly memorable by the issue of a characteristic *Address to the Irish People*, had no recorded effect or result beyond the comical effect of alarming the Government into notice of his not very dangerous or politically important existence. In June 1813 his daughter Ianthe (a name which had already been borrowed by Byron from Landor) was born, and addressed three months later in a sonnet expressive of due and dutiful baby-worship. In the same year he read Ariosto with the rapture of a boy—a fact to be remembered because the spirit of comedy, whether incarnate in Fletcher or in Sheridan, was repulsive rather than attractive to him. There are certainly no signs of this influence in the poem,

now privately printed, of *Queen Mab*—a work of impassioned rhetoric and passionate reasoning rather than poetic expression or imaginative thought. *A Refutation of Deism*, printed early in the following year, shows more intellectual power as well as more literary capacity than anything Shelley had yet written. The design of reducing the concept of theism to an obvious and palpable absurdity, by demonstration of the assumed theorem that it must naturally and inevitably result in acceptance of Christianity, is carried out with more dialectic skill and more ironic ability than might have been thought possible for so young and so ardent a novice in controversy. On 24th March he remarried Harriet in London, probably in order to obviate any question which might be raised as to the validity of the former ceremony, performed in Edinburgh according to Scottish law while he was still a minor. In April his wife left him, as a friend of his expressed it, 'again a widower,' in May he sent after her a rather pathetic, if rather too submissive, appeal for the restoration of a regard which can hardly have ever been genuine or serious. Soon afterwards he met the daughter of William Godwin, a novelist of unique rather than peculiar genius, but then more famous as a teacher and preacher of political and religious philosophies long since forgotten and never much more than derivative from France—the France of Diderot and Rousseau. Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin and her future husband fell in love, by all accounts, at once—if not at first sight. On 28th July they eloped to France, accompanied by Jane Clairmont, daughter of Mary's stepmother by a former husband. On 13th August Shelley wrote a singularly affectionate and simple-hearted letter to the wife who had deserted him, inviting her to join them in Switzerland. On 13th September they were again in England. On 30th November Harriet Shelley gave birth, prematurely, to a boy, and some friendly and kindly intercourse ensued between the renounced husband and wife. As soon as his own money matters became settled by arrangement with his father, he sent Harriet £200 to discharge her debts, and settled the same sum upon her annually in quarterly payments. In February 1815 a baby girl was borne by Mary to Shelley, and died on 6th March. On 24th January 1816 the little child so loved and lamented in such lovely snatches of song by the father who had lost him was born, and called William, after the father of his mother. In March the first poem of a great poet made its appearance in print. It was then that Shelley published *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude, and other Poems*. Before this he had shown himself to be a thoughtful, generous, fearless and fervent master of rhetoric in verse and prose, and assuredly nothing more. He now stood forth as a poet comparable only with Coleridge and with Wordsworth, and not unworthy of such comparison.

In May 1816 Shelley and Mary left England for Geneva—unhappily for all parties, again accom-

panied by Miss Clairmont, already the secret and unsuspected mistress of Lord Byron, who there met Shelley for the first time. The immortal *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, superior even to Spenser's fine poem on the same ideal subject, is a more memorable record of this passing residence in Switzerland than the more rhetorical verses on Mont Blanc, fine and characteristic as they are. In September Shelley and Mary returned to England. In December the body of Harriet Shelley was found in the Serpentine.

Little is known of her life after her desertion of the husband who had left her amply and generously provided for, and that little is not much to the poor girl's credit. On 30th December Shelley and Mary were married. Mr Westbrook, intent on imaginary profit to be made out of the guardianship of Harriet's children, appealed to the Court of Chancery for legal license to retain charge of them, for Shelley had unhappily permitted them, at their mother's urgent entreaty, to remain under her care. On 27th March 1817 Lord Eldon gave judgment against Shelley, in temperate

and considerate terms, from the orthodox and conventional point of view. In the same month Shelley published *A Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom*. His occasional pamphlets, unlike Milton's, are distinguished rather by good sense and right feeling than by eloquence or genius. He was now residing at Marlow, and his wife was engaged on her admirable and memorable romance of *Frankenstein*. The record of his charities at this time, I wished on poorer and not less deserving or grateful recipients than Godwin and Peacock (another friend of much the same order as Godwin), would suffice to immortalise the legend of a saint. The splendid fragments of *Prince Athanase*, a poem originally named 'Pindemos and Urinia,' were part of the occasional work too fitfully undertaken and too diffidently cast

aside during his residence at Marlow. The semi-lyrical narrative of *Rosalind and Helen*, here begun, seems to have been afterwards finished under the instigation of his wife's unfortunate and uncritical advice. A better wife and a worse counsellor no poet and no mortal could have had. This poem, to which she referred in a letter as 'my pretty eclogue,' is doubtless more than pretty, but not sufficiently more than pretty to be beautiful, the story is 'forcible feeble,' and the style is less 'choicely good' than the reader has a right to expect from a great poet at his best. A far more important poem, *Laon and Cythna, or The Re-volution of the Golden City*, a Vision of the Nineteenth Century, appeared in 1818. When all deductions have been made from its claims, and all allowances have been made for its defects, *The Re-volt of Islam*, as this poem was afterwards renamed, remains unassimilable and unique, unequalled as a great and magnificent piece of work. For the conception and composition of the story there certainly is

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

From the Portrait (1819) by Miss Amelia Curran in the National Portrait Gallery

not much to be said, it is like an addition to the Arabian Nights supplied by Godwin or Tom Paine, in which the part of Haroun Alrisch should be taken by Anavgoris Choumette. But the passionate intelligence which informs this fantastic scheme or dream transfigures it into transitory but sufficient life to vivify if not to justify the transference of West to East, and the attribution of ideal devotion to impossible enthusiasts. And the workmanship is well nigh faultless. Byron had recently shown, with universal applause, how not to write verse in the favourite stanza of Spenser, Shelley, unintentionally and unconsciously, now showed all readers how it should be done. Indeed, he has given a more masculine force of music to that mellifluous form of metre—more of staying power to that overtrained Pegasus—than Spenser himself could give.





gradual action and the final impression of the tragedy. The right epithet for this great work was given by Browning when he referred to it as 'the unrivalled *Cenci*'

On 12th November 1819 Percy Florence Shelley, the last of his ancient line, was born. In the course of the same year his father had written the noble *Mask of Anarchy*—a poem which might with equal justice be described as wise and foolish, passionate and temperate, puerile and manful, rational and preposterous, but in any case a great little masterpiece, *Peter Bell the Third*, a really humorous and fancifully extravagant improvisation of neither wholly just nor wholly unjust satire, and *A Philosophical View of Reform* (unfinished and unpublished), in which the central tenet of Quakerism was revived and proclaimed with all, if not more than all, the fervour of George Fox. The value of Shelley's prose writings is almost purely subjective, they would have no interest whatever for any imaginable reader if they threw no light on the character which helped to shape and to colour, to modify and to quicken, the genius of a poet. As a thinker, he was just and generous rather than original or profound, as a critic, he was sensitive and candid rather than intelligent or acute, and his style is generally rather than particularly good. It is only as an interpreter of his own poems, in the admirable introductions prefixed to the longer and more ambitious among them, that he appears as a writer of noble and memorable prose. There are passages of singular beauty and felicity in his *Defence of Poetry*, but on the whole, though by no means deficient in thought or in truth, it is somewhat wanting in force and point. In the autumn of 1819, while engaged on the last act, or rather the lyric epilogue, of *Prometheus Unbound*, he was moved by the inspiration of external or phenomenal nature at its highest pitch of harmony and passion to conceive and bring forth one of the supreme poems of all time—the *Ode to the West Wind*. Such work is like the greatest work of his master, Coleridge—beyond and outside and above all criticism, all praise, and all thanksgiving. The personal cry of suffering and exultation and hope, of rapture and regret and truth, which thrills the matchless music of the verse as with the very throb of living blood, serves only to quicken and to deepen the effect of the sensuous and supersensual emotion impressed by the glory of nature when most joyous, and expressed in the splendour of song when most sublime. Winter, the only season which seems to have been actually uncomfortable to the singer of ' swift spring, and autumn, summer, and winter hour,' drove Shelley from Florence to Pisa. The full and admirable biography, for which all students and lovers of poetry and of truth are inexpressibly indebted to the devotion and the ability of Mr Dowden, must be consulted for the details of the troubles brought upon his wife and himself by the exactions of so thankless a mendicant as Godwin and the double dealing of so

treacherous a friend as Byron. The villainous lies of an infamous valet were hardly needed to heighten the passing bitterness of a troubled and uneasy time. It is a no less regrettable than imperative necessity to touch in passing on such vile matters and men in the very briefest memoir of one of the noblest and purest among all poets and all mankind. In June Shelley moved from the paradise of Pisa to the purgatory of Leghorn. It was in the neighbourhood of that unlovely seaport that the song of an immortal skylark inspired a diviner song—the most perfect poem of its kind in all the world of poetry. Between its clams and those of the sister ode to the west wind no man or boy who can appreciate either will dream of choosing or desire to decide. Thence, too, was despatched the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, a matchless model of nobly familiar verse and simply impeccable poetry. Soon after completing his graceful and vivid translation of the Homeric *Hymn to Hermes*, he wrote in three days of August one of the most splendid existing poems of pure fancy and visionary rapture, *The Witch of Atlas*. The joyous and high spirited animation of all these little masterpieces is a sufficient disproof of the palpably preposterous if not wilfully malignant misconception which would lay to the charge of either the man or the poet a natural tendency to indulgence in 'a poor unmixed melancholy.' No minor poet after the order of Horace or of Herrick ever struck such ringing and exulting notes of natural and noble joy in nature and in life. The utmost enjoyment of such human linnets or finches, whose man or whose only business in poetry is the expression of self-complacent mirth and light hearted acceptance of ebbing life, is faint and dull to the deeper and higher delight of the skylark and the seamew, who can breast the wind at midnight or face the sun at noon. The matchless melody of the stanzas 'written in dejection, near Naples,' under severe if transient suffering of mind and body, has bewitched too many readers into belief that these most musical of all melancholy verses could be taken as the expression of something more than a passing mood, and the malignant or compassionate bigotry of critics over his opinions has naturally seized upon this imaginary evidence as a pretext for deplored their assumed effect on the happiness or the fortitude of the writer.

In the spring of 1820 a successful rising of the Spanish nation against its villainous king moved Shelley to write his magnificent *Ode to Liberty*, a poem not unworthy to be named after Coleridge's ode on France—that unequalled if not unapproached masterpiece to which it was but natural and characteristic that Shelley himself should pay such tributary homage as he did with not more loyalty than justice. In the latter half of August he wrote the companion *Ode to Naples*, hardly so complete and elaborate a poem, so perfectly composed and rounded off, but touched with a more intense radiance of imagery

and a more passionate inspiration of music. For noble righteousness of enthusiasm and fiery rectitude of faith there is no possible choice to be made between these three supreme examples of English lyrical poetry at its most ambitious and most indefatigable flight. To the record of this wonderful year it must regrettfully be added that in the same month of August Shelley wrote his only poem which might reasonably be wished away. There are gleams of humour and touches of poetry in *Swellfoot the Tyrant*, but it is a blot, though an insignificant and all but imperceptible blot, on the otherwise unstained escutcheon of a poet who never published anything else which could seem, except in the eyes of prurient and malignant imbecility, liable to the charge of either unseemly or unjustified indulgence in a questionable exercise of ugly fancy or of angry fun. To represent Wellington as a ruffian drunk with blood was equally worthy of Byron and unworthy of Shelley.

A casual acquaintance with a beautiful and sentimental if not hysterical young Italian lady of rank, confined as a schoolgirl in a convent till a suitor should appear who would take her off her father's hands without a dowry, was the origin of the lovely dramatic idyl or elegy to which Shelley gave the pretty and eccentric name of *Epirrhodion*. Study of Dante's earlier poems had taught him the trick of personal allusion which gives a touch of perhaps objectionable obscurity and a note of certainly questionable ambiguity to the tone and the subject-matter of this curiously and magically fascinating rather than thoroughly satisfactory or exemplary poem. No modern poet but Shelley would or could have struck so deep and so keen a note of poetic passion while weaving a wholly fantastic embroidery of partly imaginary emotion about his actual sensations of sympathetic and compassionate affection for an effusive and attractive sufferer from social and conventional oppression. To the poor girl who lived to endure the fate of the yet more surely immortal Pia de' Tolommei we owe the existence of a poem which is equally precious as a jewel of English poetry, whether the name of the 'noble and unfortunate lady' who inspired it was worthy or unworthy to be redeemed from oblivion into glory.

In January 1821 Medwin introduced to Shelley an old schoolfellow, Edward Williams, who was next year to share with him the fellowship of death. He and his wife, the charm of whose friendship and sympathy inspired some of the most magical poetry in the world, became easily and intimately friendly with Shelley and Mary. During this winter Shelley suffered much from ill health, as any one might have expected who had earned it by constantly reading as he walked and stooping over his book till his back was too bent, as his friend Trelawny remembered, for the action of swimming to be practicable. Unhappily he could not be weaned from his love of boating, and a ducking in a canal between Leghorn and Pisa did not warn

him to remember that he could not swim—it only gave one more proof of his dauntless and selfless nature. One of the most perfect among all poems that ever were left imperfect, 'The Boat on the Serchio,' commemorates this fatal and natural love or liking, and challenges a commentary as long or longer than the text to do anything like adequate justice to the charm of its various and spontaneous harmonies of change from pleasure in the Italian present to pleasure in the Etonian past; from joyous observation of nature to serious rapture of meditation, and again to an impassioned realism of landscape which can only be matched in the work of Dante, of Turner, and of Hugo. In 1821 a poem which is one of the glories of English poetry was printed with French types and published at Pisa. A pamphlet or a book more beautiful without and within never came and never can come from any press. The execution of *Adonais* as a poem is all but impeccable, its highest passages are those in which the inspiration of the writer is least connected with the immediate subject of the elegy. The introduction of Byron and Moore as mourners over the death of Keats would be the introduction of a burlesque or farcical element into a serious and tragic work of art if the absurdity of the fancy were not redeemed by the nobility of the verse. There are one or two singular oversights in the composition of a poem so elaborate and harmonious—a subsidence into debility of phrase at the close of a stanza, or a lapse into confusion of metaphor which makes nonsense of the allegory. But these slips in style are less than spots on the sun. To have made elegy sublime—to have lifted it to the level of the ode by infusion of lyric life into the form of elegiac verse—was possible only to Milton and to Shelley. And indeed *Lycidas* and *Adonais* are rather irregular odes than regular elegies, they have far more in common with the poetic work of Pindar than with the poetic work of Tibullus.

In August 1821 Shelley visited Byron at Ravenna, and was disheartened as to his own work by his admiration for the newly written cantos of *Don Juan*—if not perhaps by the mere habit of intercourse with a man of genius so alien from his own, whom he could not but perceive to be equally absurd in theory as a critic and contemptible in practice as a playwright. Towards the end of the month he returned to his wife at the Baths of Pisa. At Ravenna Byron had proposed that Leigh Hunt, who had long been seriously ill, should come to Italy for his health and join with Shelley and himself in the establishment of a periodical in which each of the three contracting parties should publish all his original compositions and share alike in the resulting profits. From Pisa Shelley wrote to Hunt an invitation conveying a proposal of which he characteristically declined to avail himself being equally unwilling to fetter his own freedom of expression as to matters of opinion, and to partake the profits which might be expected from the popular fame of Byron and the popular celebrity

of Hunt Meantime in the autumn of this year he threw off a splendid improvisation of imaginative and political poetry and sympathy in the lyrical drama of *Hellas*. The earlier part of this poem is on a level with his very highest work, the first two choruses, utterly different in poetic tone and movement, are coequal in sublimity and purity of imagination. The passionate rapture of the one and the serene magnificence of the other make such music of spiritual harmony as only the greatest and the sanest among poets can strike and can sustain. The justice done it once to the ideal Christ, and to the charm of the older creeds which were cast out by the triumph of Christianity, is as final and as perfect as the lesson so simply and so superbly set forth in the closing lyric of the poem. The intervening incidents are less remarkable for imaginative invention than for the exquisite and noble charm of expression which invests them with more than merely fanciful or fantastic life, the astonishing collapse of metre, of style, and of sense, in some of the irregular lyric passages, may be allowed to suggest the inference that not even the greatest poet can with impunity venture to cut himself loose from the natural and eternal laws of song which refuse to verse the license of inanity and self-will under penalty no less heavy than the forfeiture of security from shipwreck. Even such fascinating works of fancy as *Arthusa* and *The Cloud* and *The Sensitive Plant* cannot be classed with the poems in which their author has shown himself a great poet by the one indispensable test of poetic triumph, a consummate mystery of his instrument. Much less could his unlucky attempt at a tragedy on the unpromising subject of Charles the First, had it ever been unhappily completed on the lines on which it started, have been worthy of a place among even the least successful or memorable of his actual works. Such golden and glorious fragments as 'Marengli' or 'The Woodman and the Nightingale' would always have been worth it all. That the best of wives was the worst of counsellors is only too evident from the fact that Mrs Shelley encouraged him in thus ploughing the sand, and discouraged him from continuing to work on a poem which, even in its unfinished and fragmentary condition, is worthy of a place among the crowning works of its author and the crowning glories of English poetry, *The Triumph of Life*—the swan-song, we may call it, of Shelley's. On 14th January 1822 Shelley first met the best friend of his few remaining days, and the best painter of his personality that has ever placed on record the impression made by the man—made in this instance on one of the manliest of mankind—Edward John Trelawny. He was now occupied on his translation from the Spanish of Calderon—a version as beautiful as his renderings of Greek and Italian poetry, which are sometimes remarkable for inaccuracy, or as his translations from Goethe's *Faust*. On 1st May Shelley and Williams, with their wives, took up their quarters in Casa Magni,

a house on the Bay of Spezzin which Shelley had hired for the summer. On 2nd July Shelley had the pleasure of welcoming Leigh Hunt to Italy on his landing at Leghorn. His first days were spent in the service of this beloved friend, on whose behalf he extorted from Byron a naturally reluctant fulfilment of his plighted word. On 4th July Shelley and Williams went out in a yacht which had been built, against Trelawny's advice, on a model brought by Williams from England. On the 19th Trelawny recognised, in a body washed up on the beach, the mutilated corpse of Shelley.

Among all English poets there is but one who can be named with the poet who recognised in Coleridge his master as a lyrist. It is not in degree, but in kind, that they differ from all others. No man ever born into the world can be named in the same breath with Shakespeare, but he was not of the same order as they. Coleridge and Shelley stand by themselves alone. The genius of Coleridge at its highest rose above the genius of any other poet on record in the special and distinctive qualities of the very highest poetry—creative imagination and coequal expression of the thing conceived. But in these qualities Shelley stands next to him, and not far off—either in power of conception, or in mystery of such verse as includes and combines the respective gifts of the painter, the musician, and the sculptor. And Coleridge, in a life more than twice the length of his disciple's, did not a twentieth part of the good work done by Shelley.

From the 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate  
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon  
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?  
Why dost thou pass away, and leave our state,  
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?

Ask why the sunlight not for ever  
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river,  
Why ought should ful and fule that once is shorn,  
Why fear and dream and death and birth  
Cast on the daylight of this earth  
Such gloom, why man has such a scope  
For love and hate, despondency and hope!

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever  
To sage or poet these responses given  
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,  
Remain the records of their vain endeavour,  
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not wail to sever,  
From all we hear and all we see,  
Doubt, chance, and mutability  
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,  
Or music by the night wind sent  
Through strings of some still instrument,  
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,  
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream

Love, hope, and self esteem, like clouds depart  
And come, for some uncertain moments lent  
Man were immortal and omnipotent,  
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,  
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies  
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes,  
Thou that to human thought art nourishment,  
Like darkness to a dying flame !  
Depart not as thy shadow came  
Depart not, lest the grave should be,  
Like life and fear, a dark reality

*From 'The Revolt of Islam'*

She saw me not—she heard me not—alone  
Upon the mountain's dizzy brink she stood,  
She spake not, breathed not, moved not—there was  
thrown  
Over her look the shadow of a mood  
Which only clothes the heart in solitude,  
A thought of voiceless death—She stood alone  
Above, the heavens were spread,—below, the flood  
Was murmuring in its caves,—the wind had blown  
Her hair apart, through which her eyes and forehead shone.

A cloud was hanging o'er the western mountains,  
Before its blue and moveless depth were flying  
Grey mists poured forth from the unresting fountains  
Of darkness in the north—the day was dying—  
Sudden, the sun shone forth, its beams were lying  
Like boiling gold on ocean, strange to see,  
And on the shattered vapours which, defying  
The power of light in vain, tossed restlessly  
In the red heaven, like wrecks in a tempestuous sea

It was a stream of living beams, whose bank  
On either side by the cloud's cleft was made,  
And, where its chasms that flood of glory drank,  
Its waves gushed forth like fire, and, as if swayed  
By some mute tempest, rolled on her The shade  
Of her bright image floated on the river  
Of liquid light, which then did end and fade—  
Her radiant shape upon its verge did shiver,  
Aloft, her flowing hair like strings of flame did quiver

I stood beside her, but she saw me not—  
She looked upon the sea, and skies, and earth  
Rapture and love and admiration wrought  
A passion deeper far than tears or mirth,  
Or speech or gesture, or what'er has birth  
From common joy, which with the speechless feeling  
That led her there united, and shot forth  
From her fair eyes a light of deep revealing,  
All but her dearest self from my regard concealing

*From 'Prometheus Unbound'**The Earth*

Ha ! ha ! the caverns of my hollow mountains,  
My cloven fire crags, sound exulting fountains,  
Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter !  
The oceans and the deserts and the abysses,  
And the deep air's unmeasured wildernesses,  
Answer from all their clouds and billows, echoing after  
They cry aloud as I do —‘Sceptred Curse,  
Who all our green and azure universe  
Threatenedst to muzzle round with black destruction,  
sending  
A solid cloud to run hot thunder stones,  
And splinter and knead down my children's bones,  
All I bring forth to one void mass bittering and  
blending—

‘Until each crag like tower and storied column,  
Palace and obelisk and temple solemn,  
My imperial mountains crowned with cloud and snow  
and fire,  
My sea like forests, every blade and blossom  
Which finds a grave or cradle in my bosom,  
Were stamped by thy strong hate into a lifeless mire—

‘How art thou sunk, withdrawn, covered, drunk up  
By thirsty nothing, as the brickish cup  
Drained by a desert troop, a little drop for all !  
And from beneath, around, within, above,  
Filling thy void annihilation, Love  
Bursts in like light on caves cloven by the thunder bull !’

*The Moon*

The snow upon my lifeless mountains  
Is loosened into living fountains,  
My solid oceans flow and sing and shine  
A spirit from my heart bursts forth,  
It clothes with unexpected birth  
My cold bare bosom Oh ! it must be thine  
On mine, on mine !  
Gazing on thee, I feel, I know,  
Green stalks burst forth, and bright flowers grow,  
And living shapes upon my bosom move  
Music is in the sea and air,  
Winged clouds soar here and there,  
Dark with the rain new buds are dreaming of  
‘Tis Love, all Love !

*The Earth*

It interpenetrates my granite mass,  
Through tangled roots and trodden clay doth pass  
Into the utmost leaves and delicatest flowers,  
Upon the winds, among the clouds, 'tis spread,  
It wakes a life in the forgotten dead,—  
They breathe a spirit up from their obscurest bower,  
And, like a storm bursting its cloudy prison  
With thunder and with whirlwind, has risen  
Out of the lampless caves of unimagined being —  
With earthquake shock and swiftness making shiver  
Thought's stagnant chaos, unremoved for ever —  
Till hate, and fear, and pain, light unquenched shadows,  
fleeing,

Leave Man, who was a many sided mirror  
Which could distort to many a shape of error  
This true fair world of things, a sea reflecting love  
Which over all his kind—as the sun's heaven  
Gliding o'er ocean, smooth, serene, and even—  
Darting from stirr'd depths radiance and life, doth move —

Leave Man, even as a leprous child is left  
Who follows a sick beast to some warm cleft  
Of rocks through which the might of healing springs is  
poured,—  
Then when it wanders home with rosy smile,  
Unconscious, and its mother fears awhile  
It is a spirit,—then, weeps on her child restored  
Man,—oh ! not men ! a chain of linked thought,  
Of love and might to be divided not,  
Compelling the elements with adamantine stress  
As the Sun rules, even with a tyrant's gaze,  
The unquiet republic of the maze  
Of Planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free  
wilderness

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,  
Whose nature is its own divine control,  
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea,  
Familiar acts are beautiful through love,  
Labour and pain and grief, in life's green grove,  
Sport like tame beasts,—none knew how gentle they  
could be!

His will, with all mean passions, bid delights,  
And selfish cares, its trembling satellites,  
A spirit ill to guide, but mighty to obey,—  
Is as a tempest wing'd ship, whose helm  
Lore rules, through waves which dare not overwhelm,  
Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sovereign sway  
All things confess his strength Through the cold mists  
Of marble and of colour his dreams pass,—  
Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes their  
children wear,  
Language is a perpetual Orphic song  
Which rules with daedal harmony a throng  
Of thoughts and forms which else senseless and shapeless  
were.

The lightning is his slave, heaven's utmost deep  
Gives up her stars, and like a flock of sheep  
They pass before his eye, are numbered, and roll on  
The tempest is his steed, he strides the air,  
And the abyss shouts from her depth laid bare,  
'Heaven, hast thou secrets? Man unveils me, I have  
none.'

#### From 'Peter Bell the Third.'

He was a mighty poet and  
A subtle souled psychologist,  
All things he seemed to understand  
Of old or new, of sea or land—  
But his own mind, which was a mist  
  
This was a man who might have turned  
Hell into Heaven—and so in gladness  
A Heaven unto himself have earned  
But he in shadows undiscerned  
Trusted, and damned himself to madness.

He spoke of poetry, and how  
Divine it was—a light—a love—  
A spirit which like wind doth blow  
As it listeth, to and fro,  
A dew ruined down from God above,  
'A power which comes and goes like dream,  
And which none can ever trace—  
Heaven's light on earth—Truth's brightest beam,'  
And when he ceased there lay the gleam  
Of those words upon his face.

#### Ode to the West Wind.

##### I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence stricken multitudes! O thou  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill,

Wild spirit which art moving everywhere,  
Destroyer and preserver, hear, oh hear!

##### 2

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Menad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst Oh hear!

##### 3

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lies,  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Bute's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers  
So sweet the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves Oh hear!

##### 4

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear,  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,  
A wave to print beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision,—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need  
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has crushed and bowed  
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud

##### 5

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is  
What if my leaves are falling like its own?  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,  
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth,  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind,  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

From 'Adonais'

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!  
He hath awakened from the dream of life.  
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife  
Invulnerable nothings. 'Ne'er decay  
I like corpses in a charnel, fear and grief  
Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay

He has outsoared the shadow of our night  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again.  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain—  
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he,  
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,  
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee  
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!  
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!  
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains! and, thou Air,  
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature. There is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird  
He is a presence to be felt and known,  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,  
Which wields the world with never wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely He doth bear  
His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress  
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling  
there  
All new successions to the forms they wear  
Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,  
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,  
And bursting in its beauty and its might  
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light

The splendours of the firmament of time  
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not,  
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,  
And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
The brightness it may veil When lofty thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,  
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought  
Far in the unapparent Chatterton  
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not  
Yet faded from him, Sidney, as he fought,  
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,  
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,  
Arose, and Lucan, by his death approved,—  
Oblivion as they rose shrink like a thing reproved  
And many more, whose names on earth are dark,  
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die  
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,  
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality  
'Thou art become one of us,' they cry,  
'It was for thee on kingless sphere has long  
Swung blind in unascended majesty,  
Silent alone amid an heaven of song  
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!'

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh! come forth,  
Fond wretch, and know thyself and him aright,  
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth,  
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light  
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might  
Satiate the void circumference then shrink  
Even to a point within our day and night,  
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink,  
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,  
Oh not of him, but of our joy 'Tis nought  
That ages, empires, and religions, there  
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought,  
For such as he can lend—they borrow not  
Glory from those who made the world their prey,  
And he is gathered to the kings of thought  
Who waged contention with their time's decay,  
And of the past are all that cannot pass away

Go thou to Rome,—at once the paradise,  
The grave the city, and the wilderness,  
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,  
And flowing weeds and fragrant copse dress  
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,  
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead  
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,  
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time  
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand,  
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,  
Pavilions the dust of him who plunne  
This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
Like flame transformed to marble, and beneath  
A field is spread, on which a newer band  
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,  
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath

Here pause These grives are all too young as yet  
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned  
Its charge to each, and, if the seal is set  
Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,  
Break it not thou! too surely shrill thou find

Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,  
Of tears and gull From the world's bitter wind  
Seel shelter in the shadow of the tomb  
What Adonais is why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass  
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly,  
Life, like a dome of many coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments —Die,  
If thou wouldest be with that which thou dost seek!  
Follow where all is fled! —Rome's azure sky,  
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, —words are weak  
The glory they transmute with fitting truth to speak

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?  
Thy hopes are gone before from all things here  
They have departed, thou shouldst now depart!  
A light is past from the revolving year,  
And man and woman, and what still is dear  
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wretched  
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near  
'Tis Adonais calls! O, hasten thither  
No more let life divide what death can join together

That light whose smile kindles the universe  
That beauty in which all things work and move,  
That benediction which the eclipsing curse  
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining love  
Which, through the web of being blindly wove  
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,  
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,  
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality

The breath whose might I have evoked in song  
Descends on me, my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given  
The massy earth and spher'd skies are riven!  
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar,  
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

#### From Hellas'

##### *Chorus*

In the great morning of the world,  
The Spirit of God with might unfurled  
The flag of Freedom over chaos,  
And all its blinded anarchs fled,  
Like vultures frightened from Imaus  
Before an earthquake's tread —  
So from Time's tempestuous dawn  
Freedom's splendour burst and shone  
Thermopylae and Marathon  
Caught, like mountains beacon lighted,  
The springing fire The winged glory  
On Philippi half alighted,  
Like an eagle on a promontory  
Its unwetted wings could fan  
The quenchless ashes of Milan  
From age to age, from man to man,  
It lived, and lit from land to land  
Florence, Albion, Switzerland  
Then night fell, and, as from night,  
Reassuming fiery flight,

From the West swift Freedom came,  
Aginst the course of heaven and doom,  
A second sun arrayed in flame,  
To burn, to kindle, to illumine  
From far Atlantis its young beams  
Chased the shadows and the dreams  
France, with all her sanguine steams,  
Did, but quenched it not, again  
Through clouds its shafts of glory run  
From utmost Germany to Spain  
As an eagle fed with morning  
Scorns the embattled tempest's warning  
When she seeks her aerie hanging  
In the mountain cedar's bough,  
And her brood expect the clanging  
Of her wings through the wild air,  
Sick with famine, Freedom so  
To what of Greece remuneth now  
Returns Her hoary ruins glow  
Like orient mountains lost in day,  
Beneath the safety of her wings  
Her renovated nurslings play,  
And in the naked lightnings  
Of truth they purge their dizzied eyes.  
Let Freedom leave, where'er she flies,  
A desert, or a paradise,  
Let the beautiful and the brave  
Share her glory, or a grave!

##### *Semichorus I*

With the gifts of gladness  
Greece did thy cradle strew

##### *Semichorus II*

With the tears of sadness  
Greece did thy shroud bedew

##### *Semichorus I*

With an orphan's affection  
She followed thy bier through time

##### *Semichorus II*

And at thy resurrection  
Reappearth like thou, sublime

##### *Semichorus I*

If heaven should resume thee  
To heaven shall her spirit ascend

##### *Semichorus II*

If hell should entomb thee,  
To hell shall her high hearts bend

##### *Semichorus I*

If annihilation —

##### *Semichorus II*

Dust let her glories be,  
And a name and a nation  
Be forgotten, I redom, with thee!

##### *Chorus*

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever  
From creation to decay,  
Like the bubbles on a river,  
Sparkling, bursting, borne away  
But they are still immortal  
Who, through birth's orient portal

And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,  
Clothe their unceasing flight  
In the brief dust and light  
Gathered around their chariots as they go  
New shapes they still may weave,  
New gods, new laws, receive  
Bright or dim are they, as the robes they last  
On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God,  
A Promethean conqueror, came,  
Like a triumphal path he trod  
The thorns of death and shame  
A mortal shape to him  
Was like the vapour dim  
Which the orient planet animates with light  
Hell, sin, and slavery came,  
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,  
Nor preyed until their lord had taken flight  
The moon of Mahomet  
Arose, and it shall set  
While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,  
The cross leads generations on  
  
Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep  
From one whose dreams are paradise  
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,  
And day peers forth with her blank eyes,  
So fleet, so faint, so fair,  
The powers of earth and air  
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem  
Apollo, Pan, and Love,  
And even Olympian Jove,  
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them  
Our hills and seas and streams,  
Despoiled of their dreams,  
Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,  
Wailed for the golden years.

#### From 'The Triumph of Life'

Swift as a spirit listening to his task  
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth  
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask  
  
Of darkness fell from the awakened earth  
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows  
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth  
  
Of light the ocean's orison arose,  
To which the birds tempered their matin lay,  
All flowers in field or forest which unclose  
  
Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,  
Swinging their censers in the element,  
With orient incense lit by the new ray  
  
Burned slow and unconsumably, and sent  
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air,  
And, in succession due, did continent,  
  
Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear  
The form and character of mortal mould,  
Rise as the Sun their father rose, to bear  
  
Their portion of the toil which he of old  
Took as his own, and then imposed on them  
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem  
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep  
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem  
Which an old chesnut flung athwart the steep  
Of a green Apennine Before me fled  
The night, behind me rose the day, the deep  
  
Was at my feet, and heaven above my head,—  
When a strange trance over my fancy grew,  
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread  
Was so transparent that the scene came through  
As clear as, when a veil of light is drawn  
O'er evening hills, they glimmer, and I knew  
  
That I had felt the freshness of that dawn  
Bath in the same cold dew my brow and hair,  
And sate thus upon that slope of lawn  
Under the self same bough, and heard as there  
The birds, the fountains, and the ocean hold  
Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air  
And then a vision on my brain was rolled  
  
As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,  
This was the tenour of my waking dream —  
Methought I sate beside a public way  
  
Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream  
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,  
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,—  
  
All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know  
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why  
He made one of the multitude, and so  
  
Was borne amid the crowd as through the sky  
One of the million leaves of summer's bier  
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,  
  
Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear  
Some flying from the thing they feared, and some  
Seeking the object of another's fear  
  
And others, as with steps towards the tomb,  
Poured on the trodden worms that crawled beneath,  
And others mournfully within the gloom  
  
Of their own shadow walked, and called it death,  
And some fled from it as it were a ghost,  
Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath  
  
But more, with motions which each other crossed,  
Pursued or shunned the shadows the clouds threw,  
Or birds within the noonday ether lost,  
  
Upon that path where flowers never grew,—  
And, weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,  
Heard not the fountains whose melodious dew  
  
Out of their mossy cells for ever burst,  
Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told  
Of grassy paths, and wood lawns interspersed  
  
With overhanging elms, and caverns cold,  
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood,—but  
they  
Pursued their serious folly as of old  
  
And, as I gazed, methought that in the way  
The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June  
When the south wind shakes the extinguished day,

And a cold glare, intenser than the noon  
 But icy cold, obscured with blinding light  
 The sun, as he the stars Like the young moon  
 (When on the sunlit limits of the night  
 Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,  
 And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might),  
 Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear  
 The ghost of her dead mother, whose dim form  
 Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair  
 So came a chariot on the silent storm  
 Of its own rushing splendour, and a Shape  
 So sate within, as one whom years deform,  
 Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,  
 Crouching within the shadow of a tomb.  
 And o'er what seemed the head a cloud like crape  
 Was bent, a dun and faint ethereal gloom  
 Tempering the light Upon the chariot beam  
 A Janus visaged Shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder winged team  
 The shapes which drew it in thick lightnings  
 Were lost — I heard alone on the air's soft stream  
 The music of their ever moving wings  
 All the four faces of that Chariot  
 Had their eyes banded Little profit brings  
 Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,  
 Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun  
 Or that with banded eyes could pierce the sphere  
 Of all that is, has been, or will be done  
 So ill was the car guided—but it passed  
 With solemn speed mystically on

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

[The standard edition of Shelley's works, prose and poetry, is that by Mr H. Buxton Forman (4 vols. 1876-80 new ed. of the poetry, 1892-93). Of the poetry there are editions by Mr W. M. Rossetti (1878 new ed. 1894), Professor Dowden (1891), Professor Woodberry (Boston U.S. 1892). Mr Shepherd collected the prose works (1888), and Dr Garnett edited a selection from the *Leiters* (1882). Professor Dowden's Life of Shelley appeared in 1886 (new ed. 1896) and there are books on Shelley's life by Medwin (1847), Hogg (1858) D. F. MacCarthy (1872) J. A. Symonds (1878 2nd. ed. 1887) J. C. Jeaffreson (1885), Mr W. M. Rossetti (1886) and Mr W. Sharp (1887). See also the *Memorials* by Shelley's daughter in law, Lady Shelley (1856 new ed. 1876) Elton's *Shelley—France, Italy, and Savoy* (1894) *The Journey of E. E. Williams* (1903) the bibliography of Shelley by Mr Forman (1882), and the *Lexical Concordance* by Mr F. S. Ellis also the article on Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley at page 519, and the lives of her there noted.]

### Byron

George Gordon Byron, sixth Lord Byron of Rochdale, was born in Holles Street, London, 22nd January 1788. The original form of the name was Burun. After the Norman Conquest the family held extensive property in Lancashire, Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire. The estate, however, that is most associated with the poet's name, Newstead, was granted to Sir John Byron by Henry VIII at the dissolution of the monasteries. The byname dates back to 1643, when Sir John Byron was created Lord Byron of Rochdale in recognition of his services to the Royalist cause. It was the poet's great uncle, the fifth lord—'the wicked Lord Byron'—who (born

in 1722, and died in 1798) killed in an eccentric kind of duel his neighbour and relative Chaworth, the grandfather of Mary Chaworth, one of several girls who won the poet's boyish love, and yet, as some of his censors would say, had the good luck to escape marrying him. It was this same 'wicked Lord' who sold the Lancashire estates. Some of the 'wicked' characteristics of the family blossomed vigorously in Byron's father, Captain John Byron. After having seduced the Marchioness of Carmarthen, he borrowed her money, then eloped with her, then did what the world called making reparation to her—that is, completed his wrong-doing by binding her in marriage to a scamp like himself. Of this marriage the only child who lived was Augusta, born in 1782, she died as Mrs Leigh in 1851. Between Byron and this lady there was a deep attachment; in some of the best of his poems show Captain Byron's second wife, Catherine Gordon, was Byron's mother, whom the captain married for her fortune. It was from his mother, who was heiress of the Gordons of Gight, that Byron inherited that propensity to fit which, with his lameness and his improvidence, combined to form a life-drain of a peculiar and fantastic kind. So his mother's irrational conduct may be traced many of the unfortunate incidents which flowed from these disasters. When we consider that the malformation in his feet, with which from birth he was afflicted, could easily have been cured had it not been for his mother's amazing folly—first, in submitting him to the torturing hand of a quack, and, afterwards, in allowing him to run about, boy-like, when the feet were under proper medical treatment—the filial affection that he evinced towards her was one of the most charming of his characteristics. Often in Fate's wards there seems to be a vein of actual cynicism. Lameness and fat and improvidence could not have worked more disastrously upon any man's heart and soul than they did upon Byron's. In regard to his lameness, owing to his sensitivity upon the subject, an enormous deal has been written that need never have been written, and it is of a most contradictory nature. Trelawny, for instance, in the first edition of his *Recollections* of Shelley and Byron, averred that Byron's two legs were withered at the knees. This, as the present writer told Trelawny when he was living in Pelham Crescent, some few years before his death, could not be for a moment believed by any man who knew what swimming meant, if the story of Byron's swimming the Hellespont is not a myth. To swim for any distance by striking out with only one leg is difficult enough, but to swim across the Hellespont without the use of legs is impossible. No doubt, however, the statement about the withered legs was a slip of Trelawny's pen, for afterwards, in the later edition of the *Records*, published in 1878, he says that the legs were not 'withered' at all, that the lameness was 'caused by the contraction of the

back sinews preventing his heels resting on the ground and compelling him to walk on the fore part of his feet,' except this defect, according to Trelawny's revised account of the matter, Byron's feet were perfect. The fact that there are many other descriptions by eye-witnesses of his lameness which do not in the least agree with either of Trelawny's contradictory statements, or with themselves, is another proof of the impossibility of learning the exact truth about anything concerning the personality of a man. Byron has been dead hardly eighty years, and we do not know, and never shall know, how much and how little he suffered from lameness, and yet his lameness was the central fact of his life.

Mrs. Byron retired to Aberdeen, where she brought up her son on an income of £150 (afterwards £135) a year. To be born lame—to be obliged to starve one's self in order to keep down one's fit—to pass one's childhood in the tantalising atmosphere of the aristocratically connected family—to pass it there in penury, and afterwards to succeed to a poverty-struck peerage must needs have had an enormously disturbing and demoralising effect upon any character, unless the character were of a peculiarly heroic mould. But upon Byron, in whom personal vanity and aristocratic prejudice were grotesquely combined with something of the *bourgeois* feeling about impecuniosity, its effect was disastrous—nearly ruinous. As to impecuniosity a man of the true patrician temper simply feels the inconvenience of want of money and chafes against it to him it never occurs, as it does to the *bourgeois*, that the accident of poverty is a disgrace. And yet Byron was patrician born and a poet to boot—it is very curious.

Seven years after his father's death, on the decease of his great uncle, the fifth Lord Byron before mentioned, Byron during his minority succeeded to the peerage and became a ward of Chancery. His mother took him to England. In 1801 he was sent to Harrow. There is no room here to touch upon that period, except to remark that at school his attention seems to have been divided between scholastic studies and his desire, intensified if not originated by his lameness, to play the part of athlete, and that he even essayed to play cricket, though, according to one eye-witness, he was obliged to advertise the infirmity which cursed his life by engaging another boy to run for him. In 1805 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, he staid there three years or therabouts, and formed some important friendships. Here, too, he tried to play the part of athlete, and, handicapped by spiteful destiny as he was, succeeded. The British art of sparring was then at the height of its glory, and his passion for emulation induced him to patronise the ring—as he would have patronised anything that was fashionable, for, like his idol Bonaparte, he, while believing himself the despiser of human opinion, was the slave

of it. But at this early date another ambition seems to have seized him—the desire of appearing in print, although, according to Moore, his inspiration was to print a small volume and bring it out in the approved aristocratic way for private circulation. In November 1806 a volume of poems of his, called *Fugitive Pieces*, was published by Ridge of Newark. The volume was immediately suppressed by the advice of Byron's friend, the Rev. J. T. Becher, on account of the license of some stanzas in one of the poems. This was the poem 'To Mary,' a poem which shows how early the idea of posing as the wild oats sowing



LORD BYRON

From the Portrait (1825) by R. Westall R.A. in the National Portrait Gallery

young gentleman—at one time sentimental, at another time cynical, whether Childe Harold, Conrad, Lara, or Don Juan—came to Byron. But rhyming often saves the young poet from doing the naughty things which songless youngsters actually do. And, to be just to Byron, he seems to have been not very guilty of true erotic mischief—a little foolish rhyming about it very likely saved him. It is, however, unpleasantly suggestive of Byron's indecency that the lady to whom he afterwards addressed *The Dream*, and whom he seems to have really loved, was named Mary. Mr. Becher saved one copy of the book from destruction, and afterwards a few copies were reprinted for private circulation. It is singular how ignorant of the book writers upon Byron seem to be. As the great ambition of young men of Byron's class was to be the shining lights at such clubs as the Pugilistic, the Owls, or Fly-by-Nights, Byron of course had to belong to these

clubs. It was this unfortunate weakness of his that led him to pretend to far more vice than he ever practised, and it is this that makes it so immensely difficult to form a well-based opinion upon the impulses of character that really and truly governed his life. At the time of life when in a general way the true poet is listening to a music to which the fine gentlemanism of his time was deaf, he wanted to be thought not only a dandy like Brummell, but a very wicked dandy. With regard to this volume *Jugitive Pieces*, it is to students of Byron as a metrist of special interest, because it is in this very poem 'To Mary' that he showed a promise of metrical skill which, until he came to write in the congenial *ottava rima*, he never fulfilled. It is written in the stanza invented by Ben Jonson, and afterwards used by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, D. G. Rossetti, and finally by Lord Tennyson in *In Memoriam*. There is no more difficult stanza than this. Owing to the rhyme-interval between the first line and the fourth, it suggests the slowness of movement of the Petrarchan quatrain, but the lines are too short to carry the stateliness of the sonnet. Not even Tennyson is able to reconcile the ear to its trotting effect. Coleridge, in the following quatrain in *Christabel*, showed us that the only way to remove this trotting effect is to hurry the movement from the first line to the fourth by cutting off the first syllable of the second and third lines, and so making them trochaic.

Yea, she doth smile and she doth weep,  
I like a youthful hermitess,  
Beauteous in a wilderness,  
Who, prying always, prays in sleep.

Yet, it must be said that Byron handles the metre with a certain amount of success.

In 1807 appeared *Hours of Idleness*, 'a series of poems, original and translated, by George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor,' containing a few of the poems from the suppressed volume, among which the objectionable lines 'To Mary' were not included. The very name, *Hours of Idleness*, is an indication of the poet's besetting weakness—the desire to win the poet's crown, and yet to pretend that he is too much of a patrician to care to win it. It was furiously attacked (by Brougham, as Byron came to believe) in the *Edinburgh Review*. Very likely the attack was answerable for Byron's astonishing literary career. The origin and composition of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which was published about a year after the *Edinburgh* article, will explain why, as an attack upon the *Edinburgh Review*, the poem is a fraud. About the time that he was publishing *Hours of Idleness* he had been engaged in writing a satire upon contemporary poets. He now took his satire from his desk, revised it, and prefixed to it some vigorous abuse of Jeffrey, and after the lapse of several months had it printed. This is why there is so little said about

Scotch reviewers and so much about English birds. Had *Hours of Idleness* fallen dead from the press, as it would otherwise have done, the partly-written satire upon contemporary poets might, indeed, have seen the light, but that too would have fallen dead. But an attack upon the redoubtable 'buff and blue' boy, young lord who showed that he was grim at o'er the sporting instinct in the public mind. The attention it attracted caused him at once to turn into literary channels the personal force and the passion of emulation in him which were so unconquerable, and which must have exercised themselves somewhere. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* did attract very considerable attention, and Byron saw that there was a career before him as a satirist if not as a poet. At that time touring over Europe was still called 'travelling,' and still formed an important part of a patrician's education. Poor as he was, he determined to travel, and, indeed, he seems to have had a genuine zest for travelling. The ordinary route of the grand tourist was partially closed owing to the state of Europe brought about by the Napoleonic wars. He began to read about Persia and India and the East generally, where he aspired to go. With money borrowed at an exorbitant rate of interest, he left England on 11th June 1809, accompanied by an intimate friend, Mr Hothouse (afterwards Lord Broughton), his valet Fletcher, his old butler Murray, and a son of one of his tenants, Robert Rushton. The last of these represents the 'page' who figures in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Byron went to Spain, then to Malta, then to Greece and the Aegean. For nearly two years he was on the Continent, writing the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. After a while the butler and the page had been sent back to England from Gibraltar, and again, after a while, Hothouse had left him at Zara. He then went to Athens, and for about a year passed through those adventures of romance and debauchery—some of which may be real, though most of them no doubt are apocryphal—with which he perversely contrived to make his name associated. Fine gentlemanism in its every development is only another name for vulgarity, but it was unfortunate for Byron that he lived at a period when a peculiarly offensive form of the vulgarity in question, that of the Regency, was in vogue. Almost every wrong thing that he did came from his desire to show off the vices of the man of fashion. At that time gentility and devilry were synonymous terms. Among the stories concerning his adventures on the Continent which he allowed to be circulated was one to the effect that during this time he rescued a girl from being sewn up in a sack and thrown into the sea for infidelity to her master. The story (which forms the subject of *The Giaour*) may be apocryphal, as are so many stories about Byron, but he was full of the passion of adventure, and had physical courage enough for anything.

After his return to England he showed to his friend Dallas, at the end of October 1811, in his lodgings in St James' Street, his paraphrase of the *Arts Poetica* ('Hints from Horace') When Dallas asked him if he had not any other thing to show, he confessed to having written two cantos of *Childe Harold*, a poem of which he hid great doubts It seems, from Dallas's account, to have been with the greatest hesitation that he ventured upon publishing them Their success was prodigious. They had not been in the market many days when he woke one morning and found himself famous. Defective as these two cantos are, it should not be a matter of surprise to the student of poetry that the poem was a great success The original name of the poem was *Childe Buron*, which he only changed to *Childe Harold* by the advice of friends Therefore to deny, as he afterwards did, that he intended the hero to be taken for himself was idle. As to the wild oats sowing at Newstead, however, which figures in *Childe Harold*, this, it may be assumed, was of the same imaginary kind as the 'sowings' described in the lines 'To Mary' Very likely the only one among the wild and lawless things enumerated in the poem achieved by Byron and his companions was drinking wine from the skull of a monk—a very cheap exploit and very silly But he knew through that instinctive sagacity which was one of his many endowments, that with the rank-worshipping Anglo Saxon race there is no idea so fascinating as that of a young nobleman sowing his wild oats, and that this idea becomes still more fascinating when the young nobleman can be exhibited in a state of pensive melancholy on account of the harvest All the women and many of the men went mad about the mysterious hero of the poem Women are more enslaved by vogues than are even men, and Byronism spread over the land like a fever among them Lady Caroline Lamb's infatuation was perhaps no more wonderful than that of the 'White Lady' who, after his death, haunted Newstead, described by Washington Irving Apart from the poorness of the thought and the commonness of the verbal texture of the verses, *Childe Harold*, from the metrical point of view, is of little worth it can hold no place among the important poems of the world It is a first principle of metrical art that whenever the struggle becomes very apparent between the metrical bars of any passage and that natural emphasis of thought or emotion which we call the sense rhythm, there is artistic failure Hence, although fine poets will sometimes ignore the great subject of harmony between metre and motive, yet the history of poetry shows that without this harmony no poem—not even a strong poem in other respects—can take its place as a classic. In choosing the Spenserian stanza for *Childe Harold*, Byron would have been no doubt quite right if he could only have mastered the

metre. The music of this stanza, though elegiac—the music common to all decasyllabic quatrains—is rendered far more subtle than that of Gray's *Elegy* (for instance) by the fourth line being made to rhyme with the fifth and seventh, and by the closing Alexandrine In fact, the structure is so elaborate that, like the sonnet of octave and sestet, the Spenserian stanza will admit scarcely any complexities of syntax, scarcely any inversions, and scarcely any *enjambement* If these artistic licenses are indulged in, as they are in Byron's Spenserians, the power of the Alexandrine at the close is lost, and the entire stanza becomes a schemeless tangle of nine rhymed lines

Byron was never able to counteract the involution of the rhyme arrangement by achieving the simplicity of syntax before alluded to, and by throwing an unequivocal stress on the rhyme pause This is why in *Childe Harold* the poetic life, such as it is, in each stanza seems struggling and iridescent, as a fish in a net Why, then, had so defective a poem as *Childe Harold* so enormous a vogue? This is not so difficult a question to answer as it first appears to be. *Childe Harold* depicts a character which seems to be real, and tells a life story in a peculiar way Apart from the fact that it was published at a time when eyes of a painful and passionate anxiety were directed to the Continent, there is in the poem itself something that may be called new in the poetic literature of England, or, rather, there is a blending of two different kinds of poetry that had never been so successfully blended before Between the personal outpourings of the lyrict and those other kinds of poetry which may, perhaps, be classified as objective, there are many points of difference, and perhaps none of them is more notable than this, that while in the case of the writer of objective poetry the only question that can without impertinence be asked concerning the poet's work is simply 'Is it good?' in the case of the lyrict it is not only legitimate to inquire (within decent bounds) under what circumstances was the work produced, but such an inquiry adds an enormous interest to the poem A poem addressed to 'Thyrsa,' for instance, may be beautiful in itself, and very fascinating, even though 'Thyrsa' be, as Moore declared, an abstraction, but if it is believed by the reader that the Thyrsa addressed was a real woman—a lovely girl, say, of humble life, who passionately loved a poet of superior rank, and whom the poet passionately loved—the poem seems to come straight from the bereaved poet's heart, and consequently what before was interesting becomes more interesting still And suppose the reader were to believe, as Professor Minto believed, that the lovely girl in question had wandered with the poet dressed as his foot-page, how absorbing then does the interest become! For although lyrical poetry, like all other poetry, is an art, it should always seem to be inspired by an emotional



every light and shade of tenderness, intelligence, languor, passion—mixed, of course, with scorn. The last was a very important element of Byron's success. The poet knew well how mankind loves to be scorned. To add to the charms of this adored and adorable creature, it was generally believed that he was the most unhappy being then in London, and that this unhappiness was remorse on account of certain mysterious, immoral escapades with women, European and Asiatic.

This melancholy of Byron's has been much discussed. Not only Lady Byron, but Goethe, Scott, Madame de Staél, and many others seem to have taken it seriously—seem to have believed that it was the basis of his nature. But we of a later date have ample evidence of the way in which Byron posed as being unhappy, consequently his misery does not wring our hearts as it wrung the hearts of our grandfathers and grandmothers. We know that some years after this period of his great London triumph, when he was sitting for his bust to Thorwaldsen, a suggestive dialogue took place between the two. Byron placed himself opposite to the sculptor, but at once began to put on a different expression from that usual to him. Thorwaldsen asked him to sit still, and said, 'You need not assume that look.' 'That is my expression,' said Byron. When the bust was finished he said, 'It is not at all like me; my expression is more unhappy.' We further know that at a still later date, when West was painting him at Leghorn, the poet assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, 'as though,' said West, 'he were thinking of a frontispiece for *Childe Harold*'. The unhappiness of the man who is anxious that his unhappy expression should be secured in his portrait does not cause us to feel very anxious about him. If, however, he was so unhappy as he seemed, it should always be remembered in regard to man that his chief sign of being superior to other creatures is his genius for being unhappy, and that, while the physical conditions which can make a human being comfortable are few, the physical conditions that can make him miserable are countless—they may be leanness, fitness, lack of height, excess of height, but very likely fat is the most potent of all. No wonder, then, that the main causes of Byron's misery seem to have been fat and shortness of money. With regard to fat, he, with a heroic self-restraint such as vanity alone can command, set to work to reduce it, and although he did undoubtedly live in pre-Banting days, he managed in a degree to keep it down by living mainly upon biscuits and soda-water, but it is very likely that his remedies weakened his constitution, robbed it of its power of resisting the attacks of disease, and so shortened his life. Of course, had it not been for Byron's colossal vanity, the tragedy of fat would not have been so appalling, but it made his life a kind of martyrdom. Melancholy, however, is very much a

matter of contracted habit. If Byron had not been lame, and if he had not had the predisposition to fat, and if he had been born to means adequate to the expectation of rank and position, there is no reason to suppose that we should have heard so much about his melancholy. Such an anomalous position as that in which Byron found himself would surely have made any man melancholy, and such a masterfulness and pride as Byron's would have intensified it. For a man so proud as Byron to be obliged to expose at every turn the impecuniosity that he felt so keenly must have been a very bitter experience. And it should not be forgotten that when Byron's impecuniosity came to an end, and he had as much money as he needed, his melancholy seems to have been considerably modified, if we are to believe Leigh Hunt, who depicts him at Pisa while writing *Don Juan* in the least of melancholy moods, dressed in the jaunty fashion suited to the writing of such a jolly poem, lounging about in the courtyard, and singing an air out of Rossini.

It must not be supposed, however, that Byron's detachment and taciturnity were less fascinating than his melancholy and his amours and supposed amours. There is no doubt whatever that silence really is as golden as the proverb affirms it to be, it is a mistake to suppose that in society women are impressed as men are by brilliant talkers. When Lady Morgan speaks of Byron as cold, silent, and reserved, she enumerates the very qualities which impress women most. It seems to have been this kind of detachment and difficulty of finding the small-talk of the drawing-room that had so much to do with Napoleon's power of overawing women. Byron, of course, had native wit enough to be a brilliant society man. His detachment, however, did not come from any subtle design, it was the result of intense self-consciousness and egoism. Of every poet it may, fortunately, be said that his mind to him a kingdom is, and that the smaller the poet the bigger to him seems that kingdom. This satisfaction with his own kingdom saves him, as a rule, from society-worship. But Byron was an exception to this generalisation, he was not content to reign over his little kingdom—he craved the recognition of the fashionable world. Hence his desire to figure as the young lord suffering from the terrible satiety that follows hedonism, wandering over Europe and visiting all the scenes through which he wandered. And it must be remembered that what the public loves its poets to show is poetic melancholy, or, rather, poetic 'sourness of temper'. It was Carlyle who said that Byron was 'only a sulky dandy,' on the other hand, an admirer of the Chelsea sage himself spoke of him as 'scowling at the century'. Both Byron and Carlyle knew how dearly the nineteenth century loved to be scowled at, and, except Carlyle, there never was a more accomplished scowler than Byron. Lady Caroline Lamb tells us that



tantly comes forward in favour of Byron is Trelawny himself. Among all the tests of a gentleman in this is an infallible one—the gentleman is the only man who ‘can be travelled with;’ especially, he is the only man one can go to sea with without a certainty of disaster. Trelawny is perfectly conscious of this. ‘Few friendships,’ says he, ‘can stand the ordeal by water, when a yacht from England with a pair of these thus tried friends touches, say, at Malta or Gibraltar, you may be sure that she will depart with one only.’ And the reason is obvious, for, says he, with his usual politeness to the sex, ‘You never know a man’s temper until you have been imprisoned in a ship with him, or a woman’s until you have married her.’ And now see what he says about Byron. ‘I never was on shipboard with a better companion than Byron, he was generally cheerful, gave no trouble, assumed no authority, uttered no complaints, and did not interfere with the working of the ship, when appealed to he answered, “Do as you like.” How many companions of this kind are there in this island?’ Therefore the failure of the Byron marriage was not, as has been so often assumed, brought about by the fact of Byron’s not having been a gentleman.

Marriage generally either makes or mars a man. It seems quite clear that if Byron had made his selection from the whole fashionable world of London he could not have made a more unfortunate choice. The great charm of English patrician women, marking them off from the middle class, is that ‘cheery pessimism’ before alluded to, in which there is a certain *souffre-douleur* of Bohemianism. This may, perhaps, in a general way make them more adapted to be the companions of a poet than the daughters of the *bougeoisie*. In Byron, as in Shelley, there was a great deal of Bohemianism, and he tied himself in wedlock to the most strait laced and priggish woman in the whole fashionable world of the Regency. A most worthy and respectable lady she was, no doubt, but she was steeped in a peculiar atmosphere of *bourgeois* Puritanism—the only woman, perhaps, who was so steeped in the whole Melbourne set, or, indeed, in the whole patriciate of that time. Disaster was inevitable, irritation between them soon began. The squilid impetuosity into which Lady Byron found herself plunged must have been one cause. On 15th November Byron was obliged to sell his library. There were nine executions in the house in the space of twelve months. But here again sat, we may be sure, formed an integral part of the tragedy. It was impossible for a man like Byron whose diet, owing to his propensity to fit, was obliged to be biscuits and soda water, to dine down after day with a lady who seems to have had what another husband might have called ‘a pleasing *perchance* for food.’ Very untriveling must this ‘pleasing *perchance*’ have been to a starving man with the

perfume of the lady’s rich viands in his nostrils. In an equal degree must have suffered the poor lady who was soon obliged to take her meals alone.

On the 10th of December of the same year Lady Byron gave birth to a daughter, who was christened Augusta Ada. On the 16th of the following January she went with the child, with the consent and, indeed, wish of Byron, to stay with her relations at Kirkby Mallory. Byron was to follow her there, but before this could be he received intimation of the movement for separating him from his wife. On the 2nd of February a proposition was made to him by Lady Byron’s father, Sir R. Noel, that there should be an amicable separation. Byron at first flatly refused to consent to this, but at last yielded, still cherishing the hope that there would eventually be a reconciliation. The actual charges brought against Byron by his wife have always been a mystery. That they were grave, very grave, is made evident by the attitude of both Lushington and Romilly. Let the mystery rest. What is it all to us, to whom the poet has given *Don Juan*, the *Lion of Judgments*, and *Belphegor*? Up to quite lately the inquisitive ones have been thinking that some further light would be thrown upon this matter, for it was said that Lord Broughton drew up ‘a full and scrupulous accurate account’ of the affair, intending to publish it, but yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him by friends of the families, and withheld it. At his death he bequeathed one copy of the document to his daughter (Lady Dorchester) and the other to the trustees of the British Museum, with a mass of unpublished letters, with directions that it was not to be made public until 1900. This time has since expired, but the pipers disclosed nothing about Byron, and so the matter remains. Let the mystery rest we repeat—rest unsolved.

Then came that grotesque revolt of the society butterflies which was certain to come sooner or later. He who had been adored was now ostracised by the senseless crowd who had adored him—adored him for the very vices which, as they now alleged, caused them to shun him. Some of the same ladies who, according to the Countess Guiccioli, used to send him letters offering themselves to him on ‘*amis* terms—letters of which that lady, as she told Lord Malmesbury, possessed a box full—would now pour out of a room with shuddering shoulders and faces aghast as soon as he entered it. Byron was such a worldling that one cannot give him the sympathy that would have been given to another poet. The true poet indeed, has no place in that gallery. Ever since the accession of George the First, the English *bougeoisie*, which under the Tudors and the Stewarts was more brilliant and artistic than any other Court society in Europe, has been annexed by Philistia, and never was it more contemptible than under the Regency. What the ignorant, inartistic, fashionable world of England

have the world believe. In 1822 Shelley was drowned and Byron, Irwin, and others were present at the cremation of the body on the shore. From what Irwin told the present writer, Byron on this occasion comported himself in the manner that was to be expected of him. About this time Byron joined Leigh Hunt in a newspaper called the *Liberal* which was a failure. In the same year he left Pisa for Genoa, and there pursued his literary labours, still with unswerving energy. During the seven years that elapsed from his abandonment of England to his death, the work he produced was enormous in quantity. If the quality had been equally great, his position among the nineteenth century poets would not have been the uncertain one that he now holds. For in regard to the question of quantity and quality poetic critics seem to be divided. Some contend that there are two kinds of poetic genius—the genius which has the power of expressing itself in quintessential forms, and the genius which, lacking this power, manifests itself in marvellous fecundity, producing a kind of literature more diffuse, but still of a comparatively high class. Others affirm that in poetry quality is everything, quantity nothing—that the few fragments which we have of *Sappho* will be as fresh as when they were first written centuries after Byron's mass of work so much of which is only second rate, has been forgotten. The third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold*, however, written at this time, are greatly superior to the first and second cantos, but even here Byron shows no power of 'using the sieve for noble words' which Dante speaks of. If there is any truth in the canon of criticism that 'while eloquence is heard, poetry is over heard,' these two cantos consist of eloquence rather than of poetry. Yet so rich is our literature that in any other poetry save that of Greece and that of England it would take a high rank. The work at this period included many of his dramas—*Musæt*, *Cain*, *Marino Faliero*, *The Deformed Transformed*, *Sardanapalus*, *Werner*,

if he knew did he really enjoy that solitary communing with Nature in her holiest moods, in her most secret recesses, of which he talks so much? It is true that no man without having passed some important period of his life with Nature alone, undisturbed by the distractions of an active social life, ever yet got from her all that she has to give the soul. But had Byron such an experience? Upon the question of solitude and its effects upon his mind he has been very voluble, but whether solitude is good for man or harmful depends upon individual character. Whether among the beauties and wonders of Nature man's soul eats poison or wholesome food depends upon the soul that feeds. Where there is health of body—where there is a clean memory, a well-stored mind, and a genuine passion for Nature—solitude, either in those leafy dingles of England whose fascination when fully known makes this island the Paradise of the world, or by the seashore or among the great European hills, widens the soul and makes tender the heart. But upon Byron's frivolity and cynicism, or affected cynicism, it had no influence apparently, he remained a worldling to the last. His love of the sea, however, was genuine. And no wonder, for while swimming in the ocean billows the lame man was a true athlete and no sham. On deck the martyr to fit was no more trammelled by fleshy conditions than other men.

It is impossible to exaggerate the slovenliness of Byron's work at the worst, it is bad enough in his rhymed verse, but in his blank verse it is intolerable. Yet, as regards the best portion of his poetry—that written in the *ottava rima*—some of our most thoroughly equipped critics are apt to do him less than justice. In comparing him with Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, we should not forget that there are two kinds of 'narrative poetry'. The temper of the one is idealistic, the temper of the other is realistic. In the former kind of narrative the poem depends largely upon the beauty of the poetic form, as in *Julian and Maddalo*, *The Revolt of Islam*, *The Eve of St Agnes*, *Isabella*, *Lamia*, and especially in *Christabel*. In the latter it depends upon a more externally truthful representation of the life of Nature and the life of man, as in *Marmion* and as in the serious portions of *Don Juan*. In its own line *Don Juan* is as successful as are the poems of Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley in theirs. *Don Juan* does exactly what it sets out to do, it competes with prose narrative in lucidity and in truthfulness of representation, and yet it remains a poem. To demand also that it shall be steeped in the moonlight magic of *Christabel*, or in the rich poetic dyes of Keats's *Lamia* or *Eve of St Agnes*, is as absurd as to demand that these last-named poems should touch life as closely as *Don Juan* touches life. In such a richly coloured picture of fury life as that going on in Madeline's moonlit chamber the puerile talk of the lovers is not, and should not be, challenged by any true reader of

poetry, but in a poem so closely touching life as *Don Juan* such talk would seem imbecile. *The Vision of Judgment* and *Don Juan* are ebullient of life. They have all the idiomatic spring of living speech, and yet, deficient as they are in artistic excellence, they are not, as we have said, so deficient as to be undeserving of the name of poetry.

In that debatable land between poetry and prose where the poetic sieve is not used, Byron has no peer save Scott, and although his imagination was immeasurably behind Scott's, there are passages in *Don Juan* which show the genuine seeing power. The shipwreck scene is one of these. That this famous scene is not comparable with such concentrated vision as is found in Shakespeare's sea painting in the opening of *The Tempest* is true. The sea-painting in *The Ancient Mariner*, too, is so far above it that the two pictures can scarcely be compared. But it is not enough to say against Byron's sea-picture that the scenic business was a mere collection of actual recorded incidents which had occurred in actual shipwrecks, a man without an imagination or with a feeble imagination might have collected all these details, and might have marshalled them with as much dexterity as Byron has done, and yet have failed to fuse them—have failed to inform them with dramatic life. To say, therefore, as so many critics have said, that Byron was without imagination would be wrong, though it would be right to say that his imagination was not of the first class. And the episode of Haidée which follows the shipwreck is so beautiful and so full of life that it is difficult to imagine the time when it will not be read with the deepest interest. Underlying all the cynicism and disagreeable swagger which is so offensive in *Don Juan*, Byron shows in this episode (and shows, perhaps, for the first time) that he had a true feeling for the pathos of woman's relations to man—her trustfulness, her ignorance of masculine guile and sin, the fatality that attends her love when she gives, as she so often does give, more than she receives. And yet even here the reader, perhaps, feels that the good work as regards the 'use of the sieve for noble words' ought to have been better.

It would be hard to exaggerate the splendour and triumph of *Don Juan*. And here we touch upon the very core of Byron's poetic work. The mere fact that almost all the best portion of that work is written in *ottava rima*, the stanza which especially lends itself to the use of a diction common to verse and prose, is alone sufficient to indicate his place among poets. Every stanzaic arrangement of lines, as has been said in discussing *Childe Harold*, has its metrical meaning, the instinctive understanding of which is necessary to every poet who works in it. Although Forsay and Keats and others have used the *ottava rima* for entirely serious poetry, its metrical motive is what may be called quaintness, and this makes it very



himself, he succumbed, and he died 19th April in that year His body was brought to England and buried close to Newstead, in the little church of Hucknall-Torkard

If the time is not even yet come for speaking with any confidence as to Byron's final place in the poetical literature of England, it is because the force which may be called the genius of personality is as effective for a time in keeping a poet alive as the most perfect exercise of artistic genius In the popular imagination he is still, as a figure, more striking than any other in the galaxy of illustrious poets among whom he lived And even among people of culture, though a deal of the magic associated with his name has faded away, a considerable remnant of that magic is vital still To that great mass of intelligent people who read prose with avidity, but who read poetry only under the stress of the voice of authority, Byron is the only name among the poets of his period who is known at all, unless we except Scott, whose fame as a poet gains enormously by his fame as a prose writer Any fresh incident connected with Byron's life, any fresh anecdote related concerning him, is at once circulated in every newspaper and read with avidity, not by students of poetry merely, but by people to whom the names of Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats are mere names Some critics still explain this by affirming that Byron's poetry is finer than that of his contemporaries, but these are few and of very little importance, for Ruskin, with all his genius, was an extremely bad critic of poetry By far the larger number of critics, and these are among the best equipped, now hold the opposite opinion—the opinion so strenuously put forward years ago by Landor Some, indeed, go so far as to affirm that Byron's verse is not poetry at all, but a third something between poetry and prose. The view taken by the present writer is midway between these two

It is not necessary to go to the length of Landor in depreciation of the poet in order to see how excessive are Matthew Arnold's laudations of him Arnold goes even so far as to speak of him in the same breath with Dante

In criticising Byron it must never be forgotten that there is the poetry of art and the poetry of impulse, and that the great masters have both No competent English critic, except Matthew Arnold, has ever claimed for Byron that he is to be ranked among the great masters And Arnold's exaggerated estimate of Byron's poetry may very likely be traced to his reverence for the opinion of Goethe There is every reason for understanding, without accepting, Goethe's views upon this subject. Apart from the fact that no foreigner can really judge of the finer and more subtle effects of English poetic-art, it must be remembered that the countrymen of Goethe do not use the words *Dichtkunst*, *Dichtung*, and *Dichter* in exactly the same way

as English critics use the corresponding words 'poetic art,' 'poetry,' and 'poet' In England the idea of perfect artistic verse is always included in the idea of poetry

Now, although much of Byron's work is only poetry in solution, and suffers terribly when it is criticised as poetry, it can be fairly and justly estimated under the head of *Dichtung*. *Dichtung* can include a vast mass of material which, according to the English definition of the word poetry, can only be called 'worldly verse.' This is why, notwithstanding certain recent well-meaning and praiseworthy efforts to reinstate Byron in the position he once held, his rank in the courts of universal criticism still remains, and will always remain, below that of his five great contemporaries

Moreover, this has to be said, that brilliant as is his best work—*Don Juan*, the *Vision of Judgment*, and *Beppo*—it would be difficult to say what is the message to his fellow-men of a poet whom such work represents Not that we can expect any poets to be fully adequate to these modern ages of the world Yet it is the artist's paramount duty to represent, not, indeed, the accidental forms, but the temper and the spirit of his time. To perform this duty in the grand but simple age of Pericles, to perform it in the age of Dante and even in the age of Shakespeare, there was requisite not much more than poetic genius, to perform it in the time of Byron something more was required, something which is not commonly found alongside the power of song save in the greatest names—the wide intelligence and the keen sagacity that enable men to pierce through the complex conventions beneath which the heart of the age palpitates at one time as much as at another, and to see, even in the darkest days, where lies that eternal core of beauty of which, as Spenser teaches, physical beauty is but the type and the token—to see that, in the deepest of all senses, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty' Shelley taught, in the *Prometheus Unbound*, the sublimity of resignation before those great inscrutable powers—conscious or unconscious—in the grip of which Man is and must always remain helpless Wordsworth taught the noble effects upon the human mind and soul of gazing into the eyes of Nature as she lies dreaming of Man's destiny Coleridge, although he in his more precious work like the *Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and *Kubla Khan*, cannot be said to have taught, or 'to have attempted to teach, any set ethical lesson, yet, inasmuch as his beautiful pictures impress the mind with the near presence of those powers of the unseen world which govern, while they seem not to govern, all that is seen, suggests, perhaps, a truth that is greater than all Keats taught a kind of Sufistic beauty-worship which is far more profound in its teaching than is generally supposed His words above quoted remind us that even his, the most purely artistic of all



Shall they not flow, when many a day  
 In these, to me, deserted towers,  
 Ere called but for a time away,  
 Affection's mingling tears were ours?  
 Ours too the glance none saw beside,  
 The smile none else might understand,  
 The whispered thought of hearts allied,  
 The pressure of the thrilling hand,  
 The kiss, so guiltless and refined,  
 That Love each warmer wish forbore  
 Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,  
 Ev'n Passion blushed to plead for more  
 The tone, that taught me to rejoice,  
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine,  
 The song, celestial from thy voice,  
 But sweet to me from none but thine  
 The pledge we wore—I wear it still,  
 But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?  
 Oft have I borne the weight of ill,  
 But never bent beneath till now!  
 Well hast thou left in life's best bloom  
 The cup of woe for me to drain  
 If rest alone be in the tomb,  
 I would not wish thee here again  
 But if in worlds more blest than this  
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,  
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,  
 To wean me from mine anguish here  
 Teach me—too early taught by thee!  
 To bear, forgiving and forgiven  
 On earth thy love was such to me,  
 It fain would form my hope in Heaven!

From 'The Island.'

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and he  
 Follow'd her track beneath her native sea  
 Was as a native's of the element,  
 So smoothly—bravely—brilliantly she went,  
 Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,  
 Which struck and flash'd like an amphibious steel.  
 Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace  
 The depths where divers hold the pearl in chase,  
 Torquil, the nursing of the northern seas,  
 Pursued her liquid steps with heart and ease  
 Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led  
 The way—then upward soar'd—and as she spread  
 Her arms, and flung the foam from off her locks,  
 Laugh'd, and the sound was answer'd by the rocks.  
 They had gained a central realm of earth again,  
 But looked for tree, and field, and sky, in vain  
 Around she pointed to a spurious cave,  
 Whose only portal was the keyless wave,  
 (A hollow archway by the sun unseen,  
 Save through the billows' grassy veil of green,  
 In some transparent ocean holiday,  
 When all the finny people are at play.)  
 Wiped with her hair the brine from Torquil's eyes,  
 And clapp'd her hands with joy at his surprise,  
 Led him to where the rock appeared to jut,  
 And form a something like a Triton's hut,  
 For all was darkness for a space, till dry  
 Through clefts above let in a sobered ray,  
 As in some old cathedral's glimmering aisle  
 The dusty monuments from light recoil,  
 Thus sadly in their refuge submarine  
 The vault drew half her shadow from the scene.

Stanzas to Augusta

Though the day of my destiny's over,  
 And the star of my fate hath declined,  
 Thy soft heart refused to discover  
 The faults which so many could find,  
 Though thy Soul with my grief was acquainted,  
 It shrunk not to share it with me,  
 And the Love which my Spirit hath painted  
 It never hath found but in *Thee*

Then when Nature around me is smiling,  
 The first smile which answers to mine,  
 I do not believe it beguiling,  
 Because it reminds me of thine,  
 And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
 As the breasts I believed in with me,  
 If their billows excite an emotion,  
 It is that they bear me from *Thee*

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,  
 And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
 Though I feel that my soul is delivered  
 To pain—it shall not be its slave.  
 There is many a pang to pursue me  
 They may crush, but they shall not contemn,  
 They may torture, but shall not subdue me,  
 'Tis of *Thee* that I think—not of them

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
 Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
 Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,  
 Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,  
 Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
 Though parted, it was not to fly,  
 Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
 Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
 Nor the war of the many with one  
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun  
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
 And more than I once could foresee,  
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
 It could not deprive me of *Thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,  
 Thus much I at least may recall,  
 It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd,  
 Deserved to be dearest of all  
 In the Desert a fountain is springing,  
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
 And a bird in the solitude singing,  
 Which speaks to my spirit of *Thee*

Fare thee Well!

Fare thee well! and if for ever,  
 Still for ever, fare thee well!  
 Even though unsforgiving, never  
 'Gnust thee shal my heart rebel  
 Would that breast were bared before thee  
 Where thy head so oft hath lun,  
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
 Which thou ne'er canst know again



'Twas such a night !  
 'Tis strange that I recall it at this time ,  
 But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight  
 Even at the moment when they should array  
 Themselves in pensive order      (From Act III sc. 4.)

## Speech of Nemesis in 'Manfred.'

Shadow ' or Spirit !  
 Whatever thou art,  
 Which still doth inherit  
 The whole or a part  
 Of the form of thy birth,  
 Of the mould of thy clay,  
 Which return'd to the earth,  
 Reappear to the day !  
 Bear what thou borest,  
 The heart and the form,  
 And the aspect thou worest  
 Redeem from the worm  
 Appear !—Appear !—Appear !  
 Who sent thee there requires thee here !      (From Act II. sc. 4.)

## Julia's Letter

'They tell me 'tis decided you depart  
 'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain  
 I have no further claim on your young heart,  
 Mine is the victim, and would be agun  
 To love too much has been the only art  
 I used,—I write in haste, and if a stain  
 Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears  
 My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears

'I loved, I love you, for this love have lost  
 State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem ,  
 And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,  
 So dear is still the memory of that dream  
 Yet if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,  
 None can deem harshlier of me than I deem  
 I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—  
 I've nothing to reproach, or to request.

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart ,  
 'Tis woman's whole existence. Man may range  
 The Court, Camp, Church, the Vessel, and the Mart ,  
 Sword, Gown, Gain, Glory, offer in exchange  
 Pride, Fame, Ambition, to fill up his heart,  
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange  
 Men have all these resources, We but one—  
 To love again, and be again undone.

'You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,  
 Beloved and loving many , all is o'er  
 For me on earth, except some years to hide  
 My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core  
 These I could bear, but cannot cast aside  
 The passion which still rages as before,—  
 And so farewell—forgive me, love me—No ,  
 That word is idle now—but let it go

'My breast has been all weakness, is so yet ,  
 But still I think I can collect my mind ,  
 My blood still rushes where my spirit's set ,  
 As roll the waves before the settled wind ,  
 My heart is feminine, nor can forget—  
 To all, except one image, madly blind ,

So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole ,  
 As vibrates my fond heart to my fixed soul

'I have no more to say, but linger still ,  
 And dare not set my seal upon this sheet ,  
 And yet I may as well the task fulfil ,  
 My misery can scarce be more complete ,  
 I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill ,  
 Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet ,  
 And I must even survive this last adieu ,  
 And bear with life, to love and pray for you !'

(From *Don Juan*, Canto 1.)

## Juan and Haidée

How long in this damp trance young Juan lay  
 He knew not, for the earth was gone for him ,  
 And Time had nothing more of night nor day  
 For his congealing blood and senses dim ,  
 And how this heavy faintness passed away  
 He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb ,  
 And tingling vein, seemed throbbing back to life ,  
 For Death, though vanquished, still retired with strife

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed ,  
 For all was doubt and dizziness , he thought  
 He still was in the boat, and had but dozed ,  
 And felt again with his despair o'erwrought ,  
 And wished it Death in which he had reposed ,  
 And then once more his feelings back were brought ,  
 And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen  
 A lovely female face of seventeen

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth  
 Seem'd almost prying into his for breath ,  
 And, chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth  
 Recalled his answering spirits back from Death ,  
 And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe  
 Each pulse to animation, till, beneath  
 Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh  
 To these kind efforts made a low reply

Then was the cordial poured, and mantle flung  
 Around his scarce clad limbs , and the fair arm  
 Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung ,  
 And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm ,  
 Pillowed his death like forehead , then she wrung  
 His dewy curls, long drenched by every storm ,  
 And watched with eagerness each throb that drew  
 A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers too

And lifting him with care into the cave ,  
 The gentle girl and her attendant,—one  
 Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave ,  
 And more robust of figure,—then begun  
 To kindle fire , and as the new flames gave  
 Light to the rocks that roofed them, which the sun  
 Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er  
 She was, appeared distinct, and tall, and fair

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold ,  
 That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair—  
 Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled  
 In braids behind , and though her stature were  
 Even of the highest for a female mould ,  
 They nearly reached her heel , and in her air

There was a something which bespoke command,  
As one who was a Lady in the land

Her hair, I said, was rufous, but her eyes  
Were black as Death, their lashes the same hue,  
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies  
Deepest attraction, for when to the view  
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,  
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew,  
'Tis as the snake late coiled, who pours his length,  
And hurls at once his venom and his strength

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye  
Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun,  
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh  
Ever to have seen such, for she was one  
Fit for the model of a statue,  
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—  
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal)

(From *Don Juan*, Canto II.)

From 'Don Juan.'

And forth they wander'd, her sire being gone,  
As I have said, upon an expedition,  
And mother, brother, guardian she had none,  
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision  
She waited on her lady with the sun,  
Thought daily service was her only mission,  
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses,  
And asking now and then for cast off dresses

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded  
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,  
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,  
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,  
With the far mountain crescent half surrounded  
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill  
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,  
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,  
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,  
Ghded along the smooth and harden'd sand,  
And in the worn and wild receptacles  
Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,  
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,  
They turn'd to rest, and, each clasp'd by an arm,  
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow  
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright,  
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,  
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight,  
They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,  
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light  
Into each other—and, beholding this,  
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,  
And beauty, all concentrating like rays  
Into one focus, kindled from above  
Such kisses as belong to early days  
Where heart, and soul, and sense in concert move,  
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,  
Each kiss a heart quake,—for a kiss's strength,  
I think, it must be reckon'd by its length

By length I mean duration theirs endured  
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never  
reckon'd,  
And if they had, they could not have secured  
The sum of their sensations to a second  
They had not spoken, but they felt allure'd,  
As if their souls and lips each other becl on'd,  
Which, being joined, like swarming bees they clung—  
Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung

They were alone, but not alone as they  
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness,  
The silent ocean, and the starlit bay,

The twilight glow, which momently grows less  
The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay  
Around them, made them to each other press,  
As if there were no life beneath the sky;  
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,  
They felt no terrors from the night, they were  
All in all to each other though their speech  
Was broken words, they thought a language there  
And all the burning tongues the passions teach  
I found in one sigh the best interpreter  
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all  
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall

Haidée spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,  
Nor offer'd any, she had never heard  
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,  
Or perils by a loving maid incur'd,  
She was all which pure ignorance allows,  
And flew to her young mate like a young bird,  
And, never having dreamt of falsehood, she  
Had not one word to say of constancy

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,  
And she was worshipp'd after nature's fashion—  
Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,  
It souls could die, but perish'd in that passion,~  
But by degrees their senses were restored,  
Again to be o'ercome, again to dash on,  
And, beating 'gainst his bosom, Haidée's heart  
Felt as if never more to beat apart

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,  
So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour  
Was that in which the Heart is always full,  
And, having o'er itself no further power,  
Prompts deeds Eternity cannot annul,  
But pries off moments in an endless shower  
Of hell fire—all prepared for people giving  
Pleasure or pain to one another living

Alas for Juan and Haidée! they were  
So loving and so lovely—till then never,  
Excepting our first parents, such a pair  
Had run the risk of being damned for ever  
And Haidée, being devout as well as fair  
Had, doubtless, heard about the Stygian river,  
And Hell, and Purgatory—but forgot,  
Just in the very crisis she should not.

They look upon each other, and their eyes  
Gleam in the moonlight, and her white arm clasps  
Round Juan's head, and his around hers lies  
Half buried in the tresses which it grasps

She sits upon his knee, and drinks his sighs,  
He hers, until they end in broken grasps,  
And thus they form a group that's quite antique,  
Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

And when those deep and burning moments passed,  
And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,  
She slept not, but all tenderly, though fast,  
Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's charms,  
And now and then her eye to Heaven is cast,  
And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms,  
Pilloed on her o'erflowing heart, which pants  
With all it granted, and with all it grants

An infant when it gazes on the light,  
A child the moment when it drinks the breast,  
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,  
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,  
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,  
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,  
Feel rapture, but not such true joy are reaping,  
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping

For there it lies, so tranquil, so beloved  
All that it hath of life with us is living,  
So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,  
And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving,  
All it hath felt, inflicted, passed, and proved,  
Hushed into depths beyond the watcher's diving  
There lies the thing we love, with all its errors  
And all its charms, like Death without its terrors

The lady watched her lover—and that hour  
Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's solitude  
O'erflow'd her soul with their united power,  
Amidst the barren sand and rocks so rude,  
She and her wave worn love had made their bower  
Where nought upon their passion could intrude,  
And all the stars that crowded the blue space,  
Saw nothing happier than her glowing face

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this,  
Haidée was passion's child, born where the sun  
Shows triple light, and scorches even the kiss  
Of his gazelle eyed daughters, she was one  
Made but to love, to feel that she was his  
Who was her chosen what was said or done  
Elsewhere was nothing She had nought to fear,  
Hope, care, nor love beyond—her heart beat here  
(From Canto II.)

#### From 'Childe Harold.'

I see before me the Gladiator he  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder shower, and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch  
who won  
(From Canto IV.)

#### Sonnet on Chillon.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art  
For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind,  
And when thy sons to fitters are consign'd—  
To fitters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind  
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!  
For they appeal from tyranny to God

(From *The Prisoner of Chillon.*)

#### From 'Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte'

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!  
And armed with Kings to strive—  
And now thou art a nameless thing  
So abject—yet alive!  
Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,  
And can he thus survive?  
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,  
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far

#### Saul

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,  
Bid the Prophet's form appear,  
'Samuel, raise thy buried head'  
King, behold the phantom seer!

Earth yawned, he stood the centre of a cloud  
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud  
Death stood all glassy in his fix'd eye,  
His hand was withered, and his veins were dry  
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there  
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare,  
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame,  
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.  
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,  
At once, and blasted by the thunder stroke.

'Why is my sleep disquieted?  
Who is he that calls the dead?  
Is it thou, O King? Behold,  
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold  
Such are mine, and such shall be  
Thine to morrow, when with me  
Ere the coming day is done,  
Such shalt thou be, such thy Son  
Fare thee well, but for a day,  
Then we mix our mouldering clay  
Thou—thy race, lie pale and low,  
Pierced by shafts of many a bow,  
And the falchion by thy side  
To thy heart thy hand shall guide  
Crownless—breathless—headless fall,  
Son and sire—the house of Saul!'

#### THEODORE WATTS DUNTON

[The standard edition of Lord Byron's *Poetical and Prose Works* is that issued in 1898-1904 in thirteen volumes by Mr Murray the poems edited by Mr Ernest Hartley Coleridge, the letters and journals by Mr Rowland E. Prothero. This edition contains many hitherto unpublished additions, thus whereas Moore gave in the *Life* (1830) 561 of Byron's letters, this gives 1198.]

### Thomas Hood.

Thomas Hood was born on the 23rd of May 1799, at No 31 the Poultry, in the City of London, where his father was a publisher. Thomas Hood the elder, a Scotsman born near Errol, midway between Perth and Dundee, was originally bound apprentice to a bookseller in Dundee, but soon found his way to London. He had some turn for authorship, and even wrote a couple of novels now forgotten, so that his more distinguished son was born 'with ink in his blood.' To Thomas Hood the publisher and his wife, daughter of an engraver, were born a family of six children, two sons and four daughters, of whom Thomas was the second son. A tendency to consumption on the mother's side, fatal to three of her children and ultimately to herself, was at the root of those complicated disorders which made the life of Thomas Hood 'one long disease.' The father died after a few days' illness in 1811, when Thomas was only twelve years old, leaving the widow and remaining children in reduced circumstances.

In his *Literary Reminiscences*, published in the first series of *Hood's Own*, Hood tells us that he owed his earliest instruction to two maiden ladies, of the name of Hogsflesh, that he was then sent to a suburban boarding school (the 'Clapham Academy' of his famous Ode), and ultimately to a day school at Clerkenwell. After the age of thirteen or fourteen his own keen and catholic love of reading was the foundation of that singular versatility and resource which marked both his poetic and his humorous vein. Through the influence of a friend of the family he was placed in a merchant's counting house in the City, but his health proving unable to stand the confinement to the desk, he was shipped off to Dundee, where he lived among his father's relations from 1815 to 1818. The threatened consumption was for a time

warded off—the boy led the healthiest of outdoor lives in fishing and boating, he had ample leisure besides for reading and sketching, and he began to practise his pen both in verse and prose in the pages of local newspapers and magazines. In 1818 he returned to London with his health apparently re-established, and entered the studio of his uncle, the engraver. After a short apprenticeship of only two years he began to work on his own account, until he discovered where lay the true field for his genius. About the same time,

a young man of twenty, he was appointed sub editor of the *London Magazine*.

Nothing more propitious for Hood's genius could have happened. It emancipated him forever from the engraver's desk, and it threw him at once into a society of writers best fitted to call forth all that was best in him. He now found himself in daily companionship with such men as Procter, Cary, Allan Cunningham, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and, above all, with Charles Lamb, with whom a close friendship sprang up, destined to be one of the best



THOMAS HOOD

From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery

influences of Hood's literary life. It was, however, the intimacy with John Hamilton Reynolds, whose sister he married three years later, that more than all the rest served to encourage and train Hood's poetic faculty. John Keats had died early in 1821, the year that Hood joined the magazine, and it does not appear that they ever met, but Reynolds had been the close friend and disciple of Keats, and Hood passed at once under the same fascinating influence. Between July 1821 and July 1823, besides other and lighter contributions to the *London*, Hood wrote and published in the magazine some of the finest of what may be called the poems of his Keatsian period—*Lycus the Centaur*, the *Two Peacocks of Bedfont*, the *Ode to Autumn*, and others—poems which have never materially increased Hood's

same with the ordinary reader, chiefly because Hood the humourist appeals to a larger audience than Hood the poet, and the world is always disposed to allow credit to a writer for gifts of very opposite kinds. And although in the class of subjects, and in the very titles of these poems, as well as in turns of phrase and versification, the influence of Keats is unmistakable, the poems show quite as markedly the result of an ear and taste formed upon a loving study of the narrative poems of Shakespeare. And 'over all there hung' a tender melancholy observable in all Hood's serious verse, engendered in a personality on which from the beginning there rested the shadow of impending fate. In spite of real and original poetic quality, these poems, issued anonymously, failed to attract notice, and when in 1827 he produced them with others of still finer quality in book-form, the volume fell all but dead from the press.

A different fate attended an earlier venture in 1825, when Hood and his brother-in-law Reynolds published (also anonymously) the little volume entitled *Odes and Addresses to Great People*. While writing serious poetry in the *London* it had fallen to Hood's lot to act as 'comic man' or humorous chorus to the magazine, and as such to invent facetious answers to correspondents, real or imaginary. Among these he had inserted a burlesque *Ode to Dr Kitchener*, exhibiting a verbal wit of quite different flavour from the ordinary. The success of this trifle seems to have suggested a collection of similar odes, to which Reynolds contributed a few, but Hood's was far the more conspicuous share, revealing a wealth of humorous ingenuity that at once attracted notice. Coleridge wrote attributing the book to Lamb as the only writer he knew capable of the achievement. The book passed rapidly through three editions, and practically determined the chief occupation of Hood for the remainder of his short life. His musical melancholy verse had brought him no recognition, his first facetious efforts had gained him an audience at once, from that day forth for twenty years of anxiety and struggle the vein thus opened was to be worked, in health and in sickness, with the grain and against the grain. For Hood had married in 1824, contrary to all counsels of prudence. The marriage with the sister of his friend Reynolds was one of truest affection, but Hood had no means of support but his pen, and his health was already matter of serious anxiety, soon there were strained relations with the Reynoldses, and in the end came a complete estrangement from Hood's early friend and brother-in-law. The *Odes and Addresses* were followed in 1826 by the first series of *Whims and Oddities*, where Hood first exhibited such graphic talent as he possessed in these *picture puns* of which he seems to have been the inventor, he said of himself that, like Pope's 'tape tied curtains,' he was 'never meant to draw.' A second series of *Whims and Oddities* appeared in 1827, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott,

followed without delay by two volumes of *National Tales*, the least characteristic and noticeable of Hood's writings. In 1829 he edited *The Gem*, one of the many fashionable annuals then in vogue—a remarkable little volume, for besides Charles Lamb's 'Lines on a Child dying as soon as born,' written on the death of Hood's first child, it gave to the world Hood's *Eugene Aram*, the first of his poems showing a tragic force of real individuality.

Hood and his wife left London in 1829 for a cottage at Winchmore Hill, a few miles to the north, and there he schemed the first of those comic annuals which he produced yearly and single-handed from 1830 to 1839. In 1832 he left Winchmore Hill for an old fashioned house at Wanstead in Essex, forming part of the historic mansion of Wanstead House, and the romantic scenery of the park and neighbourhood furnished him with a background for his one novel, *Tylney Hall*, written during the next two years, and published in three volumes in 1834—a story of a conventional melodramatic type, with an underplot of cockney life and manners, not without many touches of Hood's peculiar charm, but on the whole a failure. He never repeated the experiment of prose romance.

In 1834 the failure of a publisher plunged Hood into serious money difficulties by which he was hampered for the rest of his life. After the birth of his second child, a son, in January 1835, and Mrs Hood's dangerous illness, the family settled for two years at Coblenz, and for the next three at Ostend. During these five years Hood, struggling against the slow progress of a fatal disease, continued to produce his *Comic Annuals* and other lighter matter, and schemed his *Up the Rhine*, a humorous account of the proceedings of an English family in Germany, told in letters, and too obviously imitated from *Humphrey Clinker*. Published in 1839, this at once hit the public taste, but seems to have brought little profit to its author, who, apparently destitute of all business faculty, suffered throughout his career from the misfortunes or the superior sagacity of his publishers. The sufferings of Hood during these five years were very terrible, and are only hinted by his son and daughter in their *Memoir of their Father*. In an unpublished letter to his wife in April 1840, written during a temporary visit to England from the house of his generous friend, the first Charles Wentworth Dilke, he writes 'I find my position a very cruel one—after all my struggles to be, as I am, almost moneyless, and with a very dim prospect of getting any, but by the sheer exercise of my pen. What is to be done in the meantime is a question I ask myself without any answer but—Bruges Jul. At the very moment of being free of Bailey, am I tied elsewhere, hand and foot, and by sheer necessity ready to surrender myself that slave, a bookseller's huck!'

By the kindness of friends Hood was enabled to

return to England, with security from his creditors, in 1840. Disease of lungs and heart was now so far advanced that the fatal issue was only a question of time, but he continued to struggle on bravely and cheerfully for five years longer. In 1841 he was offered by Colburn the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine* at a salary of £300 a year, a post which he filled for two years, when, a difference arising with the proprietor, he resigned the editorship, and in January 1844 started a new periodical of his own, *Hood's Monthly Magazine*, destined to be his last literary venture. Meantime in the Christmas number of *Punch* (1843) had appeared 'The Song of the Shirt,' and in *Hood's Magazine*, during its brief career, there followed 'The Haunted House,' 'The Lay of the Labourer,' and 'The Bridge of Sighs,' proving that, as the darkness of his own prospects deepened, the sympathies with his kind deepened also, and quickened his finest genius. Only a few months after the starting of the magazine a notice to the subscribers had to tell that the health of the editor was rapidly failing. Towards the end of the year his friends used their interest with the Government, and in November Sir Robert Peel wrote announcing a pension to Mrs Hood on the Civil List of £100 a year. In the number of the magazine for February 1845 appeared Hood's last contribution, the touching lines, prophetic of his approaching end, beginning

Farewell life—my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim,

and ending

O'er the earth there comes a bloom,  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapours cold—  
I smell the rose above the mould'

After three more months of increasing pain and distress, Thomas Hood died at Devonshire Lodge, Finchley Road, on the 3rd of May 1845, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. His devoted wife, broken in health with the long attendance on her husband, survived him only eighteen months.

Hood produced in twenty-four years an amount of prose and verse one-half of which at least the world might willingly let die. Of the other half, all the serious poetry is remarkable, and a small portion of first-rate excellence. Lyrics such as the 'Song of the Shirt,' the 'Bridge of Sighs,' 'Eugene Aram,' the song beginning 'I remember, I remember, the house where I was born,' and the 'Ode to Melancholy' are of an assured immortality. His humorous verse—and in the best of it, as in 'Miss Kilmunsegg,' are often blended poetry, pathos, and even real tragic power—is of a kind that Hood absolutely created. Not only was he the most prolific and successful punster that ever used that form of wit, but he turned it to purposes of which no one had ever supposed it capable. It became in his hands the most natural and obvious vehicle for all his better gifts. The truth is, he brought

to it the transfiguring power of real imagination, and, instead of its degrading whatever object it touched, in his hands it ministered to the noblest ends. Even in the 'Song of the Shirt,' when his deepest sympathies were involved, he uses the pun with almost magical effect, as where the poor needlewoman, confined to her squalid garret when all nature is beckoning her forth, exclaims

While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the spring!

It was Hood's misfortune that the necessity of writing for bread compelled him to write constantly below his better genius. But he has left sufficient to found a durable fame as a writer of rare individuality, who, using a discredited method, made it delightful by the imagination of a true poet and the humanity of a genuine lover of his kind.

#### The Bridge of Sighs.

One more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death'

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care,  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair'

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements,  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing,  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing —

Touch her not scornfully  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gentle and humanly,  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful,  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammy

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses,  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?

Or was there a dearer one  
 Still, and nearer one  
 Yet, than all other?  
 Alas! for the rarity  
 Of Christian charity  
 Under the sun!  
 Oh! it was pitiful!  
 Near a whole city full,  
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
 Fatherly, motherly  
 Feelings had changed  
 Love, by harsh evidence,  
 Thrown from its eminence,  
 Even God's providence  
 Seeming estranged  
 Where the lamps quiver  
 So far in the river,  
 With many a light  
 From window and casement,  
 From gurret to basement,  
 She stood, with amazement,  
 Houseless by night

The bleak wind of March  
 Made her tremble and shiver,  
 But not the dark arch,  
 Or the black flowing river  
 Mad from life's history,  
 Glad to death's mystery  
 Swift to be hurl'd—  
 Any where, any where  
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
 No matter how coldly  
 The rough river ran,—  
 Over the brink of it,  
 Picture it—think of it,  
 Dissolute Man!  
 Lave in it, drink of it,  
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
 Lift her with care,  
 Fashion'd so slenderly,  
 Young, and so fair!  
 Ere her limbs frigidly  
 Stiffen too rigidly,  
 Decently,—kindly,—  
 Smooth, and compose them,  
 And her eyes, close them  
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
 Thro' muddy impurity,  
 As when with the daring  
 Last look of despairing  
 Fix'd on futurity

Perishing gloomily,  
 Spurr'd by contumely,  
 Cold inhumanity,  
 Burning insanity,  
 Into her rest—  
 Cross her hands humbly,  
 As if praying dumbly,  
 Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
 Her evil behaviour,  
 And leaving, with meekness,  
 Her sins to her Saviour!

#### The Song of the Shirt

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread—  
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
 She sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'

'Work! work! work!  
 While the cock is crowing aloof'  
 And work—work—work,  
 Till the stars shine through the roof!  
 It's Oh! to be a slave  
 Along with the barbarous Turk,  
 Where woman has never a soul to save,  
 If this is Christian work!

'Work—work—work  
 Till the brain begins to swim,  
 Work—work—work  
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,  
 Band, and gusset, and seam,  
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
 And sew them on in a dream!

'Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!  
 Oh, men, with Mothers and Wives!  
 It is not linen you're wearing out,  
 But human creatures' lives!  
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt

'But why do I talk of Death?  
 That Phantom of grisly bone,  
 I hardly fear its terrible shape,  
 It seems so like my own—  
 It seems so like my own,  
 Because of the fasts I keep,  
 Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,  
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

'Work—work—work!  
 My labour never flags,  
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
 A crust of bread—and rags  
 That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—  
 A table—a broken chair—  
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
 For sometimes falling there!

'Work—work—work!  
 From weary chime to chime,  
 Work—work—work—  
 As prisoners work for crime'  
 Band, and gusset, and seam,  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,  
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd  
 As well as the weary hand

in the simplicity and intensity of many of his unforgettable brief lyrics and epigrams, like the lines on Rose Aylmer and the quatram beginning, 'I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.' Yet Mr Sidney Colvin's definition of Landor as a classic writing in a romantic age' is not to be accepted without qualification. The classic calm of his pose does not avail to hide in him the rebellious individualism which is a main and essential characteristic of the romantic movement and spirit. He is really as much an insurgent in temper as Shelley or Byron, the mutinous pugnacity of his life is mirrored in the audacious and extravagant paradox too often displayed in his works. The writer who belittled Plato and Napoleon and extolled Alfieri as the greatest man of his time had certainly not the true classic serenity which sees life steadily and sees it whole. He glorified Milton ('It may be doubted if the Creator ever created one altogether so great'), found Spenser tedious, and by no means fully sympathised with Wordsworth or his romantic contemporaries. He was no sustained or systematic thinker, his thoughts are essentially opinions and prejudices, and hence it comes that the reader often wearies of him ere he ceases to admire. Admiration, indeed, will never be wanting to Landor so long as nobility of style and of nature keeps its power to charm. Browning said he owed more to him than to any contemporary.

Many of Landor's detached fragments, both in prose and verse, are current 'Ambition is but avarice on stilts and masked,' 'Religion is the elder sister of philosophy,' 'It is a kindness to lead the sober, a duty to lead the drunk,' 'Nicknames and whippings, when they are once laid on, no one has discovered how to take off,' 'Study is the bane of boyhood, the aliment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age.' But no saying of his is perhaps oftener quoted than the picturesque and rather muddled metaphorical remark about his own standing as an author 'I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select, I neither am nor ever shall be popular.'

#### Rose Aylmer

Ah, what avuls the sceptred race,  
Ah, what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, 'till were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and of sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

#### Years After

'Do you remember me? or are you proud?'  
Lightly advancing thro' her star trimm'd crowd,  
I'nt he said, and lool'd into my eyes.  
'A jester, a jester to both for memory  
Where you but once have been must ever be,  
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise'

No, my own love of other years'

No, it must never be

Much rests with you that yet endears,

Alas! but what with me?

Could those bright years o'er me revolve

So gay, o'er you so fair,

The pearl of life we would dissolve

And each the cup might share

You show that truth can ne'er decay,

Whatever fate befalls,

I, that the myrtle and the bay

Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls

I wonder not that youth remains

With you, wherever else she flies

Where could she find such fair domains,

Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,

Cut down and up again as blithe as ever,

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass

Like little ripples in a sunny river

Years, many parti colour'd years,

Some have crept on, and some have flown,

Since first before me fell those tears

I never could see fall alone.

Years, not so many, are to come,

Years not so varied, when from you

One more will fall when, carried home,

I see it not, nor hear *Adieu*

Well I remember how you smiled

To see me write your name upon

The soft sea sand,—'O! what a child!'

You think you're writing upon stone!'

I have since written what no tide

Shall ever wash away, what men

Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide

And find Ianthe's name again

#### To Southey

Indweller of a peaceful vale,

Ravaged erewhile by white hair'd Dane,

Rare architect of many a wondrous tale,

Which, till Helvellyn's head lie prostrate, shall remain!

From Arno's side I hear thy Derwent flow,

And see methinks the lake below

Reflect thy graceful progeny, more fair

And radiant than the purest waters are,

Even when gurgling in their joy among

The bright and blessed throng,

Whom on her arm recline

The beauteous Proserpine

With tenderest regretful gaze,

Thinking of Enna's yellow field, surveys.

Alas! that snows are shed

Upon thy laurel'd head,

Hurtled by many cares and many wrongs!

Malignity lets none

Approach the Delphic throne,

A hundred lane fed curs bark down Fame's hundred

But this is in the night, when men are slow [tongues

To raise their eyes, when high and low,

The scarlet and the colourless, are one

Soon sleep unbars his noiseless prison,

And active minds again are risen,

[the sun

Where are the curs? dream bound, and whimpering in

At fife s or lyre's or tabor's sound  
 The dance of youth, O Southe, runs not round  
 But closes at the bottom of the room  
 Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom,  
 Where the weary sit them down,  
 And Beauty too unbraids, and waits a lovelier crown.  
 We hurry to the river we must cross,  
 And swifter downward every footstep wends,  
 Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss  
 Of half their faculties and half their friends !  
 When we are come to it, the stream  
 Is not so dreary as they deem  
 Who look on it from haunts too dear,  
 The weak from Pleasure's baths feel most its chilling air  
 No firmer breast than thine hath Heaven  
 To poet sage or hero given  
 No heart more tender, none more just  
 To that He largely placed in trust  
 Therefore shalt thou, whatever date  
 Of years be thine, with soul elate  
 Rise up before the eternal throne,  
 And hear in God's own voice 'Well done.'

Not, were that submarine  
 Gem lighted city mine,  
 Wherein my name, engraven by thy hand,  
 Above the royal gleam of blazonry shall stand,  
 Not, were all Syracuse  
 Pour'd forth before my muse,  
 With Hiero's cars and steeds, and Pindar's lyre  
 Brightening the path with more than solar fire,  
 Could I, as would beseem, requite the praise  
 Showered upon my low head from thy most lofty lays.

#### On Southe's Death.

Friends, hear the words my wandering thoughts would say,  
 And cast them into shape some other day ,  
 Southe, my friend of forty years, is gone,  
 And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone

#### To the Sister of Elia.

Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile !  
 Again shall Elia's smile  
 Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more  
 What is it we deplore ?  
 He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,  
 Far worthier things than tears.  
 The love of friends without a single foe  
 Unequalled lot below !  
 His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine ,  
 For these dost thou repine ?  
 He may have left the lowly walks of men ,  
 Left them he has, wint then ?  
 Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes  
 Of all the good and wise ?  
 Though the warm day is over, yet they seek  
 Upon the lofty peak  
 Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows  
 O'er death's perennial snows  
 Behold him ! from the region of the blest  
 He speaks he bids thee rest

#### Tamar and the Sea-nymph.

'Twas evening, though not sunset, and the tide  
 Level with these green meadows, seem'd yet higher

'Twas pleasant, and I loosen'd from my neck  
 The pipe you gave me, and began to play  
 O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art !  
 It always brings us enemies or love  
 Well, I was playing, when above the waves  
 Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend ,  
 I, sitting still, survey'd it with my pipe  
 Awkwardly held before my lips half closed  
 Gebir ! it was a Nymph ! a Nymph divine !  
 I cannot wait describing how she came,  
 How I was sitting, how she first assumed  
 The Sailor, of what happen'd there remains  
 Enough to say, and too much to forget.  
 The sweet deceiver stepp'd upon this bank  
 Before I was aware , for with surprise  
 Moments fly rapid as with love itself  
 Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed,  
 I heard a rustling, and where that arose  
 My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.  
 Her feet resembled those long shells explored  
 By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight  
 Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.  
 Her eyes too ! O immortal gods ! her eyes  
 Resembled—what could they resemble? what  
 Ever resemble those ? Even her attire  
 Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art  
 Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire pod,  
 Her girdle the dove colour'd wave serene  
 'Shepherd,' said she, 'and will you wrestle now,  
 And with the sailor's hardier race engage ?'  
 I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived  
 How to keep up contention could I fail  
 By pressing not too strongly, yet to press ?  
 'Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,  
 Or whether of the hardier race you boast,  
 I am not daunted , no , I will engage.'  
 'But first,' said she, 'what wager will you lay ?'  
 'A sheep,' I answered 'add whate'er you will.'  
 'I cannot,' she replied, 'make that return  
 Our hid'd vessels in their pitchy round  
 Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep  
 But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed  
 In the sun's palace porch, where when unyoked  
 His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave  
 Shake one and it awakens, then apply  
 Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,  
 And it remembers its august abodes,  
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.  
 And I have others given me by the nymphs,  
 Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have ,  
 But we, by Neptune ! for no pipe contend ,  
 This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.'  
 Now came she forward eager to engage,  
 But first her dress, her bosom then survey'd,  
 And heaved it, doubting if she could deceive.  
 Her bosom seem'd, enclosed in haze like heaven,  
 To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined  
 Above her knee she drew the robe succinct,  
 Above her breast, and just below her arms.  
 'This will preserve my breath when tightly bound,  
 If struggle and equal strength should so constrain'  
 Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,  
 And, rushing at me, closed I thrill'd throughout  
 And seem'd to lessen and shrink up with cold  
 Again with violent impulse gush'd my blood,

And hearing nought external, thus absorb'd,  
I heard it, rushing through each turbid vein,  
Strike my unsteady swimming sight in air  
Yet with unyielding though uncertain arms  
I clung around her neck, the vest beneath  
Rustled 'gainst our slippery limbs entwined  
Often mine springing with eluded force  
Started aside and trembled till replaced  
And when I most succeeded, as I thought,  
My bosom and my throat felt so compress'd  
That life was almost quivering on my lips  
Yet nothing was there painful these are signs  
Of secret arts and not of human might,  
What arts I cannot tell, I only know  
My eyes grew dizzy and my strength decay'd,  
I was indeed o'ercome—with what regret,  
And more, with what confusion, when I reach'd  
The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried,  
'This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid.'  
She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain  
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,  
And eyes that languish'd, lengthening, just like love.

(From *Gebir*)**Hannibal and the Dying Roman.***Surgeon* Hardly an hour of life is left.*Marcellus* I must die then! The gods be praised!  
The commander of a Roman army is no captive*Hannibal* (*To the Surgeon*) Could not he bear a sea voyage? Extract the arrow*Surgeon* He expires that moment*Marcellus* It pains me extract it*Hannibal* Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your countenance, and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive*(To the Surgeon)* Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs of it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?*Marcellus* Hannibal, give me thy hand—thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion*(To the Surgeon)* Go, friend, others want thy aid, several fall around me.*Hannibal* Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready let me take off this ring—try to write, to sign it at least. O' what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile!*Marcellus* Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, 'Marcellus, is this thy writing?'

Rome loses one man she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left

*Hannibal* Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately too the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge, the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.*Marcellus* Hannibal, thou art not dying*Hannibal* What then? What mean you?*Marcellus* That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me. Mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent, and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general, but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? or wouldest thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much let me rest this mantle oppresses me

*Hannibal* I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring*Marcellus* Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last, in thy prosperous (Heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country), it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us. There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either*Hannibal* What?*Marcellus* This body*Hannibal* Whither would you be listed? Men are ready*Marcellus* I meant not so. My strength is failing I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said, This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine, but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family*Hannibal* You would ask something else I perceive an inquietude not visible till now*Marcellus* Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.*Hannibal* Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together*Marcellus* Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?*Hannibal* A few dying lie about—and let them lie—they are Tuscans. The remunder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them—he appeared a Roman—a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tick it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease

Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

*Marcellus* I have suppressed it long enough. My son—my beloved son!

*Hannibal* Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

*Marcellus* He would have shared my fate—and has not Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent, I render you, for the last time, thanks. (From *Imaginary Conversations*)

### Chatham and Chesterfield

*Chesterfield* It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same side in politics, yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with deep attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of admonition and advice to a young relative, they are mentioned as being truly excellent, I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

*Chatham* My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your penetrating view of manners and morals, for your lordship and I set out diversely from the very threshold. Let us, then, rather hope that what we have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect, which indeed, I am afraid, may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhortations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men on the life and conduct of their children and disciples. Let us, however, hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

*Chesterfield* Pray, if I am not taking too great a freedom, give me the outline of your plan.

*Chatham* Willingly, my lord, but since a greater man than either of us has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no change in the system, and no larger an addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove.

*Chesterfield* I do not admire Mr Locke.

*Chatham* Nor I—he is too simply grand for admiration—I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically the most elegant of English writers.

*Chesterfield* If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship, I hope, will pardon me a slight, and involuntary transgression of my own precept. I must entreat you, before we move a step further in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him in style the most elegant of our prose authors.

*Chatham* Your lordship is capable of forming an opinion on this point certainly no less correct than mine.

*Chesterfield* Pray assist me.

*Chatham* Education and grammar are surely the two drier of all subjects on which a conversation can turn, yet if the ground is not promiscuously sown, if what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be

covered is not bare, and, above all, if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it not unpleasantly. It appears, then, to me that elegance in prose composition is mainly this—a just admission of topics and of words, neither too many nor too few of either, enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still, enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire, and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition and more concise, but am I at all erroneous?

*Chesterfield* I see not that you are.

*Chatham* My ear is well satisfied with Locke. I find nothing idle or redundant in him.

*Chesterfield* But in the opinion of you graver men would not some of his principles lead too far?

*Chatham* The danger is, that few will be led by them far enough; most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down upon the ground, and complain of their guide.

*Chesterfield* What, then, can be the reason why Plato, so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

*Chatham* The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. Those who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with all objects around, but those who stand at the bottom, and never mounted it, can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago, I could have conversed more fluently about Plato than I can at present, I had read all the titles to his dialogues, and several scrups of commentary, these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

*Chesterfield* A very severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation.

*Chatham* Severe he is indeed, and although he sets no example of regularity, he exacts few observances, and teaches many things. Without him I should have had less patience, less learning, less reflection, less leisure, in short, less of everything but of sleep.

*Chesterfield* Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is not likely to attract so many listeners as Plato.

*Chatham* And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact all our great philosophers have also this property in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not sparingly in Hobbes, the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And what would you think, my lord, if you discovered in the records of Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakespeare?

*Chesterfield* I should look upon it as upon a wonder, not to say a miracle. Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

*Chatham* His words are these ‘I don’t know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.’

*Chesterfield* Surely nature, who had given him the volumes of her greater mysteries to unseal, who had

bent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language, who had lifted up before him her glorious veil, higher than ever yet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart, threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admiration as ever he had gazed upon her

(From *Imaginary Conversations*)

### William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

*Peterborough* The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theatre is that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Cesar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desdemona. Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two—the real and the ideal nor is it anything short of a misfortune, I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage, it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who read negligently and idly. I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho yet probably a very in different one might do it, for we cannot master our fancies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity, a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

You friends are no less adverse to representation by painting than by acting.

*Penn* We do not educate our youth to such professions and practices. Thou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter.

*Peterborough* Nearly, but not quite. I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which to many seems the lowest, I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the Bible, of great statesmen and captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same, in the Newgate Calendar. The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities fixed on a point of time. But when I look on a family picture by Vandyke, when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joy beside him, I am affected very differently, and much more. He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandisement, has bowed his head to calumny, perhaps even to the block. Those roses gathered from the parterre behind, those taper fingers negligently holding them that hair, the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth, amid the tears and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Faithful recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time, leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art.

(From *Imaginary Conversations*)

### Aspasia at the Theatre

How fortunate to have arrived at Athens, at dawn, on the twelfth of Llaphebolion. On this day began the

festivals of Bacchus, and the theatre is thrown open at sunrise.

What a theatre! What an elevation! What a prospect of city and port, of land and water, of porticoses and temples, of men and heroes, of demi gods and gods!

It was indeed my wish and intention, when I left Ionia, to be present at the first of the Dionysiacs, but how rarely are wishes and intentions so accomplished, even when winds and waters do not interfere!

I will now tell you all. No time was to be lost, so I hastened on shore in the dress of an Athenian boy, who came over with his mother from Lemnos. In the giddiness of youth he forgot to tell me that, not being yet eighteen years old, he could not be admitted, and he left me on the steps. My heart sank within me, so many young men stared and whispered, yet never was stranger treated with more civility. Crowded as the theatre was (for the tragedy had begun), every one made room for me. When they were seated, and I too, I looked toward the stage, and behold there lay before me, but afar off, bound upon a rock, a more majestic form, and bearing a countenance more heroic, I should rather say more divine, than ever my imagination had conceived. I know not how long it was before I discovered that as many eyes were directed toward me as toward the competitor of the gods. I was neither flattered by it nor abashed. Every wish, hope, sigh, sensation, was successively with the champion of the human race, with his antagonist Zeus, and his creator Aeschylus. How often, O Cleone, have we throbbed with his injuries! how often hath his vulture torn our breasts! how often have we thrown our arms round each other's neck, and half renounced the religion of our fathers! Even your image, inseparable at other times, came not across me then. Prometheus stood between us. He had resisted in silence and disdain the cruellest tortures that Almightiness could inflict, and now arose the Nymphs of Ocean, which heaved its vast waves before us, and now they descended with open arms and sweet benign countenances, and spake with pity, and the insurgent heart was mollified and quelled.

(From *Pericles and Aspasia*)

The standard Life of Landor is by John Forster (2 vols. 1869), and there is an admirable sketch by Mr Sidney Colvin in the "English Men of Letters series" (1881) to him also we owe *Selections from Landor* (1882). Stephen Wheeler's *Letters and Unpublished Writings of Landor* (2 vols. 1897-99) includes a bibliography, and reference may be made to Evans' *Landor, a Critical Study* (1892) and to essays by Lord Houghton, Mrs Lynn Linton (*Fraser's Magazine*, July 1870), and Mr Swinburne—Landor's youngest brother, Robert Eyres Landor (1783-1869), studied at Oxford for forty years was a model clergyman in Worcestershire, but wrote several tragedies and poems. Landor's grandson A. H. Savage Landor, became known as a traveller amongst the Annas of Japan, and in Tibet (1893-98).

**Edwin Atherstone** (1788-1872) was born at Nottingham, and died at Bath. He was a friend of the painter Martin, and wrote Martinesque epics and romances, among them *The Last Days of Herculaneum* (1821), *The Fall of Nineveh* (in thirty books, 1828-68), and *Israel in Egypt* (1861), his chief poem, and the historical romances *The Sea-Kings in England* (1830) and *The Handwriting on the Wall* (1858). Though praised by contemporary critics for vigour, power, splendid diction, and truly poetical feeling, they are one and all completely forgotten.

**James Henry Leigh Hunt**, poet and essayist, was born at Southgate in Middlesex, 19th October 1784. His father, a West Indian, who at the time of the American war espoused the British interest with so much warmth that he had to leave the New World and seek a subsistence in the Old, took orders in the Church of England, and was for some time tutor to the nephew of Lord Chandos, near Southgate. His son—named after another pupil, Mr Leigh—was educated at Christ's Hospital till his fifteenth year. 'I was then,' he says, 'first deputy Grecoin and had the honour of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was that I hesitated in my speech. It was understood that Grecoin was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and to go into the Church afterwards, and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecoin I could not be.' Leigh was then a poet, and his father collected his verses, and published them with a long list of subscribers under the appropriate title of *Faventia* in 1801. He has himself described this volume as a heap of imitations, some of them clever enough for a youth of sixteen, but absolutely worthless in every other respect. In 1803 his brother John started a paper called *The Ages*, and the poet went to live with him and write the theatrical criticisms in it. Three years afterwards they established *The Examiner*, a weekly journal conducted with great ability. Then, as throughout his life, Hunt was a stout Radical, but unfortunately he ventured some violent strictures on the Prince Regent, terming him 'a fat Adonis of fifty,' with other personalities, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in 1813. His captivity was not without its bright side. He had much of the public sympathy, and his friends—Byron and Moore among them—were attentive in their visits. One of his two rooms on the 'ground floor' he converted into a picturesque and poetical study. 'I papered the walls with a trellis of roses, I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky, the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds, and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a piano-forte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside ruled off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a

thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire [Mr Moore] told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the *Parnaso Italiano* while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture.

Mio piccol orto,  
A me sei signa, e campo, e selva, e prato.—BALDI

My little garden,  
To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and wood, and meadow.



LEIGH HUNT  
From an Engraving after Hayter

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherry-tree, which I twice saw in blossom.'

The poet was not so well fitted to battle with the world or apply himself to worldly business as to dress his garden and nurse poetical fancies. He fell into difficulties, from which he was never afterwards wholly free. His habits were careless and unbusiness-like, he was too fickle a borrower,

and there can be no doubt, in spite of Dickens's denials, that he is the original of Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House*. He himself confessed that he never knew the multiplication table. On leaving prison he published his *Story of Rimini* (1816), the tale of Paolo and Francesca in verse, afterwards altered, but without improvement. He set up a little weekly paper, *The Indicator* (1819-21), on the plan of the periodical essayists, which was well received. He also gave to the world two small volumes of poetry, *The Feast of the Poets* (1814) and *Foliage* (1818). In 1822 he went to Italy with his wife and seven children to reside with Lord Byron, and to establish *The Liberal*, a quarterly review containing a crude and violent melange of poetry and politics, both in the extreme of liberalism. This connection proved a failure. Shelley, on whose advice he had gone out, was drowned soon after his arrival, and Hunt was one of those present at his cremation. *The Liberal* did not sell—it ran through only four numbers (1822-23), Byron's titled and aristocratic friends cried out against so plebeian a partnership, and Hunt found that 'my noble friend,' to whom he was indebted in a pecuniary sense, was cold, sarcastic, and worldly-minded. Unluckily Hunt, after his return to England in 1825, published *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries* (1828), in which his disappointment found vent, and this was construed into ingratitude. His life for the next twenty years was spent in precarious journalism, the profits of which did not always avail to keep the bailiffs out of the house. Several weekly periodicals which he edited—*The Companion* (1828), the *Chat of the Week* (1830), *The Tailor* (1830-32), and *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* (1834-35)—had but an evanescent success. The last of these, perhaps the most characteristic and popular of them all, obtained at the time the generous praise of Dr Robert Chambers, who addressed to Hunt a congratulatory letter extolling his 'kind nature,' and describing him as 'the friend of all mankind.' In 1835 Hunt produced and dedicated to Lord Brougham his anti-war poem of *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, which was followed in 1840 by a drama entitled *A Legend of Florence*, and in 1842 by a narrative poem, *The Palfrey*. Through Macaulay's influence he became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, whose editor, however, the ponderous Macvey Napier, objected to the chattiness of his style, and offended him by asking for something 'gentleman-like' from his pen. The chief of Hunt's many later works were *Sir Ralph Esher*, a novel (1832), *Biographical and Critical Notices of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar* (1840), which gave the occasion of Macaulay's well-known essay, the interesting *Autobiography* (1850), and *The Old Court Suburb* (1855), a delightful sketch of Kensington, where he lived from 1840 to 1850. For ten years before his death on 28th August

1859 the pecuniary distresses so disagreeably described by Carlyle had been at least alleviated by pensions from the Shelley family and the Civil List.

Leigh Hunt's great and unrealised ambition was to be a poet. His most elaborate effort in verse, the *Story of Rimini*, shows him utterly inadequate to the treatment of a noble and passionate theme, and justifies to some extent the attacks of the *Blackwood* critics and other Tory reviewers, who so mercilessly ridiculed the faults in taste committed by the 'Cockney poet.' Hunt has no dignity and often very little delicacy as a poet, but his verses as a rule show good spirits, good humour, and a lively if rather too luxurious fancy. It is as an essayist and critic, however, that he is read and gratefully remembered. The papers in the *Indicator* and *Companion* show, of course, nothing to be compared with the rare and poignant genius of Lamb or the keen and brusque virility of Hazlitt, but their familiar *bonhomie* and mild enthusiasm give them an individuality and a humbler charm of their own. As a critic, again, while neither luminous nor penetrative, Hunt has the merit of genuine and zestful appreciativeness and of a saving catholicity of taste. Despite the frequent triviality of his egotistic prattle, his honest love of literature becomes contagious, and of few critics can it be said that their books have done so much as the *Indicator* and *Companion*, the volumes on *Imagination and Fancy* and *Wit and Humour*, and the *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla* to spread a love and an understanding of good poetry.

#### May Morning at Ravenna.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,  
Round old Ravenna's clear shewn towers and bay,  
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,  
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green,  
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,  
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,  
And there's a crystal clearness all about,  
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out,  
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze,  
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees,  
And when you listen, you may hear a coil  
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil,  
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea—  
Breathes like a bright eyed face, that laughs out openly

'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing  
The birds to the delicious time are singing,  
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,  
Where the light woods go seaward from the town,  
While happy faces, striking through the green  
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen,  
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white  
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light,  
Come gleaming up, true to the wished for day,  
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay  
Already in the streets the stir grows loud,  
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.  
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,  
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends,

Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,  
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight,  
And armed bands, making important way,  
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,  
And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,  
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun

(From *Rimini*)

#### To T. L. H., six years old, during a Sickness

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,  
My little patient boy,  
And balmy rest about thee  
Smooths off the day's annoy  
I sit me down, and think  
Of all thy winning ways,  
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,  
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillow'd meekness,  
Thy thanks to all that aid,  
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,  
Of fancied faults afraid,  
The little trembling hand  
That wipes thy quiet tears,  
These, these are the things that may demand  
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've hid, severe ones,  
I will not think of now,  
And calmly 'midst my dear ones  
Have wasted with dry brow,  
But when thy fingers press  
And pat my stooping head,  
I cannot bear the gentleness—  
The tears are in their bed

Ah! first born of thy mother,  
When life and hope were new,  
Kind playmate of thy brother,  
Thy sister, father, too.  
My light, where'er I go,  
My bird when prison bound,  
My hand in hand companion—no,  
My prayers shall hold thee round

To say 'He has departed'—  
'His voice'—'his face is gone'—'is gone,'  
To feel impatient hearted,  
Yet feel we must bear on,  
Ah! I could not endure  
To whisper of such woe,  
Unless I felt this sleep ensure  
That it will not be so'

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!  
This silence too the while—  
It's very hush and creeping  
Seem whispering us a smile  
Something divine and dim  
Seems going by one's ear,  
Like parting wings of seraphim,  
Who say, 'We've finished here'

#### To the Grasshopper and the Cricket

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass,

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass,  
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine, both, though small, are strong  
At your clear hearts, and both seem given to earth  
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—  
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

#### Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said  
'What writest thou?' The vision rused its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet record,  
Answered 'The names of those who love the Lord'  
'And is mine one?' said Abou 'Nay, not so,'  
Replied the angel Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still, and said 'I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow men'  
The angel wrote, and vanished The next night  
It came again with a great awakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest

#### My Books

Sitting last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fireside could afford me—to wit, a table of high piled books at my back, my writing desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet—I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them I looked sideways at my *Spenser*, my *Theocritus*, and my *Arabian Nights*, then above them at my Italian poets, then behind me at my *Dryden* and *Pope*, my romances, and my *Boccaccio*, then on my left side at my *Chaucer*, who lay on a writing-desk, and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to *Chapman's Homer*. At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, instead of putting a couple of arm chairs into the back room with the books in it, where there is but one window Would I were there, with both the chairs properly filled, and one or two more besides! 'We had talk, sir,'—the only talk capable of making one forget the books

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my movables, if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another glance at my *Spenser* When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally I like to lean my head against them Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that

be, I think, I should feel still more distract in France, in spite of the benevolence of the servitors, and the general profusion of pen ink, and paper. I should feel as if I were doing nothing but interchanging amenities with polite writers.

(From *The India at r.*)

Leigh Hunt's life is best read in his own *Autobiography* (new ed. by his son, 1860; annotated ed. by Ingpen, 1912) and in the biography by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse in the 'Great Writers' series (1873) and by Mr. Bumley Johnson (1895). His bibliography is exhaustively treated in the elaborate *Sixth of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt*, compiled by Alexander Ireland in 1863, while selections from his *Correspondence* were published by his son Thornton Hunt, in 1862. His poetical works were collected by Moxon in 1851, and a selection appears in the series of 'Canterbury Poets.' Many of his prose writings, including the *Autobiography*, were reprinted in a convenient series of seven volumes by Messrs. Smith Elder & Co. But there are many selections from the prose works more or less comprehensive.

**Thomas Love Peacock** (1785-1866), satirist, was born at Weymouth, the only child of a London glass merchant, who died three years afterwards. His boyhood was passed at Chertsey, and for six and a half years he went to a private school on Englefield Green, but from thirteen he was self-educated, growing up an accomplished scholar. The chief events of his uneventful life were the loss of his first love (1808), his under-secretaryship to Sir Home Popham then commanding the fleet before Flushing (1808-9), his close friendship with Shelley, whom he first met in Wales in 1812, during one of his many walking tours, his employment from 1819 to 1856 in the office of the East India Company as clerk, correspondent, and chief examiner, his retiring with a pension of £1333, his marriage in 1820 to the 'Beauty of Cumbriashire,' who bore him one son and three daughters, and died in 1852 after twenty-six years of ill health, and the important part he bore in the introduction of iron steamships to Eastern waters (1832-40). In 1823 he had taken a cottage for his mother at Hillsford on the Shires, and here he himself died, aged eighty. His literary activity extended over more than half a century. Of his half dozen booklets of verse, published between 1804 and 1837, the best, *Rhododaphne*, offers nothing so good as some of the gay lyrics scattered throughout his seven 'novels'—*Headlong Hall* (1816), *Melincourt* (1817), *Nightmare Abbey* (1818, its hero is Shelley), *Maid Marian* (1822), *The Misfortunes of Elphin* (1829), *Crotchet Castle* (1831), and *Gizil Grangé* (1860). And these 'novels' are interesting chiefly as a study of character—the author's own, in Thomas Love Peacock a Jacobin in pigan of the eighteenth century, a satiric protean, we have the Alpha and Omega of his writings. These mirror his likes—for nature, music, the classics, melody, and good living, generally, and his stronger, if exaggerated dislikes—for field sports, tobacco, reviews, political economy, all things Scotch and American, and above all for Lord Brougham. They leave on one the impression that the little he did not know was to his mind no worth looking, that because he had no been at a university and was not

religious, therefore Oxbridge and heaven were outside of his universe and irrelevant to it. They may still find admirers in the cultured few, but the steely wit and erudition of their dialogues can never touch the great heart of the people. They are—trite though it sounds—‘caviare to the general’

#### The War-song of Dinas Vawr

The mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter,  
We therefore deemed it meetier  
To carry off the latter  
We made an expedition,  
We met an host and quelled it,  
We forced a strong position,  
And killed the men who held it

On Dyfed's richest valley,  
Where herds of kine were browsing,  
We made a mighty sally,  
To furnish our carousing  
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us,  
We met them, and o'erthrew them  
They struggled hard to beat us,  
But we conquered them, and slew them

As we drove our prize at leisure,  
The king marched forth to catch us,  
His rage surpassed all measure,  
But his people could not match us  
He fled to his hall pillars,  
And, ere our force we led off,  
Some sacked his house and cellars,  
While others cut his head off

We there, in strife bewildering,  
Spilt blood enough to swim in  
We orphaned many children,  
And widowed many women  
The eagles and the ravens  
We glutted with our foemen,  
The heroes and the cravens,  
The spearmen and the bowmen

We brought away from battle,  
And much their land bemoaned them,  
Two thousand head of cattle,  
And the head of him who owned them  
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,  
His head was borne before us,  
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,  
And his overthrow, our chorus

(From *The Misfortunes of Elphin*)

#### Landscape-gardening

*Mr Milestone* This, you perceive, is the natural state of one part of the grounds. Here is a wood, never yet touched by the finger of taste thick, intricate, and gloomy. Here is a little stream, dashing from stone to stone, and overshadowed with these untrimmed boughs

*Miss Tenorina* The sweet romantic spot! How beautifully the birds must sing there on a summer evening!

*Miss Graziosa*. Dear sister! how can you endure the horrid thicket?

*Mr Milestone* You're right, Miss Graziosa your taste is correct—perfectly *en rgle*. Now, here is the same place corrected—trimmed—polished—decorated—

adorned. Here sweeps a plantation, in that beautiful regular curve there winds a gravel walk. here are parts of the old wood, left in these majestic circular clumps, disposed at equal distances with wonderful symmetry. There are some single shrubs scattered in elegant profusion. here a Portugal laurel, there a juniper, here a laurustinus, there a spruce fir, here a larch, there a lilac, here a rhododendron, there an arbutus. The stream, you see, is become a canal. The banks are perfectly smooth and green, sloping to the water's edge and there is Lord Littlebrain, rowing in an elegant boat.

*Squire Headlong* Magical, faith!

*Mr Milestone* Here is another part of the grounds in its natural state. Here is a large rock, with the mountain ash rooted in its fissures, overgrown, as you see,



THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

From a Photograph by Maull & Fox.

with ivy and moss, and from this part of it bursts a little fountain, that runs bubbling down its rugged sides.

*Miss Tenorina* O how beautiful! How I should love the melody of that miniature cascade!

*Mr Milestone* Beautiful, Miss Tenorina. Hideous. Base, common, and popular. Such a thing as you may see anywhere, in wild and mountainous districts. Now, observe the metamorphosis. Here is the same rock, cut into the shape of a giant. In one hand he holds a horn, through which that little fountain is thrown to a prodigious elevation. In the other is a ponderous stone, so exactly balanced as to be apparently ready to fall on the head of any person who may happen to be beneath and there is Lord Littlebrain walking under it.

*Squire Headlong* Miraculous, by Mahomet!

*Mr Milestone* This is the summit of a hill, covered, as you perceive, with wood, and with those mossy stones scattered at random under the trees.

*Miss Tenorina* What a delightful spot to read in on a

power. He holds his dominion over the forest, and its  
horned multitude of deer—deer, and its swinish multi-  
tude of peasants of wild boars, by right of conquest  
as I force of arms. He levies contributions among them  
by the free consent of his archers, their virtual represen-  
tatives. If they should find a voice to complain that we  
are "tyrants and usurpers, to kill and cook them up in  
their assigned and native dwelling place," we should  
not easily adjournish them, with point of arrow,  
that they have no king to do with our laws but to obey  
them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd  
shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have  
not they, whilst, my blessing?—my orthodox, canonical,  
and archiepiscopal blessing? Do I not give thanks  
when they are well roasted and smoking under my  
nose? What title had William of Normandy to England  
that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood?—  
William fought for his claim. So does Robin. With  
whom both? With any that would or will dispute it.  
William raised contributions. So does Robin. From  
whom both? From all that they could or can make pay  
them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do  
any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both  
—because they could not or cannot help it. They differ,  
indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and  
gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and  
gives to the poor—and therein is Robin illegitimate,  
though in all else he is true prince. Scarlet and John,  
are they not peers of the forest?—lords temporal of  
Sherwood? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not  
archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate  
their banner and absolve their sins? Are not they State,  
and am not I Church? Are not they State monarchical,  
and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommuni-  
cate our enemies from venison and brawn, and, by'r  
Lady! when need calls, beat them down under my feet?  
The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. I even  
so do we. Miss!—we take all at once. What then?  
It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation.  
Your William and Richard can cut and come again,  
but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come  
no twice to his exchequer. What need we, then, to  
constitute a court, except a fool and a laureate? For  
the fool has only use to make folks have merry by  
art and we are true men, and are merry by nature.  
For the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those  
who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We

### Winter Scenery Waterfalls in Frost.

I wish I could find language sufficiently powerful to convey to you an idea of the sublime magnificence of the waterfalls in the frost, when the old, overhanging oaks are spangled with icicles, the rocks sheeted with frozen foam, formed by the flying spray, and the water that comes from their sides congealed into innumerable pillars of crystal. Every season has its charms. The picture-esque tourists—those birds of summer—see not half the beauties of nature.

(From *Letter written in Wales*)

### Truth to Nature essential in Poetry

*Miss Hex* Few may perceive an inaccuracy, but to those who do, it causes a great diminution, if not a total destruction, of pleasure in perusal. Shakespeare never makes a flower blossom out of season! Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are true to nature in this and in all other respects, even in their wildest imaginings.

*The Rev. Dr Opinian* Yet here is a combination, by one of our greatest poets, of flowers that never blossom in the same season.

'Bring the râthe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow toe and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the prinsy streaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk rose, and the well attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To deck the luteate hearse where Lycid lies.'

[MILTON'S LYCIDUS]

And at the same time he plucks the berries of the myrtle and the ivy.

*Miss Hex* Very beautiful, if not true to English seasons, but Milton might have thought himself justified in making this combination in Arcadia. Generally, he is strictly accurate, to a degree that is in itself a beauty. For instance, in his address to the nightingale

'Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,  
I woo, to hear thy even song,  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth shaven green.'

The song of the nightingale ceases about the time that the grass is mown.

*The Rev. Dr Opinian* The old Greek poetry is always true to nature and will bear any degree of critical analysis. I must say I take no pleasure in poetry that will not

*Mr Mac Borrowdale* No poetry is truer to nature than Burns, and no one less so than Moore. His imagery is almost always false. Here is a highly applauded stanza and very striking at first sight.

'The night-dew of heaven, though in silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the soil where he sleeps  
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.'

But it will not bear analysis. The dew is the cause of the verdure, but the tear is not the cause of the memory; the memory is the cause of the tear.

*The Rev. Dr Opinian* There are inaccuracies in the

offensive to me than even false imagery. Here is one in a song, which I have often heard with displeasure. A young man goes up a mountain, and as he goes higher and higher he repeats *Lædli r'* but *et cetera* is only taller in the comparison of things on a common basis, not higher as a detached object in the air. Jack's bean stalk was *excelsior* the higher it grew, but Jack himself was no more *celsus* at the top than he had been at the bottom.

*Mr Mac Borrowdale* I am afraid, doctor, if you look for profound knowledge in popular poetry, you will often be disappointed.

*The Rev. Dr Opinian* I do not look for profound knowledge, but I do expect that poets should understand what they talk of. Burns was not a scholar, but he was always master of his subject. All the scholarship in the world would not have produced 'Fim o' Shanter,' but in the whole of that poem there is not a false image or a misused word. What do you suppose these lines represent?

'I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,  
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled—  
A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,  
Brow bound with burning gold.'

[TRAVESON'S DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN]

*Mr Mac Borrowdale* I should take it to be a description of the Queen of Bimbó.

*The Rev. Dr Opinian* Yet thus one of our most popular poets describes Cleopatra, and one of our most popular artists has illustrated the description by a portrait of a hideous grinning Ethiop! Moore led the way to this perversion by demonstrating that the Egyptian women must have been beautiful because they were 'the countrywomen of Cleopatra.' Here we have a sort of counter demonstration that Cleopatra must have been a sight because she was the countrywoman of the Egyptians. But Cleopatra was a Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus. The Ptolemies were Greeks, and whoever will look at their funerals, their coins, and their medals will see how carefully they kept their pure blood uncontaminated by African intermixture. Think of this description and this picture applied to one who, Dio says—and all antiquity confirms him—was 'the most superlatively beautiful of women, splendid to see and delightful to hear.' For she was eminently accomplished, she spoke many languages with grace and facility. Her mind was as wonderful as her personal beauty.

(From GOLCONDA)

### The Sleeping Venus

*The Rev. Dr F. H. H.* The little alcove over the mantelpiece, Mr Crotchet and them large f, sits in the niches—now I take the liberty to tell you what they are intended to represent.

*Mr Crotchet* Venus sir nothing more, sir just Venus.

*Rev. Dr F. H. H.* May I ask, sir, who they are there?

*Mr Crotchet* To be looked at, sir, just to be looked at—the reason for its being in a picture. I was busy in it all from the paper on the walls and the stripes of the curtains even to the book in the library of which the most eminent part is the appearance of the book.

*The Rev. Dr F. H. H.* Very nice sir. As we



any other Athenian name of the same sort of person you like—

*The Rev Dr Folliott* I do not like the sort of person at all the sort of person I like, as I have already implied, is a modest woman, who stays at home and looks after her husband's dinner

*Mr Crotchet* Well, sir, that was not the taste of the Athenians They preferred the society of women who would not have made any scruple about sitting as models to Praxiteles, as you know, sir, very modest women in Italy did to Canova one of whom, an Italian countess, being asked by an English lady, 'How she could bear it?' answered, 'Very well, there was a good fire in the room'

*The Rev Dr Folliott* Sir, the English lady should have asked how the Italian lady's husband could bear it The phials of my wrath would overflow if poor dear Mrs Folliott— Sir, in return for your story, I will tell you a story of my ancestor, Gilbert Folliott. The devil haunted him, as he did Saint Francis, in the likeness of a beautiful damsel, but all he could get from the exemplary Gilbert was an admonition to wear a stomacher and long petticoats

*Mr Crotchet* Sir, your story makes for my side of the question. It proves that the devil, in the likeness of a fair damsel, with short petticoats and no stomacher, was almost too much for Gilbert Folliott. The force of the spell was in the drapery

*The Rev Dr Folliott* Bless my soul, sir!

*Mr Crotchet* Give me leave, sir Diderot —

*The Rev Dr Folliott* Who was he, sir?

*Mr Crotchet* Who was he, sir? The sublime philosopher, the father of the encyclopædia, of all the encyclopedias that have ever been printed

*The Rev Dr Folliott* Bless me, sir, a terrible progeny! they belong to the tribe of *Incubi*

*Mr Crotchet* The great philosopher, Diderot—

*The Rev Dr Folliott* Sir, Diderot is not a man after my heart Keep to the Greeks, if you please, albeit this Sleeping Venus is not an antique.

*Mr Crotchet* Well, sir, the Greeks why do we call the Elgin marbles inestimable? Simply because they are true to nature. And why are they so superior in that point to all modern works, with all our greater knowledge of anatomy? Why, sir, but because the Greeks, having no cant, had better opportunities of studying models?

*The Rev Dr Folliott* Sir, I deny our greater knowledge of anatomy But I shall take the liberty to employ, on this occasion, the *argumentum ad hominem* Would you have allowed Miss Crotchet to sit for a model to Canova?

*Mr Crotchet* Yes, sir

'God bless my soul, sir!' exclaimed the Reverend Dr Folliott, throwing himself back into a chair and flinging up his heels, with the premeditated design of giving emphasis to his exclamation, but, by miscalculating his impetus, he overbalanced his chair, and laid himself on the carpet in a right angle, of which his back was the base

(From *Crotchet Castle*)

See Sir Henry Cole's collected edition of Peacock's works with a preface by Lord Houghton and a Memoir by his granddaughter (3 vols 1875), Dr R. Garnett's edition (10 vols. 1891-92), also an article by Spedding in the *Edinburgh Review* for July 1875, and essays by Mr Goss (Ward's *English Poets*, and ed 1883), Professor Saintsbury (*Essays*, 1890), and Mr R. H. Stoddard (*Under the Evening Lamp*, 1892)

F H GROOME

**Sydney Smith** (1771-1845), one of the most witty, popular, and influential writers of his age, was born at Woodford in Essex, 3rd June. He was one of the three sons of an eccentric and improvident gentleman, who out of the wreck of his fortune was able to give his family a good education The opinion that men of genius more generally inherit their intellectual eminence from the mother than the father is illustrated by this remarkable family, for the mother, Maria Olier, the daughter of a French emigrant, was a woman of strong sense, energy of character, and constitutional vivacity or gaiety The eldest son, Robert—best known by his Eton nickname of Bobus—was distinguished as a classical scholar, and adopted the profession of the law, Courtenay, the youngest, went to India,



SYDNEY SMITH

After a Drawing by Sir G Hayter

and acquired great wealth and reputation as a judge and an Oriental scholar After five years at Southampton, in 1782 Sydney was sent to Winchester, where he rose to be captain of the school, and whence, having first spent six months at Mont Villiers in Normandy, in 1789 he proceeded to New College, Oxford There he gained a fellowship, but of only £100 per annum, and was cast upon his own resources He obtained in 1794 a curacy in a small village in the midst of Salisbury Plain The squire of the parish, Mr Beach, four years afterwards engaged him as tutor to his eldest son, and it was arranged that tutor and pupil should proceed to Weimar They set out, but 'before we could get there, says Sydney Smith, 'Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years' He preached occasionally at an Episcopcal chapel there. After two years' residence in Edinburgh, he returned to England

to marry at Cheam a Miss Pybus, daughter of a deceased banker. The bride's brother, one of Pitt's Lords of the Admiralty, was highly incensed at the marriage of his sister with a decided Whig without fortune, and the prospects of the young pair were far from brilliant. But the wife had a small fortune of her own, and she realised £500 by the sale of a necklace her mother had given her. The Wiltshire squire added £750 for Sydney's care of his son, and thus the sordid ills of poverty were averted. Literature also furnished an additional resource. The *Edinburgh Review* was started in 1802, and it was Sydney Smith who was the original projector.

'The principles of the French Revolution,' he says, 'were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray—late Lord Advocate for Scotland—and Lord Brougham, all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review, this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the Review was, *Tenui musam meditamus avena*—“We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.” But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line, and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success.'

A not unimportant feature in the scheme was that the writers were to receive for their contributions ten guineas a sheet of sixteen printed pages. In 1804 Sydney Smith went to London, officiated for some time as preacher of the Foundling Hospital at £50 per annum, and obtained another preachership in Berkeley Square. His sermons were eminently popular, and a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy, delivered in 1804, 1805, and 1806 at the Royal Institution, and published after his death, raised his reputation. In Holland House and other select circles his extraordinary conversational powers had already made him famous, and his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* brought him much *célèbre*, though their liberal tone and spirit rendered him obnoxious to the party in power. During the short Whig administration in 1806–7, he obtained the living of Foston-le-Clay in Yorkshire, and here he wrote his most amusing and powerful *Letters on the Subject of the Catholics*, to

*my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country*, by Peter Plymley (1807). The success of the Letters was immense—they ran through twenty-one editions. Since the days of Swift, no such irresistible argument had been indited in such masterly political irony.

The Yorkshire clergyman, not content with his clerical work and his literary undertakings, became a farmer next. And having in his youth made some studies in medicine, he occasionally doctored his poorer parishioners. It was his aim to make the most of his situation in life, and no man with a tithe of his talents was ever a more contented practical philosopher. Patronage came slowly. About 1825 the Duke of Devonshire presented him with the living of Londesborough, to hold till the duke's nephew came of age, and in 1828 Lord Lyndhurst, disregarding party considerations, gave him a prebend at Bristol. ‘Moralists tell you,’ he said, ‘of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained.’ Lord Lyndhurst conferred another favour—he enabled him in 1829 to exchange Foston for Combe Florey, near Taunton, and the rector and his family removed from Yorkshire to Somerset. In 1831 the advent of the Whigs to power procured for him a prebendal stall at St Paul’s. The political agitation about the Reform Bill drew from his vigorous pen some letters intended for circulation amongst the poor, and several short but pronouncedly liberal speeches, in one of which, delivered at Taunton in 1831, the famous Mrs Partington was introduced.

Like Swift, Sydney Smith seems almost never to have taken up his pen from the mere love of composition, but to enforce practical views and opinions on which he felt strongly. Though he was a professed joker and convivial wit—‘a daminer out of the first lustre,’ as he himself described Canning—there is not one of his humorous or witty sallies that does not come in as naturally as if it had been struck out or remembered at the moment it was used. In his latter years Sydney Smith waged war with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in a series of Letters addressed to Archdeacon Singleton. He thought the Commission had been invested with too much power, and that the interests of the inferior clergy had not been sufficiently regarded; he took up the defence of the rights of Dean and Chapter with warmth and spirit, and his tone was at times none too friendly to his old Whig associates. The Letters contain some admirable portrait painting, bordering on caricature, and a characteristic variety of rich illustration. In 1839 the death of his youngest brother, Courtenay, in India, put him in possession of £50,000. ‘In my grand climacteric, I became unexpectedly a rich man.’ This wealth enabled him to invest money in Pennsylvanian bonds, and

when Pennsylvania and other states sought to repudiate the debt due to England, the witty canon of St Paul's took the field, and by a petition and a series of letters roused all Europe against the repudiating states. His last work was a short treatise on the use of the Ballot at elections. A representative Englishman, manly, fearless, independent, practical, he strove in season and out of season to correct what he deemed abuses, to enforce religious toleration, to expose cant and hypocrisy, and to inculcate timely reformation. No politician was ever more disinterested or effective. He had some of the wit of Swift without his coarseness or cynicism, and if inferior to Swift in the high attribute of original inventive genius, he had a peculiar and inimitable breadth of humour and drollery of illustration that served as potent auxiliaries to his clear and logical argument. Shortly after his death was published *A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church*. Smith discharged with diligence his public and clerical duties, and was much annoyed when persons of a devout temper assumed that he was indifferent to the creed he professed or was a scoffer at religion. Certainly his jests were hardly consistent with a reverent temper, his intimate friends were neither religious nor orthodox, and he himself was frankly and outspokenly hostile to mysticism and fanaticism, to evangelicalism and Methodism (he said Methodists and evangelicals were 'numerous and nasty vermin'), to Puseyism and transcendentalism.

#### Mrs Partington.

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses—and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused, Mrs Partington's spirit was up, but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

(From a Speech at Taunton in 1831.)

#### From Peter Plymley's Letters

The pope has not landed—nor are there any curates sent out after him—nor has he been hid at St Albans by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist—which I do not believe—they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer [Spencer Perceval], they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest, and though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this

time, however, the best informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation, and though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of the crusaders, and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil. Exactly in the same manner the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave going down to Chatham as a head piece for the *Spanker* gun vessel, it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform, and therefore as little like a god as can well be imagined.

#### From 'Wit and Humour'

Surprise is so essential an ingredient of wit, that no wit will bear repetition,—at least the original electrical feeling produced by any piece of wit can never be renewed. There is a sober sort of approbation succeeds at hearing it the second time, which is as different from its original rapid, pungent volatility as a bottle of champagne that has been opened three days is from one that has at that very instant emerged from the darkness of the cellar. To hear that the top of Mont Blanc is like an umbrella, though the relation be new to me, is not sufficient to excite surprise—the idea is so very obvious, it is so much within the reach of the most ordinary understandings, that I can derive no sort of pleasure from the comparison. The relation discovered must be something remote from all the common tracks and sheep-walks made in the mind, it must not be a comparison of colour with colour, and figure with figure, or any comparison which, though individually new, is specifically stale, and to which the mind has been in the habit of making many similar, but it must be something removed from common apprehension, distant from the ordinary haunts of thought—things which are never brought together in the common events of life, and in which the mind has discovered relations by its own subtlety and quickness.

It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation, that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way of thinking, that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically, and as successfully, to the study of wit as he might to the study of mathematics, and I would answer for it that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again. For what is there to hinder the mind from gradually acquiring a habit of attending to the lighter relations of ideas in which wit consists? Punning grows upon everybody, and punning is the wit of words. I do not mean to say that it is so easy to acquire a habit of discovering new relations in *ideas* as in *words*, but the difficulty is not so much greater as to render it insuperable to habit. One man is unquestionably much better calculated for it by nature than another, but association, which gradually makes a bad speaker a good one, might give a man wit who had it not, if any man chose to be so absurd as to sit down to acquire it.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I



**James and Horace Smith**, extraordinarily clever, lively, and amusing authors in both prose and verse, were sons of an eminent legal prac-



JAMES SMITH

From an Engraving after the Portrait by Lonsdale

titioner in London, solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, and noted for his accomplishments. Both James (1775-1839) and Horatio (usually Horace, 1779-1849) were educated at Chigwell in Essex, and for this retired 'school-boy spot' James ever retained a strong affection. After school days James Smith was articled to his father, was taken into partnership in due time, and in 1812 succeeded to the business, as well as to the post of solicitor to the Ordnance. With a quick sense of the ridiculous, a strong passion for the stage and the drama, and a love of London society and manners, Smith became a town wit and humourist—delighting in parodies, dramatic dialogues, and current criticism. His first pieces appear to have been contributed to *The Pic-nic* newspaper, afterwards merged in *The Cabinet*. He wrote for the *London Review*, a short lived journal established by Cumberland the dramatist, on the principle that every writer's name must be appended to his critique, and next became a constant writer in *The Monthly Mirror*, where there appeared a series of parodies and poetical imitations, *Horace in London*, the joint work of the brothers. Some of the pieces are sprightly and humorous, many only trifling and tedious. To London he was as strongly attached as Dr Johnson himself. 'A confirmed metropolitan in all his tastes and habits, he would often quaintly observe that London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter, or quote Dr Johnson's dogma "Sir, the man that is tired of London is tired of existence".' He did sometimes condescend to go as far as

Yorkshire to stay with friends. But when at a country house he excused himself from joining in a stroll by asking his host to note the gouty shoe he wore, the host only said, 'You don't really mean to say that you have got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to avoid being shown over the improvements.'

The *Rejected Addresses*, 'one of the luckiest hits in literature,' appeared in 1812, having kept James and Horace busy for six weeks. The directors of Drury Lane Theatre had offered a premium for the best poetical address to be spoken at the opening of the new building, and a casual hint from the secretary of the theatre suggested to the witty brothers a series of humorous addresses, professedly composed by the principal authors of the day. The work was ready by the opening day, but, marvellous to record, it was with difficulty that a publisher could be found, although the authors asked nothing for copyright. At length John Miller, a dramatic publisher, undertook to publish and give half profits, should there be any. In an advertisement prefixed to the twenty-second edition it is put on record that Mr Murray, who had refused without even looking at the manuscript, purchased the copyright for £131 in 1819, after the book had run through sixteen editions. The success of the work was indeed almost unexampled. James's contributions were imitations of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, and Cribbe. Horace



HORACE SMITH

From an Engraving after the Portrait by J J Masquerier

contributed imitations of Dr Johnson, Walter Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, W T Fitzgerald (the extravagant adulterer and fusterer of whose *Loyal*



Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,  
Where scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe  
John Richard William Alexander Dwyer  
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire,  
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,  
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes  
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy  
Up as a corn cutter—a safe employ,  
In Holywell Street, St Pancras, he was bred—  
At number twenty seven, it is said—  
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head  
He would have bound him to some shop in town,  
But with a premium he could not come down  
Pat was the urchin's name, a red haired youth,  
Fonder of purl and skittle grounds than truth  
Silence, ye gods ! to keep your tongues in awe,  
The muse shall tell an accident she saw  
Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,  
But leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat,  
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,  
And spurned the one, to settle in the two  
How shall he act ? Pay at the gallery door  
Two shillings for what cost when new but four ?  
Or till half price, to save his shilling, wait,  
And gain his hat again at half past eight ?  
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,  
John Mullins whispers 'Take my handkerchief'  
'Thank you,' cries Pat, 'but one won't make a line'  
'Take mine,' cried Wilson, 'And,' cried Stokes, 'take mine.'

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,  
Where Spitalfields with real India vies  
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,  
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,  
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new  
George Green below, with palpitating hand,  
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band,  
Upsoars the prize, the youth, with joy unfeigned,  
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained,  
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat  
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat

**The Baby's Début—By W W [Wordsworth]**

Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter

My brother Jack was nine in May,  
And I was eight on New Year's Day,  
So in Kate Wilson's shop  
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)  
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,  
And brother Jack a top

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,  
He thinks mine came to more than his,  
So to my drawer he goes,  
Takes out the doll, and, O my stars !  
He pokes her head between the bars,  
And melts off half her nose !

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,  
And tie it to his peg top's peg,  
And bang, with might and main,  
Its head against the parlour door,  
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,  
And breaks a window pane

This made him cry with rage and spite,  
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.  
A pretty thing, forsooth !  
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,  
Half my doll's nose, and I am not  
To draw his peg top's tooth !

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,  
And cried 'O naughty Nancy Lake,  
Thus to distress your aunt  
No Drury Lane for you to-day !'  
And while papa said 'Pooh, she may !'  
Mamma said 'No, she shan't !'

Well, after many a sad reproach,  
They got into a hackney coach,  
And trotted down the street  
I saw them go—one horse was blind,  
The tails of both hung down behind,  
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill  
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,  
Stood in the lumber room  
I wiped the dust from off the top,  
While Molly mopped it with a mop,  
And brushed it with a broom

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,  
Came in at six to black the shoes  
(I always talk to Sam)  
So what does he but takes and drags  
Me in the chaise along the flags,  
And leaves me where I am

My father's walls are made of brick,  
But not so tall and not so thick.  
As these, and, goodness me !  
My father's beams are made of wood,  
But never, never half so good  
As these that now I see.

What a large floor ! 'tis like a town !  
The carpet, when they lay it down,  
Won't hide it, I'll be bound  
And there's a row of lamps, my eye !  
How they do blaze ! I wonder why  
They keep them on the ground

At first I caught hold of the wing,  
And kept away, but Mr Thing  
Umbob, the prompter man,  
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,  
And said 'Go on, my pretty love,  
Speak to 'em, little Nan

'You've only got to curtsey, whisp  
er, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,  
And then you're sure to take  
I've known the day when brats not quite  
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night,  
Then why not Nancy Lake ?'

But while I'm speaking, where's papa ?  
And where's my aunt ? and where's mamma ?  
Where's Jack ? Oh, there they sit !  
They smile, they nod, I'll go my ways,  
And order round poor Billy's chaise,  
To join them in the pit



Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—  
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?  
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either pyramid that bears his name?  
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—  
Then say, what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?  
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
Has hob a nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,  
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,  
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great Temple's dedication

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier maimed and knuckled,  
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled  
Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,  
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,  
And the great Deluge still had left it green,  
Or was it then so old that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf?  
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows,  
But prithee tell us something of thyself,  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison house,  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,  
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations,  
The Roman empire has begun and ended,  
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,  
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled

Didst thou not hear the pothor o'er thy head  
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,  
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,  
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,  
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold  
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,  
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled  
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?  
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!  
Imperishable type of evanescence!  
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,  
And standest undecayed within our presence,  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
If its undying guest be lost for ever?  
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,  
Although corruption may our frame consume,  
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

The *Rejected Addresses* were edited, with Memoirs, by Epes Sargent (New York, 1871) and P. Fitzgerald (1890). Arthur H. Beaman published a joint life of the two brothers—*James and Horace Smith* (1899), and see also Timbs's *Lives of the Wits and Humorists* (1862). There is a good paper on the Smiths in the first volume of Hayward's *Essays* (1858), and an account of the real *Rejected Addresses* may be found in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May 1893.

**Theodore Edward Hook** (1788–1841) was born in London, the second son of the Vauxhall composer James Hook (1746–1827), by his first wife, the beautiful Miss Madden. His education



THEODORE HOOK.

From the Portrait by E. U. Eddis in the National Portrait Gallery

was almost limited to a year at Harrow and matriculation at Oxford, but he early achieved celebrity as a playwright, a punster and matchless *improvisatore*, and as a practical joker—his greatest performance the Berners Street Hoax (1809), which took in the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Gloucester, and hundreds of thousands of lowlier victims. In 1805 he composed a comic opera, *The Soldier's Return*, overture and music, as well as dialogues and songs, being entirely by himself. It was highly successful, and young Theodore was ready next year with another after-piece, *Catch Him Who Can*, which showed Liston and Mathews at their best, and had a great run. Hook then produced in rapid succession a series of musical operas—*The Invisible Girl*, *Music Mad*, *Darkness Visible*, *Trial by Jury*, *The Fortress*, *Tickets, Tickets, Exchange no Robbery*, and *Killing no Murder*. Some of these



and his scurrility in controversy, can only partly be excused by reason of the defects of his education, and much of his cleverest work is now all but unread and unknown.

### An Adventurer

'My dear Johnny,' said the respectable widow Brag to her son, 'what is the good of your going on in this way? Here, instead of minding the business, you are day after day galloping and gallivanting, steeple chasing, fox hunting, lord hunting, a wasting your time and your substance, the shop going to Old Nick, and *you* getting dished instead of your candles.'

'Mother,' said Jack, 'don't talk so foolishly! You are of the old school—excellent in your way, but a long way behindhand the business is safe enough. You cannot suppose, with the education I have had, I can meddle with moulds, or look after sixes, tens, fours to the pound, or farthing rushlights,—no, thanks to my enlightenment, I flatter myself I soar a little higher than that.'

'No nonsense, Johnny!' said Mrs Brag. 'All you have now, and all you have spent since your poor father's death, was gained by your father's enlightenment of his customers and how do you suppose I can carry on the trade if you will not now and then attend to it?'

'Take my advice, my dear mother,' said Jack, 'and marry I'm old enough now not to care a fig for a father in law,—marriage is the plan, as I say to my friend Lord Tom—straight up, right down, and no mistake. Get a sensible, stir about husband, who does not mind grubbing, and hasn't a nose'—

'Hasn't a nose?' interrupted Mrs Brag.

'I don't mean literally,' said Jack, 'but sportingly,—does not mind the particular scent of tallow—you understand? Let him into the tricks of the trade you will still be queen bee of the hive,—make him look after the drones while you watch the wax.'

'And while *you*, Johnny, lap up the honey,' said the queen bee.

'Do what you like,' said her son, 'only marry—“marry come up,” as somebody says in a play.'

'But, John,' said Mrs Brag, 'I have no desire to change my condition.'

'Nor I that you should,' said Jack, 'but I wish you would change your name. As long as "Brag, wax and tallow chandler," sticks up on the front of the house, with three dozen and four dangling dips swinging along the shop front, like so many malefactors expiating their crimes, I live in a perpetual fever lest my numerous friends should inquire whether I am one of the firm or the family.'

'Johnny,' said Mrs Brag, 'you are a silly fellow. What is there to be ashamed of in honest industry? If all the fine folks whom you go a hunting with, and all the rest of it, like you, and are really glad to see you, it is for yourself alone, and if they, who must know by your name and nature that you can never be one of themselves, care a button for you, your trade, so as you do not carry it about with you, will do you no harm. What difference is it to them how you get your thorough bred horses, your smart scarlet coat, neat tops, and white cords, so as you have them?—they won't give you any new ones when they are gone.'

'It is all very well talking,' said Johnny, 'but I never should show my face amongst them if I once thought they guessed at my real trade. I live in a regular worry

as it is. If ever a fellow asks me if I was at Melton last year, that moment I think of the shop—"pretty mould of a horse" tangles in my ears—"sweet dip of the country" sets me doubting, and, only last week, a proposal to go 'cross country and meet Lord Hurricane's harriers at Hampton Wick nearly extinguished me.'

'And what now, Johnny,' said Mrs Brag, 'do you think these lords take you for, if not for a tallow chandler?'

'An independent gentleman,' said Jack.

'That is to say,' replied his mother, 'a gentleman who has nothing to depend upon'

'They look upon me as an agreeable rattle,' said John.

'One that has often been in the watchman's hounds, too,' said the old lady.

'I talk big and ride small,' said Jack, 'I am always up with the hounds—never flinch at anything—am the pride of the field wherever I go—and in steeple chases of infinite value.'

'And very little weight, my dear Johnny,' interrupted his mother.

'One of my dearest friends,' continued Brag, 'Lord Tom Towzle, a deuce of a fellow amongst the females, is going to put me up as a candidate at the "Travellers"'

'Whit' riders for respectable houses?' said Mrs Brag, 'and a very proper club, too'

'Respectable houses!' said Jack. 'Poh! not a bit of it! What! bigmen in buggies with boxes of buttons in the boots? No, no! the "Travellers"—*par excellence*'

'Par what?' said Mrs Brag. 'What d'ye mean the fine Club house in Pall Mall which you showed me the outside of last King's birth night?'

'The same,' said Brag. 'Now, if I had stuck to the naked, as Lord Tom says—told the plain unvarnished—I never could have qualified. Lord Tom asked me if I should like to belong to the "Travellers", —in course I said yes—straight up, right down, and no mistake. Well, then he asks me if I could qualify,—so not quite understanding him, he says, "Have you ever been in Greece?"—“Yes,” said I—I might have added “up to the elbows often,” didn’t though. Had him dead. Down he whips my name, and calls in Sir Somebody Something out of the street to second me'

'If you could but get into a club, Johnny,' said Mrs Brag, 'where they uses gas, and get 'em to give it up and try oil on illumination nights, I'd say something to you—them Travellers has oil as it is. But what I think is, somebody is sure to find you out, Johnny'

'Time enough,' said Jack. 'I'm going it now smooth and soft across the country, increasing my acquaintance, falling into the society of elegant females—women of fashion, with beautiful faces and liberal hearts,—introduced to three last week.—proud as peacocks to everybody else, delighted with *me*,—met them at Ascot—cold collation in the carriage—champagne iced from London,—got on capital—never was so happy in my life—hottest weather I ever felt, spirits mounted—I was the delight of the party—told them half a dozen stories of myself, and made them laugh like cockatoos, but I was bundled all of a heap by the Marquis of Middlesdale, who had been at luncheon with the king, and who, in passing the barouche, gave me a smack on the back you might have heard to Egham, and cried out, "Jack, this is a melting day, isn't it?"'

'He meant it, Johnny, depend upon it,' said Mrs Brag.



obviously not intended to deceive His originals Barham found everywhere and anywhere, French *contes* being occasionally drawn on. The legends were first collected into a volume in 1840, and the third series was published in 1846, with a brief memoir, an eighty-eighth edition of the whole by the author's daughter, Mrs Bond, appeared in 1894. A collection of *Ingoldsby Lyrics* was issued in 1881, comprising political skits, parodies, occasional pieces, family poetry, songs, epigrams, poetical epistles, and other miscellanea from various sources—some of them published in one or other of the editions of the *Legends*, some printed in Barham's *Life*, and some exhumed from old magazines—so that



RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

From an Engraving after the Portrait by Lane.

the *Legends* and the *Lyrics* contain all of Barham's poetical work his son thought worth preserving. The famous 'parody' of *The Burial of Sir John Moore*—

Not a sou had he got, not a guinea or groat,  
And he looked confoundedly flurried,  
As he bolted away without paying his shot,  
And the landlady after him hurried—

is not really a parody of the poem, but a burlesque piece with a few points imitated, in a measure very skilfully resembling that of the original. There are two or three skits or satires in which the method of 'The house that Jack built' is ingeniously applied, with all the cumulative repetitions, to such subjects as the burning of the Houses of Parliament in 1834. It was published in 1824, when Wolfe's authorship was still debated and the poem was being attributed to Byron, Campbell, and others (see Vol. II p 788),

and Barham's *jeu d'esprit* was declared to be the only 'true and original' version, the work of 'Dr Peppercorn'. The following were described as 'the last lines of Thomas Ingoldsby'

#### As I Laye A-Thynkyng

As I laye a thynkyng, a thynkyng, a thynkyng,  
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye,

There came a noble Knyghte,  
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,  
And his gallant heart was lyghte,  
Free and gaye,

As I laye a thynkyng, he rode upon his waye

As I laye a thynkyng, a thynkyng, a thynkyng,  
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree'

There seem'd a crimson plain,  
Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,  
And a steed with broken rein  
Ran free,

As I laye a thynkyng, most pitiful to see !

As I laye a thynkyng, a thynkyng, a thynkyng,  
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the bouge ,

A lovely Mayde came bye,  
And a gentil Youth was nyghte,  
And he breathed manie a syghe  
And a vowe,

As I laye a thynkyng, her heart was gladsome now

As I laye a thynkyng, a thynkyng, a thynkyng,  
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne ,

No more a Youth was there,  
But a Maiden rent her haire,  
And cried in saddle despare,  
'That I was borne !'

As I laye a thynkyng, she perished forlorne

As I laye a thynkyng, a thynkyng, a thynkyng,  
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar,

There came a lovely childe,  
And his face was meek and mild,  
Yet joyously he smiled  
On his sire ,

As I laye a thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a thynkyng, a thynkyng, a thynkyng,  
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier ,

That joyous smile was gone,  
And the face was white and wan,  
As the downe upon the swan  
Doth appear,

As I laye a thynkyng,—oh ! bitter flow'd the tear !

As I laye a thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,  
O, merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast

With a thousand gorgeous dyes,  
While soaring to the skies,  
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,  
As to her nest ,

As I laye a thynkyng, her meaning was exprest —

'Follow, follow me away,  
It boots not to delay,'—  
'Twas so she seem'd to saye,  
'HERE IS REST !'

The *Life and Letters* of Barham was published by his son, the Rev. R. H. D. Barham, who was also Hook's biographer (3 vols. 1870, 3rd ed. 1880, 1 vol. ed. 1899).



concerning poetic imagination. I have not been able to raise my mind to the subject, farther than this, that imagination is the faculty by which the poet conceives and produces—that is, images—individual forms, in which are embodied universal ideas or abstractions. This I do comprehend, and I find the most beautiful and striking illustrations of this faculty in the works of Wordsworth himself.

The incomparable twelve lines, ‘She dwelt among the untrodden ways,’ ending, ‘The discourse to me!’ are finely imagined. They exhibit the powerful effect of the loss of a very obscure object upon one tenderly attached to it. The opposition between the apparent strength of the passion and the insignificance of the object is delightfully conceived, and the object itself well portrayed.

*September 12<sup>th</sup>*—This was a day of rest, but of enjoyment also, though the amusement of the day was rather social than arising from the beauties of nature.

I wrote some of my journal in bed. After my breakfast I accompanied Mr Wordsworth, Mr Hutton, and a Mr Smith to look at some fields belonging to the late Mr Wordsworth, and which were to be sold by auction this evening. I may here mention a singular illustration of the maxim, ‘A prophet is not without honour save in his own country.’ Mr Hutton, a very gentlemanly and seemingly intelligent man, asked me, ‘Is it true—as I have heard reported—that Mr Wordsworth ever wrote verses?’

#### A Feast of the Poets.

*April 4<sup>th</sup> (1823)*—Dined at Monkhouse’s. Our party consisted of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Moore, and Rogers. Five poets of very unequal worth and most disproportionate popularity, whom the public probably would arrange in a different order. During this afternoon Coleridge alone displayed any of his peculiar talent. I have not for years seen him in such excellent health and with so fine a flow of spirits. His discourse was addressed chiefly to Wordsworth, on points of metaphysical criticism—Rogers occasionally interposing a remark. The only one of the poets who seemed not to enjoy himself was Moore. He was very attentive to Coleridge, but seemed to relish Lamb, next to whom he was placed.

*Rem*—Of this dinner an account is given in Moore’s Life, which account is quoted in the *Athenaeum* of April 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1853. Moore writes—‘*April 4<sup>th</sup>, 1823*. Dined at Mr Monkhouse’s (a gentleman I had never seen before) on Wordsworth’s invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero at present of the *London Magazine*) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad in a diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr Robinson, one of the *minoras sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes, the host himself, a *Meccenas* of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow, certainly, but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him! Charles Lamb is indeed praised by a word the most unsuitable imaginable, for he was by no means a clever man, and dear Mary Lamb, a woman of singular good sense, who when really herself, and free from the malady that periodically assailed her, was quiet and judicious in an eminent degree—this admirable person

is dryly noticed as ‘the poor woman who went mad in a diligence,’ &c. Moore is not to be blamed for this—they were strangers to him. The *Athenaeum* reviewer, who quotes this passage from Moore, remarks ‘The tone is not to our liking,’ and it is added ‘We should like to see Lamb’s account.’ This occasioned my sending to the *Athenaeum* (June 25<sup>th</sup>, 1853) a letter by Lamb to Bernard Barton—‘DEAR SIR,—I wished for you yesterday I dined in Parnassus with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore. half the poetry of England constellated in Gloucester Place. It was a delightful evening! Coleridge was in his finest vein of talk—hid all the talk and let ‘em talk as evilly as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener. The Muses were dumb while Apollo lectured on his and their fine art. It is a lie that poets are envious. I have known the best of them, and can speak to it that they give each other their merits and are the kindest critics as well as best authors. I am scribbling a muddv epistle with an aching head, for I e did not quaff Hippocrate last night, marr! It was hippocrass rather’

Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore when he could not articulate very distinctly ‘Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me?’—smiling the action to the word, and hobnobbing. Then he went on ‘Mister Moore, till now I have always felt an antipathy to you, but now that I have seen you I shall like you ever after.’ Some years after I mentioned this to Moore. He recollects the fact, but not Lamb’s amusing manner. Moore’s talent was of another sort, for many years he had been the most brilliant man of his company. In anecdote, small talk, and especially in singing he was supreme, but he was no match for Coleridge in his vein. As little could he feel Lamb’s humour.

Besides these five bards were no one but Mrs Wordsworth, Miss Hutchinson, Mary Lamb, and Mrs Gilman. I was at the bottom of the table, where I very ill performed my part.

#### Goethe at Weimar

*August 2<sup>nd</sup> (1829)*—A golden day! Voigt and I left Jen<sup>t</sup> before seven, and in three hours were at Weimar. Having left our cards at Goethe’s dwelling house, we proceeded to the garden house in the park, and were at once admitted to the great man. I was aware, by the present of medals from him, that I was not forgotten, and I had heard from Hall and others that I was expected. Yet I was oppressed by the kindness of his reception. We found the old man in his cottage in the park, to which he retires for solitude from his town house, where are his son, his daughter in law, and three grandchildren. He generally eats and drinks alone, and when he invites a stranger, it is to a tête-à-tête. This is a wise sparing of his strength. Twenty seven years ago I thus described him—‘In Goethe I beheld an elderly man of terrific dignity, a penetrating and insupportable eye—“the eye, like Jove, to threaten or command”—a somewhat aquiline nose, and most expressive lips, which when closed seemed to be making an effort to move, as if they could with difficulty keep their hidden treasures from bursting forth. His step was firm, ennobling an otherwise too corpulent body, there was ease in his gestures, and he had a free and enkindled air.’ Now I beheld the same eye, indeed,

but the eyebrows were become thin, the cheeks were furrowed, the lips no longer curled with fearful compression, and the lofty, erect posture had sunk to a gentle stoop. Then he never honoured me with a look after the first haughty bow, now he was all courtesy. 'Well, you are come at last,' he said, 'we have wanted years for you. How is my old friend Knebel? You have given him youth again, I have no doubt.' In his room, in which there was a French bed without curtains, hung two large engravings—one, the well-known panoramic view of Rome, the other, the old square engraving, an imaginary restoration of the ancient public buildings. Both of these I then possessed, but I have now given them to University Hall, London. He spoke of the old engraving as what delighted him, as showing what the scholars thought in the fifteenth century. The opinion of scholars is now changed. In like manner he thought favourably of the panoramic view, though it is incorrect, including objects which cannot be seen from the same spot.

I had a second chat with him late in the evening. We talked much of Lord Byron, and the subject was renewed afterwards. To refer to detached subjects of conversation, I ascertained that he was unacquainted with Burns's 'Vision'. This is most remarkable, on account of its close resemblance to the *Zueignung* (dedication) to his own works, because the whole logic of the two poems is the same. Each poet confesses his infirmities, each is consoled by the Muse—the holly leaf of the Scotch poet being the 'veil of dew and sun beams' of the German. I pointed out this resemblance to Frau von Goethe, and she acknowledged it.

This evening I gave Goethe an account of De Lamenais, and quoted from him a passage importing that all truth comes from God, and is made known to us by the Church. He held at the moment a flower in his hand, and a beautiful butterfly was in the room. He exclaimed, 'No doubt all truth comes from God, but the Church! There's the point. God speaks to us through this flower and that butterfly, and that's a language these *Spitzbuben* don't understand.' Something led him to speak of Ossian with contempt. I remarked, 'The taste for Ossian is to be ascribed to you in a great measure. It was Werter that set the fashion.' He smiled, and said, 'That's partly true, but it was never perceived by the critics that Werter praised Homer while he retained his senses, and Ossian when he was going mad. But reviewers do not notice such things.' I reminded Goethe that Napoleon loved Ossian. 'It was the contrast with his own nature,' Goethe replied. 'He loved soft and melancholy music. Werter was among his books at St Helena.'

We spoke of the emancipation of the Catholics. Goethe said, 'My daughter will be glad to talk about it, I take no interest in such matters.' On my leaving him the first evening, he kissed me three times. (I was always before disgusted with man's kisses.) Voigt never saw him do so much to any other.

He pressed me to spend some days at Weimar on my return, and, indeed, afterwards induced me to protract my stay. I was there from the 13th of August till the 19th.

The three volumes of the *Diary* (of which there was a new edition in 1872) contain but gleanings from a plentiful crop garnered in upwards of a hundred MS. volumes of Diary, Journals of tours, Letters, Reminiscences and Anecdotes, preserved in Dr Williams's library in Gordon Square, London.

**John Wilson Croker** (1780–1857), the last and most indefatigable of the original corps of the *Quarterly Review*, was born at Galway, the son of the Surveyor-General of Customs and Excise in Ireland. Educated at Portarlington and Trinity College, Dublin, in 1800 he entered Lincoln's Inn, but in 1802 was called to the Irish Bar. His first literary attempts were satirical—*Familiar Epistles on the Irish Stage* (1804) and *An Intercepted Letter from Canton* (1805), a satire on certain politicians and magnates in Dublin. These trifles were followed by *Songs of Trafalgar* (1806) and *A Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present* (1807), a pamphlet advocating Catholic emancipation. Entering Parliament for Downpatrick (1807), he in 1809 warmly defended the Duke of York over the Mary Anne Clarke scandal, and was rewarded with the post of Secretary to the Admiralty, which he held for nearly twenty-two years, until he retired in 1830 with a pension of £1500. In 1809 he published anonymously *The Battles of Talavera*, a poem in the style of Scott, on which Wellington remarked that he had never thought 'a battle could be turned into anything so entertaining.' In the same style Mr Croker commemorated *The Battle of Albuera* (1811), apparently the last of his poetic efforts. He was now busy with the *Quarterly Review*, which he had helped to found in 1809. His articles were mainly personal or historical—attacks on Whigs and Jacobins, or rectifications of dates and facts regarding public characters and events. He it was who, as the reviewer of Keats's *Endymion* in September 1818, incurred Byron's famous catechetical criticism.

Who killed John Keats?

I, says the *Quarterly*,

So savage and Tartarly,

'Twas one of my feats

The article in three pages of abuse styles Keats a copyist of Leigh Hunt, 'more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype' Lady Morgan's *Italy* was despatched in the same trenchant style. One of Croker's most brilliant 'feats' in this way was his success in mortifying the vanity of Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay), who wished to have it believed that she was only seventeen when her novel of *Evelina* was published. She is said to have kept up the delusion without exactly giving the date, but the reviewer, knowing that she was born at Lynn in Norfolk, had the parish-register examined, and found that she was baptised in June 1752, and consequently, instead of being a youthful prodigy, was between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age when *Evelina* appeared. Croker's success in this species of literary statistics led him afterwards to apply it to the case of the Empress Josephine and Napoleon, he had the French registers examined, and from them proved that both Josephine and Napoleon had falsified their ages. This fact, with other disparaging details, the reviewer brought out in a paper

carefully arranged to appear on the occasion of the third Napoleon's visit to England, and so mortify the new dynasty. In the same spirit Croker assailed Soult when he visited this country—recounting all his military errors and deserts, and reminding him that the Duke of Wellington (who was seriously annoyed by the mistimed reminiscence) had deprived him of his dinner at Oporto in 1809, and at Waterloo in 1815. Two of the later contributions to the *Review* by Croker made considerable noise—those on Macaulay's *History* and Moore's *Memoirs*. In Macaulay's case, Rogers said Croker 'attempted murder, but only committed suicide.' With Moore the reviewer had been on friendly terms. They were countrymen and college acquaintances, and when Lord John Russell published the poet's journals for the benefit of his widow, a generous friend of the dead man would have abstained from harsh comments. Croker plied the scalpel unsparingly, the editor remarked on the critic's 'safe malignity,' and Croker retaliated by showing that Moore had been recording unfavourable notices of Lord John in his journal at the very time that he was cultivating his acquaintance by letters and soliciting favours at his hands. Lord John's faults as an editor were also unsparingly exposed, and on the whole, in all but good feeling, Croker was triumphant in this passage at-arms. Disraeli satirised him in *Coningsby* as 'Rigby,' the jackal of 'Lord Monmouth' (Hertford), and Macaulay, as is well known, 'detested him more than cold boiled veal.' Yet Croker did service to literature by his annotated edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and his publication of the Suffolk Papers, the Letters of Lady Hervey, and Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of the Court of George II*. He wrote *Stories from the History of England for Children*, which served as a model for Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, and he collected some of his contributions to the *Review* as *Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution*. At his death he was preparing an edition of Pope's works, which passed into the hands of the Rev. Whitworth Elwin. Croker's publications numbered nearly a score, and his *Correspondence and Diaries* were edited by Louis J. Jennings (3 vols. 1884).

**George Croly** (1780–1860) was a voluminous writer in poetry, history, fiction, exegetical and polemical theology, politics, &c. Born in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College, he took orders in 1804, and coming in 1810 to London, was appointed rector of St Stephen's, Walbrook, in 1835. He wrote industriously for *Blackwood's Magazine* and the reviews, and showed from the commencement versatility and a decided literary gift. His—somewhat Byronic—poems include *Paris in 1815*, a description of the works of art in the Louvre (1817). *The Angel of the World* (1820), *Catiline*, a tragedy (1822), *Poetical Works*

(2 vols. 1830), and *The Modern Orlando*, a satirical poem (1846). He edited the works of Jeremy Taylor and the poems of Pope. The most important of his theological works is *The Apocalypse of St John, a new Interpretation* (1827), but he published also on providence, baptism, the papal aggression, and the deceased wife's sister, while his historical writings include a series of *Sketches*, a *Character of Curran*, *The Political Life of Burke*, and *The Personal History of King George the Fourth*. There were also books on the Holy Land, a history of the defence of Hamburg against Davout, and three volumes of *Tales of the Great St Bernard*—a series of stories supposed to be told to relieve the monotony of imprisonment by bad weather at the hospice, the Englishman, the Italian, and the rest of the storm-stayed travellers each telling his tale. The romances *Salathiel* (1829) and *Marston, Soldier and Statesman* (1846), are sharply contrasted in subject as in other things—the latter a tale of modern public life, the former the part of the story of the Wandering Jew and his tragic adventures till after the siege of Jerusalem. *Salathiel* was greeted on its appearance by the *Athenaeum* (then but two years old) as 'one of the most splendid productions among works of fiction that the age has brought forth,' and was by other reviews compared with the most powerful of Shakespeare's dramas. It is strongly conceived and has many powerful passages, the style in many places being obviously modelled on De Quincey. Byron, whom he was believed to have attacked in a 'Letter of Cato,' sneered at him as the 'Reverend Rowley Powley,' and spoke, not inaptly, of the 'psalmodicumble' of his Pegasus. A brief memoir by his son was prefixed to Croly's *Book of Job* (1863).

#### Pericles and Aspasia.

This was the ruler of the land,  
When Athens was the land of fame,  
This was the light that led the band,  
When each was like a living flame,  
The centre of earth's noblest ring,  
Of more than men, the more than king

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,  
His sovereignty was held or won  
Feared—but alone as freemen fear,  
Loved—but as freemen love alone,  
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind  
By nature's first great title—mind'

Resistless words were on his tongue,  
Then Eloquence first flashed below,  
Full armed to life the portent sprung,  
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow !  
And his the sole, the sacred hand,  
That shoo'd her regis o'er the land

And throned immortal by his side,  
A woman sits with eye sublime,  
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride,  
But if their solemn love were crime,

Pity the beauty and the sage,  
Their crime was in their darkened age  
He perished, but his wreath was won,  
    He perished in his height of fame  
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,  
    Yet still she conquered in his name.  
Filled with his soul, she could not die,  
Her conquest was Posterity!

#### The French Army in Russia.

Magnificence of ruin! what has time  
In all it ever gazed upon of war,  
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,  
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?  
How glorious shone the invaders pomp afar!  
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came,  
The land before them silence and despair,  
The land behind them massacre and flame, [name  
Blood will have tenfold blood What are they now? A

Homeward by hundred thousands, column deep,  
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood  
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,  
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,  
Billow on endless billow, on through wood,  
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,  
The death devoted moved, to clangour rude  
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,  
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

A gun they reached thee, Borodino! still  
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,  
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,  
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay,  
In vain the startled legions burst away,  
The land was all one naked sepulchre,  
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,  
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear, [drear  
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering

The field was as they left it, fosse and fort  
Strewn with slaughter still, but desolate,  
The cannon flung dismantled by its port,  
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait  
Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate  
Had fixed upon the victor—half undone  
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate  
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone, [on.  
But death was at their heels, they shuddered and rushed

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale!  
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,  
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail  
Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods  
Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,  
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,  
As the gusts sweep them, and those upper floods  
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,  
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil

They reach the wilderness! The majesty  
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,  
Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrathful sky  
If rains were there, they long had ceased to blaze,  
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,  
I seen by a skeleton, the crime of man,  
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,  
Wrapping their rear in night, before their van  
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march  
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel  
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch  
At once is covered with a livid veil,  
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel,  
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,  
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel,  
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun,  
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,  
And it is answered by the dying roar  
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown  
Now in the awful gusts the desert hour  
Is tempested, a sea without a shore,  
Lifting its feathery waves The legions fly,  
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour,  
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,  
And dying, hear the storm but wilder thunder by

(From *Paris in 1815*)

#### Satan from a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence

'Satan dilated stood —MILTON'

Prince of the fallen! around thee sweep  
The billows of the burning deep,  
Above thee lowers the sullen fire,  
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire,  
    And on thy sleepless vision rise  
    Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,  
The spear uplifted in thy hand,  
Thy gorgeous eye—a comet shorn,  
Calm into utter darkness borne,  
    A naked giant, stern, sublime,  
    Armed in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curled lip is throned disdain,  
That may revenge, but not complain  
Thy mighty cheek is firm, though pale,  
There smote the blast of fiery hail  
    Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,  
    The wreck of an archangel's sphere

Thy forehead wears no diadem  
The king is in thy eyeball's beam,  
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,  
Sole Chief of Hell's dark multitude.  
    Thou prisoned, ruined, unforgiven!  
    Yet fit to master all but Heaven

**Charles Caleb Colton.**—A once popular collection of apophthegms and moral reflections was published in 1820–22 under the title of *Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words, addressed to those who Think*, six editions of it appeared within a twelvemonth. The history of its author conveys a moral probably more striking than even the best of his maxims. The Rev Charles Caleb Colton (c. 1780–1832) passed in 1796 from Eton to King's College, Cambridge, and in 1801 obtained a fellowship and the college living of Prior's Portion near Tiverton, in 1818 that of Kew and Petersham. A great fisherman and sportsman generally, he was eccentric to a degree, for a time he carried on a wine-merchant's business, and he would go abroad in military dress. About 1823

gambling and extravagance forced him to leave England, and for a time he lived in America and in Paris. In the French capital he is said to have been so successful as a gambler that in two years he realised £25,000. For fear of a surgical operation he shot himself at Fontainebleau 28th April 1832. Besides *Lacon*, he published a satire on hypocrisy, a poem on Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and one or two trifles. His somewhat pretentious moralising is exemplified in such shorter extracts from *Lacon* as 'Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost,' 'Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write, but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase,' and these longer ones.

#### Mystery and Intrigue

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far fetched, and usually not worth the carriage. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high bred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through by paths, lanes, and alleys, while she herself is jogging quietly along upon the high and beaten road of common sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth are sometimes before her, and sometimes behind her, but very seldom with her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinise into, divers and sundry errors committed and opportunities neglected whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befell the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very heavy, the night to be very dark, the water to be very deep, and the bottom to be very muddy. And it is another plain fact that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a conqueror and a cat.

#### Magnanimity in a Cottage

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great, a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins and on the confines of the grave, a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural, and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

**Charles Waterton** (1782-1865), born at Walton Hall, Wakefield, and educated at the Roman Catholic college of Stonyhurst, went out about 1804 to Demerara to manage some family estates, and determined in 1812 to wander 'through the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo, with the view to reach the inland frontier fort of Portuguese Guiana, to collect a quantity of the strongest Wourali (Curari) poison, and to catch and stuff the beautiful birds which abound in that part of South America.' He made two more journeys, amidst difficulties unspeakable, through Brazil and Guiana—in 1816 and 1820—and in 1825 published his most entertaining *Wanderings in South America, the North west of the United States, and the Antilles*. 'In order to pick up matter for natural history, I have wandered through the wildest parts of South America's equinoctial regions. I have attacked and slain a modern python, and rode on the back of a cayman close to the water's edge, a very different situation from that of a Hyde-Park dandy on his Sunday prancer before the ladies. Alone and barefoot I have pulled poisonous snakes out of their lurking-places, climbed up trees to peep into holes for bats and vampires, and for days together hastened through sun and rain to the thickest parts of the forest to procure specimens I had never seen before.' The python and cayman made much noise and amusement at the time, and the conquest of the cayman was made the subject of a caricature. Waterton had long wished to obtain one of the huge (non-venomous) Coulacanara snakes, and at length he saw one coiled up in his den. He advanced towards him stealthily, and with his lance struck him behind the neck and fixed him to the ground.

#### A Snake Story

That moment the negro next to me seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for the superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and his additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail, and after a violent struggle or two he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth. The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head and held it firm under my arm, one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times.

Next day Waterton killed the snake, which was fourteen feet long and enormously thick. The cayman or alligator was found on the Essequibo after three days' waiting and seeking, and caught with a shark hook baited with a large fish. The difficulty was to pull him up. The Indians proposed shooting him with arrows, but this the 'Wanderer' resisted. 'I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to catch a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen.' The men pulled with a will, and out he came at last, the modern St George standing armed with the mast of the canoe, which he proposed to force down the dragon's throat.

#### How to catch a Cayman.

By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation, I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and by main force twisted them on his back, thus they served me for a bridle. He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and, probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden further inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. That would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride—'Delphini insidens, vada carula sulcat Arion.' The people now dragged us above forty yards on the sand—it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox hounds.

The cayman, killed and stuffed, was, like the python's skin, added to the curiosities of Walton Hall. Waterton's next work was *Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology, with an Autobiography of the Author* (three series, 1838-57, ed. by J. G. Wood, 1878). His account of his family—an old Roman Catholic line that had suffered persecution from the days of Henry VIII downwards—is a quaint, amusing chronicle, and the notes on the habits of birds show minute observation and vivid characterisation (sometimes after the manner of White of Selborne), as well as the kindly, genial spirit of the eccentric squire. The ancient wanderer died from a fall when carrying a log in his own grounds (is Abyssinian Bruce from a fall down his own staircase), and was buried with all the ceremony prescribed by himself between two favourite oaks beside a lake in his own park. There is a Life of him by Richard Hobson (1865).

**Ann and Jane Taylor** were members of an English Nonconformist family so distinguished through five generations in literature and art as to have been made the subject of researches in heredity by Mr Gulton. Their father, Isaac Taylor (1759-1829), the second of four Isaacs, was, like his father before him, an engraver of some eminence. He had an uncle, Charles Taylor (1756-1821), who edited Calmet's *Dictionary of the Bible*, and another, Josiah, who became eminent as a publisher of architectural works. The father of Ann and Jane, besides his engraving business, took a warm interest in the affairs of the 'meeting-house,' and in 1796 became pastor of an Independent congregation at Colchester, in 1811 at Ongar—whence the famous kin became known as 'the Taylors of Ongar' (as distinguished from 'the Taylors of Norwich,' see Vol II p 712). His wife (born Ann Martin) had literary impulses, and published *Maternal Solitude* (1814), *The Family Mansion* (1819), and other tales, and a series of educational works. The daughters, Ann (1782-1866) and Jane (1783-1824), were born in London, but brought up from 1786 at Lavenham in Suffolk, where their father had, for the sake of economy, taken up his residence. His daughters assisted in the engraving, working steadily at their allotted tasks from their thirteenth or fourteenth year, and paying their share of the family expenses. They began their literary career in 1798 by contributing to a cheap annual, *The Minor's Pocket-Book*, the publishers of which induced them to undertake a volume of verses for children. Accordingly in 1804-5 there appeared *Original Poems for Infant Minds*, which were followed by *Rhymes for the Nursery* (1806), *Hymns for Infant Minds* (1810), *Rural Scenes*, *City Scenes*, &c. The hymns, somewhat analogous to Dr Watts's, were highly popular, were praised by men as eminent and as unlike one another as Dr Arnold and Archbishop Whately, and are still familiar—'My Mother' and 'Twinkle, Twinkle, little Star,' can surely never become obsolete in the nursery. Jane Taylor was authoress of a tale, *Display* (1815), and of *Essays in Rhyme* (1816) and *Contributions of Q. Q.* Ann married in 1813 a Congregational minister, the Rev Joseph Gilbert (1779-1852), who settled at Nottingham in 1825, and published *The Christian Atonement*, &c., a memoir of him was written by his widow. When she also was removed, her son, Josiah Gilbert, an accomplished artist, and author of *The Dolomite Mountains, Cadore, or Titian's Country*, &c., published in 1874 *Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs Gilbert (Ann Taylor)*. Each of the accomplished sisters has bequeathed to the Christian Church at least one hymn of universal acceptance, Mrs Gilbert having written 'Great God, and wilt thou descend,' Jane Taylor's best known is 'Lord, I would own thy tender care.' Their brother, Isaac Taylor (1787-1865), became still more distinguished as an author, a notice of him will be found at page 244. For a recent notice of

Jane Taylor, see Mrs L B Walford's *Twelve English Authoresses* (1892)

From 'The Song of the Tea-Kettle'

By ANN TAYLOR

Since first began my ominous song,  
Slowly have passed the ages long  
Slow was the world my worth to glean,  
My visible secret long unseen !  
Surly, apart the nations dwelt,  
Nor yet the magical impulse felt ,  
Nor deemed that charity, science, art,  
All that doth honour or wealth impart,  
Spell bound, till mind should set them free,  
Slumbered, and sung in their sleep—in me !  
At length the day in its glory rose,  
And off on its speed—the *Engine* goes !

On whom first fell the amazing dream ?  
Watt woke to fetter the giant Steam,  
His fury to crush to mortal rule,  
And wield Leviathan as his tool '  
The monster, breathing disaster wild,  
Is tamed and checked by a tutor child ,  
Ponderous and blind, of rudest force,  
A pin or a whisper guides its course ,  
Around its sinews of iron play  
The viewless bonds of a mental sway,  
And triumphs the soul in the mighty dower,  
To knowledge, the plighted boon—is *Power* !

Hark ! 'tis the din of a thousand wheels  
At play with the fleeces of England's fields ,  
From its bed upraised, 'tis the flood that pours  
To fill little cisterns at cottage doors ,  
'Tis the many fingered, intricate, bright machine ,  
With its flowery film of lace, I ween !  
And see where it rushes, with silvery wreath,  
The span of yon arched cave beneath ,  
Stupendous, vital, fiery, bright,  
Trailing its length in a country's sight ,  
Riven are the rocks, the hills give way,  
The dim valley rises to unfelt day ,  
And man, fitly crowned with brow sublime,  
Conqueror of distance reigns, and time.

Lone was the shore where the hero mused,  
His soul through the unknown leagues transfused ,  
His perilous bark on the ocean strayed ,  
And moon after moon, since its anchor weighed ,  
On the solitude strange and drear, did shine  
The untracked ways of that restless brine ,  
Till at length, his shattered sail was furled ,  
Mid the golden sands of a western world !  
Still centuries passed with their measured tread ,  
While winged by the winds the nations sped ,  
And still did the moon, as she watched that deep ,  
Her triple task o'er the voyagers keep ,  
And sore farewells, as they hove from land ,  
Spoke of absence long, on a distant strand

She starts—wild winds at her bosom rage ,  
She laughs in her speed at the war they wage ,  
In queenly pomp on the surf she treads ,  
Scarce walking the sea things from their beds  
Fleet as the lightning tracks the cloud ,  
She glances on, in her glory proud ,

A few bright suns, and at rest she lies ,  
Glittering to transatlantic skies !  
Simpleton man ! why, who would have thought  
To this, the song of a tea kettle brought !

### The Squire's Pew

By JANE TAYLOR

A slanting ray of evening light  
Shoots through the yellow pane ,  
It makes the faded crimson bright ,  
And gilds the fringe again  
The window's Gothic framework falls  
In oblique shadow on the walls

And since those trappings first were new ,  
How many a cloudless day ,  
To rob the velvet of its hue ,  
Has come and passed away !  
How many a setting sun hath made  
That curious lattice work of shade ?

Crumbled beneath the hillock green  
The cunning hand must be  
That carved this fretted door, I ween—  
Acorn and *fleur de lis* ,  
And now the worm hath done her part  
In mimicking the chisel's art

In days of yore—that now we call—  
When James the First was king ,  
The courtly knight from yonder hall  
His train did hither bring ,  
All seated round in order due ,  
With brodered suit and buckled shoe .

On damask cushions, set in fringe ,  
All reverently they knelt  
Prayer book with brazen hasp and hinge ,  
In ancient English spelt ,  
Each holding in a lily hand ,  
Responsive at the priest's command

Now streaming down the vaulted aisle ,  
The sunbeam, long and lone ,  
Illumes the characters awhile  
Of their inscription stone ,  
And there, in marble hard and cold ,  
The knight and all his train behold

Outstretched together are expressed  
He and my lady fair ,  
With hands uplifted on the breast ,  
In attitude of prayer ,  
Long visaged, clad in armour, he ,  
With ruffled arm and bodice, she .

Set forth in order as they died ,  
The numerous offspring bend ,  
Devoutly kneeling side by side ,  
As though they did intend  
For past omissions to atone  
By saying endless prayers in stone .

Those mellow days are past and dim ,  
But generations new ,  
In regular descent from him ,  
Have filled the stately pew ,  
And in the same succession go  
To occupy the vault below

And now the polished, modern square  
 And his gay train appear,  
 Who duly to the hall retire,  
 A season every year—  
 And fill the seats with belle and beau,  
 As 'twas so many years ago  
 Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread  
 The hollow sounding floor  
 Of that dark house of kindred dead  
 Which shall, as heretofore,  
 In turn, receive to silent rest  
 Another and another guest—  
 The feathered hearse and sable train,  
 In all its wonted state  
 Shall wind along the village lane,  
 And stand before the gate,  
 Brought many a distant county through  
 To join the final rendezvous.  
 And when the race is swept away  
 All to their dusty beds,  
 Still shall the mellow evening ray  
 Shine gaily o'er their heads  
 Whilst other faces, fresh and new,  
 Shall occupy the squire's pew

**Mary Russell Mitford**, the graphic and sympathetic portrayer of English country life in its happiest aspects, was born at Alresford, Hampshire, 16th December 1787. Her father, a selfish, extravagant physician (without practice), for her tenth birthday bought her a lottery-ticket, which drew a prize of £20,000, hereupon she was sent to a good school at Chelsea, and Dr Mitford built himself a big house near Reading. Hither Mary returned in 1802, and here in 1810 she, long an omnivorous reader, produced her first volume, *Miscellaneous Poems*. *Christina, Blanche of Castile*, and *Poems on the Female Character* followed, but attracted little notice. Meanwhile she and all about him were suffering for her handsome and accomplished father's reckless and selfish extravagance and high play. 'His wife's large fortune, his daughter's, his own patrimony all passed through his hands in an incredibly short space of time, but his wife and daughter were never heard to complain of his conduct, nor appeared to admire him less.' In 1820 the family had to move to a cottage at Three-Mile Cross, and Miss Mitford had now to write for its support, she was content to slave that her unconscionable father might have utterly useless luxuries—and he took them without scruple, she overtaxed her strength and literary gift by her perverse and blame-worthy devotion to the reprobate, and her self-denial was even misunderstood and misjudged as grasping and miserly. In 1823 was produced her tragedy of *Julian*, dedicated to Macready, 'for the zeal with which he befriended the production of a stranger, for the judicious alterations which he suggested, and for the energy, the pathos, and the skill with which he more than

embodied its principal character.' But *Julian* ran only eight nights, *Foscari* ran fifteen, and *Rienzi*, her best and most successful play, was acted forty-five times, and was sold to the number of four thousand copies. *Charles I* and other dramatic pieces had their vogue, but Miss Mitford's triumph was to be won on other fields. Her best work began as a serial in 1819 in a magazine, and in 1823 appeared in volume form as *Our Village, Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery*, to which four other volumes were added, the fifth and last in 1832. 'Every one,' said Henry Chorley, 'now knows *Our Village*, and every one knows that the nooks and corners, the haunts and the copses, so delightfully described in its pages will be found in the immediate neighbourhood of Reading, and more especially around Three-Mile Cross, a cluster of cottages on the Basingstoke Road, in one of which our authoress resided for many years. But so little were the peculiar and original excellence of her descriptions understood, in the first instance, that, after having gone the round of rejection through the more important periodicals, they at last saw the light in no worthier publication than the *Lady's Magazine*. But the series of rural pictures grew, and the venture of collecting them into a separate volume was tried. The public began to relish the style, so fresh, yet so finished—to enjoy the delicate humour and the simple pathos of the tales, and the result was that the popularity of these sketches outgrew that of the works of loftier order proceeding from the same pen, that young writers, English and American, began to imitate so artless and charming a manner of narration, and that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.' The book, as Chorley said, has become really a classic, has 'created a school of minute home landscape painters in pen and ink analogous to that of the Cuyps and Holbeins of the Low Countries,' and founded a fashion in literature, Charles Lamb, Christopher North, and Harriet Martineau recognised in *Our Village* a new and delightful branch of art, and Mrs S C Hall took thence her impulse for the *Sketches of Irish Character*. Mrs Richmond Ritchie speaks of *Our Village* as 'one of the books that are part of everybody's life as a matter of course.' Miss Mitford's intimate friend, Miss Barrett, called her 'a sort of prose Crabbe in the sun.' Her keen observation and shrewdness, her generous and gentle wisdom, her humour, her original turns of thought and expression, the singular clearness and purity of her style, are all equally apparent in her work. Mrs Richmond Ritchie admires it less for 'its actual descriptions and pictures of intelligent villagers and greyhounds' than for 'the more imaginative things, the sense of space and nature and progress which she knows how to convey, the sweet and emotional

chord she strikes with so true a touch' *Belford Regis* (1835) is a novel with much work cognate to *Our Village*, and passed through three editions. In 1837 Miss Mitford received a pension of £100, in 1842 she was at last relieved of the burden (which, though she never said so, she must have felt was no light one) of her father. Though suffering from ill-health for many years, she continued her literary pursuits. In 1852 she published *Recollections of a Literary Life*, largely autobiographical, and full of delightful glimpses of her contemporaries, famous or unknown, in 1854 came her last book, *Atherton and other Tales*. A plain-looking little woman with a 'wonderful wall of forehead,' she knew nothing of the mysteries of dress and was wholly indifferent on the subject, so that it at times needed the charm of her dear and venerable face, her genial smile and lovable ways, to make her visitors forget the extraordinary simplicity of her attire. She died on the 10th of January 1855 in her little house at Swallowfield, whither she had moved in 1851.

#### A Sunset

What a sunset! how golden! how beautiful! The sun just disappearing, and the narrow tiny clouds which a few minutes ago lay like soft vapour streaks along the horizon lighted up with a golden splendour that the eye can scarcely endure, and those still softer clouds which floated above them wreathing and curling into a thousand fantastic forms as thin and changeful as summer smoke, now defined and deepened into grandeur and edged with ineffable, insufferable light! Another minute and the brilliant orb totally disappears, and the sky above grows every moment more varied and more beautiful as the dazzling golden lines are mixed with glowing red and gorgeous purple, dappled with small dark specks and mingled with such a blue as the egg of the hedge sparrow. To look up at that glorious sky, and then to see that magnificent picture reflected in the clear and lovely Loddon water, is a pleasure never to be described and never forgotten. My heart swells and my eyes fill as I write of it, and think of the immeasurable majesty of nature, and the unspeakable goodness of God, who has spread an enjoyment so pure, so peaceful, and so intense before the meanest and the lowliest of His creatures.

(From 'The Dell' in the second volume of *Our Village*)

#### Tom Cordery the Poacher

This human oak grew on the wild North of Hampshire country, a country of heath and hill and forest, partly reclaimed, enclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part uncultivated and uncivilised, a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilised men. He was by calling rat catcher, hare finder, and broom maker, a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching which he followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would undoubtedly have pursued till his death had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little

of his old unlawful occupation with his honest callings, was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy—suspected, and more than suspected, as being one 'who, though he played no more, o'erlooked the cards' Yet he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly intercourse with the guardians of the game on M—— Common as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice at Bow Street.

Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of con-



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

From the Portrait by John Lucas in the National Portrait Gallery

tinuing his slow and steady speed that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog could out tire him. He had a bold, undaunted presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle. You might see, by looking at him, that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and dis-gusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good humour. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermillion hue that overspread all his features, his very hair was sunburnt too. Everybody liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an aptness to like, which is certain to be repaid in kind, the very dogs knew him, and loved



**Mrs Hemans** was born at Liverpool, Felicia Dorothea Browne, on the 25th of September 1793. Her father was a merchant, who after some reverses removed in 1800 with his family to Gwrych near Abergale in North Wales, and there Felicia was inspired by a new love of nature. A volume of *Poems* (1808) proved far from successful, but was followed that same year by *England and Spain, or Valour and Patriotism*, which called forth more than one letter from Shelley. In 1812 she published *The Domestic Affections, and other Poems*, and the same year was married to Captain Hemans, an Irish officer who had served in Spain. She continued her studies, acquiring several languages and still cultivating poetry. In 1818, after she had borne him five sons, Captain Hemans went off to Italy, and they never met afterwards. In 1819 Mrs Hemans obtained a prize of £50 offered by a patriotic Scotsman for the best poem on the subject of Sir William Wallace. Next year she produced a poem on *The Sceptic*. In June 1821 she secured the prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature for a poem upon Dartmoor. Her next effort was a tragedy, the *Vespers of Palermo*, which when produced at Covent Garden in December 1823 was not successful, though supported by the admirable acting of Kemble and Young. In 1826 appeared what was generally accounted her best poem, *The Forest Sanctuary*, and in 1828 *Records of Woman*, later collections were *Lays of Leisure Hours* and *National Lyrics*. In 1829 she paid a visit to Scotland, and received a warm welcome from Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, and the Scottish literati. Scott's parting words are memorable 'There are some whom we meet and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin, and you are one of these.' In 1830 appeared her *Songs of the Affections*. The same year she visited Wordsworth, and, deeply impressed by the beauty of Rydal Lake and Grasmere, heartily sympathised with Wordsworth's own enthusiasm. 'I would not give up the mists that spiritualise our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy.' From 1809 to 1827 she had lived near St Asaph, and then for four years at Wavertree, Liverpool; now, in 1831, she went to reside in Dublin, where one of her brothers, Major Browne, was chief commissioner of police. The education of her five boys occupied much of her time and attention; ill health pressed heavily on her, and she soon fell into premature decay. In 1834 appeared her little volume of *Hymns for Childhood* and a collection of *Scenes and Hymns of Life, Thoughts during Sickness* were in the form of sonnets. Her last, dictated to her brother on a Sunday three weeks before her death, was this

#### Sunday in England.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,  
Through England's primrose meadow paths, their way  
Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,  
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day,

The halls, from old heroic ages gray,  
Pour their fair children forth, and hamlets low,  
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,  
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,  
Like a freed vernal stream I may not tread  
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed  
Of sickness bound, yet, O my God! I bless  
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled  
My chastened heart, and all its throbings stilled  
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness

She died on 16th May 1835, aged forty-one, and was buried in St Anne's Church, Dublin. On her tomb are these lines from one of her own dirges

Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit! rest thee now!  
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow  
Dust to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die

Mrs Hemans was not a profound or subtle poet, but had the true poet's gifts of grace, sweetness, and tenderness. Her poems, as Scott hinted, 'have too many flowers for the fruit,' the longer poems, and especially the tragedies, are unquestionably insipid and tedious. But some of her shorter pieces and lyrics are perfect in sentiment and pathos, 'The Child's First Grief' ('O call my brother back to me'), 'The Better Land,' 'The Treasures of the Deep,' the pieces quoted below, and 'Casabianca,' which belongs to a somewhat different category, are still found in school books, and will keep her memory green while the language endures. One of her hymns, 'He knelt, the Saviour knelt,' is in common use, and 'Lowly and solemn,' from a poem on Sir Walter Scott's funeral day, is frequently sung as a hymn

#### From 'The Voice of Spring'

I come, I come! ye have called me long,  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song,  
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers  
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers  
And the ancient groves, and the fallen fanes,  
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.  
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been

I have sent through the wood paths a glowing sigh,  
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,  
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,

To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
When the dark fir bough into verdure breaks  
  
From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,  
They are sweeping on to the silver main,  
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
They are flinging spry on the forest boughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!  
Where the violets lie may now be your home.  
Ye of the rose lip and dew bright eye  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay



MRS. HEMANS

From the Bust by Angus Fletcher in the National Portrait Gallery

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,  
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen,  
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth  
Their light stems thrill to the wild wood strains,  
And Youth is abroad in my green domains

The summer is hastening, on soft wings borne,  
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn,  
For me I depart to a brighter shore—  
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more  
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,  
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell!

#### The Homes of England.

The stately Homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land.  
The deer across their greensward bound  
Through shade and sunny gleam,  
And the swan glides past them with the sound  
Of some rejoicing stream

The merry Homes of England!  
Around their hearths by night,  
What gaysome looks of household love  
Meet in the ruddy light!  
There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
Or childhood's tale is told,  
Or lips move tunefully along  
Same glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!  
How softly on their bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from Sabbath hours!  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bell's chime  
Floats through their woods at morn  
All other sounds, in that still time,  
Of breeze and leaf are born

The cottage Homes of England!  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brook,  
And round the hamlet fives  
Through glowing orchards forth they peep  
Lach from its nook of leaves  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!  
Long, long, in hut and hill,  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall!  
And green for ever be the grove,  
And bright the flowered sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God!

**The Graves of a Household.**  
They grew in beauty, side by side,  
They filled one home with glee,  
Their graves are severed far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,  
He lies where pearls lie deep  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed  
Above the noble sun  
He wrapt his colours round his breast,  
On a blood red field of Spain

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned,  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree,  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth—  
Alas for love, if thou wert ill,  
And nought beyond, O earth !'

Besides her sister's Memoir of Mrs Hemans in the seven volume edition of her works published in 1839, there are *Memorials* by H F Chorley (1836), recollections by Mrs Laurence (1836), the *Poetical Remains*, with a Memoir by Delta (1836), and the *Poetical Works* with Memoir by W M Rossetti (1873). See also Espinasse's *Lancashire Worthies* (1874), Mrs C. J. Hamilton's *Women Writers* (1892), and Mrs L. B. Walsford's *Twelve English Authors* (1892).

**Letitia Elizabeth Landon** (1802-38), better known as 'L E L,' from the initials which were her *nom de guerre*, is reputed to have been, with the possible exception of Moore only, the most popular English poet in the period between Byron's decline and Tennyson's rise. But at the present day the most approved anthologies of English Lyrics and English Verse give no specimen of her work, and there are histories of modern English literature that do not even mention her name, to hardly any English writer has Fame proved so fickle. Among her poetical works were *The Fate of Adelheid* (1821), *The Improvisatrice* (1824), *The Troubadour* (1825), *The Golden Violet* (1827), *The Venetian Bracelet* (1829), and *The Vow of the Peacock* (1835). She wrote two or three novels, beginning with *Romance and Reality* (1830), *Ethel Churchill* (1837) was her most successful tale. There was also a tragedy on *Castruccio Castracani* (1837), but 'L E L' was perhaps best known and beloved for her innumerable contributions to the *Literary Gazette*, edited by her warm friend Jerdan, and other magazines and annuals. She was born at Hans Place, Chelsea, and was the daughter of an army-agent. Lively, susceptible, and romantic, she early commenced writing poetry, and after her father's death she not only maintained herself but assisted her relations by her literary labours. Unkind tongues caused the breaking off of an engagement (said to have been with John Forster), and in 1838 she was married to George Maclean, the governor of what is now part of the Gold Coast Colony, and in the same year she sailed for Cape Coast Castle with her husband. She had spent barely two months in her African home, but had resumed her literary work, when one morning, after writing overnight some cheerful and affectionate letters to her friends in England, she was found dead in her room, having in her hand a bottle from which she was reported to have swallowed an overdose of poison as a relief from spasms. Her friends at home did not all accept this, the official verdict. It was known that she was disappointed in her husband's character (though as an administrator he was energetic and successful), and she felt lonely and unhappy in her married life. The doubt has never been dispelled. The *Athenaeum* obituary of 'Mrs Maclean' in the first week of January 1839 recognised that her ceaseless composition had 'necessarily precluded the thought

and cultivation essential to the production of poetry of the highest order. Hence, with all her fancy and feeling, her principal works bear a strong family likeness to each other in their recurrence to the same sources of allusion and the same veins of imagery—in the conventional rather than natural colouring of their descriptions, and in the excessive though not unmusical carelessness of their versification.' The critic greeted her last published verses, 'The Polar Star,' printed after her death in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*, as an earnest of deeper seriousness, wider knowledge, and more careful technique. Her novels resemble her poems in being stories of sentiment, 'and reflect in some degree the conversation of their authoress, which sparkled always brightly with quick fancy and a *badinage* which astonished those matter-of-fact persons who expected to find in the manners and discourse of the poetess traces of the weary heart, the broken lute, and the disconsolate willow-tree which were so frequently her themes of song.' Her fluency was a truly fatal gift, the very variety of her subjects and of her measures is suspicious, the sentiment, whether poetically far-fetched or commonplace, is usually conventional, and in her Troubadours and Laras, her Hindoo Brides and Bayadères, her Lays of Scottish and Spanish minstrels and German minnesingers, there are echoes of Scott, Byron, Southey, and Moore, along with notes that suggest her less popular contemporary, Mrs Hemans, and anticipations of Longfellow. She remains a landmark in the history of popular taste in literature and its vagaries. Her poems are seldom bought and seldom studied, but 'L E L' is still largely represented in quotation books, and fragments of her verse still float about disembodied, such as

Dreams of truth,  
The Eden birds of early youth  
That make the loveliness of love

Genius, like all heavenly light,  
Can blast as well as bless the sight

It is deep happiness to die,  
Yet live in love's dear memory

O, silence is  
Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss  
How often woman's heart must turn  
To feed upon its own excess  
Of deep yet passionate tenderness!  
How much of grief the heart must prove  
That yields a sanctuary to love!

#### Sappho's Song

Farewell, my lute!—and would that I  
Had never waked thy burning chords!  
Poison has been upon thy sigh,  
And fever has breathed in thy words  
  
Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame  
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?  
I should have been the wretch I am,  
Had every chord of thine been mute

It was my evil star above,  
Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong,  
It was not song that taught me love,  
But it was love that taught me song  
  
If song be past, and hope undone,  
And pulse, and head, and heart are flame,  
It is thy work, thou futhless one!  
But, no!—I will not name thy name,  
  
Sun god! lute, wreath we vowed to thee!  
Long be their light upon my grave—  
My glorious grave—yon deep blue sea  
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave!

#### A Poetical Portrait

Ah! little do those features wear  
The shade of grief, the soil of care,  
The hair is parted o'er a brow  
Open and white as mountain snow,  
And thence descends in many a ring,  
With sun and summer glistening  
Yet something on that brow has wrought  
A moment's cast of passing thought,  
Musing of gentle dream, like those  
Which tint the slumbers of the ro<sup>t</sup>  
Not love,—love is not yet with thee,—  
But just a glimpse what love may be  
A memory of some last night & sigh  
When flitting blush and drooping eye  
Answer'd some youthful cavalier,  
Whose words sank pleasant on thine ear,  
To stir, but not to fill the heart —  
Dreaming of such, fair girl, thou art —  
  
Thou blessed season of our spring  
When hopes are angels on the wing,  
Bound upwards to their heavenly shore,  
Alas! to visit earth no more  
Then step and laugh alike are light,  
When, like a summer morning bright,  
Our spirits in their mirth are such  
As turn to gold whate'er they touch  
The past!—'tis nothing—childhood's day  
Has roll'd too recently away,  
For youth to shed those mournful tears  
That fill the eye in older years,  
When Care looks back on that bright leaf  
Of ready smiles and short lived grief  
The future!—'tis the promised land,  
To which Hope points with prophet hand,  
Telling us fairy tales of flowers  
That only change for fruit—and ours  
Though false, though fleeting, and though vain,  
Thou blessed time, I say again —  
  
Glad being, with thy downcast eyes,  
And visionary look that lies  
Beneath their shadow, thou shalt share  
A world where all my treasures are—  
My lute's sweet empire, fill'd with ill  
That will obey my spirit's call,  
A world lit up by fancy's sun!  
Ah! little like our actual one

#### On the Picture of a Child screening a Dove from a Hawk.

Ay, screen thy favourite dove, fair child,  
Ay, screen it if you may —  
Yet I misdoubt thy trembling hand  
Will scare the hawk away

That dove will die, that child will weep,—  
Is this their destiny?  
Ever amid the sweets of life  
Some evil thing must be  
Ay, mortalise,—is it not thus  
We've mourn'd our hope and love?  
Ah! there are tears for every eye,  
A hawk for every dove

#### The Polar Star

A star has left the kindling sky —  
A lovely northern light,  
How many planets are on high,  
But that has left the night  
  
I miss its bright familiar face  
It was a friend to me,  
Associate with my native place,  
And those beyond the sea  
  
It rose upon our English sky,  
Shone o'er our English land  
And brought back many a loving eye,  
And many a gentle hand  
  
It seemed to answer to my thought,  
It called the past to mind  
And with its welcome presence brought  
All I had left behind  
  
The voyage it lights no longer ends  
Soon on a foreign shore,  
How can I but recall the friends  
That I may see no more?  
  
Fresh from the pain it was to part —  
How could I bear the pain?  
Yet strong the omen in my heart  
That says, We meet again —  
  
Meet with a deeper, dearer love,  
For absence shows the worth  
Of all from which we then remove,  
Friends, home, and native earth.  
  
Thou lovely polar star, mine eye  
Still turned the first on thee,  
Till I have felt a sad surprise  
That none looked up with me  
  
But thou hast sunk upon the wave,  
Thy radiant place unknown,  
I seem to stand beside a grave,  
And stand by it alone  
  
Farewell! ah, would to me were given  
A power upon thy light!  
What words upon our English heaven  
Thy loving rays should write  
  
Kind messages of love and hope  
Upon thy rays should be  
Thy shining orbit should have scope  
Scarcely enough for me.  
  
Oh, fancy vain, is it so fond,  
And little needed too  
My friends, I need not look beyond  
My heart to look for you

\*L. E. L.'s *Life and Remains*, published by Laman Blanchard in two volumes in 1841, retched a second edition in 1855, and William Bell Scott brought out an edition of her poems, with a Memoir in 1873. A French estimate of her may be found in Le Févier Deumier's *Célébrités Anglaises* (1895).

**Anna Jameson** (1794–1860), art critic, the eldest of the four daughters of Brownell Murphy, miniaturist, was born at Dublin and brought up in England at Whitehaven, at Newcastle, and in or near London. From sixteen a governess, in 1825 she married Robert Jameson, a barrister, who from 1829 held appointments in Dominica and Canada. They never got on well together, and from that date, with the exception of a dismal visit to Canada (1836–38), she lived apart from him. Her numerous writings include *The Diary of an Ennuyeuse* (1826), memoranda made during a tour in France and Italy, *Lives of the Poets* (1829), *Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns* (1831), *Characteristics of Women* (1832), *Beauties of the Court of Charles II* (1833), *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad* (1834), *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada* (1838), *Pictures of the Social Life of Germany, as represented in the Dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony* (1840). Works so various cannot all be of like temper or equal interest, but there was good ground for Professor Wilson's warm eulogium on Mrs Jameson as 'one of the most eloquent of our female writers, full of feeling and fancy, a true enthusiast with a glowing soul'. Her most famous contributions to literature were in the department of art criticism, and her *Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art* (1842) and *Companion to Private Galleries of Art in and near London* (1844) were long standard works. *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters* and *Memoirs on Art, Literature, and Social Morals* (1845 and 1846) gave more scope to her literary gifts and artistic sympathies. But she is now mainly remembered as authoress of *Sacred and Legendary Art* (2 vols 1848), dealing with the evangelists, apostles, and other scriptural characters, with the early saints and doctors, as represented in art. To this succeeded *Legends of the Monastic Orders* (1850), practically a second series, *Legends of the Madonna* (1852), a third, and *The History of Our Lord as exemplified in Works of Art*, a fourth, which was finished after her death by Lady Eastlake. So that her *magnum opus* constituted a history of Christian art, and of the Church through art, down to the seventeenth century. Her *Commonplace Book* was issued in 1854, and her niece, Geraldine Macpherson, published *Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson* in 1878. She took a keen interest in philanthropic enterprises, warmly supported the Sisters of Mercy, promoted the training of nurses, and, before most of her contemporaries, advocated the thorough education of women so as to qualify them for various employment.

Mrs Jameson's work has not quite lost either its value or its popularity, though new art canons have had their vogue and Raphael has yielded the palm to Botticelli. Her criticism is some of it out of date, and at her best and even for her own day her technical knowledge of art was very defective. She was an art critic of the pre-Ruskinian period, and of quite pre Morellian methods and principles.

Her legends she took from the obvious sources, quite uncritically, as in duty bound—from the *Legenda Aurea*, from Ribadeneyra, or from Alban Butler, as was most convenient or picturesque, her historical equipment was that of an accomplished, sympathetic, well read, and industrious but not profoundly or really learned woman. Her sensibilities often ran away with her judgment, or she wandered off into the history of the picture and then talked of all it suggested to her rather than of the picture itself. Therein lies part of her charm, she wrote out of the fullness of her heart, and became one of the most popular and attractive teachers on subjects for which the movement associated with Tractarianism had prepared the English public. Her technical weakness in nowise affects the beauty of her stories, her work was for many much more than a history. Longfellow wrote to her 'God bless you for this book! How very precious it is to me! Indeed, I can hardly try to express to you the feelings of affection with which I have cherished it from the first moment it reached us. It most amply supplies the cravings of the religious nature.'

Sir Gerard Noel.

Our *Chef de Voyage*—for so we chose to entitle him who was the planner and director of the excursion—was one of the most accomplished and most eccentric of human beings even courtesy might have termed him old at seventy, but old age and he were many miles asunder, and it seemed as though he had made some compact with Time, like that of Faust with the Devil and was not to surrender to his inevitable adversary till the last moment. Years could not quench his vivacity nor 'stale his infinite variety'. He had been one of the Prince's wild companions in the days of Sheridan and Fox, and could play alternately blackguard and gentle man, each in perfection, but the high born gentleman ever prevailed. He had been heir to an enormous income, most of which had slipped through his fingers *unknownist*, as the Irish say, and had stood in the way of a coronet, which somehow or other had passed over his head to light on that of his eldest son. He had lived a life which would have ruined twenty iron constitutions, and had suffered what might well have broken twenty hearts of common stuff, but his self complacency was invulnerable, his animal spirits inexhaustible, his activity indefatigable. The eccentricities of this singular man have been matter of celebrity, but against each of these stories it would be easy to place some act of benevolence, some trait of gentlemanly feeling, which would at least neutralise their effect. He often told me that he had early in life selected three models after which to form his own character and conduct—namely, De Grammont, Hotspur, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and he certainly did unite, in a greater degree than he knew himself, the characteristics of all three. On looking round after Donna Anna's song, I was surprised to see our *Chef de Voyage* bathed in tears, but, no whit disconcerted, he merely wiped them away, saying, with a smile, 'It is the very prettiest, softest thing to cry to one's self!' Afterwards, when we were in the carriage, he expressed his surprise that any man should be ashamed of tears. 'For my own part,' he added, 'when I wish

to enjoy the very high sublime of luxury, I dine alone, order a mutton cutlet *cuite à point*, with a bottle of Burgundy on one side and Ovid's Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses on the other. And so I read, and eat, and cry to myself' And then he repeated with enthusiasm—

'Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulysse  
Nil mihi rescribas, uttamen ipse vent,'

his eyes glistening as he recited the lines

(From the *Memoirs of Mrs Jameson*)

It was shortly after her husband's departure for the West Indies that Mrs Jameson made a tour on the Continent with her father and her father's patron, the Sir Gerard of the above reminiscence

#### From the 'Commonplace Book.'

It is a common observation, that girls of lively talents are apt to grow pert and satirical. I fell into this danger when about ten years old. Sallies at the expense of certain people, ill looking, or ill-dressed, or ridiculous, or foolish, had been laughed at and applauded in company, until, without being naturally malignant, I ran some risk of becoming so from sheer vanity.

The fables which appeal to our high moral sympathies may sometimes do as much for us as the truths of science. So thought our Saviour when He taught the multitude in parables. A good clergyman who lived near us, a famous Persian scholar, took it into his head to teach me Persian—I was then about seven years old—and I set to work with infinite delight and earnestness. All I learned was soon forgotten, but a few years afterwards, happening to stumble on a volume of Sir William Jones's works—his Persian Grammar—it revived my Orientalism, and I began to study it eagerly. Among the exercises given was a Persian fable or poem—one of those traditions of our Lord which are preserved in the East. The beautiful apologue of 'St Peter and the Cherries,' which Goethe has versified or imitated, is a well known example. This fable I allude to was something similar, but I have not met with the original these forty years, and must give it here from memory.

'Jesus,' says the story, 'arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and He sent His disciples forward to prepare supper, while He Himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market place. And He saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground, and He drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt, and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose, "it pollutes the air." "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third, "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all dragged and bleeding!" "No doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged for thieving!" And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, He said, "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!" Then the people turned towards Him with amazement, and said among themselves "Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog," and being ashamed, they bowed their heads before Him, and went each on his way.'

I can recall at this hour the vivid yet softening and pathetic impression left on my fancy by this old Eastern

story. It struck me as exquisitely humorous, as well as exquisitely beautiful. It gave me a pain in my conscience, for it seemed thenceforward so easy and so vulgar to say satirical things, and so much nobler to be benign and merciful, and I took the lesson so home that I was in great danger of falling into the opposite extreme—of seeking the beautiful even in the midst of the corrupt and the repulsive.

#### From the 'Legends of the Madonna'

Of the pictures in our galleries, public or private—of the architectural adornments of those majestic edifices which spring up in the Middle Ages (where they have not been despoiled or desecrated by a zeal as fervent as that which reared them), the largest and most beautiful portion have reference to the Madonna—her character, her person, her history. It was a theme which never tired her votaries—whether, as in the hands of great and sincere artists, it became one of the noblest and loveliest, or, as in the hands of superficial, unbelching, time serving artists, one of the most degraded. All that human genius, inspired by faith, could achieve of best—all that fanaticism, sensuality, atheism, could perpetuate of worst, do we find in the cycle of those representations which have been dedicated to the glory of the Virgin. And, indeed, the ethics of the Madonna worship, as evolved in art, might be not unaptly likened to the ethics of human love so long as the object of sense remained in subjection to the moral idea—so long as the appeal was to the best of our faculties and affections—so long was the image grand or refined, and the influences to be ranked with those which have helped to humanise and civilise our race but so soon as the object became a mere idol, then worship and worshippers, art and artists, were together degraded.

#### From 'The Loves of the Poets'

The theory which I wish to illustrate, as far as my limited powers permit, is this, that where a woman has been exalted above the rest of her sex by the talents of a lover, and consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise, the passion was real, and was meant, that no deep or lasting interest was ever founded in fancy or in fiction, that truth, in short, is the basis of all excellence in amatory poetry as in everything else, for where truth is, there is good of some sort, and where there is truth and good, there must be beauty, there must be durability of fame. Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of Heaven on the things of this earth, and stamps them to immortality. Poets have risen up and been the mere fashion of a day, and have set up idols which have been the idols of a day. If the worship be out of date and the idols cast down, it is because those adorers wanted sincerity of purpose and feeling, their raptures were feigned, their incense was bought or adulterate. In the brain or in the fancy, one beauty may eclipse another—one coquette may drive out another, and, tricked off in airy verse, they float away unregarded like morning vapours, which the beam of genius has tinged with a transient brightness, but let the heart be once touched, and it is not only wakened but inspired, the lover kindled into the poet presents to her he loves his cup of ambrosial praise, she tastes—and the woman is transmuted into a divinity. When the Grecian sculptor carved out his deities in marble, and left us wondrous and godlike shapes,

impersonations of ideal grace unapproachable by modern skill, was it through such mechanical superiority? No, it was the spirit of faith within which shadowed to his imagination what he would represent. In the same manner, no woman has ever been truly, lustingly desired in poetry, but in the spirit of truth and love.

### Venice

It is this all pervading presence of light, and this suffusion of rich colour glowing through the deepest shadows, which make the very life and soul of Venice, but not all who have dwelt in Venice, and breathed her air and lived in her life, have felt their influences, it is the want of them which renders so many of Canaletti's pictures false and unsatisfactory—to me at least. All the time I was at Venice I was in a rage with Canaletti I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or other of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice! Just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by the daguerreotype, or by some bad conscientious painter—some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance, we can not deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies—the transparent gleaming waters—the bright green of the vine shadowed *Traghetto*—the freshness and the glory—the dreamy, aerial, fantastic splendour of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures—all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal, even his skies and water—and is that Venice? ‘But,’ says my friend, ‘if you would have Venice, seek it in Turner’s pictures!’ True, I may seek it, but shall I find it? Venice is like a dream—but this dream upon the canvas, do you call this Venice? The exquisite precision of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective—so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of brightness—where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms without the colour or light, Turner, the colour and light without the forms. But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice—breathe the same air—go to Titian there is more of Venice in his ‘Cornaro Family’ or his ‘Pesaro Madonna’ than in all the Canalettis in the corridor at Windsor. Beautiful they are, I must needs say it, but when I think of enchanting Venice, the most beautiful are to me like prose translations of poetry—petrifactions, materialities ‘We start, for life is wanting there!’ I know not how it is, but certainly things that would elsewhere displease, delight us at Venice. It has been said, for instance, ‘Put down the church of St Mark anywhere but in the Piazza, it is barbarous’ here, where east and west have met to blend together, it is glorious. And again, with regard to the sepulchral effigies in our churches, I have always been of Mr Westmacott’s principles and party, always on the side of those who denounce the intrusion of monuments of human pride insolently paraded in God’s temple, and surely cavaliers on prancing horses in a church should seem the very acme of such irreverence and impropriety in taste, but here the impression is far different. O those awful, grim, mounted warriors and doges, high over our heads against the walls of the San Giovanni e Paolo and the Frari!—man and horse in panoply of state, colossal, lifelike—suspended, as it were, so far above us that we cannot conceive how they came there,

or are kept there, by human means alone. It seems as though they had been lifted up and fixed on their airy pedestals as by a spell. At whatever hour I visited those churches—and that was almost daily—whether at morn, or noon, or in the deepening twilight, still did those marvellous effigies—man and steed, and trampled Turk, or mitred doge, upright and stiff in his saddle—fix me as if fascinated, and still I looked up at them, wondering every day with a new wonder, and scarce repressing the startled exclamation, ‘Good heavens! how came they there?’ And not to forget the great wonder of modern times—I hear people talking of a railway across the Lagune, as if it were to unpoezise Venice, as if this new approach were a malignant invention to bring the siren of the Adriatic into the ‘dull catalogue of common things,’ and they call on me to join the outcry, to echo sentimental denunciations, quoted out of *Murray’s Hand book*, but I cannot—I have no sympathy with them. To me that tremendous bridge, spanning the sea, only adds to the wonderful one wonder more, to great sources of thought one yet greater. Those persons, methinks, must be strangely prosaic *au fond* who can see poetry in a Gothic pinnacle, or a crumbling temple, or a gladiator’s circus, and in this gigantic causeway and its seventy five arches, traversed with fiery speed by dragons, brazen winged, to which neither alp nor ocean can oppose a barrier, nothing but a commonplace. I must say I pity them / see a future fraught with hopes for Venice—

‘Twinning memories of old time  
With new virtues more sublime !’

To the last extract, which is from ‘The House of Titian in her *Memories and Essays* (1846), Mrs Jameson adds in a footnote: ‘Guardi gives the local colouring of Venice better than Canaletti Bonington better than either, in one or two examples that remain to us.’ See also the *Commonplace Book* (1854) and the *Life of her by her niece* above mentioned. The series of the *Sacred and Legendary Art* volumes were republished in handsome form in 1889 and 1890.

**Mary Somerville** (1780–1872) was a worthy younger contemporary of Caroline Herschel, and was perhaps the most remarkable woman of her time. She attained to all but the very highest proficiency in physical science, was a member of various learned societies at home and abroad, received the approbation and esteem of Laplace, Humboldt, Wollaston, Playfair, Herschel, and other eminent contemporaries, and at the age of ninety-two was still engaged in solving mathematical problems! Born in her uncle’s manse of Jedburgh, she was the daughter of Sir William George Fairfax, Vice-Admiral of the Red, Lord Duncan’s captain at the battle of Camperdown in 1797. Brought up at Burntisland, she had before she was fourteen studied Euclid and Algebra, but concealed as much as possible her acquirements. In 1804 she was married to her cousin, Captain Samuel Greig, son of a Russian admiral, and himself Russian consul in London. Captain Greig died two years after their union, and in 1812 his widow married another cousin, Dr William Somerville (1769–1860), Inspector of the Army Medical Board. His father, the minister of Jedburgh, was author of two historical works—histories of the Revolution and of the reign of Queen Anne,

and of memoirs of his own *Life and Times*, in which the old man records with pride that Mary Fairfax had been born and nursed in his house, her father being at that time abroad on public service, and that she had long lived in his family and was occasionally his pupil. Mrs Somerville, whose second husband warmly fostered her studies, attracted notice by experiments on the magnetic influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum. Lord Brougham then asked her to prepare for the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge a popular summary of the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace. When her manuscript was submitted to Sir John Herschel, he pronounced it a book for posterity, and quite above the class for which Lord Brougham's course was intended. Mrs Somerville herself modestly said of it, 'I simply translated Laplace's work from algebra into common language.' When she consented to publish it as an independent work, her version of *The Mechanism of the Heavens* (1831) fixed her reputation. The Royal Society admitted her a member, and commissioned a bust of her by Chantrey. When Mrs Somerville met Laplace in Paris, the great geometer (who did not live to see the English version of his great work) is reported to have said, 'There have been only three women who have understood me—yourself, Caroline Herschel, and a Mrs Greig, of whom I have never been able to learn anything.' 'I was Mrs Greig,' said the modest little woman. 'So, then, there are only two of you!' exclaimed Laplace. In 1834 Mrs Somerville published *The Connection of the Physical Sciences*, giving a summary of the phenomena of the universe, which in her lifetime reached a ninth edition. Her *Physical Geography* (1848) was chiefly written in Rome. Eighteen years after her *Physical Geography*, Mrs Somerville published two volumes *On Molecular and Microscopic Science* (1866). She still continued her scientific studies, and in January 1872 a visitor wrote 'She is still full of vigour, and working away at her mathematical researches, being particularly occupied just now with the theory of quaternions, a branch of transcendent mathematics which very few, if any, persons of Mrs Somerville's age and sex have ever had the wish or power to study.' For many years she lived with her family at Florence, where she was assiduous in the cultivation of her flower garden and of music as of mathematics. Sir Robert Peel—of all Prime-Ministers since the days of Halifax the most attentive to literary and scientific claims—had in 1835 placed her on the pension list for £300 per annum. In her old age Mrs Somerville had amused herself by writing her reminiscences, which were published in 1873 by her daughter as the *Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville*, admirable like her scientific writings not merely from the interest of the matter, but for their clear and lively style. She thus describes the twelve months that she passed at Musselburgh.

### School Methods in 1790

At ten years old I was sent to a boarding school kept by a Miss Primrose at Musselburgh, where I was utterly wretched. The change from perfect liberty to perpetual restraint was in itself a great trial, besides, being naturally shy and timid, I was afraid of strangers, and although Miss Primrose was not unkind she had an habitual frown, which even the elder girls dreaded. My future companions, who were all older than I, came round me like a swarm of bees, and asked if my father had a title, what was the name of our estate, if we kept a carriage, and other such questions, which made me first feel the difference of station. However, the girls were very kind, and often bathed my eyes to prevent our stern mistress from seeing that I was perpetually in tears. A few days after my arrival, although perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front, while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I, and most of the younger girls, had to prepare our lessons. The chief thing I had to do was to learn by heart a page of Johnson's Dictionary, not only to spell the words, give their parts of speech and meaning, but as an exercise of memory to remember their order of succession. Besides I had to learn the first principles of writing, and the rudiments of French and English grammar. The method of teaching was extremely tedious and inefficient. Our religious duties were attended to in a remarkable way. Some of the girls were Presbyterians, others belonged to the Church of England, so Miss Primrose cut the matter short by taking us all to the Kirk in the morning and to church in the afternoon. In our play hours we amused ourselves with playing at balls, marbles, and especially at 'Scotch and English,' a game which represented a raid on the debatable land, or Border between Scotland and England, in which each party tried to rob the other of their playthings. The little ones were always compelled to be English, for the bigger girls thought it too degrading.

### A Recollection of the Campagna

I had very great delight in the Campagna of Rome, the fine range of Apennines bounding the plain, over which the fleeting shadows of the passing clouds fell, ever changing and always beautiful, whether viewed in the early morning or in the glory of the setting sun. I was never tired of admiring, and whenever I drove out, preferred a country drive to the more fashionable Villa Borghese. One day Somerville and I and our daughters went to drive towards the Tavolato, on the road to Albano. We got out of the carriage and went into a field, tempted by the wild flowers. On one side of this field ran the aqueduct, on the other, a deep and wide ditch full of water. I had gone towards the aqueduct, leaving the others in the field. All at once we heard a loud shouting, when an enormous drove of the beautiful Campagna gray cattle, with their wide spreading horns, came rushing wildly between us, with their heads down and their tails erect, driven by men with long spears, mounted on little spirited horses at full gallop. It was so sudden and so rapid that only after it was over did we perceive the danger we had run. As there was no possible escape, there was nothing for it but standing

still, which Somerville and my girls had presence of mind to do, and the drove, dividing, rushed like a whirlwind to the right and left of them. The danger was not so much of being gored as of being run over by the excited and terrified animals, and round the walls of Rome places of refuge are provided for those who may be passing when the cattle are driven. Near where this occurred there is a house with the inscription, 'Casa Dei Spiriti,' but I do not think the Italians believe in either ghosts or witches, their chief superstition seems to be the 'Jettatura' or evil eye, which they have inherited from the early Romans and, I believe, Etruscans. They consider it a bad omen to meet a monk or priest on first going out in the morning. My daughters were engaged to ride with a large party, and the meet was at our house. A Roman, who happened to go out first, saw a friar, and rushed in again laughing, and waited till he was out of sight. Soon after they set off, this gentleman was thrown from his horse and ducked in a pool, so the Jettatura was fulfilled. But my daughters thought his bad seat on horseback enough to account for his fall without the evil eye.

**Eliza Fletcher** (1770–1858) was the daughter of a Yorkshire yeoman and land-surveyor at Orton near Tadcaster, and against her father's wish married Archibald Fletcher (1746–1828), a Perthshire Highlander, who as an advocate in Edinburgh was conspicuous amongst the early reformers—was indeed called 'the father of burgh reform'—and acted as counsel for some of 'the Friends of the People' tried for sedition. The Fletchers were intimates of Henry Erskine, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Brougham, and the *Edinburgh Review* set, and Mrs Fletcher's *Autobiography* gives interesting glimpses of them, of the poets Campbell and Grahame, of Mrs Barbauld and Joanna Baillie, and other literary personages of the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. The book was not published till 1875. Thus she records her impressions when a friend brought her 'to read for the first time Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*'

Never shall I forget the charm I found in these poems. It was like a new era in my existence. They were in my waking thoughts day and night. They had to me all the vivid effects of the finest pictures, with the enchantment of the sweetest music, and they did much to tranquillise and strengthen my heart and mind, which bodily indisposition had somewhat weakened. My favourites were the 'Lines on Tintern Abbey,' the 'Lines left on a Yew Tree at Esthwaite Lake,' 'The Brothers,' and 'Old Michael,' and I taught my children to recite 'We are Seven' and several others.

**Anne Marsh-Caldwell** (1791–1874), the daughter of James Caldwell, Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and born at Linley Wood, Staffordshire, married in 1817 the junior partner of the forger Fauntleroy, and in 1834–57 produced a score of novels—the best *Two Old Men's Tales*, *Emilia Wyndham* (1846, new ed. 1888), and *Norman's Bridge*. In 1858 she succeeded a brother in the Linley Wood property, and resumed the name Caldwell.

**Thomas Chalmers** (1780–1847), the greatest of Scottish nineteenth-century divines, was the son of a shipowner and general merchant at Anstruther in Fife, and at the age of twelve was sent to the college at St Andrews, where he showed a strong predilection for mathematical studies. In 1803 he was ordained minister of Kilmany, a rural parish in his native county. In addition to his parochial labours, he lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects, he became an officer of a Volunteer corps, he wrote a book on the Resources of the Country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day, and his interests lay elsewhere than in religious work. Bereavement and severe illness brought about a change of temper, and in preparing the article 'Christianity' for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, he for the first time saw the incalculable importance of realising the vital truths of the Christian faith. From Kilmany Chalmers, now heart and soul a minister of the Word, removed to Glasgow, to the Tron Church in 1815, and to St John's in 1819. Here his principal sermons were delivered and published, and his fame as a preacher and author spread over Europe and to America. His appearance and manner were not prepossessing. Two acute observers—John Gibson Lockhart and Henry Cockburn—described his peculiarities minutely. His voice was neither strong nor melodious, his gestures were awkward, his pronunciation broadly provincial, he also read his sermons from the manuscript, so that one wondered wherein lay the charm of his oratory. 'The magic,' says Cockburn in the *Memorials of his Time*, 'lies in the concentrated intensity which agitates every fibre of the man, and brings out his meaning by words and emphasis of significant force, and rolls his magnificent periods clearly and irresistibly along, and kindles the whole composition with living fire. He no sooner approaches the edge of his high region than his animation makes the commencing awkwardness be forgotten, and then converts his external defects into positive advantages, by showing the intellectual power that overcomes them, and getting us at last within the flame of his enthusiasm.' Jeffrey's description, that he "buried his adversaries under the fragments of burning mountains," is the only image that suggests an idea of his eloquent imagination and terrible energy. A writer in the *London Magazine* gave a graphic account of Chalmers's appearance in London. 'When he visited London the hold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling, but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood close by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self evident propositions

neither in the choicest language nor in the most impressive voice "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do" Chalmers went on—the shuffling of the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject, his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy, and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Mr Canning, "we have no preaching like that in England" In Glasgow Chalmers laboured incessantly to combat the appalling ignorance and immorality of his parishioners, and he organised a system of Sabbath-schools and pauper management which attracted great attention. He believed the ideal system was to 'revivify, remodel, and extend the old parochial economy of Scotland,' so fruitful of good in rural districts. He was strongly opposed to the English system of a legal provision for the poor, and in his own district of Glasgow voluntary contributions, well managed, were for many years found to be sufficient, but as a law of residence could not be established between the different parishes of the city, to prevent one parish becoming burdened with a pauperism which it did not create, his voluntary system was ultimately abandoned. In 1823 Chalmers removed to St Andrews, as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the United College, and in 1828 he was appointed Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. In 1843 the evil consequences of patronage brought about the crisis that had long been preparing between the 'moderate' and 'evangelical' parties in the Church of Scotland. Chalmers resigned his chair, and with nearly five hundred ministers left the Established Church to form the Free Church of Scotland, of which he was the main organiser and leader. As Principal of the New College, the Divinity hall of the Free Church, he wielded a powerful influence for the last four years of his life.

His collected works fill thirty four volumes (nine of them posthumously published). Amongst them are volumes devoted to *Natural Theology*, *Evidences of Christianity*, *Moral Philosophy*, *Commercial Discourses*, *Astronomical Discourses*, *Congregational Sermons*, *Sermons on Public Occasions*, *Tracts and Essays*, *Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation*, *On Church and College Endowments*, *On Church Extension*, *Political Economy*, *The Sufficiency of a Parochial System without a Poor-rate*, *Lectures on the Romans*, *Institutes of Theology*, *Prælections on Butler's Analogy*. In all Chalmers's writings there is great energy, earnestness, copiousness, reiteration, with a vast variety of illustration. The style is far from being correct or elegant—it is often turgid, loose, and declamatory, vehe-

ment beyond the bounds of good taste, and disfigured by a singular and by no means attractive phraseology, though these blemishes are more than redeemed by his burning zeal, the originality of many of his views, and the astonishing vigour of his mind. But the charm of the spoken word has not survived on the printed page, Chalmers's work cannot be said to have endured as literature.

#### On Cruelty to Animals

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the fields are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings, and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs, or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye, and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering, for in the prison house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence, and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

#### Insignificance of this Earth

Though the earth were to be burnt up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky

were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar, the light of other suns shines upon them, and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and His goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them, and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life which we know by the microscope it teems with is extinguished, and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us, it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realise all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the

present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude and silence and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man, and though at this moment His energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in His providence as if we were the objects of His undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being whose eye is abroad over the whole universe gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal, that though His mind takes into His comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of His attention, that He marks all my thoughts, that He gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me, and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw and every comfort which I enjoy.

Chalmers' son in law Dr Hanna, prepared the *Memoirs* (4 vols. 1849-52), with a *Selection from his Correspondence* (1853) and there are smaller books by Dr Fraser (1881) Mrs Oliphant (1893) and Professor W G Blaikie (1897).

**Lord Brougham** was one of the most voluminous and versatile contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*. Like Jeffrey, he was born in Edinburgh, but his father was a north of England man, Henry Brougham of Brougham Hall in Westmorland, who, sojourning in Edinburgh, lodged with a widowed sister of Dr Robertson the historian, and married her daughter. Their eldest son, Henry, born 19th September 1778, was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and his contemporary, Lord Cockburn, tells a characteristic story about him ‘Brougham made his first public explosion in Fraser's (the Latin) class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot but good natured old fellow, on some small bit of Latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day larded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school.’ From the High School, Brougham entered the University of Edinburgh, and applied himself so assiduously to mathematics that in 1796 he was able to contribute to the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh Experiments and Observations on the Inflection, Reflection,*

and *Colours of Light*. In 1798 he published there a paper on porisms, and, as Campbell the poet recorded, the best judges were astonished at such papers from a youth of twenty. Brougham studied law, and was admitted in 1800 to the Scottish Bar, at which he practised till 1807. In 1803, besides co-operating zealously in the *Edinburgh Review*, he published an elaborate *Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers*, in which he discussed the colonial systems of America, France, Spain, and England. As a Whig he was debarred from hopes of promotion in Scotland, and he therefore went south and settled in London. After a diplomatic mission to Lisbon, he joined the English Bar, where he was soon distinguished for unwearied application, fearlessness, and vehement oratory, and in 1810 he entered the House of Commons.

In the course of his ambitious career Henry Brougham fell off from his early friends. We have no trace of him in the genial correspondence of Horner, Sydney Smith, or Jeffrey, but though Brougham could not inspire affection, and was erratic and inconsistent in much of his conduct, amidst all his personal ambition, rashness, and indiscretion he was the steady friend of public improvement, of slave abolition, popular education, religious toleration, Free Trade, and law reform. He carried a bill making the slave-trade felony, and another repealing the Orders in Council. He did much for the London University, Mechanics' Institutes, the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, and the Social Science Association. His most famous professional appearance was his defence of Queen Caroline (1820), which lost him the favour of the Crown, but made him a popular idol. He was not loved by the aristocratic Whigs, who, however, found him indispensable, and in 1830 he was made a peer and Lord Chancellor, and assisted greatly in carrying the Reform Bill. But his arrogance, self-confidence, and eccentricity made him unpopular with his colleagues. He went out with the Whigs in 1834, and on their return was shelved, never holding office again. He still laboured unceasingly as a law reformer, and carried on an amazing industry in writing books on mathematics, physics, metaphysics, history, theology, and law. He wrote at least one novel (*Albert Lunel, or The Château of Languedoc*, a philosophical romance, designed as a monument to his dead daughter), which he soon carefully suppressed, there is hardly a department of science or literature into which he did not make incursions. But his works have little permanent value. As critic he ranks below his associates Jeffrey and Sydney Smith. His liveliest contribution (which he never openly acknowledged) was his critique on Lord Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, in the first twenty numbers of the *Review* he wrote eighty articles. His style is generally heavy, verbose, and inelegant, and his time was afterwards too largely devoted to

public affairs to enable him to keep pace with the age either in scientific knowledge or literary information, though in his sketches of modern statesmen were sometimes found new facts and letters to which other writers had not access. Rogers said of him, 'There goes Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more in one post-chaise,' it was O'Connell who jeered, 'If Brougham knew a little of law, he would know a little of everything.' Mr John Morley has not scrupled to call him 'a man of encyclopædic ignorance.' He was a great orator and debater, but he carried declamation and invective beyond reasonable bounds. Brougham died at Cannes (where he had built a villa and lived part of every year) on the 7th of May 1868. Seven years before this, in his eighty-fourth year, the veteran statesman commenced writing notices of his *Life and Times*, which were published in three volumes in 1871. These volumes abound in errors and inaccuracies, easily accounted for by the great age of the writer, he actually caused to be printed in full there, as his own production at the age of thirteen, what was immediately recognised as a verbal translation of *Mennion, ou la Sagesse Humaine*, a characteristic work of Voltaire in his prime! His vanity and prejudices are very conspicuous, but the work discloses many of the springs of political movements and includes valuable letters and other papers. Some of his speeches were very carefully prepared the peroration of the speech at the end of Queen Caroline's trial he is said to have written and rewritten no less than fifteen times.

#### *Peroration of the Last Speech for Queen Caroline.*

Let me call on you, even at the risk of repetition, never to dismiss for a moment from your minds the two great points upon which I rest my attack upon the evidence first, that the accusers have not proved the facts by the good witnesses who were within their reach, whom they had no shadow of pretext for not calling, and, secondly, that the witnesses whom they have ventured to call are, every one of them, irreparably damaged in their credit. How, I again ask, is a plot ever to be discovered except by the means of these two principles? Nay, there are instances in which plots have been discovered through the medium of the second principle, when the first had happened to fail. When venerable witnesses have been brought forward—when persons above all suspicion have lent themselves for a season to impure plans—when no escape for the guiltless seemed open, no chance of safety to remain—they have almost providentially escaped from the snare by the second of those two principles, by the evidence breaking down where it was not expected to be sifted, by a weak point being found where no provision, the attack being unforeseen, had been made to support it. Your Lordships recollect that great passage—I say great, for it is poetically just and eloquent, even were it not inspired—in the sacred writings where the Elders had joined themselves in a plot which had appeared to have succeeded, 'for that,' as the Book says, 'they had hardened their hearts, and had turned away their eyes,

that they might not look at Heaven, and that they might do the purposes of unjust judgments.' But they, though giving a clear, consistent, uncontradicted story, were disappointed, and their victim was rescued from their grip by the trifling circumstance of a contradiction about a tamarisk tree. Let not men call these contradictions or those falsehoods which false witnesses swear to from needless and heedless falsehood, not going to the main body of the case, but to the main body of the credit of the witnesses—let not men rashly and blindly call these things accidents. They are just rather than merciful dispensations of that Providence which wills not that the guilty should triumph, and which favourably protects the innocent.

Such, my Lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of the measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—monstrous to ruin the honour, to blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice, then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril, rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer when severed from the people than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it, save the Crown, which is in jeopardy, the Aristocracy, which is shaken, save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne. You have said, my Lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heart-felt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

#### On Law Reform.

The course is clear before us, the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame and more useful import than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him contemn the sickleness of Fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast 'I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand.' You have vanquished him in the field, strive now to subdue him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the Reign

The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, the holders of sceptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble, a proue not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say that he found law dear and left it cheap, found it a sealed book, left it a living letter, found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor, found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!

(From Speech in Parliament in 1828.)

Amongst his one hundred and thirty three works (11 vols. 1855-61, without the *Autobiography*, 1871, 2nd ed. 1873) are a *Discourse on Natural Theology*, an edition of Paley, a translation of Demosthenes *Peri ton Stephanou*, *Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III*, *Political Philosophy*, *Lives of Men of Letters and Science of the Time of George III*, *History of England and France under the House of Lancaster*, besides select cases, speeches, and tracts on scientific subjects and law reform.

**John, Lord Campbell** (1779-1861), Lord Chancellor of England, was a son of the parish minister of Cupar-Fife, but he could trace his descent from the Earl of Argyll who fell at Flodden, and, through his mother, from the fourteenth-century Regent Albany. He studied for the ministry at St Andrews University, became (1798) a tutor in London, joined Lincoln's Inn (1800), read law and acted as reporter and dramatic critic to the *Morning Chronicle*, and was called to the Bar in 1806. His *miss prius 'Reports'* (1808) brought him into notice, and by 1824 he was leader of the Oxford circuit. A King's Counsel in 1827, Whig M.P. successively for Stratford and for Dudley, he was made Solicitor-General and knighted in 1832. Attorney General in 1834, he was defeated at Dudley, but returned for Edinburgh. Created Lord Campbell (1841), he was for six weeks Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and became successively Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (1846), Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench (1850), and Lord Chancellor of England (1859). A courteous and painstaking judge, as a legislator he carried through Parliament statutes on defamation, compensation for death by accident, and against obscene publications. His *Lives of the Chief-Judges* (1849-57) and of the Lord Chancellors (1845-47) have become, in spite of their notorious faults, a part of English literature, though readable and full of novel and interesting matter and good stories, they are disfigured by the obtrusion of himself, and in the later volumes by ungenerous misconstruction, the assignment of base motives and an inaccuracy convenient for his own arguments. He borrowed freely without acknowledgment, what looks like malice is probably at times only carelessness, and

it has been argued in palliation of his unkindest cuts that he had become blunted in his own feelings. Professor Gardiner and Mr. Bas Mullinger, speaking with deliberation in their *Introduction to English History*, say the *Lives of the Chancellors* is throughout 'wanting in a due sense of the obligations imposed by such a task, is disfigured by unblushing plagiarisms, and, as the writer approaches his own times, by much unscrupulous misrepresentation.' No doubt the uncomplimentary anecdotes and stinging remarks added to the vivacity of the *Lives*. Repeating Arbuthnot's *bon mot* on Cull's biographies, Sir Charles Wetherell declared of Campbell that 'his noble and biographic friend had added a new terror to death.' In the supplementary volume of the *Chancellors* (vol. vii.), published after Campbell's death, his characteristic faults are seen at their worst.

The following from his *Life of Brougham* will show the tone which irritated the subjects of his biographies and their friends.

As a specimen of his 'Introductions' I give an extract from that to his 'Speech at the Liverpool Election in 1812.' [In the extract a parliamentary colleague of Brougham's is said to have 'abhorred the spirit of intrigue which not rarely gave some inferior man or some busy meddling woman probably unprincipled a sway in the destiny of the party fatal to its success and all but fatal to its character']

If all this were true, it surely comes very ungraciously from one who had been a member of the Whig party above twenty years and who, within two years had passionately wished to continue in it. The lady he so uncourteously refers to is evidently Lady Holland, the wife of his friend Lord Holland, his early patron on his first coming to London—at whose hospitable board I have often met him. Although Lady Holland certainly had considerable influence in Whig councils, I do not believe that it was ever exercised against Brougham. But he was of a different opinion, and he would never stir words speak to her, for although he could forgive Lord Melbourne, he could not forgive her, who was supposed to have been Lord Melbourne's adviser in excluding him.

In the session of 1838 Brougham carried on very active hostilities against Lord Melbourne's Government, still showing Radical colours, but more and more sympathising and coming to an implied understanding with the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, and the Tories. They accused us of a disposition to revolutionise both Church and State from the proposed measure about Church Rates, and the practical admission of Roman Catholics to a fair share of power and patronage in Ireland, whereas Brougham still denounced us as Reactionaries, Finalists, and Mock Reformers because we resisted for the present any further organic change. Being taunted by Lord Melbourne for his bitter opposition to those with whom he had so long acted, and whom he had so zealously promised in the year 1835, when he was no longer in office and they were pursuing the same policy as at present, he insisted that they had diverged, while he was marching straight forward.

It is possible that he had worked himself into the belief that he was acting consistently and from purely disinterested motives, but, if so, he stood alone in this

belief, for all the rest of mankind agreed that revenge was the main spring of his conduct, and that his only consideration was how he might most pitilessly damage those by whom he had been ill used. The Radicals making great play against the Government by the opposition which Miss C. offered to the ballot—although she was one of the framers of the Reform Bill who had peremptorily objected to the proposal of her colleagues Lord Durham and Sir James Graham to abut the ballot, and so far as his famous Scotch 'Project,' complaining of the irreconcileable radicals, he had intimated an opinion that rather too much had been done in the way of innovation—he now expressly recommended the ballot, and told the Lords that 'unless their Lordships made up their minds either to this measure or some measure of the sort for the protection of electors it would be carried against them.' He used to appeal to him to be come when such a thing must be done. The sooner, therefore, the Lordships made up their minds to some such measure as this the better it would be for them. The Tories did not only cheer, but exulted by their radiant countenances at a passing eye with what delight they heard of creation which had such a tendency to disperse the Whig, to deprive the Government of Liberal support and to accelerate their own return to power. Although they and their supporters appeared on opposite sides of the House, there was between them during the debate a quick interchange of nod and winks and wreathed smiles followed by much approving mirth and cordial greeting when the debate was over.

The great practical measure of the session was the Bill for the Better Government of the Colonies. There had been an open rebellion in Lower Canada, and the Legislative Assembly had thrown off allegiance to the English Crown. The insurgents had been defeated and tranquillity had been restored, but a colony in the state of ruin, the colonists a number allowed to be insubordinate, and there was a necessity for conferring extra ordinary powers on Lord Durham who in the emergency had prudently agreed to go out as Governor. Even the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst concurred in the principle of the bill, altho. h they controver some of its details. But Brougham furiously opposed the bill, and every clause of it—his animosity on this occasion being sharpened by a special grudge sooted by his against Lord Durham who in the year 1834 had charged him with having become a very evil Reformer, and 'little better than a Conservative.' In a great speech upon the subject which, according to his custom he published as a pamphlet, with a Preface praising himself and vilifying others, he gave a narrative of the measures of the Government at home to meet the spirit of insubordination in Canada and he thus censured their inaction in the summer of 1837. This somewhat cumbersome jocularity may have been produced by pure patriotism, but I must confess it seems to me rather an ebullition of envy, and that the pseudo patriot was resenting his own exclusion from the luxuriant banquet spread for the sumptuous Whigs at the accession of Queen Victoria.

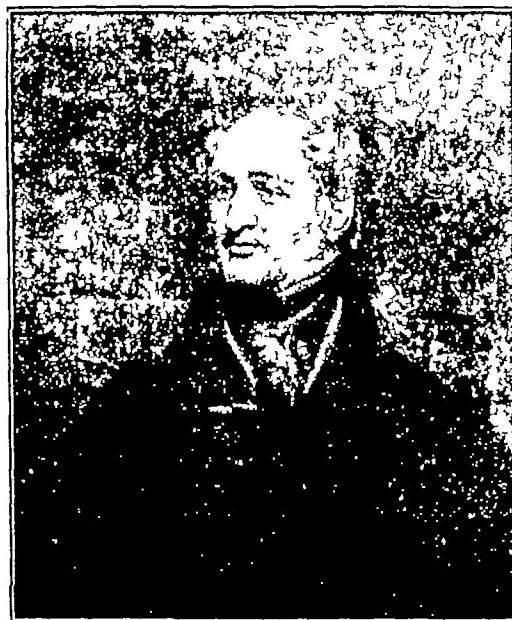
The *Lives* have passed through many editions both in Britain and in America. Lord Campbell's wife, a daughter of Lord Abinger was created Baroness Stratheden (1850). There is a Life of the Chancellor by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hardcastle, containing autobiographical materials diary and letters (1891).

**Henry Hallam** (1777–1859), son of the Dean of Wells, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple. He was early appointed a Commissioner of Stamps, a well paid office which, with his private means, secured him a sufficient income and allowed him to withdraw from legal practice and prosecute those studies on which his fame rests. ‘Classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek,’ as Byron called him, was an early and important contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*. His *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages* (1818), a series of dissertations on European history from the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century, at once gave him a front rank amongst English historians, and procured for him the honours of D.C.L. and F.R.S. In 1827 he published *The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII to the Death of George II*, and in 1837–38 an *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*. With vast stores of knowledge and indefatigable application, Hallam possessed a clear and independent judgment, and a style grave and impressive, though somewhat lacking in vivacity, colour, warmth, and sympathy. His *Introduction to the Literature of Europe* is a great monument of his erudition, though it is impossible for any man to be infallible on such a wide field, and his judgments on literature were less original and less permanently valuable than his epoch making work in constitutional history. He insisted on the necessity of studying the original sources of history, and helped to found an English historical school. His works must still be consulted by the student, though they can hardly be popular with the general reader. His views of political questions were those generally adopted by the Whig party, but though stated with calmness and moderation, they provoked Southey and all Tories and High-Churchmen to wrath, and, on the other hand, secured Macaulay’s enthusiastic laudation. He was peculiarly a supporter of principles, not of men, and was eminently judicial and judicious in his estimates, though somewhat insular in his sympathies and outlook. In the *Literature of Europe*, though there too we seem to deal with shades rather than with living men of like passions with ourselves, there is at times something more of feeling and imagination, a more sympathetic tone, than could have been anticipated from the calm, unimpassioned tenor of Hallam’s historic style. Hallam, like Burke, in his latter years ‘lived in an inverted order’ they who ought to have succeeded him had gone before him, they who should have been to him as posterity were in the place of ancestors’. His eldest son, Arthur Henry Hallam—the subject of Tennyson’s *In Memoriam*—died in 1833, and another son, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, was taken from him, shortly after he had been called to the Bar, in 1850. Hallam wrote a memoir of his eldest son, prefixed to a collection of his literary remains.

in prose and verse privately printed in 1833, the poems were republished in 1893. Sir Henry Maine wrote a memoir of the second son, ultimately published with the remains of his brother.

#### Italy in 1492

All around, in Lombardy and Romagna, the lamp of liberty had long since been extinguished in blood. The freedom of Siena and Genoa was dearly purchased by revolutionary proscriptions that of Venice was only a name. The republic which had preserved longest and with greatest purity that vestal fire had at least no relative degradation to fear in surrendering herself to Lorenzo de’ Medici. I need not in this place expatiate upon what the name instantly suggests, the patronage of



HENRY HALLAM

From an Engraving in the British Museum by S. Cousins, after Thomas Phillips, R.A.

science and art, and the constellation of scholars and poets, of architects and painters, whose reflected beams cast their radiance around his head. His political reputation, though far less durable, was in his own age as conspicuous as that which he acquired in the history of letters. Equally active and sagacious, he held his way through the varying combinations of Italian policy, always with credit, and generally with success. Florence, if not enriched, was upon the whole aggrandised during his administration, which was exposed to some severe storms from the unscrupulous adversaries, Sixtus IV and Ferdinand of Naples whom he was compelled to resist. As a patriot, indeed, we never can bestow upon Lorenzo de’ Medici the need of disinterested virtue. He completed that subversion of the Florentine republic which his two immediate ancestors had so well prepared. The two councils, her regular legislature he superseded by a permanent senate of seventy persons, while the gonfalonier and priors, became a mockery and pageant to keep up the illusion of liberty, were taught that in exercising a legitimate authority without the sanction of their prince, a name now first heard at Florence, they

incurred the risk of punishment for their malice. Even the total dilapidation of his commercial wealth was repaid at the cost of the State, and the republic disgracefully screened the bankruptcy of the Medici by her own. But, compared with the statesmen of his age, we can reproach Lorenzo with no heinous crime. He had many enemies, his descendants had many more, but no unequivocal charge of treachery or treason in action has been substantiated against his memory. By the side of Galeazzo or Ludovico Sforza, of Ferdinand or his son Alfonso of Naples, of the Pope Sixtus IV, he shines with unspotted lustre. So much was Lorenzo esteemed by his contemporaries that his premature death has frequently been considered as the cause of the unhappy revolution that speedily ensued, and which his foresight would, it was imagined, have been able to prevent an opinion which, whether founded in probability or otherwise, affects the common sentiment about his character.

If indeed Lorenzo de' Medici could not have changed the destinies of Italy, how ever premature his death may appear if we consider the ordinary duration of human existence, it must be admitted that for his own welfare, perhaps for his glory, he had lived out the full measure of his time. An age of new and uncommon revolutions was about to arrive among the earliest of which the temporary downfall of his family was to be reckoned. The long contested succession of Naples was again to involve Italy in war. The ambition of strangers was once more to desolate her plains.

So long as the three great nations of Europe were unable to put forth their natural strength through internal separation or foreign war, the Italians had so little to dread for their independence that their policy was altogether directed to regulating the domestic balance of power among themselves. In the latter part of the fifteenth century a more enlarged view of Europe would have manifested the necessity of reconciling petty animosities and sacrificing petty ambition in order to preserve the nationality of their governments, not by attempting to melt down Lombards and Neapolitans, principalities and republics, into a single monarchy, but by the more just and rational scheme of a common federation. The politicians of Italy were abundantly competent, as far as cool and clear understanding could render them, to perceive the interests of their country. But it is the will of Providence that the highest and surest wisdom, even in matters of policy, should never be unconnected with virtue. In relieving himself from an immediate danger, Ludovico Sforza overlooked the consideration that the presumptive heir of the King of France claimed by an ancient title that principality of Milan which he was compassing by usurpation and murder. But neither Milan nor Naples was free from other claimants than France, nor was she reserved to enjoy unmolested the spoil of Italy. A louder and a louder strain of warlike dissonance will be heard from the banks of the Danube and from the Mediterranean gulf. The dark and wily Ferdinand, the rash and lively Maximilian, are preparing to listen into the lists the schemes of ambition are assuming a more comprehensive aspect, and the controversy of Neapolitan succession is to expand into the long rivalry between the houses of France and Austria. But here, while Italy is still untouched, and before as yet the first lances of France gleam along the defiles of the Alps, we close the history of the Middle Ages.

(From the *State of Europe*)

opinion, was entirely otherwise. It is quite another question whether the parliament were justified in their resistance to the King's legal authority. If we may contend that when Hotspur by their command shut the gates of Hull against his forces, when the militia was called out in different counties by an ordinance of the two Houses, both of which I recollect by several weeks' previous levying of force for the King, the bonds of our constitutional law were by them and their servants snapped asunder, and it would be the mere pedantry and chicanery of political expositors to inquire, even if the fact could be better ascertained, whether at Edgehill, or in the minor skirmishes that preceded, the first carbine was discharged by a cavalier or a roundhead. The aggressor in a war is not the first who uses force, but the first who renders force necessary.

But, whether we may think this war to have originated in the king's or the parliament's aggression, it is still evident that the former had a fair cause with the nation & cause which it was no plain violation of justice to defend. He was supported by the greater part of the Peers by full one third of the Commons by the principal body of the gentry, and a large proportion of other classes. If his adherents did not form, as I think they did not, the majority of the people, they were at least more numerous, beyond comparison, than those who demanded or approved of his death. The steady,

deliberate perseverance of so considerable a body in any cause takes away the right of punishment from the conquerors, beyond what their own safety or reasonable indemnification may require. The vanquished are to be judged by the rules of national, not of municipal law. Hence, if Charles, after having by a course of victories or the defection of the people prostrated all opposition, had abused his triumph by the execution of Essex or Hampden, Fairfax or Cromwell, I think that later ages would have disapproved of their deaths as positively, though not quite as vehemently, as they have of his own. The line is not easily drawn, in abstract reasoning, between the treason which is justly punished and the social schism which is beyond the proper boundaries of law, but the civil war of England seems plainly to fall within the latter description. These objections strike me as unanswerable, even if the trial of Charles had been sanctioned by the voice of the nation through its legitimate representatives, or at least such a fair and full convention as might, in great necessity, supply the place of lawful authority. But it was, as we all know, the act of a bold but very small minority, who, having forcibly expelled their colleagues from parliament, had usurped, under the protection of a military force, that power which all England reckoned illegal. I cannot perceive what there was in the imagined solemnity of this proceeding, in that insolent mockery of the forms of justice, accompanied by all unsavouriness and inhumanity in its circumstances, which can alleviate the guilt of the transaction, and if it be alleged that many of the regicides were firmly persuaded in their consciences of the right and duty of condemning the king, we may surely remember that private murderers have often had the same apology.

In discussing each particular transaction in the life of Charles, as of any other sovereign, it is required by the truth of history to spare no just animadversion upon his faults, especially where much art has been employed by the writers most in repute to carry the stream of public prejudice in an opposite direction. But when we come to a general estimate of his character, we should act unfairly not to give him full weight to those peculiar circumstances of his condition in this worldly scene which tend to account for and extenuate his failings. The station of kings is, in a moral sense, so unsavoury that those who are least prone to servile admiration should be on their guard against the opposite error of an uncandid severity. There seems no fairer method of estimating the intrinsic worth of a sovereign than to treat him as a subject, and to judge, so far as the history of his life enables us, what he would have been in that more private and happier condition from which the chance of birth has excluded him. Tried by this test, we cannot doubt that Charles I would have been not altogether an amiable man, but one deserving of general esteem, his firm and conscientious virtues the same, his deviations from right far less frequent than upon the throne. It is to be pleaded for this prince that his youth had breathed but the contaminated air of a profligate and servile court—that he had imbibed the lessons of arbitrary power from all who surrounded him—that he had been betrayed by a father's culpable blindness into the dangerous society of an ambitious, unprincipled favourite. To have maintained so much correctness of morality as his enemies confess, was a proof of Charles's virtuous dispositions, but his advocates are compelled also to

own that he did not escape as little injured by the poisonous adulteration to which he had listened. Of a temper by nature, and by want of restraint, too passionate, though not vindictive, and, though not cruel, certainly deficient in gentleness and humanity, he was entirely unfit for the very difficult station of royalty, and especially for that of a constitutional king. It is impossible to excuse his violations of liberty on the score of ignorance, especially after the Petition of Right, because his impatience of opposition from his council made it unsafe to give him any advice that thwarted his determination. His other great fault was want of sincerity—a fault that appeared in all parts of his life, and from which no one who has paid the subject any attention will pretend to exculpate him. Those indeed who know nothing but what they find in Hume may believe, on Hume's authority, that the king's contemporaries never deemed of imputing to him any deviation from good faith, as if the whole conduct of the parliament had not been evidently founded upon a distrust which on many occasions they very explicitly declared. But, so far as this insincerity was shown in the course of his troubles, it was a failing which untoward circumstances are apt to produce, and which the extreme hypocrisy of many among his adherents might sometimes palliate. Few personages in history, we should recollect, have had so much of their actions revealed and commented upon as Charles, it is perhaps a mortifying truth that those who have stood highest with posterity have seldom been those who have been most accurately known.

(From the *Constitutional History*)

#### Shakspeare's Self-retrospection.

There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world and his own conscience, the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or circumstances, peculiarly teaches these, as they sank into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of *Lear* and *Timon*, but that of one primary character, the censor of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of *Measure for Measure*. In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In *Hamlet* this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances, it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amidst signed guile and extravagance. In *Lear* it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness, in *Timon* it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period. *As You Like It* being usually referred to 1600, *Timon* to the same year, *Measure for Measure* to 1603, and *Lear* to 1604. In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*, much of mortal speculation will be found but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages.

(From the *Literature of Life*)

## Blind Milton's Memories

In the numerous imitations, and still more numerous traces, of older poetry which we perceive in *Paradise Lost*, it is always to be kept in mind that he had only his recollection to rely upon. His blindness seems to have been complete before 1654, and I scarcely think he had begun his poem before the anxiety and trouble into which the public strife of the Commonwealth and Restoration had thrown him gave leisure for immortal occupations. Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path, like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the Muse was truly his, not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Luripides, and Homer, and Tasso, sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when far from books, in solitude or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which return by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not, indeed, whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument among many in its favour than that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life.

(From the *Literature of Europe*)

Hallam has no found a detailed biographer; the facts of his life must be sought for in the obituary notices of the *Times*, the Royal Society's *Transactions* and Mignot's *Voice Historique* read to the French Academy of Sciences, Harriet Martineau's *Biographical Sketches* and similar brief articles. There have been many editions and abridgments of his works.

**Richard Whately** (1787–1863), Archbishop of Dublin, was born in London, fourth son of Dr Joseph Whately of Nonsuch Park, Surrey, who was vicar of Widford, prebendary of Bristol, and lecturer at Gresham College. From a private school at Bristol, Richard in 1805 passed to Oriel College, at Oxford he gained the prize for the English essay (1810), and was elected a Fellow of Oriel (1811), where Copleston, Davidson, Arnold, Keble, and Hawkins were already Fellows, and Newman and Pusey were to be ere long. In his *Apologia* Newman has recorded that it was Whately who opened his mind and taught him how to think and reason. Become one of the college tutors (1815), he wrote for the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* what he afterwards expanded into his popular treatises on Logic (1826) and Rhetoric (1828). He had married in 1821, and accepted the living of Halesworth in Suffolk, and he had already given the world the first proof of his characteristic humour in *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte* (1819)—an ingenious attempt to reduce to an absurdity Hume's position that no testimony is sufficient to prove a miracle. In 1822 he delivered the Bampton Lectures at Oxford, on the Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Religion

In 1825 he was appointed Principal of St Alban's Hall, and in 1829 Professor of Political Economy, but had only given a few lectures when in 1831 he was made Archbishop of Dublin. Whately, though a strong logician, had little of the speculative faculty, had no faith in metaphysics or dogmatic theology, read little but a few favourite authors, knew little French and no German, and contemned classical researches as much as he did modern art. But his acute intellect enlightened every subject that he touched, and his powers of exposition and illustration have hardly ever been surpassed. A Liberal in religion and in politics, he may be counted one of the founders of the Broad Church party. Broadly rational in temper, sober and impartial, he was a resolute opponent of the Tractarian movement, but to the Evangelicals he seemed little better than a Latitudinarian, for he supported Catholic emancipation and concurrent endowment, and laboured long, but in vain, to establish a system of Unitarian religious instruction. Still worse, he was more than suspected of holding unsound views on future punishment and the Sabbath question, and of being somewhat Sabellian on the nature and attributes of Christ, he was always an outspoken denouncer of Calvinism. His caustic wit, abrupt manners, and fearless outspokenness brought him no little unpopularity, but the sterling honesty of his nature, his charity, justice, and sagacity, gained him many friendships of unusual permanence and warmth, and conquered for him the respect of all men. Of his books may be named *Essays on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion* (1825), *Essays on some of the Difficulties in the Writings of St Paul* (1828), *Thoughts on the Sabbath* (1830), *Christian Evidences* (1837), *Essays on some of the Dangers to Christian Faith* (1839), *The Kingdom of Christ Delineated* (1841), and his edition of Bacon's Essays, with annotations not unworthy of the text (1856), as well as Paley's *Evidences and Moral Philosophy*.

## From the 'Historic Doubts'

Now this is precisely the point I am tending to, for the fact exactly accords with the above supposition, the discordance and mutual contradictions of these witnesses being such as would alone throw a considerable shade of doubt over their testimony. It is not in minute circumstances alone that the discrepancy appears, such as might be expected to appear in a narrative substantially true, but in very great and leading transactions, and such as are very intimately connected with the supposed hero. For instance, it is by no means agreed whether Bona parte fled in person the celebrated charge over the bridge of Lodi (for celebrated it certainly is, as well as the siege of Troy, whether either event ever really took place or not), or was safe in the rear, while Augereau performed the exploit—the same doubt hangs over the charge of the French cavalry at Waterloo. It is no less uncertain whether or no this strange personage poisoned in Egypt a hospitalful of his own soldiers, and butchered in cold blood a garrison that had surrendered. But, not to multiply instances, the battle of Borodino, which is represented as one of the greatest ever fought, is unequivocally

claimed as a victory by both parties, nor is the question decided at this day. We have official accounts on both sides, circumstantially detailed, in the names of supposed respectable persons professing to have been present on the spot, yet totally irreconcileable. Both these accounts may be false, but since one of them must be false, that one (it is no matter which we suppose) proves incontrovertibly this important maxim that *it is possible for a narrative, however circumstantial, however steadily maintained, however public and however important the event it relates, however grave the authority on which it is published, to be nevertheless an entire fabrication!*

Many of the events which have been recorded were probably believed much the more readily and firmly from the apparent caution and hesitation with which they were at first published—the vehement contradiction in our papers of many pretended French accounts, and the abuse lavished upon them for falsehood, exaggeration, and discononade. But is it not possible—is it not indeed perfectly natural—that the publishers of known falsehood should assume this cautious demeanour and this abhorrence of exaggeration in order the more easily to gain credit? Is it not also very possible that those who actually believed what they published may have suspected mere exaggeration in stories which were entire *fictions*? Many men have that sort of simplicity that they think themselves quite secure against being deceived provided they believe only *part* of the story they hear, when perhaps the whole is equally false. So that perhaps these simple hearted editors, who were so vehement against lying bulletins and so wary in announcing their great news, were in the condition of a clown who thinks he has bought a great bargain of a Jew because he has beat down the price, perhaps from a guinea to a crown, for some article that is not really worth a groat.

With respect to the character of Bonaparte, the dissonance is, if possible, still greater. According to some he was a wise, humane, magnanimous hero—others print him as a monster of cruelty, meanness, and perfidy; some, even of those who are the most inveterate against him, speak very highly of his political and military ability—others place him on the very verge of insanity. But, allowing that all this may be the colouring of party prejudice (which surely is allowing a great deal), there is one point to which such a solution will hardly apply. If there be anything that can be clearly ascertained in history, one would think it must be the *personal courage* of a *military man*, yet here we are as much at a loss as ever at the very same times and on the same occasions he is described by different writers as a man of undaunted intrepidity and as an absolute poltroon.

What, then, are we to believe? If we are disposed to credit all that is told us, we must believe in the existence not only of one, but of two or three Bonapartes, if we admit nothing but what is well authenticated, we shall be compelled to doubt of the existence of any.

It appears, then, that those on whose testimony the existence and actions of Bonaparte are generally believed fail in all the most essential points on which the credibility of witnesses depends: first, we have no assurance that they have access to correct information; secondly, they have an apparent interest in propagating falsehood; and, thirdly, they palpably contradict each other in the most important points.

Another circumstance which throws additional suspicion on these tales is that the Whig party, as they are

called—the warm advocates for liberty, and opposers of the encroachments of monarchical power—have for some time past strenuously espoused the cause and vindicated the character of Bonaparte, who is represented by all as having been, if not a tyrant, at least an absolute despot. One of the most forward in this cause is a gentleman who once stood foremost in holding up this very man to public execration—who first published, and long maintained against popular incredulity, the accounts of his atrocities in Egypt. Now, that such a course should be adopted, for party purposes, by those who are aware that the whole story is a fiction, and the hero of it imaginary, seems not very incredible, but if they believed in the real existence of this despot, I cannot conceive how they could so forsake their principles as to advocate his cause and eulogise his character.

After all, it may be expected that many who perceive the force of these objections will yet be loth to think it possible that they and the public at large can have been so long and so greatly imposed upon, and thus it is that the magnitude and boldness of a fraud become its best support—the millions who for so many ages have believed in Mahomet or Brahma lean, as it were, on each other for support, and not having vigour of mind enough boldly to throw off vulgar prejudices and dare be wiser than the multitude, persuade themselves that what so many have acknowledged must be true. Put I call on those who boast their philosophical freedom of thought, and would fain tread in the steps of Hume and other inquirers of the like exalted and speculative genius, to follow up fairly and fully their own principles, and, throwing off the shackles of authority, to examine carefully the evidence of whatever is proposed to them, before they admit its truth. That even in this enlightened age, as it is called, a whole nation may be egregiously imposed upon, even in matters which intimately concern them, may be proved (if it has not been already proved) by the following instance. It was stated in the newspapers that a month after the battle of Trafalgar an English officer, who had been a prisoner of war, and was exchanged, returned to this country from France, and, beginning to converse with his countrymen on the terrible *defeat* they had sustained, was infinitely astonished to learn that the battle of Trafalgar was a splendid victory he had been assured, he said, that in that battle the English had been totally defeated, and the French were fully and universally persuaded that such was the fact. Now, if this report of the belief of the French nation was not true, the British public were completely imposed upon, if it were true, then both nations were at the same time rejoicing in the event of the same battle as a signal victory to themselves, and consequently one or other at least of these nations must have been the dupes of their Government, for if the battle was never fought at all, or was not decisive on either side, in that case both parties were deceived. This instance, I conceive, is absolutely demonstrative of the point in question.

'But what shall we say to the testimony of those many respectable persons who went to Plymouth on purpose, and saw Bonaparte with their own eyes? Must they not trust their senses?' I would not disparage either the eyesight or the veracity of these gentlemen. I am ready to allow that they went to Plymouth for the purpose of seeing Bonaparte—nay, more, that they actually rowed out into the harbour in a boat, and came alongside of a man-of-war, on whose deck they saw a man in a

cocked hat, who, they were told, was Bonaparte. This is the utmost point to which their testimony goes. Now they ascertained that this man in the cocked hat had gone through all the marvellous and romantic adventures with which we have so long been amused we are not told did they perceive in his physiognomy his true name and authentic history? Truly this evidence is such as country people give one for a story of apparitions, if you discover any signs of incredulity, they triumphantly show the very house which the ghost haunted, the identical dark corner where it used to vanish, and perhaps even the tombstone of the person whose death it foretold. Jack Cade's nobility was supported by the same irresistible kind of evidence. Having asserted that the eldest son of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was stolen by a beggar woman, 'became a briar layer when he came to age,' and was the father of the supposed Jack Cade, one of his companions confirms the story by saying, 'Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the briars are alive at this day to testify it, therefore deny it not.'

Much of the same kind is the testimony of our brave countrymen, who are ready to produce the scars they received in fighting against this terrible Bonaparte. That they fought and were wounded they may safely testify, and probably they no less firmly believe what they were told respecting the cause in which they fought, it would have been a high breach of discipline to doubt it, and they, I conceive, are men better skilled in handling a musket than in sifting evidence and detecting imposture, but I defy any one of them to come forward and declare, *on his own knowledge*, what was the cause in which he fought under whose commands the opposed generals acted, and whether the person who issued those commands did really perform the mighty achievements we are told of.

There is one more circumstance which I cannot forbear mentioning, because it so much adds to the air of fiction which pervades every part of this marvellous tale, and that is, the *nationality* of it.

Bonaparte prevailed over all the hostile States in turn, except England, in the zenith of his power his fleets were swept from the sea, by England, his troops always defeated to equal, and frequently even a superior, number of those of any other nation, except the English, and with them it is just the reverse, twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an English commander, and both times he is totally defeated, at Acre and at Waterloo, and, to crown all, England finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the Continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the English he surrenders himself prisoner! Thoroughly national, to be sure! It may be all very true, but I would only ask, if a story had been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived more ingeniously? It would do admirably for an epic poem, and indeed bears a considerable resemblance to the *Iliad* and the *Ancid*, in which Achilles and the Greeks, & nears and the Trojans (the ancestors of the Romans), are so studiously held up to admiration. Bonaparte's exploits seem magnified in order to enhance the glory of his conquerors, just as Hector is allowed to triumph during the absence of Achilles merely to give additional splendour to his overthrow by the arm of that invincible hero. Would not this circumstance alone render a history rather suspicious in the eyes of an acute critic, even if

it were not filled with such gross improbabilities, and induce him to suspend his judgment till very satisfactory evidence (far stronger than can be found in this case) should be produced?

There are somewhat trifling *Memoirs of Whately* by W. J. Fitzpatrick (2 vols. 1854), the auto-biative *Life and Correspondence* by Miss Jane Whately (2 vols. 1860).

**William Whewell** (1794-1866) was the son of a Lancaster joiner, who intended him to follow his own trade, but he was early distinguished for intellectual aptitudes, and after passing with honour through the grammar-school at Lancaster he qualified at Haversham School for an exhibition at Trinity College Cambridge. Entering Trinity College in 1812, he graduated 2<sup>o</sup> second wrangler in 1815, became a Fellow in 1817, and in 1819 published a *Treatise on Mechanics*. He was ordained priest in 1826. In 1828-32 he was Professor of Mineralogy, in 1838-53 Professor of Moral Theology or Casuistical Divinity, and from 1843 till his death he was Master of Trinity. At Cambridge, in the Royal Society, and at the British Association he was equally distinguished, while his scientific works gave him a European fame. After contributing largely to reviews, in 1833 he published his learned and eloquent Bridgewater Treatise on *Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology*. But his greatest work was his *History of the Inductive Sciences* (1837), followed in 1840 by *The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*. In 1853 he issued anonymously *Of the Plurality of Worlds: an Essay* (doubtless one of the ablest of his works), in which he opposed the now popular belief, maintaining that the earth alone among stars and planets is the abode of intellectual, moral, and religious creatures—long cherished convictions which, he said, had gradually grown deeper. Like Chalmers and Brewster, his friend Sir James Stephen thought the plurality of worlds was a doctrine which supplied consolation and comfort to a mind oppressed with the aspect of the sin and misery of the earth. But Whewell replied 'To me the effect would be the contrary. I should have no consolation or comfort in thinking that our earth is selected as the especial abode of sin, and the consolation which revealed religion offers for this sin and misery is, not that there are other worlds in the stars sinless and happy, but that on the earth an atonement and reconciliation were effected. This doctrine gives a peculiar place to the earth in theology. It is, or has been, in a peculiar manner the scene of God's agency and presence. This was the view on which I worked.' In opposition to Dean Mansel, who held that a true knowledge of God is impossible for man, Dr Whewell said 'If we cannot know anything about God, revelation is in vain. We cannot have anything revealed to us if we have no power of seeing what is revealed. It is of no use to take away the veil when we are blind.' Works on morals were his *Elements of Morality* (1845), *Lectures on Systematic Morality* (1846),

*Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England* (1852), and *Platonic Dialogues for English Readers* (1859-61). And innumerable scientific memoirs, sermons, and miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse were thrown off by the versatile, polymathic, and indefatigable Master of Trinity. Probably, as Sir John Herschel said, 'a more wonderful variety and amount of knowledge in almost every department of human inquiry was never accumulated by any man.' 'Knowledge is his forte and omniscience is his foible,' was Sydney Smith's epigram on Whewell, and there are many anecdotes illustrating his claim to something more nearly approaching omniscience than is found amongst mortals once in a millennium. He died ten days after being heavily thrown from his horse.

See William Whewell, *An Account of his Writings* (2 vols. 1870) by J. Todhunter, and the *Life and Correspondence* by Mrs Star Douglas (1881).

**George Grote** (1794-1871), born at Clay Hill near Beckenham in Kent, was educated at the Charterhouse, and in 1810 became a clerk in the bank founded in 1766 by his grandfather (a native of Bremen) in Threadneedle Street. He remained there thirty-two years, devoting all his leisure to literature and political studies, a 'philosophical Radical' and a friend of the two Mills, he threw himself ardently into the cause of progress and political freedom. In 1820 he married the high-spirited Harriet Lewin, of Bexley, in 1822 conceived the idea of his *History of Greece*, and in 1826 mercilessly dissected Mitford's History in the *Westminster Review*. Head of his bank by 1830, in 1832 he was returned to Parliament for the City of London. During his first session he brought forward a motion for the adoption of the ballot, and continued to advocate the measure in keenly argumentative speeches until he retired from parliamentary life in 1841. In 1843 he retired from the banking-house also, and devoted himself exclusively to literature, mainly to the great *History of Greece* (12 vols. 1846-56). He was elected Vice-Chancellor of London University (1862), foreign associate of the French Academy (1864), and President of University College (1868). In 1865 he concluded an elaborate work on *Plato and the other Companions of Socrates*, which, with his (unfinished) *Aristotle*, was supplementary to the *History*. His brilliant and accomplished wife was throughout his literary and political life a sympathetic and stimulating helpmate. Grote was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The *History of Greece* was hailed as a truly philosophical work. It commences with the early legendary history of Greece, and closes with the fall of 'free Hellas and Hellenism' under the immediate successor of Alexander the Great. The first two volumes were not published till 1846, but at least as early as 1827 Grote was engaged on the work. The primitive period of Greek history—the expedition of the Argonauts

and the wars of Thebes and Troy—he treated as mere poetical inventions. Of the Homeric poems, he held that the *Odyssey* is an original unity, 'a premeditated structure and a concentration of interest upon one prime hero under well defined circumstances,' whereas the *Iliad* 'presents the appearance of a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow, and subsequently enlarged by successive additions.' Both poems he fixes at the same age, and that age anterior to the First Olympiad. In the region of authentic history, Grote endeavoured to realise the views and feelings of the Greeks, and not to judge of them by a modern and English standard. His constant aim—not always attained or attainable—was to penetrate the inner life of the Greeks, and to portray their social, moral, and religious condition, passing lightly over merely picturesque and romantic episodes. He traced with elaborate minuteness the rise and progress of the Athenian democracy, of which he was an ardent admirer, and some of the Athenian institutions heretofore condemned he warmly defended. Ostracism, banishment without accusation or trial, he conceived to have been necessary for thwarting the efforts of ambitious leaders, this exceptional measure was, he held, guarded from abuse by precautions such as that the concurrence of one fourth of all the citizens was required, and that those citizens voted by ballot. Demagogues and sophists he vindicated, comparing the former to our popular leaders of the Opposition, and the latter to our teachers and professors. Even Cleon, the greatest of the demagogues, he held to have been unfairly traduced by Thucydides and especially by Aristophanes, who indulged in all the license of a comic satirist. 'No man,' said Grote, 'thinks of judging Sir Robert Walpole, or Mr Fox, or Mirabeau from the numerous impsoons put in circulation against them, no man will take the measure of a political Englishman from *Punch* or of a Frenchman from *Charivari*' Even the story of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand is retold by Grote with surprising freshness, and his narrative of the Peloponnesian War contains novel and striking views of events, as well as of the characters of Pericles and Alcibiades—whom he insisted on spelling Periklēs and Alkibiādēs, a method somewhat pedantically applied throughout (as in Sôkratēs, Aristidēs, and the like, though Dionysius and Klearchus retained the Roman -us). In the later volumes important sections deal with the career of Epaminondas, the struggles of Demosthenes against Philip, and the success of Timoleon. From the epoch of Alexander the Great, Grote dates 'not only the extinction of Greek political freedom and self-action, but also the decay of productive genius, and the debasement of that consummate literary and rhetorical excellence which the fourth century before Christ had seen exhibited in Plato and Demosthenes.' There was, however, one branch of intellectual energy which continued to flourish

'comparatively little impaired under the preponderance of the Macedonian sword'—the spirit of speculation and philosophy Grote's learning was sound, his research extensive and minute, but he was somewhat too confident in his capacity to discover the causes of all things, too ready to apply to Greek life and speculation his universal Benthamite standard. And his sympathies were as pronouncedly democratic as Mitford's had been aristocratic. Sydney Smith sarcastically said 'Mr Grote is a very worthy, honest, and able man, and if the world were a chess board, would be an



GEORGE GROTE.

From a Photograph by Messrs Maull &amp; Fox.

important politician.' His main historic achievement was the explanation and vindication of the Athenian democracy, which most former British historians had grossly misunderstood. In his admiration of Athens, however, he was prone to underrate other Hellenic developments, and the injustice of his treatment of Alexander the Great has been noted by later writers like Professor Mahaffy. His style, like his thought, is vigorous, his presentation lucid rather than sympathetic, and there is some lack of that geniality which draws one to a favourite author. But the *History* shed much new and clear light on Greek history, marked an epoch in the study, and superseded the recently published and scholarly work by Thirlwall, it was careful, comprehensive, accurate, and not unfair in judgment, though not without constant and obvious bias.

#### Constitutionalism.

The theory of a constitutional king, especially as it exists in England, would have appealed to Aristotle

impracticable, to establish a king who will reign with our governing—in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect—exempt from all responsibility, without making use of the exemption—receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act except within the bounds of a law—surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist. This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur and license with the reality of an invisible strait waistcoat is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional king. When the Greeks thought of a man exempt from legal responsibility, they conceived him as really and truly such, in deed as well as in name, with a defenceless community exposed to his oppressions, and their fear and hatred of him was measured by their reverence for a government of equal law and free speech, with the ascendancy of which their whole hopes of security were associated, in the democracy of Athens more, perhaps, than in any other portion of Greece. And this feeling, as it was one of the best in the Greek mind, so it was also one of the most widely spread, a point of unanimity highly valuable amidst so many points of division. We cannot construe or criticise it by reference to the feelings of modern Europe, still less to the very peculiar feelings of England respecting kingship, and it is the application, sometimes explicit and sometimes tacit, of this unsuitable standard which renders Mr Mitford's appreciation of Greek politics so often incorrect and unfair.

#### Xenophon's Address to the Army

While their camp thus remained unmolested, every man within it was a prey to the most agonising apprehensions. Ruin appeared impending and inevitable, though no one could tell in what precise form it would come. The Greeks were in the midst of a hostile country, ten thousand stadia from home, surrounded by enemies, blocked up by impassable mountains and rivers, without guides, without provisions, without cavalry to aid their retreat, without generals to give orders. A stupor of sorrow and conscious helplessness seized upon all, few came to the evening muster, few lighted fires to cook their suppers, every man lay down to rest where he was, yet no man could sleep for fear, anguish, and yearning after relatives whom he was never again to behold.

Amidst the many causes of despondency which weighed down this forlorn army, there was none more serious than the fact that not a single man among them had now either authority to command or obligation to take the initiative. Nor was any ambitious candidate likely to volunteer his pretensions at a moment when the post promised nothing but the maximum of difficulty as well as of hazard. A new, self-kindled light and self-originated stimulus was required to vivify the embers of suspended hope and action in a mass paralysed for the moment, but every man capable of effort, and the inspiration now fell, happily for the army, upon one in whom a full measure of soldierly strength and courage was combined with the education of an Athenian, a democrat, and a philosopher.

Xenophon had equipped himself in his finest military

costume at this his first official appearance before the army, when the scales seemed to tremble between life and death. Taking up the protest of Kleanor against the treachery of the Persians, he insisted that any attempt to enter into convention or trust with such liars would be utter ruin, but that if energetic resolution were taken to deal with them only at the point of the sword, and punish their misdeeds, there was good hope of the favour of the gods and of ultimate preservation. As he pronounced this last word one of the soldiers near him happened to sneeze, immediately the whole army around shouted with one accord the accustomed invocation to Zeus the Preserver, and Xenophon, taking up the accident, continued 'Since, gentlemen, this omen from Zeus the Preserver has appeared at the instant when we were talking about preservation, let us here vow to offer the preserving sacrifice to that god, and at the same time to sacrifice to the remaining gods as well as we can, in the first friendly country which we may reach. Let every man who agrees with me hold up his hand.' All held up their hands, all then joined in the vow, and shouted the paean.

This accident, so dexterously turned to profit by the rhetorical skill of Xenophon, was eminently beneficial in rousing the army out of the depression which weighed them down, and in disposing them to listen to his animating appeal. Repeating his assurances that the gods were on their side and hostile to their perfidious enemy, he recalled to their memory the great invasions of Greece by Darius and Xerxes—how the vast hosts of Persia had been disgracefully repelled. The army had shown themselves on the field of Kunaxa worthy of such forefathers, and they would, for the future, be yet bolder, knowing by that battle of what stuff the Persians were made. As for Arreus and his troops, like traitors and cowards, their desertion was rather a gain than a loss. The enemy were superior in horsemen, but men on horseback were, after all, only men, half occupied in the fear of losing their seats, incapable of prevailing against infantry firm on the ground, and only better able to run away. Now that the satrap refused to furnish them with provisions to buy, they on their side were released from their covenant, and would take provisions without buying. Then as to the rivers those were indeed difficult to be crossed in the middle of their course, but the army would march up to their sources, and could then pass them without wetting the knee. Or, indeed, the Greeks might renounce the idea of retreat, and establish themselves permanently in the king's own country, defying all his force, like the Myrians and Pisidians. 'If,' said Xenophon, 'we plant ourselves here at our ease in a rich country, with these tall, stately, and beautiful Median and Persian women for our companions, we shall be only too ready, like the Lotophagi, to forget our way home. We ought first to go back to Greece, and tell our countrymen that if they remain poor it is their own fault, when there are rich settlements in this country awaiting all who choose to come, and who have courage to seize them. Let us burn our baggage wagons and tents, and carry with us nothing but what is of the strictest necessity. Above all things, let us maintain order, discipline, and obedience to the commanders, upon which our entire hope of safety depends. Let every man promise to lend his hand to the commanders in punishing any disobedient individuals, and let us thus show the enemy that we have

ten thousand persons like Klearchus, instead of that one whom they have so perfidiously seized. Now is the time for action. If any man, however obscure, has any thing better to suggest, let him come forward and state it, for we have all but one object—the common safety.'

It appears that no one else desired to say a word, and that the speech of Xenophon gave unqualified satisfaction, for when Cheirisophus put the question, that the meeting should sanction his recommendations, and finally elect the new generals proposed, every man held up his hand. Xenophon then moved that the army should break up immediately and march to some well stored villages, rather more than two miles distant, that the march should be in a hollow oblong, with the baggage in the centre, that Cheirisophus, as a Lacedaemonian, should lead the van, while Kleanor and the other senior officers would command on each flank, and himself with Timasion, as the two youngest of the generals, would lead the rear guard.

### Dion

Apart from wealth and high position, the personal character of Dion was in itself marked and prominent. He was of an energetic temper, great bravery, and very considerable mental capacities. Though his nature was hasty and disdainful towards individuals, yet as to political communion his ambition was by no means purely self seeking and egotistic, like that of the elder Dionysius. Animated with vehement love of power, he was at the same time penetrated with that sense of regulated polity and submission of individual will to fixed laws which floated in the atmosphere of Grecian talk and literature, and stood so high in Grecian morality. He was, moreover, capable of acting with enthusiasm, and braving every hazard in prosecution of his own convictions.

Born about the year 408 B.C., Dion was twenty one years of age in 387 B.C., when the elder Dionysius, having dismantled Rhegium and subdued Kroton, attained the maximum of his dominion, as master of the Sicilian and Italian Greeks. Standing high in the favour of his brother in law Dionysius, Dion doubtless took part in the wars whereby this large dominion had been acquired, as well as in the life of indulgence and luxury which prevailed generally among wealthy Greeks in Sicily and Italy, and which to the Athenian Plato appeared alike surprising and repulsive. That great philosopher visited Italy and Sicily about 387 B.C. He was in acquaintance and fellowship with the school of philosophers called Pythagoreans, the remnant of the Pythagorean brotherhood, who had once exercised so powerful a political influence over the cities of those regions, and who still enjoyed considerable reputation, even after complete political downfall, through individual ability and rank of the members, combined with habits of recluse study, mysticism, and attachment among themselves. With these Pythagoreans Dion also, a young man of open mind and ardent aspirations, was naturally thrown into communication by the proceedings of the elder Dionysius in Italy. Through them he came into intercourse with Plato, whose conversation made an epoch in his life.

The mystic turn of imagination, the sententious brevity, and the mathematical researches of the Pythagoreans produced doubtless an imposing effect upon Dion, just as Lysis, a member of that brotherhood, had acquired

the attachment and influenced the sentiments of Epaminondas at Thebes. But Plato's power of working upon the minds of young men was far more impressive and irresistible. He possessed a large range of practical experience, a mastery of political and social topics, and a charm of eloquence to which the Pythagoreans were strangers. The stirring effects of the Sokratic talk, as well as of the democratical atmosphere in which Plato had been brought up, had developed all the communicative aptitude of his mind, and great as that aptitude appears in his remaining dialogues, there is ground for believing that it was far greater in his conversation, greater perhaps in 387 B.C., when he was still mainly the Sokratic Plato, than it became in later days after he had imbibed to a certain extent the mysticism of the Pythagoreans. Brought up as Dion had been at the court of Dionysius, accustomed to see around him only slavish deference and luxurious enjoyment, unused to open speech or large philosophical discussion, he found in Plato a new man exhibited, and a new world opened before him.

As the stimulus from the teacher was here put forth with consummate efficacy, so the predisposition of the learner enabled it to take full effect. Dion became an altered man both in public sentiment and in individual behaviour. He recollects that, twenty years before, his country, Syracuse, had been as free as Athens. He learned to abhor the iniquity of the despotism by which her liberty had been overthrown, and by which subsequently the liberties of so many other Greeks in Italy and Sicily had been trodden down also. He was made to remark that Sicily had been half barbarised through the foreign mercenaries imported as the despots' instruments. He conceived the sublime idea or dream of rectifying all this accumulation of wrong and suffering. It was his first wish to cleanse Syracuse from the blot of slavery, and to clothe her anew in the brightness and dignity of freedom, yet not with the view of restoring the popular government as it had stood prior to the usurpation, but of establishing an improved constitutional polity, originated by himself, with laws which should not only secure individual rights, but also educate and moralise the citizens. The function which he imagined to himself, and which the conversation of Plato suggested, was not that of a despot like Dionysius, but that of a despotic legislator like Lykurgus, taking advantage of a momentary omnipotence, conferred upon him by grateful citizens in a state of public confusion, to originate a good system which, when once put in motion, would keep itself alive by fashioning the minds of the citizens to its own intrinsic excellence.

Grote's minor works were published by Professor Brun in 1873 and *Fragments on Ethical Subjects* in 1876—Mrs Grote (1792–1879) wrote a *Memoir of A.J.S. Scheffer* (1860), a volume of *Collected Papers in Prose and Verse* (1862), books on the Philosophical Radicals of 1832 (especially *Molesworth*) and on the political events of 1831–32, and *The Personal Life of George Grote* (1873).

**Adam Sedgwick** (1785–1873), born at Dent vicarage in north-west Yorkshire, after being a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, became Woodwardian Professor of Geology (1818), canon of Norwich (1834), and vice master of Trinity (1847). His best work was on *British Palaeozoic Fossils* (1854), he trenchantly attacked *The Vestiges of Creation* and Darwin's *Origin of Species*. See his *Life and Letters* by Clark and Hughes (2 vols. 1890).

**Dr Thomas Arnold** of Rugby, (1795–1842), who in many ways influenced the thought and life of England, holds his place in literature mainly in virtue of his *History of Rome*. A native of East Cowes in the Isle of Wight, where his father was collector of customs, he was educated at Winchester, and afterwards at Oxford, being elected a scholar of Corpus in 1811 and a Fellow of Oriel in 1815. He remained at Oxford four more years, teaching pupils, and in his twenty-fifth year he settled at Ilcham near Staines in Middlesex, where he took pupils, married, and spent nine years of happiness and study. He took priest's orders in 1826, and in the same year he was appointed to the headmastership of Rugby School. He longed to 'try whether our public school system has not in it some noble elements which may produce fruit even to life eternal,' and his exertions not only raised Rugby School to exceptional eminence and success but introduced an inestimable change and improvement into all the public schools in England. He trusted much to the 'sixth form,' or elder boys, who exercised a recognised authority over the junior pupils and these he inspired with love, reverence, and confidence. His interest in his pupils was that of a parent, and it was unceasing. On Sunday he preached to them, 'he was still the instructor and the schoolmaster, only teaching and educating with increased solemnity and energy.' His firmness, his sympathy, his fine manly character and devotion to duty, in time bound all good hearts to him. Out of doors Arnold had also his battles to fight. He was a Liberal in politics, and a keen Church reformer. To the High Church party he was strenuously opposed, the Church, he said meant not the priesthood, but the body of believers. Nothing could save the Church but a union with the Dissenters, and the civil power was more able than the clergy not only to govern but to fix the doctrines of the Church. These Erastian views, propounded with his usual zeal and earnestness, offended and alarmed many of Arnold's own friends. His liberalism shocked the mass of the devout, and his reverent religious spirit puzzled those more 'advanced' than he was. In 1841 he was nominated Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. His inaugural lecture was attended by a vast concourse of students and friends, for the popular tide had now turned in his favour, and his apparently robust health promised a long succession of professorial triumphs, as well as of general usefulness. He had purchased Fox How, in one of the most beautiful parts of the Lake country, spending all his spare time there, and he was preparing to return thither in the summer of 1842, when one night he had an attack of angina pectoris, and died next morning (12th June).

Arnold's works give but a faint idea of what he accomplished—he was emphatically a man of action, but his writings are characteristic of the man—earnest, clear in conception and style, and

independent in thought. His *History of Rome*, which he intended to carry down to the fall of the Western Empire, was completed only to the end of the Second Punic War (3 vols 1838-42), his Oxford *Lectures on Modern History*, and a history of the later Roman commonwealth (reprinted from the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*), were published after his death, and he edited Thucydides Six volumes of his *Sermons*, chiefly delivered to the Rugby boys, were also printed, with a volume of tracts on social and political topics. In the *History of Rome*—the first two volumes especially—he very closely follows Niebuhr, expanding the theory that the commonly received history of the early centuries of Rome was in great part fabulous, as being founded on popular songs or lays chanted by minstrels or recited by imaginative chroniclers at Roman banquets. His strong moral feeling and hatred of tyranny in all its shapes occasionally break forth, and he gave animation to his narrative by contrasting ancient with modern events, thereby giving later historians an example apt to prove dangerous to the historic spirit.

### Scipio

A mind like Scipio's, working its way under the peculiar influences of his time and country, cannot but move irregularly—it cannot but be full of contradictions. Two hundred years later the mind of the dictator, Caesar, acquiesced contentedly in epicureanism, he retained no more of enthusiasm than was inseparable from the intensity of his intellectual power and the fervour of his courage, even amidst his utter moral degradation. But Scipio could not be like Caesar. His mind rose above the state of things around him, his spirit was solitary and kingly; he was cramped by living among those as his equals whom he felt fitted to guide as from some higher sphere, and he retired at last to Liternum, to breathe freely, to enjoy the simplicity of his childhood, since he could not fulfil his natural calling to be a hero king. So far he stood apart from his countrymen—admired, reverenced, but not loved. But he could not shake off all the influences of his time—the virtue, public and private, which still existed at Rome, the reverence paid by the wisest and best men to the religion of their fathers, were elements too congenial to his nature not to retain their hold on it—they cherished that nobleness of soul in him, and that faith in the invisible and divine, which two centuries of growing unbelief rendered almost impossible in the days of Caesar. Yet how strange must the conflict be when faith is combined with the highest intellectual power, and its appointed object is no better than paganism! Longing to believe, yet repelled by palpable falsehood—crossed inevitably with snatches of unbelief, in which hypocrisy is ever close at the door—it breaks out desperately, as it may seem, into the region of dreams and visions, and mysterious communings with the invisible, as if longing to find that food in its own creations which no outward objective truth offers to it. The proportions of belief and unbelief in the human mind in such cases no human judgment can determine—they are the wonders of history, characters inevitably misrepresented by the vulgar, and viewed even by those who, in some sense, have the key to them as a mystery not fully to be

comprehended, and still less explained to others. The genius which conceived the incomprehensible character of Hamlet would alone be able to describe with intuitive truth the character of Scipio or of Cromwell. With all his greatness there was a waywardness in him which seems often to accompany genius, a self idolatry, natural enough when there is so keen a consciousness of power and of lost designs, a self dependence, which feels even the most sacred external relations to be unessential to its own perfection. Such is the Achilles of Homer, the highest conception of the individual hero relying on himself, and sufficient to himself. But the same poet who conceived the character of Achilles has also drawn that of Hector, of the truly noble, because unselfish, hero, who subdues his genius to make it minister to the good of others who lives for his relations, his friends, and his country. And as Scipio lived in himself and for himself like Achilles, so the virtue of Hector was worthily represented in the life of his great rival Hannibal, who, from his childhood to his latest hour, in war and in peace, through glory and through obloquy, amid victories and amid disappointments, ever remembered to what purpose his father had devoted him, and withdrew no thought or desire or deed from their pledged service to his country.

### Hannibal.

If Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred of the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy, so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit and wisdom and power of Rome. The senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous desert, because he had not despised of the common wealth, and which disdained either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honoured than the conqueror of Zama. Thus we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations, and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it, and the nation when he is gone is like a dead body to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life, when the charm has ceased the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty

years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phoenician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilisation of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organised empire, and prepare them for becoming when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe.

### The Siege of Genoa

In the autumn of 1799 the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont, their last victory of Fossano or Genoa had won the fortress of Comi or Cuneo, close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po, the French clung to Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa, the narrow strip of coast between the Apennines and the sea, which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Massena, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa. Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul, but he could not be expected to take the field till the following spring, and till then Massena was hopeless of relief from without—everything was to depend on his own pertinacity. The strength of his army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa, but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy a hope of reducing it by famine, and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval commander in chief in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians, and by the vigilance of his cruisers, the whole coasting trade right and left along the Riviera was effectually cut off. It is not at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the daily sight of well stored shops and an abundant market, begin to realise the idea of scarcity, or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the store houses began to be drawn upon, and no fresh supply or hope of supply appeared. Winter passed away, and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and open to the full range of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hill sides with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens with its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hillsides were now visited for a very different object: ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our roadsides as a most precious treasure. The French general pitied the distress of the people, but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese, and such provisions as remained were reserved, in the first place, for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy, not the momentary death of battle

or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes, husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825 told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on till, in the month of June, when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy, the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure!

An Edinburgh reviewer said all Arnold's works were 'proofs of his ability and goodness; yet the story of his life is worth them all.' And that story has been told to admiring purpose by Dean Stanley in his *Life of Arnold* (1845, 12th ed. with additions 1881, new ed. 1902). See also Hindley's *Arnold of Heligoland* (1897), Sir Joshua Fitch on *Thomas and Matthew Arnold and their Influence on English Education* (1897) and the Rugby idyll *Tom Brown's School Days* by Thomas Hughes. Charles H. Pearson has somewhat trenchantly criticised the 'Arnold tradition,' and insisted on certain defects in the Rugby system, see his *Life of Stubbing* (1902). Matthew Arnold the poet and critic, was Dr Arnold's eldest son; his second, Thomas, father of Mrs Humphry Ward, wrote on historical subjects and literature and as a good Catholic helped to edit a *Catholic Dictionary*.

**Compton Thirlwall** (1797–1875), born at Stepney, from the Charterhouse passed in 1814 to Trinity College, Cambridge, and after a distinguished course was elected a Fellow. He was called to the Bar in 1825, but in 1827 took orders, having two years before translated Schleiermacher's *Lectures on St Luke*, then regarded as alarmingly 'rationalistic.' His return to Cambridge was marked by the translation, with his friend Julius Hare, of Niebuhr's *History of Rome* (1828–32), and their *Philological Museum* (1831–33) contained some remarkable papers, among them Thirlwall's 'On the Irony of Sophocles.' He petitioned and wrote (1834) in favour of the admission of Dissenters to degrees. The Master of Trinity, Dr Wordsworth, called on him to resign his assistant tutorship, which he did under protest. Almost immediately he was presented by Brougham to the Yorkshire living of Kirby-Underdale. Here he wrote for *Lardner's Cyclopædia* his *History of Greece* (1835–47, improved ed. 1847–52). Scholarly, learned, and accurate, as well as dignified in style, the work marks an enormous advance on Mitford and ranks amongst English classics, but it was in large measure superseded for the general public by Grote's (published in 1846–56). In 1840 Lord Melbourne raised Thirlwall to the see of St David's. For thirty-four years—till his resignation—he laboured with the utmost diligence in his diocese, building churches, parsonages, and schools, and augmenting poor livings. His eleven charges remain an enduring monument of breadth of view—the first a catholic apology for the Tractarians. He joined in censoring *Essays and Reviews*, but was one of the four bishops who refused to inhibit Colenso, and he was as a Latitudinarian regarded with suspicious alarm, alike by High Churchmen and Evangelicals. He supported

the Maynooth grant, the admission of Jews to Parliament, and alone amongst the bishops the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Perowne edited his *Remains, Literary and Theological* (1877-78), Perowne and Stokes his *Letters, Literary and Theological* (1881), and Dean Stanley the beautiful series to a young lady—the *Letters to a Friend* (1881).

### Aristophanes against Socrates

Euripides, however, occupies only a subordinate place among the disciples and supporters of the sophistical school, whom Aristophanes attacked. The person whom he selected as its representative, and on whom he endeavoured to throw the whole weight of the charges which he brought against it, was Socrates. In the *Clouds*, a comedy exhibited in 423, a year after the Knights had been received with so much applause, Socrates was brought on the stage under his own name, as the arch sophist, the master of the freethinking school. The story is of a young spendthrift, who has involved his father in debt by his passion for horses, and having been placed under the care of Socrates, is enabled by his instructions to defraud his creditors, but also learns to regard filial obedience and respect, and piety to the gods, as groundless and antiquated prejudices, and it seems hardly possible to doubt that under this character the poet meant to represent Alcibiades, whom it perfectly suits in its general outline, and who may have been suggested to the thoughts of the spectators in many ways not now perceived by the reader. It seems at first sight as if, in this work, Aristophanes must stand convicted either of the foulest motives or of a gross mistake. For the character of Socrates was in most points directly opposed to the principles and practice which he attributes here and elsewhere to the sophists and their followers. Socrates was the son of a sculptor of little reputation, and himself for some time practised the art with moderate success. But he abandoned it that he might give himself up to philosophy, though his income was so scanty that it scarcely provided him with the means of subsistence. In his youth he had made himself master of every kind of knowledge then attainable at Athens which his narrow fortune permitted him to acquire, and he purchased the lessons of several of the learned men who came to sojourn there at a price which he was never well able to spare. Yet when his own talents had attracted a crowd of admirers, and among them some of the wealthiest youths, he not only demanded no reward for his instructions, but rejected all the offers which they made to relieve his poverty. We have already seen some specimens of the manner in which he discharged the duties of a soldier and a citizen, how he braved the fury of the multitude and the resentment of the tyrants in the cause of justice. It is not my intention here to speak of the place which he holds in the history of Greek philosophy. But we have already had occasion to mention his contests with the sophists, and we have ample evidence that his discourses as well as his life were uniformly devoted to the furtherance of piety and virtue. Yet in the *Clouds* this excellent person appears in the most odious as well as ridiculous aspect, and the play ends with the preparations made by the father of the misguided youth to consume him.

and his school. The wrong done to him appears the more flagrant on account of its fatal consequences. The wish which the poet intimates at the close of his play, with in earnestness which almost oversteps the limits of comedy, was fulfilled, though not till above twenty years later, after the restoration of the democracy (B.C. 399), when Socrates was prosecuted and put to death on a charge which expressed the substance of the imputations cast on him in the *Clouds*, and Aristophanes was believed by their contemporaries to have contributed mainly to this result.

There are two points with regard to the conduct of Aristophanes which appear to have been placed by recent investigations beyond doubt. It may be considered as certain that he was not animated by any personal malice or hostility toward Socrates, but only attacked him as an enemy and corrupter of religion and morals; but, on the other hand, it is equally well established that he did not merely borrow the name of Socrates for the representative of the sophistical school, but designed to point the attention and to excite the feelings of his audience against the real individual. The only question which seems to be still open to controversy on this subject concerns the degree in which Aristophanes was acquainted with the real character and aims of Socrates as they are known to us from the uniform testimony of his intimate friends and disciples. We find it difficult to adopt the opinion of some modern writers, who contend that Aristophanes, notwithstanding a perfect knowledge of the difference between Socrates and the sophists, might still have looked upon him as standing so completely on the same ground with them that one description was applicable to them and him. It is true, as we have already observed, that the poet would willingly have suppressed all reflection and inquiry on many of the subjects which were discussed both by the sophists and by Socrates, as a presumptuous encroachment on the province of authority. But it seems incredible that if he had known all that makes Socrates so admirable and amiable in our eyes, he would have assailed him with such vehement bitterness, and that he should never have qualified his satire by a single word indicative of the respect which he must then have felt to be due at least to his character and his intentions.

But if we suppose what is in itself much more consistent with the opinions and pursuits of the comic poet, that he observed the philosopher attentively indeed, but from a distance which permitted no more than a superficial acquaintance, we are then at no loss to understand how he might have confounded him with a class of men with which he had so little in common, and why he singled him out to represent them. He probably first formed his judgment of Socrates by the society in which he usually saw him. He may have known that his early studies had been directed by Archelus, the disciple of Anaxagoras, that he had both himself received the instruction of the most eminent sophists, and had induced others to become their hearers; that Euripides, who had introduced the sophistical spirit into the drama, and Alcibiades, who illustrated it most completely in his life, were in the number of his most intimate friends. Socrates never willingly stirred beyond the walls of the city, and lived almost wholly in public places which he seldom entered without forming a circle round him and opening some discussion connected with the objects of his philosophical researches, he readily

accepted the invitations of his friends, especially when he expected to meet learned and inquisitive guests, and probably never failed to give a speculative turn to the conversation. Aristophanes himself may have been more than once present, as Plato represents him, on such occasions. But it was universally notorious that where ever Socrates appeared some subtle disputation was likely to ensue, the method by which he drew out and tried the opinions of others without directly delivering his own, and even his professions—for he commonly described himself as a seeker who had not yet discovered the truth—might easily be mistaken for the sophistical scepticism which denied the possibility of finding it. Aristophanes might also, either immediately or through hearsay, have become acquainted with expressions and arguments of Socrates apparently contrary to the established religion. And, indeed, it is extremely difficult to determine the precise relation in which the opinions of Socrates stood to the Greek polytheism. He not only spoke of the gods with reverence, and conformed to the rites of the national worship, but testified his respect for the oracles in a manner which seems to imply that he believed their pretensions to have some real ground. On the other hand, he acknowledged one Supreme Being as the framer and preserver of the universe, used the singular and the plural number indiscriminately concerning the object of his adoration, and when he endeavoured to reclaim one of his friends who scoffed at sacrifices and divination, it was, according to Xenophon, by an argument drawn exclusively from the works of the one Creator. We are thus tempted to imagine that he treated many points to which the vulgar attached great importance as matters of indifference, on which it was neither possible nor very desirable to arrive at any certain conclusion that he was only careful to exclude from his notion of the gods all attributes which were inconsistent with the moral qualities of the Supreme Being, and that, with this restriction, he considered the popular mythology as so harmless that its language and rites might be innocently adopted. The observation attributed to him in one of Plato's early works seems to throw great light on the nature and extent of his conformity to the State religion. Being asked whether he believes the Attic legend of Boreas and Orithia, he replies that he should indeed only be following the example of many ingenious men if he rejected it and attempted to explain it away, but that such speculations, however fine, appeared to him to betoken a mind not very happily constituted, for the subjects furnished for them by the marvellous beings of the Greek mythology were endless, and to reduce all such stories to a probable form was a task which required much leisure. This he could not give to it, for he was fully occupied with the study of his own nature. He therefore left those stories alone, and acquiesced in the common belief about them.

The motives which induced Aristophanes to bring Socrates on the stage in preference to any other of the sophistical teachers are still more obvious than the causes through which he was led to confound them together. Socrates, from the time that he abandoned his hereditary art, became one of the most conspicuous and notorious persons in Athens. There was perhaps hardly a mechanic who had not at some time or other been puzzled or diverted by his questions. His features were so formed by nature as to serve with scarcely any

exaggeration for a highly laughable mask. His usual mien and gait were no less remarkably adapted to the comic stage. He was subject to fits of absence which seem now and then to have involved him in ludicrous mistakes and disasters. Altogether his exterior was such as might of itself have tempted another poet to find a place for him in a comedy. (From the *History of Greece*)

**Sir George Cornewall Lewis** (1806-63) was the son of Sir Thomas Franklin Lewis, a Radnorshire baronet, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and having studied at the Middle Temple, was called to the Bar in 1831. Entering into public life, he filled various government offices, and was MP for Herefordshire, and afterwards for the Radnor boroughs. He served on several commissions, and in 1839 succeeded his father as Poor Law Commissioner in a time of keen controversy on poor law methods. He succeeded Mr Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer under Palmerston in 1855-58, when he showed much resource in meeting defects and outrages caused by the Crimean war, and in Lord Palmerston's second administration (1859) he waived his claims in favour of Mr Gladstone, becoming Home Secretary in 1859-61, and then, sore against his own wishes, War Secretary. He was for about three years (1852-55) editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. An accomplished classical and German scholar, Sir George (who succeeded to the baronetcy on his father's death in 1855) investigated the early history of Greece and Rome along with the views of the German commentators, and in reviewing the theory of Niebuhr in *An Inquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History* (2 vols 1855), attacked like Niebuhr's method and its results. All attempts to extract real history from the picturesque narratives of the early centuries of Rome (largely based, as Niebuhr held, on ballad and poetised legends) he conceived to be nugatory, and he examined anew the primitive history of the nations of Italy. Dionysius, Livy, and the other ancient historians had no authentic materials for the primitive ethnology and the early national movements of Italy, and modern inquirers have still less chance of arriving at safe conclusions on the subject. Hence, with perhaps too sweeping scepticism, he dismissed the results not only of the uncritical older historians, but those of the learned and sagacious Germans, Niebuhr and Otfried Müller. 'The legends are mere shifting clouds of mythology, which may at a distance deceive the minder by the appearance of solid land, but disappear as he approaches and examines them by a close view.' But it cannot be said that modern research accepts all Niebuhr's contentions or unmatters his theory in full, and in so far at least Cornewall Lewis's criticism has been justified.

Lewis was a shrewd and sober minded politician of great administrative ability, a laborious student, and a voluminous writer. It is difficult to realise how he found time, in the midst of official and

public duties, and within the space of a comparatively short life, for such varied and profound studies—for he was not merely acute and critical, but indefatigable in research and widely read. He was more gifted as a conversationalist than as a writer, his style being rather sensible than distinguished. Among his works are treatises on the *Roman Language*, on the *Use and Abuse of Political Terms*, on the *Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*, on the *Method of Observation and Reasoning in Politics*, on the *Irish Church Question*, on the *Government of Dependencies*, on the *Astronomy of the Ancients*, and a *Dialogue on the Best Form of Government*. He was a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, *Frazer's Magazine*, the *Philological Museum*, the *Law Magazine*, and *Notes and Queries*. His most unlucky literary enterprise was an edition in 1846–59 of a collection of fragments palmed off on the British Museum as lost fables of the third-century Greek fabulist Babrius, almost immediately proved to be spurious. He was not a seeker after popularity, was perhaps a little paradoxical, and was the inventor of the mot that ‘life would be tolerable if it were not for its amusements.’

#### On Niebuhr

He [Niebuhr] divides the Roman history into three periods 1 The purely mythical period, including the foundation of the city and the reigns of the first two kings 2 The mythico historical period, including the reigns of the last five kings and the first fourteen years of the republic 3 The historical period, beginning with the first secession. The poems, however, which he supposes to have served as the origin of the received history, are not peculiar to any one of these periods, they equally appear in the reigns of Romulus and Numa, in the time of the Tarquins, and in the narratives of Coriolanus and of the siege of Veii. If the history of periods so widely different was equally drawn from a poetical source, it is clear that the poems must have arisen under wholly dissimilar circumstances, and that they can afford no sure foundation for any historical inference.

For solving the problem of the early Roman history the great desideratum is to obtain some means of separating the truth from the fiction, and, if any parts be true, of explaining how the records were preserved with fidelity until the time of the earliest historians, by whom they were adopted, and who, through certain intermediate stages, have transmitted them to us.

For example, we may believe that the expulsion of the Tarquins, the creation of a dictator and of tribunes, the adventures of Coriolanus, the Decemvirate, the expedition of the Fabii and the battle of the Cremera, the siege of Veii, the capture of Rome by the Gauls, and the disaster of Caudium, with other portions of the Samnite wars, are events which are indeed to a considerable extent distorted, obscured, and corrupted by fiction, and encrusted with legendary additions, but that they never theless contain a nucleus of fact, in varying degrees; if so, we should wish to know how far the fact extends and where the fiction begins, and also what were the means by which a general historical tradition of events, as they really happened, was perpetuated. This is the question to which an answer is desired, and therefore we are not

assisted by a theory which explains how that part of the narrative which is not historical originated.

See his *Letters* (1870), the *Life of Grote* (1873) *Bagehot's Literary Studies* (1879), and Mr Raleigh's edition of the *Political Terms* (1898).

**Charles Merivale** (1808–93) was the son of John Herman Merivale, translator, poet, and Commissioner of Bankruptcy, he was born in London, studied at Harrow, Haileybury, and St John's College, Cambridge, and was successively rector of Lawford, Essex (1848–70), chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons (1863–69), and Dean of Ely (from 1869). At Cambridge he was an athlete and oarsman, as well as a prize poet and one of the ‘apostles’ commemorated by Tennyson. He took orders in 1833, by which time he had developed a keen interest in his life work, the study of Roman history. At this subject he worked industriously while he remained at Cambridge, but it was not till after he had settled in his country rectory that he began to publish, in 1850, a *History of the Romans under the Empire*, which he completed in 1862. ‘Mr Merivale’s undertaking,’ said a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, ‘is nothing less than to bridge over no small portion of the interval between the interrupted work of Arnold and the commencement of Gibbon. He comes, therefore, between “mighty opposites”’ ‘A man of infinite dry humour and quaint fancy,’ according to Edward FitzGerald, he was a scholar and Churchman of the older school, and his *History* was a sound and solid piece of work. It would have been improved had its author relied less exclusively on printed documents and taken advantage of numismatics, epigraphy, and cognate aids. The main defect of the work, according to some critics, is that it is throughout too favourable to the emperors and to Imperialism, but compared with the Cæsarianism of Mommsen and his school it is mild and fair. The same tendency somewhat mars the historical value of the brilliant sketch *The Fall of the Roman Republic* (1853), perhaps the most popular of all the Dean’s writings, among which are also comprised a one volume school history of Rome and some lectures on early Church history, including his two courses of Boyle Lectures (1864–65) on the conversion of the Roman Empire and of the northern nations. He edited Sallust, contributed to the *Saturday Review*, and was a most accomplished writer of Latin verse. His translation of Homer into English rhymed verse was not one of his successes.

#### On the Emperor Augustus

In stature Augustus hardly exceeded the middle height, but his person was lightly and delicately formed, and its proportions were such as to convey a favourable and even a striking impression. His countenance was pale, and testified to the weakness of his health and almost constant bodily suffering, but the hardships of military service had imparted a swarthy tinge to a complexion naturally fair, and his eyebrows meeting over a sharp and aquiline nose gave a serious and stern expression to his countenance. His hair was light, and

his eyes blue and piercing, he was well pleased if any one on approaching him looked on the ground and affected to be unable to meet their dazzling brightness. It was said that his dress concealed many imperfections and blemishes on his person, but he could not disguise all the infirmities under which he laboured. The weakness of the forefinger of his right hand and a lameness in the left hip were the results of wounds he incurred in a battle with the Iapyde in early life, he suffered repeated attacks of fever of the most serious kind, especially in the course of the campaign of Philippi and that against the Cantabrians, and again two years afterwards at Rome, when his recovery was despaired of. From that time, although constantly liable to be affected by cold and heat, and obliged to nurse himself throughout with the care of a valetudinarian, he does not appear to have had any return of illness so serious as the preceding, and dying at the age of seventy four, the rumour obtained popular currency that he was prematurely cut off by poison administered by the empress. As the natural consequence of this bodily weakness and sickly constitution, Octavian did not attempt to distinguish himself by active exertions or feats of personal prowess. The splendid examples of his uncle the dictator and of Antonius his rival, might have early discouraged him from attempting to shine as a warrior and hero; he had not the vivacity and natural spirits necessary to carry him through such exploits as theirs and, although he did not shrink from exposing himself to personal danger, he prudently declined to allow a comparison to be instituted between himself and rivals whom he could not hope to equal. Thus necessarily thrown back upon other resources, he trusted to caution and circumspection, first to preserve his own life, and afterwards to obtain the splendid prizes which had hitherto been carried off by daring adventure, and the good fortune which is so often its attendant. His contest, therefore, with Antonius and Sextus Pompeius was the contest of cunning with bravery, but from his youth upwards he was accustomed to overreach, not the bold and reckless only, but the most considerate and wily of his contemporaries, such as Cicero and Cleopatra, he succeeded in the end in deluding the senate and people of Rome in the establishment of his tyranny, and finally deceived the expectations of the world, and falsified the lessons of the Republican history in reigning himself forty years in disguise, and leaving a throne to be claimed without a challenge by his successors for fourteen centuries.

But although emperor in name, and in fact absolute master of his people, the manners of the Cesar, both in public and private life, were still those of a simple citizen. On the most solemn occasions he was distinguished by no other dress than the robes and insignia of the offices which he exercised, he was attended by no other guards than those which his consular dignity rendered customary and decent. In his court there was none of the etiquette of modern monarchies to be recognised, and it was only by slow and gradual encroachment that it came to prevail in that of his successors. Augustus was contented to take up his residence in the house which had belonged to the orator Licinius Calvus, in the neighbourhood of the Forum, which he afterwards abandoned for that of Hortensius on the Palatine, of which Suetonius observes that it was remarkable neither for size nor splendour. Its halls were small, and lined, not with marble, after the luxurious fashion of many

patrician palaces, but with the common Alban stone, and the pattern of the pavement was plain and simple. Nor when he succeeded Lepidus in the pontificate would he relinquish this private dwelling for the regia or public residence assigned that honourable office.

Many anecdotes are recorded of the moderation with which the emperor received the opposition, and often the rebukes, of individuals in public as well as in private. These stories are not without their importance, as showing how little formality there was in the tone of addressing the master of the Roman world, and how entirely different the ideas of the nation were with regard to the position occupied by the Cesar and his family from those with which modern associations have imbued us. We have already noticed the rude freedom with which Tiberius was attacked, although step son of the emperor and participating in the eminent functions of the tribunitian power, by a claimant in the schools at Rhodes, but Augustus himself seems to have suffered almost as much as any private citizen from the general coarseness of behaviour which characterised the Romans in their public assemblies, and the rebukes to which he patiently submitted were frequently such as would lay the courtier of a constitutional sovereign in modern Europe under perpetual disgrace.

On one occasion, for instance, in the public discharge of his functions as corrector of manners, he had brought a specific charge against a certain knight for having squandered his patrimony. The accused proved that he had, on the contrary, augmented it. 'Well,' answered the emperor, somewhat annoyed by his error, 'but you are at all events living in celibacy, contrary to recent enactments.' The other was able to reply that he was married, and was the father of three legitimate children, and when the emperor signified that he had no further charge to bring, added aloud 'Another time, Cesar, when you give ear to informations against honest men, take care that your informants are honest themselves.' Augustus felt the justice of the rebuke thus publicly administered, and submitted to it in silence.

Dean Merivale's nephew Herman Charles, son of the permanent Under Secretary for India, was a successful playwright and novelist. See the Dean's privately printed Autobiography (a fragment) and letters, edited by his daughter Judith (1897).

**Henry Hart Milman** (1791–1868) was the third son of an eminent London physician, Sir Francis Milman, and, educated at Greenwich, Eton, and Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1812 he gained the Newdigate with his *Belvidere Apollo*, best of Oxford prize poems. In 1815 a Fellow of his college, in 1816 he became vicar of St Mary's, Reading, in 1821–31 Professor of Poetry at Oxford, in 1835 rector of St Margaret's, Westminster, and a canon of Westminster, and in 1849 Dean of St Paul's. His tragedy of *Fazio*, with a Florentine plot, was published in 1815, and was afterwards acted with success at Covent Garden. In 1820 he published a dramatic poem, *The Fall of Jerusalem*, and to this succeeded three other dramas, *Belshazzar* (1822), *The Martyr of Antioch* (1822), and *Anne Boleyn* (1826), but none of these was designed for the stage. For his 'heroic' or narrative poem on the defence of Britain against the Saxons, *Samor; Lord of the Bright City* (1818), he took the plot

from Hohnshed and Harrison, Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern and Rowena, Emrys and Uther, Druids and Vikings, are amongst the characters of a poem with many fine passages. In virtue of *Nala and Damayanti and other Poems translated from the Sanskrit* (1834), he has claims to be remembered as an early interpreter of Indian thought and life to Englishmen. Dean Milman published also an edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, with notes and corrections, which remained the standard one till the publication of Mr Bury's (see Vol II p 552), and as against Gibbon, the editor seemed more conservative and orthodox than in some of his own historical methods and results. Milman also produced an excellent edition of Horace, with a Life of the poet. He undertook to assist his friend Bishop Heber in arranging a series of hymns for the Christian year, and besides giving other valuable assistance, contributed several of the most admirable from his own pen, such as 'Ride on, ride on in majesty,' and 'When our heads are bowed with woe.' When Heber received the first mentioned he wrote to Milman 'A few more such hymns and I shall need not to wait for the aid of Scott and Southey.' In his hymns and other poems Milman showed abundance of pregnant thought, taste, dignity, tenderness, and metrical skill, but he lacks the dramatic spirit, the warmth of passion and imagination, necessary to vivify his classical or historical lore into tragedy or epic of perennial charm. His fame rests on his historical writings, the earliest of which, the *History of the Jews*, was originally published in Murray's 'Family Library' (1829, 4th edition, 1866), and created consternation among the orthodox as being rationalistic.

Milman in his own words, had been able to follow out 'all the marvellous discoveries of science, and all the hardly less marvellous, if less certain, conclusions of historical, ethnological, linguistic criticism, in the serene confidence that they are utterly irrelevant to the truth of Christianity, to the truth of the Old Testament as far as concerns its distinct and perpetual authority, and its indubitable meaning.' He took up ground much less usual in the first half of the nineteenth than in the first decade of the twentieth century, the *History of the Jews* was, according to Dean Stanley, the first decisive inroad of German theology, the first indication that the Bible could be studied like another book. 'If on such subjects some solid ground be not found on which highly educated, reflective, reading, reasoning men may find firm footing, I can foresee nothing but a wide, a widening, I fear an irreparable breach between the thought and the religion of England. A comprehensive, all-embracing, truly Catholic Christianity, which knows what is essential to religion, what is temporary and extraneous to it, may defy the world. Obstinate adherence to things antiquated, and irreconcileable with advancing knowledge and thought, may repel, and for ever,

how many, I know not, how far, I know still less. *Avertat omen Deus!*' Milman's *History of Christianity to the Abolition of Paganism* (1840) was followed by the magnum opus, *The History of Latin Christianity to the Pontificate of Nicholas V* (6 vols 1854-56). 'No such work,' it was truly said, 'has appeared in English ecclesiastical literature—none which combines such breadth of view with such depth of research, such high literary and artistic eminence with such patient and elaborate investigation.' This high praise has been echoed by a host of critics from Prescott to Lecky. The book has been called 'a complete epic and philosophy of mediæval Christendom,' and is really a great work in most of the essentials of history, though modern research has inevitably modified many of its conclusions. Macaulay, agreeing that the matter was excellent, somewhat hypercritically voted the style 'very much the reverse.' Yet the very candour, catholicity, and frank application of honest and reverent critical method, hitherto too rare in the sphere of Church history, again provoked in some quarters the charge of 'rationalism.' The last work of Dean Milman was his *St Paul's Cathedral* (1854-56, completed by his son and published in 1868), the church over which he had presided for nearly twenty years, and in which he was buried. Articles on Erasmus, Savonarola, and other subjects contributed to the *Quarterly* were published as a volume in 1870.

#### The Burning of the Temple

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former temple by the king of Babylon, that day was almost past. Titus withdrew again into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on, the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest, when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a small gilded door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire, his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not or would not hear, they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part

of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands, they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar, the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery, he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the Holy Place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis endeavoured to force obedience with his staff of office, but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw everything around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames, they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door, the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat, and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame, the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light, the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction. The walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights, all along the walls resounded screams and wailings, men who were expiring with famine rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, afterwards into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below. Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall, about fourteen feet wide, they were summoned to surrender, but two of them, Mur, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dula, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasures, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part

of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where He would display His almighty power to save His people. The soldiers set fire to the building every soul perished.

The whole Roman army entered the sacred precincts, and pitched their standards among the smoking ruins, they offered sacrifice for the victory, and with loud acclamations saluted Titus as Emperor. Their joy was not a little enhanced by the value of the plunder they obtained, which was so great that gold sell in Syria to half its former value.

(From the *History of the Jews*)

#### The Emperor Henry IV at Canossa.

On a dreary winter morning, with the ground deep in snow, the King, the heir of a long line of emperors, was permitted to enter within the two outer of the three walls which girded the castle of Canossa. He had laid aside every mark of royalty or of distinguished station, he was clad only in the thin white linen dress of the penitent, and there, fasting, he awaited in humble patience the pleasure of the Pope. But the gates did not unclose. A second day he stood, cold, hungry, and mocked by vain hope. And yet a third day drugged on from morning to evening over the unsheltered head of the disrowned King. Every heart was moved except that of the representative of Jesus Christ. Even in the presence of Gregory there were low, deep murmurs against his unapostolic pride and inhumanity. The patience of Henry could endure no more, he took refuge in an adjacent chapel of St Nicholas, to implore, and with tears, once again the intercession of the aged Abbot of Clugny. Matilda was present, her womanly heart was melted, she joined with Henry in his supplications to the Abbot. 'Thou alone canst accomplish this,' said the Abbot to the Countess. Henry fell on his knees, and in a passion of grief entreated her merciful intercession. To female entreaties and influence Gregory at length yielded an ungracious permission for the King to approach his presence. With bare feet, still in the garb of penitence, stood the King, a man of singularly tall and noble person, with a countenance accustomed to frown command and terror upon his adversaries, before the Pope, a grey haired man, bowed with years, of small unimposing stature.

The terms exacted from Henry, who was far too deeply humiliated to dispute anything, had no redeeming touch of gentleness or compassion. He was to appear in the place and at the time which the Pope should name to answer the charges of his subjects before the Pope himself, if it should please him to preside in person at the trial. If he should repel these charges, he was to receive his kingdom back from the hands of the Pope. If found guilty, he was peaceably to resign his kingdom, and pledge himself never to attempt to seek revenge for his deposition. Till that time he was to assume none of the ensigns of royalty, perform no public act, appropriate no part of the royal revenue which was not necessary for the maintenance of himself and of his attendants, all his subjects were to be held released from their oath of allegiance, he was to banish for ever from his court Rupert Bishop of Bamberg and Ulric Count of Cosheim,

with his other evil advisers, if he should recover his kingdom, he must rule henceforward according to the counsel of the Pope, and correct whatever was contrary to the ecclesiastical laws. On these conditions the Pope condescended to grant absolution, with the further provision that, in case of any prevarication on the part of the King on any of these articles, the absolution was null and void, and in that case the princes of the empire were released from all their oaths, and might immediately proceed to the election of another king.

The oath of Henry was demanded to these conditions, to his appearance before the tribunal of the Pope, and to the safe conduct of the Pope if he should be pleased to cross the Alps. But the King's oath was not deemed sufficient, who would be his compurgators? The Abbot of Clugny declined, as taking such oath was inconsistent with his monastic vows. At length the Archbishop of Bremen, the Bishops of Vercelli, Osnaburg, and Zeitz, the Marquis Azzo, and others of the princes present, ventured to swear on the holy reliques to the King's faithful fulfilment of all these hard conditions.

But even yet the unsforgiving Hildebrand had not forced the King to drink the dregs of humiliation. He had degraded Henry before men, he would degrade him in the presence of God, he had exalted himself to the summit of earthly power, he would appeal to Heaven to ratify and to sanction this assumption of unapproachable superiority.

After the absolution had been granted in due form, the Pope proceeded to celebrate the awful mystery of the Eucharist. He called the King towards the altar, he lifted in his hands the consecrated host, the body of the Lord, and spoke these words 'I have been accused by thee and by thy partisans of having usurped the Apostolic See by simoniacal practices—of having been guilty, both before and after my elevation to the Episcopate, of crimes which would disqualify me for my sacred office. I might justify myself by proof, and by the witness of those who have known me from my youth, whose suffrages have raised me to the Apostolic See. But to remove every shadow of suspicion, I appeal from human testimony to divine. Behold the Lord's body, be this the test of my innocence. May God acquit me by His judgment this day of the crimes with which I am charged, if guilty, strike me dead at once.' He then took and ate the consecrated wafer. A pause ensued, he stood unseated in calm assurance. A sudden burst of admiration thrilled the whole congregation. When silence was restored he addressed the King 'Do thou, my son, as I have done! The Princes of the German Empire have accused thee of crimes heinous and capital, such as in justice should exclude thee not only from the administration of public affairs, but from the communion of the Church and all intercourse with the faithful to thy dying day. They eagerly demand a solemn trial. But human decisions are liable to error, falsehood, dressed out in eloquence, enslaves the judgment, truth, without this artificial aid, meets with contempt. As thou hast implored my protection, act according to my counsel. If thou art conscious of thy innocence, and assured that the accusations against thee are false, by this short course free the Church of God from scandal, thyself from long and doubtful trial. Take thou too the body of the Lord, and if God avouches thy innocence, thou stoppest for ever the mouths of thy accusers. I shall become at once the advocate of

thy cause, the assertor of thy guiltlessness, thy nobles will be reconciled to thee, thy kingdom restored, the fierce tumult of civil war which destroys thy empire be allayed for ever.'

(From *Latin Christianity*)

### Jerusalem before the Siege

*Titus*

It must be—

And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds  
The counsel of my firm philosophy  
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er  
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city  
As on our olive crowned hill we stand,  
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters  
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,  
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,  
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!  
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside  
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,  
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and never  
To the blue heavens Here bright and sumptuous  
palaces,

With cool and verdant gardens interspersed,  
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength,  
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,  
As conscious of its being her last farewell  
Of light and glory to that fated city  
And, as our clouds of battle dust and smoke  
Are melted into air, behold the Temple  
In undisturbed and lone serenity,  
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary  
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us  
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles!  
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,  
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,  
And down the long and branching porticoes,  
On every flowery sculptured capital,  
Glitters the homage of his parting beams  
By Hercules! the sight might almost win  
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy

### Summons of the Destroying Angel to Babylon.

The hour is come! the hour is come! With voice  
Heard in thy immost soul, I summon thee,  
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed! And thou river,  
That flowest exulting in thy proud approach  
To Babylon, beneath whose shadowy walls,  
And brazen gates, and gilded palaces,  
And groves, that gleam with marble obelisks,  
Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights  
Fretted and chequered like the starry heavens  
I do arrest thee in thy stately course,  
By Him that poured thee from thine ancient fountain,  
And sent thee forth, even at the birth of time,  
One of His holy streams, to lave the mounts  
Of Paradise. Thou hearst me thou dost check  
Abrupt thy waters as the Arab chief  
His headlong squadrons Where the unobserved  
Yet toiling Persian breaks the ruined mound,  
I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength,  
And, through the deep and roaring Naharmalcha,  
Roll on as proudly conscious of fulfilling  
The omnipotent command! While, far away,  
The lake, that slept but now so calm, nor moved,  
Save by the rippling moonshine, heaves on high  
Its foaming surface like a whirlpool gulf,  
And boils and whitens with the unwonted tide

But silent as thy billows used to flow,  
And terrible, the hosts of Elam move,  
Winding their durl some way profound, where man  
Ne'er trod, nor light e'er shone, nor vir from heaven  
Breathed O ye secret and unfathomed depths,  
How are ye now a smooth and royal way  
For the army of God's vengeance! Fellow slaves  
And ministers of the Eternal purpose,  
Not guided by the treacherous, injured sons  
Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm,  
Ye come, and spread your banners, and display  
Your glittering arms as ye advance, all white  
Beneath the admiring moon. Come on! the gates  
Are open—not for banqueters in blood  
Like you! I see on either side o'erflow  
The living deluge of armed men, and cry,  
'Begin, begin! with fire and sword begin  
The work of wrath!' Upon my shadowy wings  
I pause, and float a little while, to see  
Mine human instruments fulfil my task  
Of final ruin. Then I mount, I fly,  
And sing my proud song, as I ride the clouds,  
That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds,  
That live along the interminable space,  
Take up Jehovah's everlasting triumph!

(From *Belshazzar*)**A Fair Recluse**

Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven,  
Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,  
Moved the meek star of eve, the wandering air  
Breathed odours, wood and waveless lake, like man,  
Slept, weary of the garish, bubbling day.

But she the while from human tenderness  
Lstressed, and gentler feelings that light up  
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,  
Like a forgotten lute, played on alone  
By chance caressing airs, amid the wild  
Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew,  
A lonely child, by not one human heart  
Beloved, and loving none nor strange if learned  
Her native fond affections to embrace  
Things senseless and inanimate, she loved  
All flowerets that with rich embroidery fair  
Lured the green earth—the odorous thyme,  
Wild rose, and roving eglantine, nor spared  
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.  
Grey birch and aspen light she loved, that droop  
I ringing the crystal stream, the sportive breeze  
That wintered with her brown and glossy locks,  
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank, ere dawn  
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,  
By Glenderamakin's flower empurpled marge,  
Derwent's blue Isle, or Greta's wildering glen.

Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard  
Save of her aged nurse or shepherd maid  
Soothing the child with simple tale or song  
Hence all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,  
Life's sins and sorrows better I know the voice  
Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud  
Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes  
Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint  
By moonlight, of the lone night warbling bird  
Nor they of love unconscious, all around  
Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet  
Tuned emulous. Her knew all living shapes  
That tenant wood or rock, dun roe or deer,

Sunning his dappled side, at noon tide crouched,  
Courting her fond caress, nor fled her gaze  
The brooding dove, but murmured sounds of joy

(From *Samor*)**Apostrophe to Britain**

Land of my birth, O Britain! and my love,  
Whose air I breathe, whose earth I tread, whose tongue  
My song would speak, its strong and solemn tones  
Most proud, if I abase not Beauteous isle,  
And plenteous! what though in thy atmosphere  
Float not the tameless luxury of light,  
The drizzling azure of the southern skies?  
Around thee the rich orb of thy renown  
Spreads stainless and unsullied by a cloud  
Though thy hills blush not with the purple vine,  
And softer climes excel thee in the hue  
And fragrance of thy summer fruits and flowers,  
Nor flow thy rivers over golden beds,  
Thou in the soul of man, thy better wealth,  
Art richest nature's noblest produce thou,  
The immortal mind in perfect height and strength,  
Bear'st with a prodigal opulence, this thy right,  
Thy privilege of climate and of soil,  
Would I assert nor save thy fame, invoke,  
Or nymph, or muse, that oft 'twas dream'd of old  
By falls of waters under haunted shades,  
Her ecstasy of inspiration pour'd  
O'er poet's soul, and flooded all his powers  
With liquid glory so may thy renown  
Burn in my heart, and give to thought and word  
The aspiring and the radiant hue of fire

(From *Samor*)

**Reginald Heber** (1783–1826), Bishop of Calcutta, was son of the rector of Malpas in Cheshire, and half-brother of Richard Heber the famous bibliophile, whose collection numbered nearly 150,000 volumes. In 1800 he went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, and in his first year won the university prize for Latin hexameters. In 1803 he secured the Newdigate by his poem of *Palestine*, pronounced the best prize poem the university had produced, parts of it were set to music by Dr Crotch. Before reciting it in the theatre of the university Heber read it to Sir Walter Scott, then on a visit to Oxford. When Scott, praising the verses on Solomon's Temple, said he had not noted that no tools were used in building it, Heber retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the famous lines

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,  
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung  
Majestic silence!

In 1805 he gained the prize for the English essay, and was elected to a fellowship at All Souls', soon after he went abroad, travelling over Germany, Russia, and the Crimea, and on his return in 1807 he became rector of Hodnet in Shropshire. He appeared again as a poet in 1809 with *Europe, or Lines on the Present War* (in Spain). He discharged the duties of a parish priest with unostentatious fidelity and application,

published a volume of poems in 1812, and in 1815 was Bampton Lecturer on the Personality and Office of the Comforter. He was an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and in 1822 wrote a Life of Jeremy Taylor. Contrary to the advice of friends, he accepted in 1823 the difficult post of Bishop of Calcutta, in 1826 at Trichinopoly he died suddenly of apoplexy in his bath, but he had already had ample time to prove his enthusiasm, his energy, and his discretion and tact as administrator. The lively, witty, and lovable bishop did much to promote the use of hymns in the Church of England, which had heretofore adhered mainly to the metrical psalms, and left hymns to Methodists and Independents. With Dean Milman's help he arranged the hymns in a series adapted to the Church service of the year, and of his own hymns, which he had begun to publish in a religious journal in 1811, several are known by heart to millions of English Christians. 'From Greenlind's icy mountains,' 'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,' 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,' 'Lord of mercy and of might,' 'By cool Siloam's shady rill,' and 'The Son of God goes forth to war.' The pathetic elegy on his child, 'Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,' is only less well known than Heber's hymns, which are usually much more ornate in diction than those of Watts and Cowper. His works comprised fragments of a poem on *The World before the Flood*, and of a masque, *Gwendolen*, three cantos of a *Morte d'Arthur*, and (included in the first collected edition of the *Poetical Works*, 1841, but omitted in most reprints) a 'serio comic oriental romance' in verse—practically a panto mime—on *Blue-beard*, in 1902 described in the *Edinburgh Review* as 'the best comic poem, after the Ingoldsby Legends, ever written by a clergyman'. It opens by Fadlullah, Fatima's ambitious father, saying

Good neighbour, be quiet! my word is a law,  
I have said that my daughter shall wed the Bashaw.

And at sight of the presents Ayesha is converted to the same side, and thus persuades her sister

Do look at the things the Bashaw has sent!  
Such silks, and such kincobs, such collars of pearl!  
She looks like a Peri far more than a girl,  
And I, her poor bride maid, by all am confess'd  
As sweetly though not so expensively dress'd  
Come keep up your spirits! do, Fatima, do!  
I don't think his whiskers so frightfully blue

The following is one of several 'Bow-Meeting Songs,' and was 'sung at Hawarden Castle in Flintshire, the seat of Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart.'

#### The Bow-Meeting

By yon castle wall, 'mid the breezes of morning,  
The genius of Cambria stray'd pensive and slow,  
The oak wreath wits wither'd her tresses adorning,  
And the wind through its leaves sigh'd its murmur of woe.

She gazed on her mountains with filial devotion,  
She gazed on her Dee as he rolled to the ocean,  
And, 'Cumbria! poor Cambria!' she cried with emotion,  
'Thou yet hast thy country, thy harp, and thy bow!

'Sweep on, thou proud stream, with thy billows all hoary,  
As proudly my warriors have rushed on the foe  
But feeble and faint is the sound of their glory,  
For time, like thy tide, has its ebb and its flow  
Even now, while I watch thee, thy beauties are fading,  
The sands and the shallows thy course are invading,  
Where the sail swept the surges the sea bird is wading,  
And thus hath it fared with the land of the bow!

'Smile, smile, ye dear hills, 'mid your woods and your flowers,

Whose heather lies dark in the morn's dewy glow!  
A time must await you of tempests and showers,  
An autumn of mist, and a winter of snow!  
For me, though the whirlwind has shivered and cleft me,  
Of wealth and of empire the stranger bereft me,  
Yet Saxon—proud Saxon—thy fury has left me  
Worth, valour, and beauty, the harp and the bow!

'Ye towers, on whose rampire, all ruined and riven,  
The wallflower and woodbine so lavishly blow,  
I have seen when your banner waved broad to the heaven,

And kings found your faith & defence from the foe,  
O loyal in grief, and in danger unshaken,  
For ages still true, though for ages forsaken,  
Yet, Cambria, thy heart may to gladness awaken,  
Since thy monarch has smiled on the harp and the bow!

#### Palestine Fallen

Rest of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,  
Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!  
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,  
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?  
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,  
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?  
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?  
Where now thy might, which 'll those kings subdued?  
No martial myriads muster in thy gate,  
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait,  
No prophet bards, the glittering courts among,  
Wink the full lyre, and swell the tide of song  
But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,  
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,  
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins hid,  
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

#### Ganora at Carduel

So was she pleased herself who sought to please,  
Till on a day when all the court would ride  
To drink in Catrieth's woods the cooler breeze,  
And rouse the dun deer from Terwathlin's side,  
It chanced the queen within her bower to bide,  
As one in boisterous pastime rarely seen,  
Who little loved the hunter's cruel pride,  
Or maddening shout that rends the forest green,  
Or their poor quarry's groan the bugle notes between.

Loth was her lord to miss, that livelong day,  
Her soft sweet glances and her converse sweet,  
Yet cared he not to cross her purposed stay,  
And forth he fared, but still with ling'ring feet

And back I ard lool, and 'Oh, when lovers meet  
 How bless'd,' he thought, 'the evening's tranquil hour,  
 I rom care and cumbrous pomp a glad retreat'  
 Not since his youth first quaff'd the cup of power,  
 Had Arthur praised before the calm sequester'd bower  
 And forth he fared, while from her turret high  
 That smiling form beheld his hunter crew,  
 Pleased she beheld, how unacquainted eye  
 Found in each varying scene a pleasure new  
 Nor yet had pomp fatigued her sated view,  
 Nor custom pall'd the gloss of royalty  
 Like some gay child, a simple bliss she drew  
 From every gaud of feudal pageantry,  
 And every broder'd garb that swept in order by  
 And sooth it was a brave and antic sight,  
 Where plume, and crest, and tassel wildly blending  
 And bended bow, and javelin flashing bright,  
 Mark'd the gay squadron through the copse descending,  
 The greyhound, with his silken leash contending  
 Wreathed the lithe neck, and, on the falconer's hand,  
 With restless perch and pinions broad depending,  
 Lach hooded gosha kept her eager stand,  
 And to the courser's tramp loud rang the hollow land  
 And over all, in accents sadly sweet,  
 The mello bugle pour'd its plaintive tone,  
 That echo joy'd such numbers to repeat,  
 Who, from dark glade or rock of pumice stone,  
 Sent to the woodland nymphs a softer moan  
 While listening far from forth some fallow brown,  
 The sun-kink ploughman left his work undone,  
 And the glad schoolboy from the neighbouring town  
 Sprang o'er each prisoning rail, nor reel'd his master from n

Her warm cheek pillow'd on her ivory hand,  
 Her long hair waving o'er the battlement,  
 In silent thought Ganora lep her stand,  
 Though feebly now the distant bugle sent  
 Its fading sound, and, on the brown hill's bent,  
 Nor horse, nor hound, nor hunter's pomp was seen  
 Yet still she gazed on empty space intent,  
 As one who, spell bound, on some haunted green  
 Beholds a faery show, the twilight elms between  
 That plaintive bugle's well remember'd tone  
 Could search her inmost heart with magic sway,  
 To her it spoke of pleasures past and gone,  
 An' village hopes, and friends far, far away,  
 While bus' memory's scintillating play  
 Mock'd her weak heart with visions sadly dear,  
 The shining lakelet, and the mountain grey  
 And who is he, the youth of merriest cheer,  
 Who waves his eagle plume and grasps his hunting spear?  
 As from a feverish dream of pleasant sin,  
 Slic, starting, trembled, and her mantle blue,  
 With golden border bright, and silver pin,  
 Round her wet cheek and heaving bosom drew,  
 Yet still with heavy cheer and downcast view,  
 From room to room she wander'd to and fro,  
 Till chance or choice her careless glances threw  
 Upon an iron door, whose archway low,  
 And valves half open flung, a gorgeous sight might show  
 It was a hall of coshest garniture,  
 With arras hung in many a purple fold,  
 Whose glistening roof was part of silver pure,  
 And sill'en part, and part of twisted gold,

With arms embroider'd and achievements old,  
 Where that rich metal caught reflected day,  
 As in the hours of harvest men behold  
 Amid their sheaves a lurking wader play,  
 Whose burnish'd back peeps forth amid the stubble grey  
 And, in the midst, an altar richly dight  
 With ever burning lamps, of silver pale,  
 And silver cross, and chalice heavenly bright,  
 Before whose beam a sinful heart might quail,  
 And sinful eye to bear its beauty fail.  
 It was, I ween, that gracious implement  
 Of heavenly love, the three times hallow'd Grayle  
 To Britain's realm awhile in mercy lent,  
 Till sin defiled the land, and lust incontinent  
 Strange things, of that time honour'd urn were told,  
 For youth it wont in aged limbs renew,  
 And baulk life in corpses deadly cold,  
 Yea, palsy warmth, and sever coolness drew,  
 While faith knelt gazing on its heavenly hue.  
 For not with day's reflected beam it shone,  
 Nor fiery radiance of the taper's blue,  
 But from its hollow rim around was thrown  
 A soft and sunny light, eternal and its own  
 And many a riven helm around was hung,  
 And many a shield reversed, and shiver'd spear,  
 And armour to the passing footsteps rung,  
 And crowns that paynim kings were wont to wear,  
 Rich crowns, strange arms, but shatter'd all and sere,  
 Lo' this the chapel of that table round,  
 And shrine of Arthur and his warriors dear,  
 Where vent'rous knights by secret oaths were bound,  
 And, bless'd by potent prayers, their foemen to confound.  
 Nor less the scene such solemn use became,  
 Whose every wall in freshest colours dight,  
 Display'd in form, in feature, and in name,  
 The lively deeds of many a faithful knight,  
 And told of many a hardly foughten fight  
 Against the heathen host in gory field,  
 Of those who reap renown with falchion bright,  
 Or list in war the ponderous axe to wield,  
 Or press the courser's flank with spear and shield  
 (From *Morte d Arthur*)  
*Ganora* is Guinevere. *Carduel* or *Cat-r-Luel* is Carlisle

**From Heber's Journal.**

If thou wert by my side, my love,  
 How fast would evening fail  
 In green Bengal's palmy grove,  
 Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,  
 My babies at my knee,  
 How gaily would our pinnace glide  
 O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,  
 When on our deck reclined,  
 In careless ease my limbs I lay,  
 And woo the cooler wind

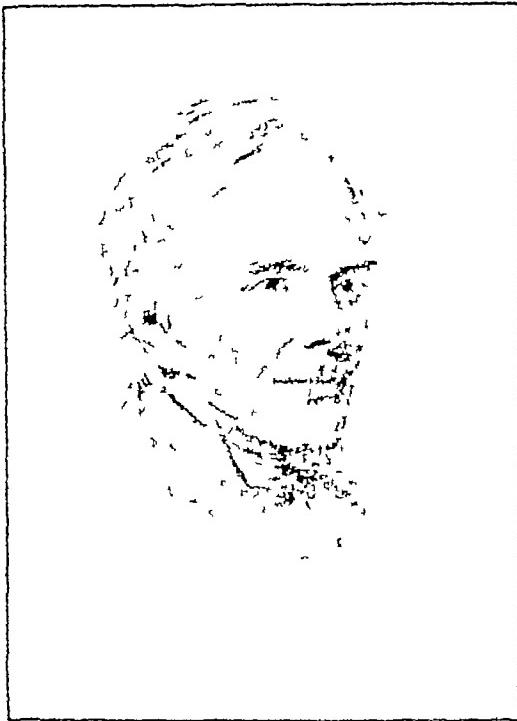
I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
 My twilight steps I guide,  
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam  
 I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
 The lagging noon to cheer,  
 But miss thy kind approving eye,  
 Thy meek attentive ear.  
 But when of morn or eve the star  
 Beholds me on my bane,  
 I feel, though thou art distant far,  
 Thy prayers ascend for me.  
 Then on! then on! where duty leads,  
 My course be on! and still,  
 O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,  
 O'er bleak Almora's hill.  
 That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,  
 Nor wild Malwa's delvin,  
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits  
 By yonder western main.  
 Thy towers, Bomby, gleam bright, they say,  
 Across the dark blue sea,  
 But ne'er were hearts so light and gay  
 As then shall meet in thee!

This greeting to his wife was quoted by Thackeray with warm appreciation. Heber's wife published his *Life*, with a selection from his letters (2 vols. 1830) and a narrative of a journey from Calcutta to Bombay and there is a shorter *Life* of him by Dr George Smith (1803).

**John Keble** (1792-1866), author of *The Christian Year*, was born at Fairford, Gloucester shire the son of the vicar of the neighbouring parish of Coln St Aldwyns. At the early age of fourteen he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi, Oxford, and having taken a double first in classics and mathematics, was in 1811 elected to a fellowship at Oriel. He was for some years tutor and examiner at Oxford, but afterwards lived with his father, and assisted him as curate. The publication of *The Christian Year* (1827), and the marvellous success of the work, brought its author prominently before the public, and in 1833 he was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford. About the same time the Tractarian movement began, taking its first impulse from a sermon on national apostasy preached by Keble on the 14th July. Newman became leader of the party, and after he had gone over to the Church of Rome, Keble and Pusey were chief advisers and counsellors. Keble wrote some of the more important Tracts, inculcating 'deep submission to authority, implicit reverence for Catholic tradition, firm belief in the divine prerogatives of the priesthood, the real nature of the sacraments and the danger of independent speculation'. In 1835 he became vicar of Hursley near Winchester. In 1836 he published a second volume of poems *Lays Innocentum* and he was author of a *Life of Wilson Bishop of Sodor and Man* (1863), and editor of an edition of Hooker's works. Keble's poetry shows great delicacy and purity of thought and expression, prosaic sometimes and feeble, it carries with it an apostolic air and wins its way to the heart. After his death appeared a much prized volume of *Letters of Spiritual Consolation*, twelve volumes of posthumous

sermons, besides collections of his papers and reviews, *Studio Sacra*, and other papers. His theory of poetry—that it is the vehicle for the expression of the poet's deepest feelings, controlled by a certain reserve—was explained in an interesting article in the *British Critic* in 1838 on Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, and was worked out at length and illustrated by an examination of the chief Greek and Latin poets in his Latin lectures delivered as Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1831-11). It was only in deference to the wishes of his friends and not without much disidence that in 1827 he published *The Christian Year*, or



JOHN KEBLE.

From a Drawing (1843) by G. Edmunds R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

*Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year*. The influence of this volume was not very great at first but its excellence was recognised by true critics, and later on, when the Tractarian movement had made its writer well known, and had stirred a deeper interest in its theme, it had an influence which can scarcely be overruled. For though some of the poems are rather obscure and somewhat contrived and trifling, as though written to complete the series, yet the greater number have a genuine sense of inspiration in them—the love of home life and of nature, a climbing, soothng sense of the present love of God, a robustness of faith, a serenity, and a sad undoubting of grief for the moral and spiritual degeneracy of the Church in a more striking character than those ever seen in

works he influenced the Oxford movement by his saintly, affectionate, generous, and chivalrous character. Keble College, founded at Oxford in 1870, is a permanent monument to his memory. In the *Christian Year* we find suggested by the text, 'So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth and they left off to build the city' (Gen. vi. 8), the following

Since all that is not Heaven must fade,  
Light be the hand of Ruin laid  
Upon the home I love  
With lulling spell let soft Decay  
Steal on, and spare the Giant sway,  
The crish of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep  
In their own quiet glades should sleep  
The riches dear to thought,  
And wild flower wreaths from side to side  
Their waving treecry bring, to hide  
What ruthless time has wrought

Another text (Prov. xiv. 10) suggests

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,  
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die  
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,  
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh!

Lach in his hidden sphere of joy or woe  
Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart,  
Our eyes see all around, in gloom or glow,  
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart

#### Second Sunday after Christmas

When the poor and needy seek water and there is none and their tongue faileth for thirst I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them — Isa. xi. 17

And wilt Thou hear the severed heart  
To Thee in silence cry?  
And as th' inconstant wildfires dart  
Out of the restless eye,  
Wilt thou forgive the wayward thought,  
By kindly woes yet half untaught  
A Saviour's right, so dearly bought,  
That Hope should never die?

Thou wilt for many a languid prayer  
Has reached Thee from the wild,  
Since the lorn mother, wandering there,  
Cast down her fainting child,  
Then stole apart to weep and die,  
Nor knew an angel form was nigh,  
To show soft waters gushing by  
And dewy shadows mild

Thou wilt—for Thou art Israel's God,  
And Thine unwearied arm  
Is ready yet with Moses' rod,  
The hidden rill to charm  
Out of the dry unfathom'd deep  
Of sands, that lie in helpless sleep,  
Save when the scorching whirlwinds heap  
Their waves in rude alarm

These moments of wild writh are Thine—  
Thine too the drearier hour  
When o'er the horizon's silent line  
Fond hopeless fancies cower,

And on the travel'er's listless way  
Rises and sets the unchanging day,  
No cloud in heaven to shake its ray,  
On earth no sheltering bower

Thou wilt be there, and not forsake,  
To turn the bitter pool  
Into a bright and breezy lake,  
The throbbing brow to cool  
Till left awhile with Thee alone  
The wilful heart be fain to own  
That He by whom our bright hours shone,  
Our darkness best may rule

The scent of water far away  
Upon the breeze is flung  
The daint' pelican to dry  
Securely leaves her young,  
Reproving thralless man, who fears  
To journey on a few lone years,  
Where on the sand Thy step appears,  
Thy crown in sight is hung

Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well  
The weary hour of noon,  
The languid pulses Thou canst tell,  
The nerveless spirit tune

Thou from Whose cro's in anguish burst  
The cry that owned Thy dying thirst,  
To Thee we turn, our Last and First,  
Our Sun and soothng Moon

From darkness, here and dreariness,  
We ask not full repose,  
Only be Thou at hand, to bless

Our trial hour of woes  
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid  
By the clear till and palmy shade?  
And see we not, up Earth's dark glade,  
The gate of Heaven unclosed?

#### The Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity

The vision is yet for an appointed time but at the end it shall speak, and not lie though it tarry wait for it because it will surely come, it will not tarry — Hes. ii. 3

The morning mist is cleared away,  
Yet still the face of heaven is gray,  
Nor yet the autumnal breeze has stirred the grove,  
Faded yet full, a pale green  
Skirts soberly the tranquil scene,  
The redbreast warbles round this leafy bower.

Sweet messenger of 'calm decay,'  
Saluting sorrow as you may,  
As one still bent to find or make the best,  
In thee, and in this quiet mead,  
The lesson of sweet peace I read  
Rather in all to be resigned than blest

'Tis a low chant, according well  
With the soft solitary knell,  
As homeward from some grave beloved we turn  
Or by some holy death bed dear,  
Most welcome to the christened ear  
Of her whom heaven is teaching how to mourn

O cheerful tender strain ' the heart  
That duly bears with you its part,  
Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,  
Though gone and spent its joyous prime,  
And on the world's autumnal time,  
Mid withered hues and sere, its lot be cast

That is the heart for thoughtful seer,  
Watching, in trance not darl nor clear,  
The appalling Future as it never draws  
His spirit calmed the storm to meet,  
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,  
And truing through the cloud the eternal Cause.

That is the heart for watchman true  
Waiting to see what God will do,  
As over the Church the gathering twilight falls  
No more he strains his wistful eye,  
If chance the golden hours be nigh,  
By youthful Hope seen beaming round her walls.

I rose'd from his shadowy paradise,  
His thoughts to Heaven the stedfast use  
There seek his answer when the world reproves  
Contented in his darling round,  
If only he be faithful sound,  
When from the east the eternal morning moves.

There are Lives of Kebble by Sir J. Coleridge (1864) and the Rev. Walter Lock (1871), see also Principal Sharp's Essay (1866) and his Studies in Poetry and Philosophy (1872).

**George Finlay** (1799-1875), the historian of Greece from the Roman conquest on, was the grandson of a well known Glasgow merchant and nephew of Kirkman Linton, the city's M.P., but was born at Faversham in Kent, where his father, an officer who had served in the West Indies and Holland, was inspector of the Government powder-mills. He was educated for the Scottish Bar at Glasgow, Göttingen, and Edinburgh but, filled with Philhellenic ardour, was moved to join Lord Byron and other enthusiasts in the Greek rebellion. After the peace he bought a property near Athens and, having vainly exhausted his means and enthusiasm on the political and agricultural regeneration of his adopted country, he devoted himself to historical studies, and as advocate and historian of the modern Greeks did more for their cause than most of the Philhellenes. His claims for compensation from the Greek Government, as well as those of Don Pascasio, were the cause of Lord Palmerston's famous demonstration against Greece in 1850. Ultimately he acted as *Times* correspondent at Athens, and there he died.

His great History was written and published piecemeal in seven volumes between 1843 and 1861 as *Greece under the Romans, The Byzantine Empire, Byzantine and Greek Empires before the First Latin Invasion, Greece under the Ottomans, and Venetian Domination, and The Great Revolution*. The whole was re-issued by the Clarendon Press in 1877 under Mr. Tozer's editorship, as a continuous *History of Greece from the Roman Conquest to the Present Time, B.C. 176 to A.D. 1863*. It was long before the great merits of his work were recognised by the world but gradually students in all countries admitted its eminent and permanent value. The chief German authorities have praised its powerful style, its great manlike insight and philosophical spirit. Linton showed throughout a vigorous, independent, and impartial

mind, his great merit according to his most recent editor 'in tracing the course of events consists in his looking below the surface and endeavouring to discover the secret influences at work'. His disappointment at the non realisation of the hopes for Greece he founded on the establishment of its independence—the cause for which he gave his patronage, and his life—led him at times to speak and write bitterly and sarcastically of the modern Greeks. His work, the only work of consequence in English on the vast subject with which it deals may be regarded as the continuation of Gibbon. But Gibbon though he dealt with some part of the period he treated the Byzantine Empire 'rather as a peg on which to hang his general survey of the time than as deserving of study for its own sake'. Linton did much to show that Gibbon's attitude was unfair, and to render for ever impossible the old, unsympathetic, depreciatory view of Byzantine history.

#### The Capture of Constantinople

On the day before the assault the emperor rode round to all the posts occupied by the garrison and encouraged the troops to expect victory by his cheerful demeanour. He then visited the Church of St Sophia already deserted by the orthodox where with his attendants he partook of the holy sacrament according to the Latin form. He returned for a short time to the imperial palace that he might rest for a short time, and on quitting it to take his station at the great breach, he was so overcome by the certainty that he should never again behold those present that he turned to the members of his household, many of whom had been the companions of his youth, and solemnly bade them to pardon every offence he had ever given them. Tears burst from all present as Constantine mounted his horse and rode slowly forward to meet his fate.

The contrast between the city of the Christians and the camp of the Mohammedans was not encouraging. Within the walls an emperor in the decline of life commanded a small and disunited force with treacherous leaders under his orders each at the head of an almost independent band of Greeks, Germans, Venetians or Italian soldiers. So slight was the tie which bound these various chiefs together that even when they were preparing for the final assault the emperor was obliged to use all his authority and personal influence to prevent Constantine and the Grand Duke Novara from coming to blows. This imminent demand had to be supplied with some additional guns for the defence of the great breach, and Novara, who had the official control over the artillerists, promptly refused the demand.

In the Turkish camp, on the other hand, fortune had prevailed and a young soldier and the veteran general centred in his hand the main strength of an army of a numerous and well-trained force. To cover the energy of that army to the highest pitch of effect, the sultan promised the celebrated general a splendid share in the spoils of the town, reserving to himself only the palatine buildings. The day of battle we regard as a Sabbath set aside for the Ottoman camp and on its approach no longer were there any scenes of revelry and strife as in former days. The

suspended from the flagstaffs of the batteries, and from the masts and yards of the ships, and were reflected in the waters of the Propontis, the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus. The whole Othoman encampment was resplendent with the blaze of this illumination. Yet a deep silence prevailed during the whole night, except when the musical cadence of the solemn chant of a thousand voices calling the true believers to prayers reminded the Greeks of the immense numbers and strict discipline of the host which was waiting eagerly for the signal of attack.

On the 29th May [1453], long before the earliest dawn, the assault commenced both by land and sea. Column after column marched forward, and took up their ground before the portions of the wall they were ordered to assail. The galleys, fitted with towers and scaling platforms, protected by the guns on the bridge, advanced against the fortifications of the port. But the principal attack was directed against the breach at the gate of St Romanos, where two flanking towers had fallen into the ditch and opened a passage into the interior of the city. The gate of Charsias and the quarter of Blachern were also assailed by chosen regiments of janissaries in overwhelming numbers. The attack was made with daring courage, but for more than two hours every point was successfully defended. In the port the contest appeared favourable to the besieged, and even on the land side their valour was for some time successful. But fresh columns followed one another in an incessant stream, and if one battalion fell back to reform its ranks, another rushed forward to take its place and renew the assault. The defenders were at last fatigued by their exertions, and their scanty numbers were weakened by wounds and death. Unfortunately, Giustiniani, the protostrator or marshal of the army, and the ablest officer in the place, received a wound which compelled him to retire on board his ship to have it dressed. Until that moment he and the emperor had defended the great breach with advantage, but after his retreat Sagan Pashi, observing that the energy of the defenders was relaxed, excited the bravest of the janissaries to mount to the assault. A chosen company led by Hassan of Ulubad (Lopadion), a man of gigantic frame, first crossed the ruins of the wall, and their leader gained the summit of the dilapidated tower which flanked the breach. The defenders made a desperate resistance. Hassan and many of his followers were slain, but the janissaries had secured the vantage ground, and fresh troops pouring in to their aid, they surrounded the defenders of the breach. The emperor fell amidst a heap of slain, and a column of janissaries rushed into Constantinople over his lifeless body.

About the same time another corps of the Othomans forced an entrance into the city at the Gate Kerkos, which had been left almost without defence, for the besieged were not sufficiently numerous to guard the whole line of the fortifications, and their best troops were drawn to the points where the attacks were fiercest. The corps that forced the Gate Kerkos took the defenders of the Gate Charsias in the rear, and overpowered all resistance in the quarter of Blachern.

Several gates were then thrown open, and the victorious army entered Constantinople at several points. The cry that the enemy had stormed the walls preceded their march. Senators, priests, monks, and nuns, men, women, and children, all rushed to seek safety in St Sophia's.

A prediction current among the Greeks flattered them with the vain hope that an angel would descend from heaven and destroy the Mohammedans in order to reveal the extent of God's love for the orthodox St Sophia's, which for some time they had forsaken as a spot profaned by the emperor's attempt at a union of the Christian world, was again revered as the sanctuary of orthodoxy, and was crowded with the flower of the Greek nation, confident of a miraculous interposition in favour of their national pride and ecclesiastical prejudices.

The besiegers, when they first entered the city, fearing lest they might encounter serious resistance in the narrow streets, put every soul they encountered to the sword. But as soon as they were fully aware of the impossibility of any further opposition, they began to make prisoners. At length they reached St Sophia's, and rushed into that magnificent temple, which could with ease contain about twenty thousand persons. The men, women, and children who had sought safety in the church were divided among the soldiers as slaves, without any reference to their rank or respect for their ties of blood, and hurried off to the camp, or placed under the guard of comrades, who formed joint alliances for the security of their plunder. The ecclesiastical ornaments and church plate were poor indeed when compared with the immense riches of the Byzantine cathedral in the time of the Crusaders, but whatever was movable was divided among the soldiers with such celerity that the mighty temple soon presented few traces of having been a Christian church. The sack of this great cathedral was marked by many deeds of rapacity and cruelty, but it was not stained by the infamous orgies and wanton insults with which the Crusaders had disgraced their victory in 1204.

Whilst one division of the victorious army was engaged in plundering the southern side of the city, from the Gate of St Romanos to the Church of St Sophia, another, turning to the port, made itself master of the warehouses that were filled with merchandise, and surrounded the Greek troops under the Grand Duke Notaras. The Greeks were easily subdued, and Notaras surrendered himself a prisoner.

About midday the Turks were in possession of the whole city, and Mohammed II entered his new capital at the Gate of St Romanos, riding triumphantly past the body of the Emperor Constantine, which lay concealed among the slain in the breach he had defended. The sultan rode straight to the Church of St Sophia, where he gave the necessary orders for the preservation of all the public buildings. Even during the license of the sack, the severe education and grave character of the Othomans exerted a powerful influence on their conduct, and on this occasion there was no example of the wanton destruction and wilful conflagrations that had signalled the Latin conquest. To convince the Greeks that their orthodox empire was extinct, Mohammed ordered a mullah to ascend the bema and address a sermon to the Mussulmans, announcing that St Sophia was now a mosque set apart for the prayers of the true believers. To put an end to all doubts concerning the death of the emperor, he ordered the body of Constantine to be sought amongst the slain, and after it had been identified by the Grand Duke Notaras, the head was exposed to the inhabitants of the capital, from whence it was afterwards sent as a trophy to be seen by the Greeks of the principal cities in the Othoman Empire.

The body was interred with due ceremony at a spot which is still pointed out, and where the Ottoman sultans keep alive a striking memorial of their ancestor's victory by maintaining a lamp constantly burning over the remains of the last Christian emperor of Constantinople.

**Colonel William Mure** (1799–1860) of Caldwell in Ayrshire, who was educated at Westminster, Edinburgh, and Bonn, represented Renfrewshire in Parliament, commanded in the militia, and was Lord Rector of Glasgow University, was the author of a learned work, *A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece* (5 vols 1850–57, unfinished). He travelled in Greece, and in the *Journal* of his tour (1842) engaged in the Homeric controversy, especially as to the localities of the *Odyssey*. A competent scholar devoted to Greek literature for twenty years, he brought to his *Critical History* political opinions directly opposite to those of Mr Grote, maintained that both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were originally composed substantially as we still have them, and argued strenuously for the unity and authenticity of the Homeric poems.

It is probable that, like most other great painters of human nature, Homer was indebted to previous tradition for the original sketches of his principal heroes. These sketches, however, could have been little more than outlines, which, as worked up into the finished portraits of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, must rank as his own genuine productions. In every branch of imitative art this faculty of representing to the life the moral phenomena of our nature in their varied phases of virtue, vice, weakness, or eccentricity is the highest and rarest attribute of genius, and rarest of all is exercised by Homer through the medium of dramatic action, where the characters are never formally described, but made to develop themselves by their own language and conduct. It is this among his many great qualities which chiefly raises Homer above all other poets of his own class, nor, with the single exception perhaps of the great English dramatist, has any poet ever produced so numerous and spirited a variety of original characters, of different ages, ranks, and sexes. Still more peculiar to himself than their variety is the unity of thought, feeling, and expression, often of minute phraseology, with which they are individually sustained, and yet without an appearance of effort on the part of their author. Each describes himself spontaneously when brought on the scene, just as the automata of Vulcan in the *Odyssey*, though indebted to the divine artist for the mechanism on which they move, appear to perform their functions by their own unaided powers. That any two or more poets should simultaneously have conceived such a character as Achilles is next to impossible. Still less credible is it that the different parts of the *Iliad*, where the hero successively appears as the same sublime ideal being, under the influence of the same combination of virtues, failings, and passions—thinking, speaking, acting, and suffering according to the same single type of heroic grandeur—can be the production of more than a single mind. Such evidence is perhaps even stronger in the case of the less prominent actors, in so far as it is less possible that different artists should simultaneously agree

in their portraits of mere subordinate incidental personages than of heroes whose renown may have rendered their characters a species of public property. Two poets of the Elizabethan age might without any concert have harmonised to a great extent in their portrait of Henry V, but that the correspondence should have extended to the imaginary companions of his youth—the Falstaffs, Pistols, Bardolfs, Quicklys—were incredible. But the nicest shades of peculiarity in the inferior actors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are conceived and maintained in the same spirit of distinction as in Achilles or Hector.

**John Colin Dunlop** (c 1785–1842), son of a poetical Lord Provost of Glasgow (see Vol II p. 808), studied there and at Edinburgh for the Scottish Bar, and from 1816 till his death was Sheriff of Renfrewshire. His *History of Fiction from the Earliest Greek Romances till the Novels of the Present Age*, published in 1814, could not from the nature of the case be a perfect work, nor does it stand on the higher level of literary criticism. But, improved in a second edition (3 vols 1816), it was in the German annotated translation (1851) described as the only work of its kind, and it contains a vast amount of sensible, if at times somewhat superficial, information. He wrote also a *History of Roman Literature* (3 vols 1823–28), *Memoirs of Spain from 1621 to 1700* (2 vols 1834), and a volume of translations from the Latin Anthology (1838).

**Sir William Francis Patrick Napier** (1785–1860) was a descendant of Napier of Merchiston, brother of Sir Charles the conqueror of Sindh, and cousin of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, who bombarded Acre and commanded in the Baltic in the war against Russia in 1854. Born at Celbridge, County Kildare, the son of Colonel the Hon George Napier and his second wife, Lady Sarah Bunbury (daughter of the Duke of Richmond and at one time the object of a romantic passion on the part of the young George III), he entered the army at fifteen, and as an officer in the famous Light Division greatly distinguished himself in the Peninsular war, of which he was to write the splendid record, *The History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France from the year 1807 to the year 1814* (1828–40). Napier, unlike most earlier British authors, showed the same admiration for French as for English heroism, his proof-sheets were read by Marshal Soult. The book immediately gave Napier high rank amongst English writers and historians, superseded Southey's and other works on the same subject, was translated into French, Spanish, Italian, and German, and took a permanent place as an English classic. Mr Oman, in rewriting the history of the Peninsular war (1902), fully recognises the merits of 'the immortal six volumes of the grand old soldier,' but insists, with evidence, that in this all-important contemporary narrative the personal element counts for too much, and that Napier's sympathies and

enemies have coloured the whole work. He was a bitter enemy of the Tories of his own day, and is not a trustworthy guide either on the English or Spanish politics of the time. He was strongly prejudiced against Canning and Castlereagh, and cherished the hallucination 'that Bonaparte was a beneficent character thwarted in his designs for the regeneration of Europe by the obstinate and narrow-minded opposition of the British Government.' He is always unfair to the Spaniards, and invariably minimises their successes and exaggerates their defeats. But 'as a narrator of the incidents of war he is unrivalled; no one who has ever read them can forget his soul stirring descriptions of the charge of the Fusilier brigade at Albuera, of the assault on the great breach at Badajos, or the storming of Soult's position on the Rhune. These and a hundred other eloquent passages will survive for ever as masterpieces of vigorous English prose.' Napier, who was a generous and hot tempered man, a keen controversialist, an accomplished printer and sculptor, wrote, beside his *magnum opus*, an account of *The Conquest of Scinde* (1845), a somewhat too eulogistic and one sided *Life and Opinions of Sir Charles Napier* (1857), and a history of his brother's administration of Sindjh.

#### Albuera

Houghton's regiments reached the height under a heavy cannonade, and the Twenty ninth, after breaking through the fugitive Spaniards, was charged in flank by the French lancers, yet two companies, wheeling to the right, foiled this attack with a sharp fire, and then the third brigade of the second division came up on the left, and the Spanish troops under Zayas and Ballesteros at last moved forward. Hartman's artillery was now in full play, and the enemy's infantry recoiled, but soon recovering, renewed the fight with greater violence than before. The cannon on both sides discharged showers of grape at half range, the peals of musketry were incessant, often within pistol shot, yet the close formation of the French embarrassed their battle, and the British line would not yield them an inch of ground or a moment of time to open their ranks. Their fighting was, however, fierce and dangerous. Stewart was twice wounded, Colonel Duckworth was slain, and the intrepid Houghton, having received many wounds without shrinking, fell and died in the very act of cheering on his men. Still the struggle continued with unabated fury. Colonel Inglis, twenty two officers, and more than four hundred men, out of five hundred and seventy who had mounted the hill, fell in the Fifty seventh alone, the other regiments were scarcely better off, not one third were standing in any ammunition failed, and as the English fire slackened a French column was established in advance upon the right flank. The play of the guns checked them a moment, but in this dreadful crisis Beresford wavered! Destruction stared him in the face, his personal resources were exhausted, and the unhappy thought of a retreat rose in his agitated mind. He had before brought Hamilton's Portuguese into a situation to cover a retrograde movement, he now sent Alten orders to abandon the bridge and village of Albuera, and to take, with his Germans

and the Portuguese artillery, a position to cover a retreat by the Valverde road. But while the commander was thus preparing to resign the contest, Colonel Hardinge had urged Cole to advance with the fourth division and then riding to the third brigade of the second division which, under the command of Colonel Abercrombie, had hitherto been only slightly engaged, directed him also to push forward into the fight. The die was thus cast, Beresford acquiesced, Alten received orders to retake the village, and this terrible battle was continued.

The fourth division was composed of two brigades, one of Portuguese under General Harvey, the other, under Sir William Myers consisting of the Seventh and Twenty third Regiments, was called the fusilier brigade. Harvey's Portuguese were immediately pushed in between Umbers' dragoons and the hill, where they were charged by some French cavalry, whom they beat off, and mean time Cole led his fusiliers up the contested height. At this time six guns were in the enemy's possession, the whole of Werk's reserves were coming forward to reinforce the front column of the French, the remnant of Houghton's brigade could no longer maintain its ground, the field was heaped with carcasses, the lancers were riding furiously about the captured artillery on the upper parts of the hill, and behind all, Hamilton's Portuguese and Alten's Germans, now withdrawing from the bridge, seemed to be in full retreat. Soon, however Cole's fusiliers, flanked by a battalion of the Lusitanian legion under Colonel Hawkhawke, mounted the hill, drove off the lancers, recovered five of the captured guns and one colour, and appeared on the right of Houghton's brigade, precisely as Abercrombie passed it on the left.

Such a gallant line, issuing from the mists of the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's forces, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory, they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed, Cole and the three colonels Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkhawke, fell wounded, and the fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sailing ships, but suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and inveteracy the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen, in vain did the hardest veterans break from the crowded columns and sacrifice their lives to gun time for the mass to open out on such a fair field, in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of un disciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shooled the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves mix with the struggling multitude to sustain the fight, their efforts only increased the irreconcileable confusion, and the mighty mass, breaking off like

a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep the rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill !

### Badajos

All this time the tumult at the breaches was such as if the very earth had been rent asunder and its central fires bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions had reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle commenced, and the flash of a single musket discharged from the covered way as a signal showed them that the French were ready, yet no stir was heard and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were thrown, some ladders placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties of the light division, five hundred in all, descended into the ditch without opposition, but then a bright flame shooting upwards displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were on one side, on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava, it was the touch of the magician's wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder barrels.

For an instant the light division stood on the brink of the ditch amazed at the terrific sight, but then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, the men flew down the ladders, or, disdaining their aid, leaped reckless of the depth into the gulf below, and at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in and descended with a like fury. There were only five ladders for the two columns, which were close together, and a deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch as far as the counter guard of the Trinidad was filled with water from the inundation, into that watery snare the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said above a hundred of the fusileers, the men of Albueré, were there smothered. Those who followed checked not, but, as if such a disaster had been expected, turned to the left and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, being rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach and instantly covered with men, yet a wide and deep chasm was still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued, for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, and whose flank was confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the bastion of Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division had been destined to storm. Great was the confusion, for the ravelin was quite crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach, many also passed between the ravelin and the counter guard of the Trinidad, the two divisions got mixed, the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible, and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of guns from the flanks, answered

by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets made a maddening din.

Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword blades, sharp pointed, keen edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams chuncked together and set deep in the ruins, and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with sharp iron points, on which feet being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of wooden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged. Once and again the assailants rushed up the breaches, but always the sword blades, immovable and impassable, stopped their charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder barrels exploded uncaringly. Hundreds of men had fallen, hundreds more were dropping, still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and, sometimes followed by many, sometimes by a few, ascended the ruins, and so furious were the men themselves that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies, but the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down, and men fell so far from the shot that it was hard to know who went down voluntarily and who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades, for the trench and parapet behind the breach were finished, and the assailants, crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies and the slaughter would have continued.

At the beginning of this dreadful conflict Andrew Barnard had with prodigious efforts separated his division from the other and preserved some degree of military array, but now the tumult was such that no command could be heard distinctly except by those close at hand, and the mutilated carcasses heaped on each other, and the wounded struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations order was impossible! Officers of all ranks, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out as if struck by sudden madness and rush into the breach, which, twanging and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of a huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame. In one of these attempts Colonel Macleod of the Forty third, a young man whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed, wherever his voice was heard his soldiers had gathered, and with such a strong resolution did he lead them up the fatal ruins that when one behind him in falling plunged a bayonet into his back he complained not, but, continuing his course, was shot dead within a yard of the sword blades. Yet there was no want of gallant leaders or desperate followers until two hours passed in these vain efforts had convinced the troops the breach of the Trinidad was impregnable, and as the opening in the curtain, although

less strong, was retired and the approach to it impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the soldiers did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts and aiming their shots by the light of the fire balls which they threw over, asked as their victims fell, '*why they did not come into Badajos'*

In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless shower above, and withal a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas of the engineers was observed by Lieutenant Shaw of the Forty third making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria bastion. Shaw immediately collected fifty soldiers of all regiments and joined him, and although there was a deep cut along the foot of that breach also, it was instantly passed, and these two young officers led their gallant band with a rush up the ruins, but when they had gained two thirds of the ascent a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth. Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone! With inexpressible coolness he looked at his watch, and saying it was too late to carry the breaches, rejoined the masses at the other attack. After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive but unflinching beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission, for of the riflemen on the glacis, many, leaping early into the ditch, had joined in the assault, and the rest, raked by a cross fire of grape from the distant bastions, bristled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and, too few in number, entirely failed to quell the French musketry.

About midnight, when two thousand brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, ordered the remainder to retire and reform for a second assault, he had heard the castle was taken, but, thinking the enemy would still resist in the town, was resolved to assail the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was not effected without further carnage and confusion, the French fire never slackened, a cry arose that the enemy was making a sally from the distant flanks, and there was a rush towards the ladders. Then the groans and lamentations of the wounded who could not move and expected to be slain increased, and many officers who had not heard of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back, some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd.

All this time Picton was lying close in the castle, and either from fear of risking the loss of a point which ensured the capture of the place, or that the egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Pardaleras, and on the right of the Guadiana the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the bridge thus the town was girdled with fire, for Walker's brigade, having passed on during the feint on the Pardaleras, was encamping the distant bastion of San Vincente. His troops had advanced along the banks of the river and reached the French guard house at the barrier gate undiscovered, the

ripple of the waters smothering the sound of their foot steps, but just then the explosion at the breaches took place, the moon shone out, the French sentinels, discovering the column, fired, and the British soldiers, springing forward under a sharp musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way. The Portuguese, panic stricken, threw down the scaling ladders, the others snatched them up again, and forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch, but the guiding engineer officer was killed, there was a *cunette* which embarrassed the column, and the ladders proved too short, for the walls were generally above thirty feet high. The fire of the enemy was deadly, a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders.

Fortunately some of the defenders had been called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely manned, and the assailants, discovering a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only twenty feet high, placed three ladders there under an embrasure which had no gun and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up with difficulty, for the ladders were still too short, and the first man who gained the top was pushed up by his comrades, and drew others after him until many had won the summit, and though the French shot heavily against them from both flanks and from a house in front, their numbers augmented rapidly, and half the Fourth Regiment entered the town itself to dislodge the French from the houses, while the others pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting successively won three bastions.

In the last of these combats Walker, leaping forward sword in hand at the moment when one of the enemy's cannoneers was discharging a gun, was covered with so many wounds it was wonderful that he could survive, and some of the soldiers immediately after, perceiving a lighted match on the ground, cried out, 'A mine!' At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops who had not been stopped by the strong barrier, the deep ditch, the high walls, and the deadly fire of the enemy, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising, and in this disorder a French reserve under General Veillande drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, pitching some men over the walls, killing others outright, and cleansing the ramparts even to the San Vincente. There, however, Leith had placed Colonel Nugent with a battalion of the Thirty-eighth as a reserve, and when the French came up, shouting and slaying all before them, this battalion, two hundred strong, arose and with one close volley destroyed them, then the panic ceased, the soldiers rallied, and in compact order once more charged along the walls towards the breaches. But the French, although turned on both flanks and abandoned by fortune, did not yet yield. Meanwhile the portion of the Fourth Regiment which had entered the town was strangely situated. For the streets were empty and brilliantly illuminated and no person was seen, yet a low buzz and whispers were heard around, lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards, while the troops, with bugles sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town. In their progress they captured several mules going with ammunition to the breaches, yet the square itself was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with

lamps a terrible enchantment seemed to be in operation, they saw only an illumination and heard only low whispering around them, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing of thunder. Plainly, however, the fight was there raging, and hence, quitting the square, they attempted to take the garrison in reverse by attacking the ramparts from the town side, but they were received with a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets. At last the breaches were abandoned by the French, other parties entered, desultory combats took place. Veillande and Phillipon, who was wounded, seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers and entered San Christoval, which was surrendered next morning upon summons to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, for that officer had with great readiness pushed through the town to the drawbridge ere the French had time to organise further resistance. But even in the moment of ruin the night before, this noble governor had sent some horsemen out from the fort to carry the news to Soult, and they reached him in time to prevent a greater misfortune.

Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldiers' heroism. All, indeed, were not alike, hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence, but madness generally prevailed, and as the worst men were leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled, the wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of!

Five thousand men and officers fell in this siege, and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred had been stricken in the assault, sixty officers and more than seven hundred men being slain on the spot. The five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded, the first four severely, six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than two thousand at the breaches, each division there losing twelve hundred! And how deadly the breach strife was may be gathered from this the Forty third and Fifty second Regiments of the light division lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle!

Let it be considered that this frightful carnage took place in a space of less than a hundred yards square, that the slain died not all suddenly nor by one manner of death—that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water—that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions, that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking and the town was won at last. Let these things be considered, and it must be admitted a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say the French were feeble men, the garrison stood and fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of

the British soldiers? the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, of O'Hare of the Ninety fifth, who perished on the breach at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service? Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier who was killed the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate rifle man who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Cinch, or the hardiness of Ferguson of the Forty third, who, having in former assaults received two deep wounds, was here, his former hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, the third time wounded? Nor would I be understood to select these as pre eminent, many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion, some known, some that will never be known, for in such a tumult much passes unobserved, and often the observers tell themselves ere they could bear testimony to what they saw, but no age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos.

When the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Lord Wellington the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.

The following outburst on Byron—intercalated in Napier's defence of his brother—shows the historian of the Peninsular war in another light

#### On Byron.

But while the Lord High Commissioner, Adam, could only see in the military resident of Cephronia a person to be crushed by the leaden weight of power without equity, there was another observer in that island who appreciated and manfully proclaimed the great qualities of the future conqueror of Scinde. This man, himself a butt for the rancour of envious dullness, was one whose youthful genius pervaded the world while he lived, and covered it with a pall when he died. For to him mountain and plain, torrent and lake, the seas, the skies, the earth, light and darkness, and even the depths of the human heart, gave up their poetic secrets, and he told them again, with such harmonious melody, that listening nations marvelled at the sound, and when it ceased they sorrowed.

**Sir John Kincaid** (1787-1862) was one among several of Wellington's soldiers who wrote picturesque memoirs of their services under him in the Napoleonic wars. Born near Falkirk, he held a lieutenant's commission in the North York Militia, but in 1809 enlisted in the old 95th—the present Rifle Brigade—as a volunteer. In the ranks at first, but afterwards as a lieutenant, he served through the Peninsular war from Torres Vedras to Toulouse, and fought also at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. After the peace he rose to be a captain in 1826 and Yeoman of the Guard in 1844, and was knighted in 1852. In 1830 appeared his *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*, describing in familiar and unsystematic fashion,

but with wonderful spirit and vividness, his experiences in the Peninsular and Belgian campaigns Kincaid had a genuine literary gift, and his book ranks first in a group of camp memoirs wherein the next best is probably the *Recollections* (1848) of 'Rifleman' Harris, a private of the 95th during the campaigns of Vimeiro and Corunna. The following glimpse of Waterloo is from Kincaid.

#### The Riflemen at Waterloo

The silencing of these guns was succeeded by a very extraordinary scene on the same spot. A strong regiment of Hanoverians advanced in line to charge the enemy out of La Haye Sainte, but they were themselves charged by a brigade of cuirassiers, and, excepting one officer on a little black horse, who went off to the rear like a shot out of a shovel, I do believe that every man of them was put to death in about five seconds. A brigade of British light dragoons advanced to their relief, and a few on each side began exchanging thrusts, but it seemed likely to be a drawn battle between them, without much harm being done, when our men brought it to a crisis sooner than either side anticipated, for they previously had their rifles eagerly pointed at the cuirassiers, with a view of saving the perishing Hanoverians, but the fear of killing their friends withheld them, until the others were utterly overwhelmed, when they instantly opened a terrific fire on the whole concern, sending both sides to flight, so that, on the small space of ground within a hundred yards of us, where five thousand men had been fighting the instant before, there was not now a living soul to be seen.

It made me mad to see the cuirassiers in their retreat stooping and stabbing at our wounded men as they lay on the ground. How I wished that I had been blessed with Omnipotent power for a moment, that I might have blighted them!

The same field continued to be a wild one the whole of the afternoon. It was a sort of duelling post between the two armies, every half hour showing a meeting of some kind upon it, but they never exceeded a short scramble, for men's lives were held very cheap there.

For the two or three succeeding hours there was no variety with us, but one continued blaze of musketry. The smoke hung so thick about that, although not more than eighty yards asunder, we could only distinguish each other by the flashes of the pieces.

I shall never forget the scene which the field of battle presented about seven in the evening. I felt weary and worn out, less from fatigue than anxiety. Our division, which had stood upwards of five thousand men at the commencement of the battle, had gradually dwindled down into a solitary lot of skirmishers. The 27th Regiment were lying literally dead, in square, a few yards behind us. My horse had received another shot through the leg, and one through the flap of the saddle, which lodged in his body, sending him a step beyond the pension list. The smoke still hung so thick about us that we could see nothing. I walked a little way to each flank, to endeavour to get a glimpse of what was going on, but nothing met my eye except the mangled remains of men and horses, and I was obliged to return to my post as wise as I went.

I had never yet heard of a battle in which everybody was killed, but this seemed likely to be an exception, as all were going by turns. We got excessively im-

patient under the time similitude of the latter part of the process, and burned with desire to have a last thrust at our respective *vis à vis*, for, however desperate our affairs were, we had still the satisfaction of seeing that theirs were worse. Sir John Lambert continued to stand as our support at the head of three good old regiments, one dead (the 27th) and two living ones, and we took the liberty of soliciting him to aid our views, but the Duke's orders on that head were so very particular that the gallant general had no choice.

Presently a cheer, which we knew to be British, commenced far to the right, and made every one prick up his ears—it was Lord Wellington's long wished for orders to advance, it gradually approached, growing louder as it grew near—we took it up by instinct, and charged through the hedge down upon the old knoll, sending our adversaries flying at the point of the bayonet. Lord Wellington galloped up to us at the instant, and our men began to cheer him, but he called out, 'No cheering, my lads, but forward, and complete your victory!'

This movement had carried us clear of the smoke, and, to people who had been for so many hours enveloped in darkness, in the midst of destruction, and naturally anxious about the result of the day, the scene which now met the eye conveyed a feeling of more exquisite gratification than can be conceived. It was a fine summer's evening, just before sunset. The French were flying in one confused mass. British lines were seen in close pursuit, and in admirable order, as far as the eye could reach to the right, while the plain to the left was filled with Prussians. The enemy made one last attempt at a stand on the rising ground to our right of La Belle Alliance, but a charge from General Adam's brigade again threw them into a state of confusion, which was now inextricable, and their ruin was complete. Artillery, baggage, and everything belonging to them fell into our hands. After pursuing them until dark, we halted about two miles beyond the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to follow up the victory.

Selections from the Memoirs of Kincaid, Harris, and others were edited by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett under the title of *Wellington's Men* (1900).

**James Silk Buckingham** (1786–1855), traveller and lecturer, was born, a farmer's son, at Flushing near Falmouth, and went to sea before he was ten. After years of wandering, he in 1818 started a journal at Calcutta, whose strictures on the Indian Government led to its suppression (1823). In London he established the *Oriental Herald* (1824) and the *Athenaeum* (1828), which he edited for a year or two, selling his interest in it ultimately to John Sterling. From 1832 to 1837 he was member for Sheffield, and then travelled for four years in North America. He was projector of the British and Foreign Institute (1843–1846), and president of the London Temperance League (1851). Between 1822 and 1855 he published nearly a score of volumes of travel (in Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Assyria, America, as well as in Western Europe) and many political treatises, besides two volumes of an Autobiography, of which the third and fourth never appeared.

**James Sheridan Knowles** (1784-1862) was long accounted the most successful of modern tragic dramatists. Born at Cork, he was the son of a respected teacher and author of a dictionary, a first cousin of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the boy, after being trained mainly in his father's school, was successively an ensign in the militia, a medical student, an actor, a schoolmaster, an actor again, and from about 1844 an occasional Baptist preacher, fierce in denunciation of Catholicism. His first play, *Caius Gracchus*, was performed at Belfast in 1815, the next, *Virginius* (1820), which had a good run at Covent Garden, was based on the familiar story of Virginius and Appius. Knowles afterwards brought out *William Tell* (1825), in which Macready achieved a triumph, *The Hunchback* (1832), *The Love Chase* (1837), and other pieces. Several of his pieces are still standard acting plays. For more than a dozen years he enjoyed a civil list pension of £200. To a considerable knowledge of stage effect he united a lively, inventive imagination, and a poetical colouring which, if at times too florid, set off familiar images and illustrations. His style was formed on that of Missinger and the other elder dramatists, carried often to extravagance, he frequently violated Roman history and classical propriety, ran into conceits and affected metaphors, and had little sense of humour, his blank verse is mostly wooden and irregular, never in very perfect rhythm, and the style is not seldom stilted. These faults were counterbalanced by a happy art of constructing situations and plots, romantic, not too improbable, though usually somewhat conventional, by skilful delineation of character, especially in domestic life, and by the infusion of not a little warm feeling and some real poetry. He had a happy knack of utilising commonplaces or paradoxes for his purposes—thus ‘It follows not because the hair is rough, the dog’s a savage one,’ ‘What merit to be dropped on fortune’s hill? The honour is to mount it,’ ‘When fails our dearest friend, there may be refuge with our direst foe’.

#### From ‘*Virginius*’

[Appius Claudius, with whom is his client Caius Claudius, ascends the tribunal as Numitorius, Icilius, Virginius with his daughter, and the rest enter.]

*Appius* Well, Claudius, are the forces at hand?

*Claudius* They are, and timely too, the people are in unswayed ferment.

*Appius* There’s something twes me at the thought of looking on her father!

*Claudius* Look.

Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon the treasures of her beauty, nor avert it till they’re thine! Haste! Your tribunal! Haste!

*Virginius* Does no one speak? I am defendant here. Is silence my opponent? I’m opponent to plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow shameless gives front to this most villainous cause, That trusts its prowess ‘gainst the honour of

A girl, yet lacks the wit to know that he Who casts off shame should likewise cast off fear— And on the verge o’ the combat wants the nerve To stammer forth the signal

*Appius* You had better, Virginius, wear another kind of carriage, This is not of the fashion that will serve you! *Icilius* The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius, tell me The fashion it becomes a man to speak in Whose property in his own child—the offspring Of his own body, near to him as is His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far, Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property In such a thing, the very self of himself, Disputed—and I’ll speak so, Appius Claudius, I’ll speak so—Pry you tutor me!

*Appius* Stand forth, Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest In the question now before us, speak, if not, Bring on some other cause

*Claudius* Most noble Appius—

*Virginius* And are you the man That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me, And I will give her to thee.

*Claudius* She is mine then Do I not look at you?

*Virginius* Your eye does, truly, But not your soul. I see it through your eye Shifting and shrinking—turning every way To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye, So long the bully of its master, knows not To put a proper face upon a lie, But gives the port of impudence to falsehood When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul Dares as soon show its face to me. Go on, I had forgot, the fashion of my speech May not please Appius Claudius

*Claudius* I demand Protection of the Decemvir!

*Appius* You shall have it

*Virginius* Doubtless! *Appius* Keep back the people, Lictors!—What’s Your plea? You say the girl’s your slave. Produce Your proofs

*Claudius* My proof is here, which, if they can, Let them confront. The mother of the girl—

*Numitorius* Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me

To speak

*Virginius* Man, I must speak, or else go mad! And if I do go mad, what then will hold me From speaking? She was thy sister, too! Well, well, speak thou! I’ll try, and if I can, Be silent

[Retires]

*Numitorius* Will she swear she is her child?

*Virginius* To be sure she will—a most wise question that! Is she not his slave? Will his tongue lie for him—Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand Beclen, or point, or shut, or open for him? To ask him if she’ll swear! Will she walk or run, Sing, dance, or wag her head—do anything That is most easy done? She’ll be soon swear! What mockery it is to have one’s life In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick! Is it to be endured? I do protest Against her oath!

*App* No law in Rome, Virginius,  
Seconds you If she swear the girl's her child,  
The evidence is good, unless confronted  
By better evidence. Look you to that,  
Virginius I shall take the woman's oath

*Virginia* Icius!

*Icius* Fear not, love, a thousand oaths  
Will answer her

*App* You swear the girl's your child,  
And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,  
Who passed her for her own Is that your oath?

*Slave* It is my oath

*App* Your answer now, Virginius

*Vir* Here it is! [Brings *Virginia* forward]  
Is this the daughter of a slave? I know  
'Tis not with men as shrubs and trees, that by  
The shoot you know the rank and order of  
The stem Yet who from such a stem would look  
For such a shoot. My witnesses are these—  
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,  
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain  
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels  
The weight, with longing for the sight of it  
Here are the ears that listened to her sighs  
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides  
In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when  
The day first looked upon the infant's face,  
And never looked so pleased, helped them up to it,  
And blessed her for a blessing Here, the eyes  
That saw her lying at the generous  
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry  
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl  
To cherish her enamelled veins The he  
Is most unfruitful, then, that takes the flower—  
The very flower our bed connubial grew—  
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends,  
Hue I not spoke the truth?

*Women and Citizens* You have, Virginius

*App* Silence! Keep silence there! No more of that!  
You're very ready for a tumult, citizens  
Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!—  
We've had a taste of your forbearance, masters,  
And wish not for another

*Vir* Troops in the Forum!

*App* Virginius, have you spoken?

*Vir* If you have heard me,  
I have, if not, I'll speak again

*App* You need not  
Virginius, I had evidence to give,  
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,  
Would make your pleading vain

*Vir* Your hand, Virginia! [Aside]  
Stand close to me

*App* My conscience will not let me  
Be silent 'Tis notorious to you all,  
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me  
The guardian of his son This cheat has long  
Been known to me. I know the girl is not  
Virginius' daughter

*Vir* Join your friends, Icius,  
And leave Virginia to my care. [Aside]

*App* The justice  
I should have done my client unrequired,  
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?

*Vir* Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble. [Aside]

*App* Nay, Virginia,

I feel for you, but though you were my father,  
The majesty of justice should be sacred—  
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!

*Vir* And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,  
To take her home in time, before his guardian  
Complete the violation which his eyes  
Already have begun—Friends! fellow citizens!  
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!  
He is the master claims Virginia!

The tongues that told him she was not my child  
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,  
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,  
His client, purveyor, that caters for

His pleasure—marvels for him, picks, and scents,  
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up  
His sensual self, and is not now ashamed,  
In the open, common street, before your eyes—  
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons cheeks  
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him  
To the honour of a Roman maid ' my child'

Who now clings to me, as you see, as if  
This second Tarquin had already coaled  
His arms around her Look upon her, Romans!  
Befriend her! succour her! see her not polluted  
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one.

Tear her from Appius and his lictors while  
She is unstained—Your hands! your hands! your hands!

*Citizens* They are yours, Virginius

*App* Keep the people back—  
Support my Lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,  
And drive the people back

*Icius* Down with the slaves!

[The people make a show of resistance, but upon the advance of  
the soldiers retreat and leave Icius, Virginius and his daughter  
in the hands of Appius and his party.]

Deserted!—Cowards! traitors! Let me free  
But for a moment! I relied on you,  
Had I relied upon myself alone,  
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—  
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only  
To rush upon your swords

*Vir* Icius, peace!  
You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left  
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,  
Nerveless and helpless

*App* Take Icius hence,  
Away with him!

*Icius* [Forced away] Tyrant! Virginia!

*App* Separate  
Virginius and the girl—Delay not, slaves

*Vir* Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius  
It is not very easy Though her arms  
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which  
She grasps me, Appius—forcing them will hurt them,  
They'll soon unclasp themselves Wait but a little—  
You know you're sure of her!

*App* I have not time  
To idle with thee, give her to my Lictors

*Vir* Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not  
My child, she hath been like a child to me  
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,  
I have been like a father to her, Appius  
For e'en so long a time. They that have lived  
For such a space together, in so near  
And dear society, may be allowed  
A little time for parting Let me take

The maid aside, I pray you, and confer  
A moment with her nurse, perhaps she'll give me  
Some token will unloose a tie so twined  
And knotted round my heart that, if you break it  
So suddenly, my heart breaks with it

*App* Well,

Look to them, Lictors.

*Virginia* Do you go from me?  
Do you leave? Father! Father!

*Vir* No, my child—

No, my Virginia—come along with me.

*Virginia* Will you not leave me? Will you take  
me with you?

Will you take me home again? Oh, bless you! bless you!  
My father! my dear father! Art thou not  
My father?

[*Virginia*, looking anxiously round, sees a butcher's stall.]

*Vir* This way, my child—No, no, I am not going  
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee

*App* Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not  
Approach *Virginia*! Keep the people back!—  
Well, have you done?

*Vir* Short time for converse, *Appius*,  
But I have.

*App* I hope you are satisfied

*Vir* I am—

I am—that she is my daughter!

*App* Take her, Lictors!

[*Virginia*, shrieking, falls half dead upon  
her father's shoulder]

*Vir* Another moment, pray you. Bear with me  
A little—'tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try  
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!  
Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it  
Long—My dear child! My dear *Virginia*!  
There is only one way to save thine honour—  
"Tis this.

[Stabs her]

Lo, *Appius*, with this innocent blood  
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!

Make way there!

*App* Stop him! Seize him!

*Vir* If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened  
With drinking my daughter's blood, why, let them thus  
It rushes in amongst them Way there! Way!

Knowles's *Dramatic Works* were collected (3 vols.) in 1843  
of a Life by his son (1872) only twenty five copies were printed.

**Basil Hall** (1788–1844), writer of travels, was born in Edinburgh, the son of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, chemist and founder of experimental geology. Basil entered the navy in 1802, and in 1816 commanded a sloop in the naval escort of Lord Amherst's mission to Peking, visiting Corea, then a region hardly known, and described for the first time in his *Voyage of Discovery to Corea* (1818). He also wrote a *Journal on the Coast of Chili, Peru, and Mexico* in 1820–22, *Travels in North America* in 1827–28, a vivacious work whose free criticisms of things American gave great offence in the United States, and *Fragments of Voyages and Travels* (1831–40). *Schloss Harnfeld* (1836) was a semi-romance, and *Patch-work* (1841) a collection of tales and sketches. Hall died insane in Haslar Hospital.

**Bryan Waller Procter** ('Barry Cornwall,' 1787–1874) was born at Leeds, and educated at Harrow, with Byron and Peel for schoolfellows. Articled to a solicitor at Calne, about 1807 he came to London to live, and in 1815 began to contribute poetry to the *Literary Gazette*. In 1816 he succeeded by his father's death to about £500 a year, and in 1823 married Basil Montagu's step daughter, Anne Benson Skepper. He had meanwhile published four volumes of poems, and produced a tragedy, *Mirandola* (1821), at Covent Garden, the success of which was largely due to the acting of Macready and Charles Kemble. Procter was called to the Bar in 1831, from 1832 to



BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

From the Bust by G J H Foley, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

1861 was a Metropolitan Commissioner of Lunacy. In 1857 a windfall came to Procter and other poets. Mr John Kenyon, a wealthy West Indian gentleman, fond of literary society and author of a *Rhymed Plea for Tolerance*, bequeathed over £140,000 in legacies to friends and writers whom he admired. Thus to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a sum of £4000 was allotted, to her husband, £6500, and to Procter also £6500. Procter's works, published under the pseudonym 'Barry Cornwall' (a faulty anagram of his real name), comprise *Dramatic Scenes* (1819), *A Sicilian Story* and *Marcian Colonna* (1820), *The Flood of Thessaly* (1823), and *English Songs* (1832), besides memoirs of Edmund Kean (1835) and Charles Lamb (1866). The poems are rarely more than studies or graceful exercises, harmonious echoes of bygone and contemporary singers. Yet 'Barry Cornwall' will

be remembered as the man whom every one loved—that company including a hundred of the greatest of the century His daughter Adelaide earned an independent right to a place in such a cyclopedia as the present (see below) His *Bryan Waller Procter an Autobiographical Fragment*, was edited in 1877 by Coventry Patmore, and the *Academy* for 17th March 1888 had a long article on Mrs Procter

#### Address to the Ocean.

O thou vast Ocean ! ever sounding sea !  
 Thou symbol of a drear immensity !  
 Thou thing that windest round the solid world  
 Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled  
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,  
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.  
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep  
 Is a giant's slumber, loud and deep  
 Thou speakest in the east and in the west  
 At once, and on thy heavily laden breast  
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life  
 Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.  
 The earth hath nought of this no chance or change  
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare  
 Give answer to the tempest wakened air,  
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range  
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go  
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow  
 But in their stated rounds the seasons come,  
 And pass like visions to their wonted home,  
 And come again, and vanish, the young Spring  
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,  
 And Winter always winds his sullen horn,  
 When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,  
 Dies in his stormy manhood, and the skies  
 Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies  
 Oh ! wonderful thou art, great element,  
 And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,  
 And lovely in repose, thy summer form  
 Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves  
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,  
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,  
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,  
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—  
 Eternity—Eternity—and Power

#### Marcelia.

It was a dreary place The shallow brook  
 That ran throughout the wood, there took a turn  
 And widened all its music died away,  
 And in the place a silent eddy told  
 That there the stream grew deeper There dark trees  
 Funeral—cypress, yew, and shadowy pine,  
 And spicy cedar—clustered, and at night  
 Shook from their melancholy branches sounds  
 And sighs like death 'twas strange, for through the day  
 They stood quite motionless, and looked, methought,  
 Like monumental things, which the sad earth  
 From its green bosom had cast out in pity,  
 To make a young girl's grave. The very leaves  
 Disowned their natural green, and took black  
 And mournful hue, and the rough brier, stretching  
 His straggling arms across the rivulet,  
 Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching

With his tenacious leaves, straws, withered boughs,  
 Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which  
 Swam with the current, and with these it hid  
 The poor Marcelia's death bed Never may net  
 Of venturesous fisher be cast in with hope,  
 For not a fish abides there. The slim deer  
 Snorts as he ruffles with his shortened breath  
 The brook, and panting flies the unholly place,  
 And the white heifer lows, and passes on  
 The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds  
 Go higher up the stream And yet I love  
 To loiter there and when the rising moon  
 Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks  
 Red and dilated through the evening mists,  
 And chequered as the heavy branches sway  
 To and fro with the wind, I stay to listen,  
 And fancy to myself that a sad voice,  
 Praying, comes moaning through the leaves, as 'twere  
 For some misdeed The story goes that some  
 Neglected girl—an orphan whom the world  
 Frowned upon—once strayed thither and 'twas thought  
 Cast herself in the stream You may have heard  
 Of one Marcelia, poor Nolina's daughter, who  
 Fell ill and came to want? No ! Oh, she loved  
 A wealthy man who marked her not He wed,  
 And then the girl grew sick, and pined away,  
 And drowned herself for love.

#### An Invocation to Birds

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,  
 Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits  
 Lie down with the wild winds, and ye who build  
 Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool,  
 And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs  
 For suns to ripen, come ! O phoenix rare !  
 If death hath spared, or philosophic search  
 Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,  
 Perfect Arabian—lonely nightingale !  
 Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,  
 But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest  
 Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs  
 Until they waken. And thou, cuckoo bird,  
 Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape  
 Material, but dost wander far and near,  
 Like untouched echo whom the woods deny  
 Sight of her love—come all to my slow charm !  
 Come thou, sky climbing bird, wakener of morn,  
 Who springest like a thought unto the sun,  
 And from his golden floods dost gather wealth—  
 Epithalamium and Pindarique song—  
 And with it enrich our ears, come all to me,  
 Bencath the chamber where my lady lies,  
 And, in your several musics, whisper—Love !

#### King Death.

King Death was a rare old fellow,  
 He sat where no sun could shine,  
 And he lifted his hand so yellow,  
 And poured out his coal black wine !  
 Hurrah for the coal black wine !

There came to him many a maiden  
 Whose eyes had forgot to shine,  
 And widows with grief o'erladen,  
 For a draught of his coal black wine.  
 Hurrah for the coal black wine !

The scholar left all his learning,  
The poet his fancied woes,  
And the beauty her bloom returning,  
Like life to the fading rose  
Hurrah for the coal black wine !

All came to the rare old fellow,  
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,  
And he gave them his hand so yellow,  
And pledged them in Death's black wine.  
Hurrah for the coal black wine !

### The Nights

Oh, the Summer night  
Has a smile of light,  
And she sits on a sapphire throne,  
Whilst the sweet winds load her  
With garlands of odour,  
From the bud to the rose o'erblown !

But the Autumn night  
Has a piercing sight,  
And a step both strong and free,  
And a voice for wonder,  
Like the wrath of the thunder,  
When he shouts to the stormy sea !

And the Winter night  
Is all cold and white,  
And she singeth a song of pain,  
Till the wild bee hummeth,  
And the warm Spring cometh,  
When she dies in a dream of rain !

Oh, the night brings sleep  
To the greenwoods deep,  
To the bird of the woods its nest,  
To care soft hours,  
To life new powers,  
To the sick, the weary—rest !

### Song for Twilight

Hide me, O twilight air !  
Hide me from thought, from care,  
From all things foul or fair,  
Until to morrow !  
To night I strive no more,  
No more my soul shall soar,  
Come, sleep, and shut the door  
'Gainst pain and sorrow !

If I must see through dreams,  
Be mine Elysian gleams,  
Be mine by morning streams  
To watch and wander,  
So may my spirit cast  
(Serpent like) off the past,  
And my free soul at last  
Have leave to ponder

And shouldst thou 'scape control,  
Ponder on love, sweet soul,  
On joy, the end and goal  
Of all endeavour  
But if earth's pains will rise  
(As damps will seek the skies),  
Then night, seal thou mine eyes,  
In sleep for ever

### The Death of Amella Wentworth.

*Marian* Are you awake, dear lady?

*Amelia* Wide awake

There are the stars abroad, I see I feel  
As though I had been sleeping many a day  
What time o' the night is it ?

*Mar* About the stroke  
Of midnight.

*Amel* Let it come. The skies are calm  
And bright, and so, at last, my spirit is  
Whether the heavens have influence on the mind  
Through life, or only in our days of death,  
I know not, yet, before, ne'er did my soul  
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine  
For that hope's deep completion *Marian* !  
Let me see more of heaven There—enough  
Are you not well, sweet girl ?

*Mar* O yes, but you  
Speak now so strangely you were wont to talk  
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me now  
You set my spirit drooping

*Amel* I have spoke  
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl  
Look, look above ! the canopy of the sky,  
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal dress  
A queen might envy that so regal blue  
Which wraps the world o' nights Alas, alas !  
I do remember in my follying days  
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,  
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,  
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget  
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt,  
When I had hope to light me. Have you no song,  
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear ?  
There's one I've heard you sing 'They said his eye'—  
No, that's not it the words are hard to hit  
'His eye like the midday sun was bright'—

*Mar* 'Tis so.  
You've a good memory Well, listen to me.  
I must not trip, I see.

*Amel* I hearken Now

### Song

His eye like the midday sun was bright,  
Hers had a proud but a milder light,  
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon  
Alas ! and must it fade as soon ?

His voice was like the breath of war,  
But hers was fainter—softer far  
And yet when he of his long love sighed,  
She laughed in scorn—he fled and died.

*Mar* There is another verse, of a different air,  
But indistinct—like the low moaning  
Of summer winds in the evening thus it runs—

They said he died upon the wave,  
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow,  
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave  
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow

*Amel* How slowly and how silently doth time  
Float on his starry journey ! Still he goes,  
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away  
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,  
And the moon at night. Methinks I see  
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,

Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,  
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath  
Lo ! I am here, and time seems passing on  
To morrow I shall be a breathless thing—  
Yet he will still be here, and the blue hours  
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world  
As though I were alive to welcome them  
There's one will shed some tears Poor Charles !

*Charles (entering)* I am here. Did you not call ?

*Amel* You come in time. My thoughts  
Were full of you, dear Charles Your mother—now  
I take that title—in her dying hour  
Has privilege to speak unto your youth  
There's one thing pains me, and I would be calm  
My husband has been harsh unto me—yet  
He is my husband, and you'll think of this  
If any sterner feeling move your heart ?  
Seek no revenge for me You will not ?—Nay,  
Is it so hard to grant my last request ?  
He is my husband he was father, too,  
Of the blue eyed boy you were so fond of once.  
Do you remember how his eyelids closed  
When the first summer rose was opening ?  
'Tis now two years ago—more, more and I—  
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy !  
He was my only child How fair he looked  
In the white garment that encircled him !—  
'Twas like a marble slumber, and when we  
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,  
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived  
But I am weary now

*Mar* You must not talk,  
Indeed, dear lady, nay—

*Ch* Indeed you must not

*Amel* Well, then, I will be silent, yet not so  
For ere we journey, ever should we take  
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,  
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind  
Our blessings So, in your breast, dear Charles,  
Wear the remembrance of Amela.  
She ever loved you—ever, so as might  
Become a mother's tender love—no more.  
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world  
Now almost thirty seasons you have been  
A child to me for one third of that time.  
I took you to my bosom when a boy,  
Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth and vanish.  
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd  
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make  
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep  
Its young and beautiful feelings.

*Ch* I will do  
All that you wish—all, but you cannot die  
And leave me ?

*Amel* You shall see how calmly Death  
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,  
On my now smiling lip these eyes men swore  
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,  
And yet they must grow dim an hour—

*Ch* Oh, no !  
No, no ! oh, say not so ! I cannot bear  
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart ?

*Amel* No I would caution it against a change  
That soon must happen Calmly let us talk.  
When I am dead—

*Ch* Alas, alas !

*Amel* This is  
Not as I wish you had a braver spirit  
Bid it come forth Why, I have heard you talk  
Of war and danger—Ah !— [Wentworth enters  
*Mar* She's pale—speak, speak  
*Ch* O my lost mother !—How ! You here ?  
*Went* I am come  
To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.  
*Amelia* ! she faints Amelia ! [She dies  
Poor faded girl ! I was too harsh—unjust  
*Ch* Look !  
*Mar* She has left us.  
*Ch* It is false. Revive !  
Mother, revive, revive !  
*Mar* It is in vain  
*Ch* Is it then so ? My soul is sick and faint  
O mother, mother ! I—I cannot weep  
Oh for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,  
So I might not gaze on her ! And has death  
Indeed, indeed struck her—so beautiful,  
So wronged, and never erring, so beloved  
By one—who now has nothing left to love ?  
O thou bright heaven ! if thou art calling now  
Thy brighter angels to thy bosom—rest,  
For lo ! the brightest of thy host has gone—  
Departed—and the earth is dark below,  
And now—I'll wander far and far away  
Like one that hath no country I shall find  
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when  
I say, 'I have no friend in all the world,'  
My heart will swell with pride, and make a show  
Unto itself of happiness, and in truth  
There is, in that same solitude, a taste  
Of pleasure which the social never know  
From land to land I'll roam, in all a stranger,  
And, as the body grows a braver look  
By staring in the face of all the winds,  
So from the sad aspects of different things  
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up  
Against the past And now—for Hindustan

**Bernard Barton** (1784–1849), the Quaker poet, was born in London of Cumbrian parentage. His mother died in bearing him, his father about 1791, and Bernard, brought up by his step mother at Tottenham, and sent to a Quaker school at Ipswich, was from 1798 to 1806 in a shop at Halstead. He then went to Woodbridge, married, turned coal and corn merchant, lost his wife (1808), and, after a year as a tutor at Liverpool, returned to Woodbridge as clerk in a bank, there he continued until two days before his death. He left a daughter, Lucy, who married Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám. Barton more than once thought of giving up business for a literary life. Byron in 1812 remonstrated 'Do not renounce writing,' he said, 'but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it, it will be, like Prior's fellowship, a last and sure resource.' Charles Lamb, too, in 1823 wrote to him 'Throw yourself on the world, without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you ! ! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap dash

headlong upon iron spikes If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them—come not within their grasp I have known many authors want for bread—some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a counting-house—all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not? —rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. Oh, you know not—may you never know—the miseries of subsisting by authorship! Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you.' Bernard Barton followed the advice, and managed withal to publish ten volumes of verse between 1812 and 1845—he 'would never believe there could be too much poetry' Several hymns by him are in general use, 'Lamp of our feet' and 'Walk in the light' being the most familiar In 1824 some Quaker friends raised £1200 for him, and in 1846 Peel procured him a pension of £100 a year FitzGerald prefixed an exquisite Memoir to his *Remains* (1849), and there is also Mr E U Lucas's *Bernard Barton and his Friends* (1894)

#### To the Evening Primrose

Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,  
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,  
To evening's hues of sober gray,  
Thy cup of paly gold ,  
  
Be thine the offering owing long  
To thee, and to this pensive hour,  
Of one brief tributary song,  
Though transient as thy flower  
  
I love to watch, at silent eve,  
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,  
And have my inmost heart receive  
The influence of that sight  
  
I love at such an hour to mark  
Their beauty greet the night breeze chill,  
And shine, mid shadows gathering dark,  
The garden's glory still  
  
For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,  
When cares and griefs the breast invade,  
Is friendship's animating smile  
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.  
  
Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup,  
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,  
And bears the sinking spirit up  
Amid its chilling fears.  
  
But still more animating far,  
If meek Religion's eye may trace,  
Even in thy glimmering earth born star,  
The holier hope of Grace.  
  
The hope that as thy beauteous bloom  
Expands to glad the close of day,  
So through the shadows of the tomb  
May break forth Mercy's ray

#### To my Daughter

Sweet pledge of joys departed ! as I lay  
Wrapt in deep slumber, I beheld thee led  
By thy angelic mother, long since dead—  
Methought upon her face such smiles did play  
As gild the summer morning A bright ray  
Of lambent glory stream'd around her head  
I gazed in rapture, love had banish'd dread,  
Even as light the darkness drives away  
Silent awhile ye stood—I could not move,  
Such sweet delight my senses did o'erpower ,  
When, in mild accents of celestial love,  
Thy guardian spoke—'Cherish this opening flower  
With holy love , that so the future hour  
Shall reunite our souls in bliss above.'

**Ebenezer Elliott** (1781-1849) was born of mixed moss-trooper and yeoman ancestry at Masborough, now a suburb of Rotherham, in Yorkshire. A shy and morbid boy, who proved a dull pupil at four different schools, he worked in his father's foundry from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year, and threatened to become a 'sad drunken dog,' till the picture of a prim rose in Sowerby's *Botany* 'led him into the fields, and poetry followed' His *Vernal Walk*, written at sixteen, was published in 1801, to it succeeded *Night* (1818), *The Village Patriarch* (1829), *Corn-law Rhymes and the Ranter* (third ed. 1831), and other volumes He had married early, and sunk all his wife's fortune in his father's business, but in 1821, with a borrowed capital of £100, he started on his own account as a bar iron merchant at Sheffield, and thrrove exceedingly, 'making £20 a day sometimes without stirring from his counting-house, or ever seeing the goods he disposed of' Though in 1837 he lost fully one-third of his savings, still in 1841 he was able to retire with £300 a year to a house of his own building at Great Houghton near Barnsley, and there he died In his poems he saw the poor as miserable and oppressed, and traced most of the evils he deplores to the Corn laws These he affirmed to be 'the cause of all the crime that is committed,' 'agriculturists,' he maintained, 'ought not to live by robbing and murdering the manufacturers' On the other hand, 'Capital has a right to rule the land,' and 'Competition is the great social law of God,' and he was neither anarchist nor collectivist—

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings  
For equal division of unequal earnings

The Corn laws were denounced by him with a vehemence and a harshness of phraseology which most men cannot but feel as repulsive, even when they are recognised as the outcome of the irritated and inverted sympathies of an angry poet, and he had manifestly little or no humour But his vigorous verses helped in no small degree to swell the cry which at length compelled the legislature to abolish all restrictions on the importation of corn

For thee, my country, thee, do I perform,  
Sternly, the duty of a man born free,  
Heedless, though ass and wolf and venomous worm  
Shake ears and sangs, with brandished bray, at me

Elliott's imperfect but real endowment largely redeemed his errors of taste his pictures of humble worth, his descriptions of English scenery, are excellent, he wrote from genuine feeling, and often rose to indisputable eloquence. The Corn-law Rhymer was honoured with critical notices from Southey, Bulwer Lytton, and Wilson, and became for a while almost as truly and popularly the poet of Yorkshire—of its heights, dales, and ‘broad towns’—as Scott was the poet of Tweedside, or Wordsworth of the Lakes

#### To the Bramble Flower

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,  
Wild bramble of the brake !  
So put thou forth thy small white rose ,  
I love it for his sake  
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow  
O'er all the fragrant flowers,  
Thou needst not be ashamed to show  
Thy satin threaded flowers ,  
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,  
That cannot feel how fair,  
Amid all beauty beautiful,  
Thy tender blossoms are !  
How delicate thy guizy frill !  
How rich thy branchy stem !  
How soft thy voice when woods are still,  
And thou sing'st hymns to them ,  
While silent showers are falling slow,  
And 'mid the general hush,  
A sweet air lifts the little bough,  
Lone whispering through the bush !  
The primrose to the grave is gone ,  
The hawthorn flower is dead ,  
The violet by the mossed gray stone  
Hath laid her weary head ,  
But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,  
In all their beauteous power,  
The fresh green days of life's fair spring  
And boyhood's blossomy hour  
Scorned bramble of the brake ! once more  
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,  
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,  
In freedom and in joy

#### The Excursion.

Bone weary, many childed, trouble tried !  
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul !  
Mother of nine that live and two that died !  
This day drink health from nature's mountain bowl ,  
Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control ?  
The buried are not lost, but gone before.  
Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll  
O'er rocks that crowned yon time dark heights of yore,  
Now, tyrant like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more  
  
The young are with us yet, and we with them  
Oh, thank the Lord for all He gives or takes—  
The withered bud, the living flower, or gem !  
And He will bless us when the world forsakes !

Lo ! where thy fisher born, abstracted, takes,  
With his fixed eyes, the trout he cannot see !  
Lo ! starting from his earnest dream, he wakes !  
While our glad Tanny, with roused foot and knee,  
Bears down at Noe's side the bloom bowed hawthorn tree.

Dear children ! when the flowers are full of bees ,  
When sun touched blossoms shed their fragrant snow ,  
When song speaks like a spirit, from the trees  
Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow ,  
When, clear as music, rill and river flow ,  
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er  
By that bright pencil which good spirits know  
Alike in earth and heaven—'tis sweet, once more ,  
Above the sky tinged hills to see the storm bird soar

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,  
Blithe truants in the bright and breeze blessed day ,  
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care  
O'er plums of mischief, till their souls turn gray ,  
And dry as dust, and dead alive are they—  
Of all self buried things the most unblessed  
O Morn ! to them no blissful tribute pay !  
O Night's long courted slumbers ! bring no rest  
To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best !

God ! would they handcuff thee? and, if they could ,  
Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes  
To every field , and bid the warbling wood  
Exchange no music with the willing rose  
For love sweet odours, where the woodbine blows  
And trades with every cloud, and every beam  
Of the rich sky ! Their gods are bonds and blows,  
Rocks, and blind shipwreck , and they hate the stream  
That leaves them still behind, and mocks their change-  
less dream

They know ye not, ye flowers that welcome me,  
Thus glad to meet, by trouble parted long !  
They never saw ye—never may they see  
Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song  
Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong '  
Still, Avarice, starve their souls ! still, lowest Pride,  
Make them the meanest of the basest throng !  
And may they never, on the green hill's side,  
Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride !

Blue Eyebright ! loveliest flower of all that grow  
In flower loved England ! Flower, whose hedge side gaze  
Is like an infant's ! What heart doth not know  
Thee, clustered smiler of the bunk ! where plays  
The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays  
The dazzling rill, companion of the road  
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days  
When hope and love are young ? Oh, come abroad,  
Blue Eyebright ! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave  
Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops  
From many a gray rock's foot and dripping cave ,  
While yonder, lo, the starting stone chat hops !  
While here the cottar's cow its sweet food crops ,  
While black faced ewes and lambs are bleating there ,  
And, bursting through the briars, the wild ass stops—  
Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—  
Then lowers his large red ears and shrikes his long dark  
hair

## Native Genius

O faithful love, by poverty embraced !  
 Thy heart is fire amid a wintry waste ,  
 Thy joys are roses born on Hecla's brow ,  
 Thy home is Eden warm amid the snow ,  
 And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm ,  
 Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form ,  
 E'en as thy taper gives intensest light ,  
 When o'er thy bowed roof darkest falls the night .  
 Oh, if thou e'er hast wronged her, if thou e'er  
 From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear  
 To flow unseen, repent, and sin no more !  
 For richest gems, compared with her, are poor ,  
 Gold, weighed against her heart, is light—is vile ,  
 And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile ?  
 Sighing, ye wake, and sighing, sink to sleep ,  
 And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep  
 (Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dashed o'er ,  
 Another comes, to wet it as before ),  
 Yet while in gloom your freezing day declines ,  
 How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines !  
 Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen ,  
 Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green ,  
 And your broad branches, proud of storm tried strength ,  
 Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length ,  
 And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour ,  
 The ice born fruit, the frost defying flower  
 Let luxury, sickening in profusion's chair ,  
 Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir ,  
 And, while he feeds him, blush and tremble too !  
 But love and labour, blush not, fear not you !  
 Your children—splinters from the mountain's side—  
 With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide  
 Parent of valour, cast away thy fear !  
 Mother of men, be proud without a tear !  
 While round your hearth the woe nursed virtues move ,  
 And all that manliness can ask of love ,  
 I remember Hogarth, and abjure despur ,  
 Remember Arkwright and the peasant Clare  
 Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood notes wild ,  
 And richest Shakespeare was a poor man's child  
 Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil injured ,  
 Endure thine evils as thou hast endured  
 Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice !  
 Hear hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice !  
 See freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise ,  
 And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes !  
 And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue  
 All hearths but thine, let him behold them too ,  
 And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo

Northumbrian vales ! ye saw in silent pride,  
 The pensive brow of lowly Akenside ,  
 When, poor, yet learned, he wandered young and free ,  
 And felt within the strong divinity  
 Scenes of his youth, where first he wooed the Nine ,  
 His spirit still is with you, vales of Tyne !  
 As when he breathed, your blue belled paths along ,  
 The soul of Plato into British song

Born in a lowly hut an infant slept ,  
 Dreamful in sleep, and sleeping, smiled or wept  
 Silent the youth—the man was grave and shy  
 His parents loved to watch his wondering eye  
 And lo ! he waved a prophet's hand, and gave ,  
 Where the winds sour, a pathway to the wave !  
 From hill to hill bade air hung rivers stride ,  
 And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride

O'er grazing herds, lo ! ships suspended sail ,  
 And Brindley's pruse hath wings in every gale !

The worm came up to drink the welcome shower ,  
 The redbreast quaffed the raindrop in the bower ,  
 The flashting duck through freshened lilies swim ,  
 The bright roach took the fly below the dam ,  
 Ramped the glid colt, and cropped the pensile spry ,  
 No more in dust uprose the sultry way ,  
 The lark was in the cloud , the woodbine hung  
 More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung ,  
 And the wild rose, from every dripping bush ,  
 Beheld on silvery Sherif the mirrored blush ,  
 When calmly seated on his pannier ass ,  
 Where travellers hear the steel hiss as they pass ,  
 A milk boy, sheltering from the transient storm ,  
 Chalked on the grinder's wall an infant's form ,  
 Young Chantrey smiled, no critic praised or blamed ,  
 And golden Promise smiled, and thus exclaimed

'Go, child of genius ! rich be thine increase ,  
 Go—be the Phidias of the second Greece !'

## Song from 'Corn-law Rhymes'

Child, is thy father dead ?

Father is gone !

Why did they tax his bread ?

God's will be done !

Mother has sold her bed ,

Better to die than wed !

Where shall she lay her head ?

Home we have none !

Father clamm'd thrice a week ,

God's will be done !

Long for work did he seek ,

Work he found none

Tears on his hollow cheek

Told what no tongue could speak

Why did his master break ?

God's will be done !

Doctor said air was best ,

Food we had none ,

Father, with panting breast ,

Grown'd to be gone

Now he is with the blest—

Mother says death is best !

We have no place of rest—

Yes, ye have one !

There are two poor Lives of Elliott, one by his son in law, John Watkins (1850) and another by 'January Searle (George S. Phillips 1850). See Carlyle's essay for the Edinburgh of July 1832, and Guest's History of Rotherham (1879).

**John Clare**, the peasant poet, was born at Helpstone near Peterborough, 13th July 1793, his father was a helpless cripple and a pauper. John got some education by his own extra work as a plough boy, from the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as paid for a month's schooling. At thirteen he fell in with Thomson's *Seasons*, and hoarded up a shilling to purchase a copy, at daybreak on a spring morning he walked to Stamford—six or seven miles off—to make the purchase, and had to wait till the shops were opened. Returning to his native village with the precious purchase, as he walked through the green glades of Burghley Park he

composed his first piece of poetry, the *Morning Walk*, and this was soon followed by the *Evening Walk* and other verscs. A benevolent exciseman taught writing and arithmetic to the young poet, who continued his obscure but ardent devotion to his rural muse. In 1817, while working at Bridge Casterton in Rutland, he resolved to risk publishing a volume. By hard working day and night he saved a pound to print a prospectus, and a *Collection of Original Trifles* was announced to subscribers, the price not to exceed 3s 6d 'I distributed my papers,' he says, 'but as I could get at no way of pushing them into higher circles than those with whom I was acquainted, they consequently passed off as quietly as if they had been still in my possession, unprinted and unseen.' Seven subscribers in all proposed. But one of the prospectuses led to an acquaintance with Edward Drury, a bookseller in Stamford, and through his mediation the poems were published at London by Taylor and Hessey, who purchased them from Clare for £20. The volume was brought out in January 1820 as *Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant*. The attention of the public was instantly awakened, magazines and reviews were unanimous in his favour, and soon he was in possession of a little fortune. Earl Fitzwilliam sent £100 to his publishers, which, with the like sum advanced by them, was laid out in the purchase of stock, the Marquis of Exeter allowed him an annuity of fifteen guineas for life, Earl Spencer a further annuity of £10, and various other contributions were received, so that the poet had a permanent yearly allowance of £45. He married his 'Pitty of the Vale,' daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and in his native cottage at Helpstone, with his aged and infirm parents and his young wife by his side—all proud of his now successful genius—he basked in the sunshine of poetical felicity. His second venture, *The Village Minstrel and other Poems* (2 vols. 1821), raised his reputation. The first piece, in the Spenserian stanza, describes the scenes, sports, and feelings of rural life—the author himself sitting for the portrait of Lubin, the humble rustic who 'hummed his lowly dreams far in the shade where poverty retires.' Clare contributed short pieces to the annuals and other periodicals more careful and polished in diction, but the poet's prosperity was, alas! soon over. His discretion was not equal to his fortitude—he speculated in farming, wasted his little hoard, and amidst accumulating difficulties sank into nervous despondency and despair. For four years he was an inmate of Dr Allen's private asylum in Epping Forest, whence he escaped only to be taken to the Northampton lunatic asylum, and there he dragged on a miserable existence of twenty years—unvisited by wife, child, or friend, it is said—till May 1864.

Poor Clare's muse was the true offspring of English country life. He was a faithful painter of country scenes and occupations, and he noted

every light and shade of his brooks, meadows, and green lanes. His imagery, drawn straight from nature, is varied and original, there is often a fine delicacy in his pieces, and not seldom he lights on really happy thoughts.

#### What is Life?

And what is Life? An hour glass on the run,  
A mist retreating from the morning sun,  
A busy, hustling, still repeated dream  
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought,  
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,  
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,  
That robs each floweret of its gem—and dies,  
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,  
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unsound?  
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?  
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.  
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?  
Nowhere at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is Life? When stripped of its disguise,  
A thing to be desired it cannot be,  
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes  
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity  
'Tis but a trial all must undergo,  
To teach unthankful mortals how to prize  
That happiness vain man's denied to know,  
Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

#### Summer Morning

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,  
Or list the giggling of the brook,  
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,  
Peruse and pause on nature's book,

When nature every sweet prepares  
To entertain our wished delay—  
The images which morning vears,  
The wakening charms of early day'

Now let me tread the meadow paths,  
Where glittering dew the ground illumines,  
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,  
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,  
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,  
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,  
A hailing minstrel in the sky.

First sunbeam, calling night away  
To see how sweet thy summons seems,  
Split by the willow's wavy grey,  
And sweetly dancing on the streams.

How fine the spider's web is spun,  
Unnoticed to vulgar eyes,  
Its silk thread glittering in the sun  
Art's bungling vanity defies

Roaming while the dewy fields  
'Neath their morning burden lean,  
While its crop my searches shields,  
Sweet I scent the blossomed bean.

Making oft remarking stops,  
Watching tiny nameless things  
Climb the grass's spiry tops  
Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So emerging into light,  
From the ignorant and vain  
Fearful genius takes her flight,  
Skimming o'er the lowly plain

From 'The Woodman.'

Far o'er the dreary fields the woodland lies,  
Rough is the journey which he daily goes,  
The woolly clouds, that hang the frowning skies,  
Keep winnowing down their drifting sleet and snows,  
And thro' his doublet keen the north wind blows,  
While hard as iron the cemented ground,  
And smooth as glass the glubbed pool is froze,  
His nailed boots with clenching tread rebound,  
And dithering echo starts, and mocks the clamping sound

The Primrose

Welcome, pale primrose ! starting up between  
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew  
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,  
Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green,  
How much thy presence beautifies the ground !  
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride  
Glow on the sunny bank and wood's warm side !  
And where thy fury flowers in groups are found,  
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,  
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight  
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,  
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight,  
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring  
The welcome news of sweet returning spring

The Thrush's Nest.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush  
That overhung a molehill, large and round,  
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush  
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound  
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,  
I watched her secret toils from day to day,  
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,  
And modelled it within with wood and clay  
And by and-by, like heath bells gilt with dew,  
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,  
Ink spotted over, shells of green and blue  
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,  
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,  
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky

Dawnings of Genius

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,  
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow grounds—  
That necessary tool of wealth and pride—  
While moiled and sweating, by some pasture's side,  
Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace  
The opening beauties of a dusky's face,  
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,  
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise,  
And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,  
He'll pause and pick his shaped stone and shell  
Raptures the while his inward powers inflame,  
And joys delight him which he cannot name,

Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,  
For which his language can no utterance find,  
Increasing beauties, freshening on his sight,  
Unfold new charms, and witness more delight,  
So while the present please, the past decay,  
And in each other, losing, melt away  
Thus pausing wild on all he saunters by,  
He feels enraptured, though he knows not why,  
And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain,  
And dwells on something which he can't explain  
The bursts of thought with which his soul's perplexed  
Are bred one moment, and are gone the next,  
Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain,  
And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive again  
So have I marked the dying ember's light,  
When on the hearth it faints from my sight,  
With glimmering glow oft redden up again,  
And sparks crack brightening into life in vain,  
Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise,  
Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle dies

Dull burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering heart,  
Its painful pleasing feelings to impart,  
Till by successless sallies wearied quite,  
The memory fails, and Fancy takes her flight  
The wick, confined within its socket, dies,  
Borne down and smothered in a thousand sighs

Clare's Life has been written by Frederick Martin (1865) and J. L. Cherry (1873). His books were bought from his widow and ultimately presented to the Northampton Museum. Mr Norman Gale edited a selection from his poems in 1902

**George Darley** (1795-1846), poet and mathematician, was born in Dublin, and educated there at Trinity College. Against the wishes of his family he took to literature, and launched himself on London, where in 1822 he published *The Errors of Ecstasy*, a blank-verse dialogue between a mystic and a muse. He became one of the able band of writers for the *London Magazine*, started in 1820—"the only clever hand among them," wrote Charles Lamb in 1825—and in its pages, under the pseudonym of John Lacy, his papers on the English dramatists appeared. The same magazine published his best story, *Lilian of the Vale*, which contains the well-known song, 'I've been roaming.' Some other tales were included in the volume of *Labours of Idleness*, issued under the pseudonym of Guy Perceval in 1826. In 1827 appeared *Sylvia, or the May Queen*, mentioned by Lamb in one of his letters as a 'very poetical poem.' Darley afterwards joined the staff of the *Athenaeum*, where he showed himself a severe and captious critic, notably in a savage onslaught on Talfourd's *Ion*. Always shy and recluse in his habits, he was finally a victim of melancholy and nervous depression. His poems *Nepenthe* and *The Lammergeyer* were circulated privately, and his latter years saw the publication of two dramas, *Thomas à Becket* (1840) and *Ethelstan* (1841). Darley was a man of very various accomplishment—a respectable writer on mathematics as well as a keen and erudite critic, and, within a certain range, a true poet. A profound student of the older English literature, he

edited Beaumont and Fletcher's plays in 1840, and so greatly was his style influenced by seventeenth-century models that F T Palgrave inserted in the *Golden Treasury* his beautiful lines beginning, 'It is not Beauty I demand,' as the work of an anonymous writer of that age. His *Nepenthe* was edited by R A. Streatfield in 1897.

#### The Loveliness of Love

It is not Beauty I demand,  
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,  
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,  
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair

Tell me not of your starry eyes,  
Your lips that seem on roses fed,  
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies  
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed —

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks  
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,  
A breath that softer music speaks  
Than summer winds a wooing flowers,

These are but gauds nay, what are lips?  
Coral beneath the ocean stream,  
Whose brink when your adventurer slips  
Full oft he perisheth on them

And what are cheeks but ensigns oft  
That wave hot youth to fields of blood?  
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,  
Do Greece or Ilion any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn,  
Poison can breath, that erst perfumed,  
There's many a white hand holds an urn  
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed

For crystal brows there's nought within,  
They are but empty cells for pride,  
He who the Siren's hair would win  
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,  
A tender heart, a loyal mind  
Which with temptation I would trust,  
Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I  
Could pour my secret heart of woes,  
Like the care burthen'd honey fly  
That hedes his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter! whose love  
So indefeasible might be  
That, when my spirit wonn'd above,  
Hers could not stay, for sympathy

#### Antiquity

Antiquity, thou Titan born!  
That rear'st thee, in stupendous scorn  
At all succession, from thy bed  
On prime earth's firm foundation spread,  
And look'st with dim but settled eye  
O'er thy deep lap, within whose span  
Layer upon layer sepulchred lie  
Whole generations of frail man!

That steady glare not fierce simoom,  
Blasting with his hot pinion blinds,  
Nor floods of dust thy corse entomb,  
Heaped o'er thee by the sexton winds!  
Nor temple, tower, nor ponderous town  
Built on thy grave can keep thee down,  
But still thou rear'st thee in thy scorn,  
Antiquity, thou Titan born,  
To crush our souls with that dim frown!

(From *Nepenthe*)

#### A Mystic's Monologue

Why then, when all is still, wilt thou not rest,  
My soul, and drink th' oblivion of the scene?  
Is't not the type of man's eternal state?  
The symbol of futurity—that safe retreat,  
Which pitiful Mercy gave for all our woes?  
Why then not taste anticipative joy?

Joy!—joy!—what joy?—Is joy, defect of woe,  
Such as vacuity of sense affords?—  
What joy—if sleep indeed be temporal death,  
Its symbol and its type? Sleep is not joy!  
'Tis imperceptible! Certainly Nor woe!  
What is it, then? Mental annihilation—  
And death, its antitype, is nothing more

Annihilation!—dark!—and everlasting!—  
Why, this were well! I could exchange for this  
O' how I long to throw this passion off!—  
And what so prompt? so near? The pilfering breeze,  
That robs the scented valley of its sweets  
And ravishes the poor, defenceless flowers,  
Wing'd by velleity, can scarce o'er-sweep  
A few poor measures of the earth, in th' hour  
'Tis swift'st, while I—by a little, little step,  
And shrewd addition of the coffin sheet,  
To keep me from the shivering touch of earth,  
Can pass—from world to world! This is most well.

To stand—thus pinion'd, on the outside brink  
Of the fool's horror, the dull cave of death,  
That hides away the fleering heavens—the gaze  
Of pitiless hearted pitiers,—to stand—  
Loaden with weighty griefs and sallow cares,  
Press'd by misfortunes innate and acquired,  
And ere youth's rose hath summer'd on its stalk,  
Turn'd to a wretched weed, wither'd and pale,  
Stung by a venomous blast that bites my core,  
Sickness—which binds me with an aching crown,  
Encircling with its drowsy weight my head,  
Last, Poverty, upon a carrion steed,  
Cheering his bleak dogs, Hunger and Nakedness,  
With slaughter red mouths, and sharp, remorseless fangs,  
To tear my flesh, to strip my houseless form,  
Lap my cold blood, and hunt me to my grave—  
To stand, I say—this world upon my back,  
Galling my unatlantic shoulders, these fell dogs  
Close at my heels pursuing—and the next  
Small fluxion of the longitude of time,  
My burthen hurl'd, back to th' injurious skies,  
My grim tormentors bassled in the teeth,  
To rest in senseless quiet, joyless ease,  
In the short compass that a corpse can measure,  
Laid stretch'd upon th' eternal bed of silence,  
Pent up in futile boards or chok'd with clay  
Excellent! Ha! ha! ha! ha!  
I'll do't! I'll do't!—

—Why, what a fool was I  
To whine, and weep, and play with tribulation,  
When th' cure lies in a phial or a pill !  
Now, now, ye hideous band, ye coward crew,  
That bend your horrors on a wretch like me,  
Where's your dominion now? your terrors where?  
Down with that sceptre, thou tyrannic fool,  
That sways it o'er my health ! Stand back—stand back,  
Yellow eyed Melancholy and black Despair,  
The gulf is at your foot ! And thou, thin Poverty,  
Charm off thy dogs, and pull thy courser's neck  
Down to his knee ! Insatiate ! what? wilt follow me  
From yon dread cliff that breaks the midway air  
Into yon gorge ? Perdition gapes beneath,  
And stretches wider its immoderate jaws  
For thee and these.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !  
Have I appall'd thee, fiend ?

Dar'st thou not follow me?

'Tis well ! Begone !

There is your cease There my redemption lies  
I'll leap't ! though sooty hell should grin beneath,  
Or thunder roll above, to shake the Mercy seat !

Hu ! what a chain was there ! Hell—Thunder—God !—  
Yes, God ! God ! The calculating atheist  
Who reckons on the sleeping bolts of Heav'n,  
Under the tremor of whose cloudy bed  
Minor impiety doth walk unblasted,  
Whispers 'There is no God'—and trembles  
There is a God ! This truth, the gilded heav'ns,  
Where numberless immensurable bodies roll,  
Systems on systems, universe on universe,  
Each comprehending an ubiquity,  
And all, swung round the centre of infinity  
By the dread impulse of Omnipotence—  
Omnipotence declare ! This truth, dumb Earth  
Speaks out ! and Ocean, o'er its undulant flood,  
O'er roaring eddies swallowing the mad billows,  
And hollow rocks beaten with resonant echoes,  
This truth—borne on the plural voice o' the waves—  
Mountain back'd Ocean, heaving to the shout,  
Prolongs in doubling thunders round its vasty shores.

(From *The Errors of Ecstasy*)

**Thomas Lovell Beddoes** was born at Clifton, 20th July 1803, the eldest son of a well-known physician, by a sister of Maria Edgeworth. From Bath grammar school he passed in 1817 to the Charterhouse, and thence in 1820 to Pembroke College, Oxford. In 1821 he published *The Improvisatore*, which he afterwards sedulously suppressed, and in 1822 *The Brides' Tragedy*, which attracted some notice, and gained him Bryan Waller Procter's friendship. In 1825 he went to Gottingen to study medicine, and thenceforth led a strange wandering life, as doctor and democrat, in Germany and Switzerland, with only three visits to England. At Basel, eight months before, he had tried to bleed himself to death, and had in consequence lost a leg, when on 26th January 1849 he poisoned himself with curari—Mr Gosse first revealed the story. From 1825 Beddoes was engaged at intervals in the composition of a drama, *Death's Jest-book*, which, with poems and a Memoir by his friend

T F Kelsall, appeared in two posthumous volumes (1850–51). His dramas exhibit no power of characterisation, no ability in the conduct of a plot, but the fullness of thought and image, the tone of music, and the depth of colour are marvellous. 'The power of the man,' said Browning, 'is immense and irresistible.' His lyrics, 'If thou wilt ease thine heart' and 'If there were dreams to sell,' are amongst his triumphs.

#### Wolfram's Dirge

If thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then sleep, dear, sleep,  
And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes,  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea wave washes  
The rim o' the sun to morrow,  
In eastern sky

But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then die, dear, die,  
'Tis deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming  
With folded eye,  
And there alone, amid the beaming  
Of Love's stars, thou 'lt meet her  
In eastern sky

#### Dream-Pedlary

If there were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy ?  
Some cost a passing bell,  
Some a light sigh,  
That shakes from Life's fresh crown  
Only a rose leaf down  
If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rung the bell,  
What would you buy ?

A cottage lone and still,  
With bowers nigh,  
Shadowy, my woes to still,  
Until I die  
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown  
Fain would I shake me down  
Were dreams to have at will,  
This would best heal my ill,  
This would I buy

But there were dreams to sell  
Ill didst thou buy,  
Life is a dream, they tell,  
Waking, to die  
Dreaming a dream to prize,  
Is wishing ghosts to rise,  
And, if I had the spell  
To call the burned well,  
Which one would I ?

If there are ghosts to raise,  
What shall I call,  
Out of hell's murky haze,  
Heaven's blue pall ?

Raise my loved long lost boy  
To lead me to his joy —  
There are no ghosts to raise,  
Out of death lead no ways,  
Vain is the call  
  
Knowst thou not ghosts to sue?  
No love thou hast  
Else lie, as I will do,  
And breathe thy last  
So out of Life's fresh crown  
Fall like a rose leaf down  
Thus are the ghosts to woo,  
Thus are all dreams made true,  
Ever to last!

**Dirge**

No tears, no sighings, no despair,  
No trembling dewy smile of care,  
No mourning weeds,  
Nought that discloses  
A heart that bleeds,  
But looks contented I will bear,  
And o'er my cheeks strew roses  
Unto the world I may not weep,  
But save my sorrow all, and keep  
A secret heart, sweet soul, for thee,  
As the great earth and swelling sea—  
\* \* \* \*

**A Crocodile**

Hard by the lilyed Nile I saw  
A dusky river-dragon stretched along,  
The brown habergeon of his limbs enamelled  
With sanguine almandines and rainy pearl  
And on his back there lay a young one sleeping,  
No bigger than a mouse, with eyes like beads,  
And a small fragment of its speckled egg  
Remaining on its harmless, pulpy snout,  
A thing to laugh at, as it gaped to catch  
The baulking, merry flies. In the iron jaws  
Of the great devil beast, like a pale soul  
Fluttering in rocky hell, lightsomely flew  
A snowy troculus, with roseate beak.  
Tearing the hairy leeches from his throat.

**'Bona de Mortuis'**

Ay, ay 'good man,' 'kind father,' 'best of friends'—  
These are the words that grow, like grass and nettles,  
Out of dead men, and speckled hatreds hide,  
Like toads, among them

Mr Gosse edited Beddoes's Poems in 1890, and his Letters in 1894.

**Robert Montgomery** (1807–55) was even in his own time generally known as 'Satan Montgomery,' not from any reflection on his character—for he was a much-respected and beloved clergyman, nor from any presumed affinity with the Satanic school—since he stood at the literary and theological antipodes, but from the ill-omened name of his most famous poem, and an amiable desire to distinguish him from the even more universally respected James Montgomery 'Satan' had indeed no hereditary right to the name of Montgomery, having been unfortunate in the circumstances of his birth. The natural son of a

clown in the Bath theatre and of a local school-mistress, he was originally called by his father's name of Gomery till he himself thought well to expand it, for the greater dignity, into the more aristocratic Montgomery, after having begun at a Bath school to distinguish himself by verses that brought him local credit. At seventeen he founded a short-lived weekly paper, at twenty he published *The Stage-Coach*, a poem, and *The Age Reviewed*, a satire on his own times. Next came *The Omnipresence of the Deity* (1828), which inside a year ran through eight editions. A volume containing *A Universal Prayer*, *Death*, *A Vision of Heaven*, and *A Vision of Hell* was treated by Bowles, Crabbe, and Southey as the work of a poet of promise. *The Puffiad* was accepted as smart satire, the publication of *Satan, or Intellect without God* (1830), was the crisis of his fortunes. The thesis was highly approved by pious people, and the poem ran rapidly through several editions. Then arose Macaulay in the might of his wrath, and volunteered to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* to do the best satire could accomplish towards annihilating 'a wretched poetaster of the name of Montgomery, who has written some volumes of detestable verses on religious subjects,' which had had an immense sale through puffing and what we would now call log rolling. The review undertaken in this spirit (April 1830) hardly attempted an 'appreciation' of the work, it is remarkable neither for insight nor fair-play. But as a characteristic specimen of a scathing exposure of actual demerits, Macaulay's skilful and brilliant and effective piece of destructive criticism has become an English classic, and as surely as many of the minor poets of Pope's time are remembered only as they appear in his pillory, so certainly is Robert Montgomery known to new generations by Macaulay's representation of him. But it did not at once kill Montgomery's popularity. The *Omnipresence of the Deity* reached a twenty-eighth edition before the middle of the century, and selections from his works were repeatedly reissued.

In the year of the denunciatory review Montgomery went up to Lincoln College and became duly hall marked B.A. (1833) and M.A. of Oxford. His ordination (1835) and probation as curate were followed by a call to an Episcopal chapel in Glasgow (1836), from 1843 till his death he served a chapel in St Pancras parish. He was a popular preacher, and devoted himself mainly to pastoral and philanthropic work, the only nimeworthy poems after *Oxford* (1831) being *The Messiah* (1832) and *Woman, the Angel of Life, and other Poems* (1833).

Montgomery's Devil is unlike Luther's, Milton's, Fielding's, Goethe's, Huff's, Marie Corelli's, in many things, and amongst others in that the whole poem of over five thousand lines is one continuous monologue by Satan himself—continuous save for the formal division into three books. And the

sentiments, so far from being like what one might expect from the Prince of Darkness, are for the most part eminently worthy of a sound Christian divine, nine-tenths of the opinions put into Satan's mouth are doubtless those actually cherished by Montgomery in his own proper character. In the first book Satan takes a hasty survey of the inhabited world, from China, Babylonia, and Egypt to America, making a few suitable remarks on each country, partly descriptive, partly critical. In Spain the Inquisition is commented on unfavourably, in France the excesses of the Revolution, in the United States slavery. Only very rarely the Fallen Angel recalls the fact that he had seen better days. He somewhat more frequently hints, as in the second book, that he now finds his account in vice and crime, yet in discussing ambition, pride, envy, vaance, selfishness, vengeance, hypocrisy, and their evil consequences, he says very much what every good man with a turn for blank verse might say. The third book deals more specifically with the seamy side of English civilisation, progress, commerce, and society—with luxury, selfishness, the trampling down of the poor by those in haste to be rich, the vice of the Court, the shallowness and falseness of social circles, and ‘the dark mysteries of life,’ and only now and again comes a hint that this state of things is more favourable for the schemes of hell than the maintenance in England of a ‘paradisal’ purity. A sketch of the Creation, the fall of man, and the scheme of redemption is given incidentally. Many of the observations are shrewd, the reflections are often relevant and sensible, and the criticisms just. Occasionally there is eloquence and a certain vigour and felicity of expression and rhythmical swing. There are occasional passages distantly resembling Thomson's *Seasons*, and many much in the key of Pollok's *Course of Time*. But the plan involves inevitable tedium, there is material for many, many edifying sermons, a good deal that is (or is very like) poetry, and not a little bathos, intensified by a free use of the ‘poetic diction’ Wordsworth's soul abhorred, and by such locutions as ‘twinkless stars’ for stars that are not shining, ‘sumless angels’ for the innumerable host, ‘widless (unaided), kindless (unkind), viewless, tombless, &c. There is endless repetition, sunrise and sunset, twilight and moonlight, are described over and over again, and Montgomery rings the changes on such phrases as ‘darkly wild,’ ‘fiercely wild,’ &c. In the dedication he hopes his song may ‘not unawake a gentle sigh.’ Yet there are many passages that explain how *Satan* passed through many editions while the *Course of Time* was still popular.

#### Satan's View of England.

Heaven favour'd land! of grandeur, and of gloom,  
Of mountain pomp, and majesty of hills,  
Though other climates boast, in thee supreme  
A beauty and a gentleness abound,

Here all that can soft worship claim, or tone  
The sweet sobriety of tender thought,  
Is thine the sky of blue intensity,  
Or charm'd by sunshine into picture clouds,  
That make bright landscapes when they blush abroad,—  
The dingle grey, and wooded copse, with hut  
And hamlet, nestling in the bosky vale,  
And spires brown peeping o'er the ancient elms,  
And steepled cities, faint and far away,  
With all that bird and meadow, brook and gale,  
Impart,—are mingled for admiring eyes  
That love to banquet on thy blissful scene

#### Satan describes the Sunset

But lo! the day declines, and to his throne  
The sun is wheeling. Wilt a world of pomp  
The heavens put on in homage to his power?  
Romance hath never hung a richer sky,—  
Or sea of sunshine, o'er whose aureate deep  
Triumphal barks of beauteous foam career,  
As though the clouds held festival, to hail  
Their god of glory to his western home  
And now the earth is mirror'd on the skies!  
While lakes and valleys, drown'd in dewy light,  
And rich delusions, dazzlingly array'd,  
Form, float, and die in all their phantom joy  
At length the Sun is throned, but from his face  
A flush of beauty o'er Creation flows,  
That brightens into rapturous firewell!  
Then faints to paleness, for the day hath sunk  
Beneath the waters, dash'd with ruby dyes,  
And Twilight in her nun-like meekness comes,  
The air is fragrant with the soul of flowers,  
The breeze comes panting like a child it play,  
While birds, day worn, are couched in leafy bower,  
And, calm as clouds, the sunken billows sleep  
The dimness of a dream o'er Nature steals,  
Yet billows it, a hush'd enchantment reigns,  
The mountains to a mass of mellowing shade  
Are turn'd, and stand like temples of the night,  
While field and forest, fading into gloom,  
Depart, and rivers whisper sounds of fear—  
A dying pause, as if th' Almighty moved  
In shadow o'er his works, hath solemnised  
The world!—

#### An English National Rejoicing

How gloriously the festive bells resound!  
Pealing their gladness through the azure night,  
As though the triumph of ten thousand hearts  
In full voiced chorus shook the starry air,  
And made it joyous music! Now they swell  
Aloft, in one tempestuous wave of sound,  
Then faintly die, like war notes on the wind,  
Then on again! with an ecstatic roar,  
Thrilling the empire with a brave delight

England hath laid her sceptre on the deep,  
And with her thunder chased her ocean foes  
Like leaves before the breathing of a blast!  
England hath rear'd her banners on the plain  
Of battle, Victory waved them, and the world  
Again shall echo with her haughty name  
And hence a stormy rupture shakes the isle,  
Hence the loud music of her hollow fanes,  
Whether in cities emulously tower'd  
Among the skies, or in lone hamlets seen,—

Still pouring out the language of the land,  
With all those pageantries, and fiery pomps  
That hang and glitter from her window'd piles,  
Emblazèd with mottoes, and triumphal scenes

Not one to whom the name of country clings  
With spelling fondness but this hour adores  
The old men feel the sunshine of far youth  
Returning, fresh as when the hero glow'd  
The young,—lip, eye, and daring heart, are stirr'd,  
Their very blood seems rippled with delight,  
So deep the fullness of this warlike joy  
Yea, hollow cheeks of Sickness, and the brows  
Of Poverty, and lean faced Want itself,  
Forget their nature in a share of fame !

#### The Other Side

Hither, thou frantic Bacchancal ! whose voice  
Rings loudest, stand upon the hoof scarr'd heath,  
And say if Heaven on such a scene can smile  
Here, deep as in thine own exulting land,  
Night reigns, but not with noon like azure crown'd,  
While starry sympathies, all gaily bright,  
Look down on gladness but with sullen calm,  
Where Weariness hath toned the wind, and stars  
Are mournful watchers o'er the trodden dead,  
In tombless havoc writhing on the plain  
Each heart that's cold, to other hearts was chain'd,  
Whose links were out of years of fondness framed.  
Each eye, now darken'd with eclipsing death,  
Once beam'd the sun of happiness and home,  
Each of the dead hath flung a shade o'er life,  
Henceforth to be a feast for agony  
Mark where the moon her glimm'ring languor throws,  
What death romance ! what visions of the slum !—  
One calmly brow'd, as though his native trees  
Had waved their beauty o'er his dying head,  
Another marred with agonising lines,  
And dreams of home, yet ling'ring in his face.  
Now go, and sing the splendour of the war !  
Go, tell the fortress of the brave and free,  
How beautiful her patriotic roar  
Of Victory, shouting o'er the new made dead,  
Like Madness, when she hoots a murderous joy  
So shall a war fame flourish ever green,  
And laurell'd History be trumpet tongued,  
To fire Ambition with a bloody thirst,  
And keep the world a slaughter house for man !

#### Satan in London

But hail, thou city giant of the world !  
Thou that dost scorn a canopy of clouds,  
But in the dimness of eternal smoke  
For ever rising like an ocean steam,  
Dost mantle thine immensity, how vast  
And wide thy wonderful array of domes,  
In dusky masses staring at the skies !  
Time was, and dreary solitude was here,  
When night black woods, unvisited by man,  
In howling conflict wrestled with the winds.  
But now, the storm roll of immingled life  
Is heard, and, like a roaring furnace, fills  
With living sound the airy reach of miles !  
Thou more than Rome ! for never from her heart  
Such universe awaking spirit pour'd  
As emanates from thine The mighty globe  
Is fever'd by thy name, a thousand years,

And silence hath not known thee ! What a weight  
Of awfulness will doomsday from thy scene  
Derive, and when the blasting trumpet smites  
All cities to destruction, who will sink  
Sublime, with such a thunder crash as thou !

Myriads of domes, and temples huge, or high,  
And thickly wedded, like the ancient trees  
That in unviolated forests frown,  
Myriads of streets, whose river windings flow  
With viewless billows of unwearied sound,  
Myriads of hearts in full commotion mix'd,  
From morn to noon, from noon to night again,  
Through the wide realm of whirling passion borne,—  
And there is London, England's heart and soul  
By the proud flowing of her famous Thames  
She circulates through countless lands and isles  
Her greatness, gloriously she rules,  
At once the awe and sceptre of the world

#### Satan describes the Opera.

The second are a sensual tribe,  
Convened to hear romantic harlots sing  
On forms to banquet a lascivious gaze,  
While the bright perfidy of wanton eyes  
Through brain and spirit darts delicious fire.

#### Satan sympathises

In a lone chamber, on a tatter'd couch  
A dying painter lies His brow shows young  
And noble, lines of beauty on his face  
Yet linger, in his eye of passion gleams  
A soul, and on his cheek a spirit light  
Is playing, with that proud sublimity  
Of thought, that yields to death but gives to Time  
A Fame that will avenge his wrongs, and write  
Their history in her canonised roll  
Of martyrs —be it for his epitaph,  
He lived for genius, and for genius died !  
So sad and lone !—wall'd in by misery,  
With none to smooth his couch, or shed the tear  
That softens pain,—uncheer'd, unwept, unknown,  
And famish'd by the want of many days,—  
Hither, Ambition, wisdom breathes in woe

#### The Felon's Death.

##### To die

A malefactor's death,—to be the gaze,  
The damned, hideous, and detested gaze  
Of thousands, staring out their hungry eyes  
To glut their wonder, while on tiptoe placed,  
To see the spirit gasping from his throat,  
And chronicle his agony, to live  
A ballad hero, in the creaking rhymes  
Of vagabonds, and have his felon name  
From lip to lip thus vilely bandied out,  
For vulgar warning,—O ye sinless days  
Of childhood, O ye hours of love and home,  
And summer dreams, by haunted wood or wild,  
And blessings nightly murmur'd from the lip  
Of parents,—glory of remember'd days !

Of Macaulay's famous review fully a half concerns dishonest reviewers and reviewing in general In the other he seeks rather laboriously to convict Montgomery of plagiarising from Dryden Pope, Crabbe, Campbell, Scott, and Byron, does certainly not quote his best passages, and contemptuously and somewhat hypercritically dissects his mixed metaphors and bombastic phrases.

**Thomas Haynes Bayly** (1797-1839), author of 'We met—'twas in a Crowd,' and hundreds of other popular songs, was the son of a wealthy Bath lawyer, had girls and baronets for cousins, and, as his biographer expressly says, 'was nurtured in the lap of luxury.' From Winchester he passed into his father's office, then spent three years at Oxford with a vague view to the Church, but in 1826 married a pretty Irish wife and became a popular poet. Unhappily his own fortune and his wife's were sunk in unprofitable speculations he had to live by literature, and wrote too much, sometimes manifestly against the grain, and spite of his popularity, misfortune and ill health dogged his steps in his later years. 'I'd be a Butterfly' was one of his first successes, *The Aylmers* and *A Legend of Killarney* were his principal stories in prose. Of his thirty-six dramatic pieces, a few may yet be read with a little patience, but even *Perfection*, produced by Madame Vestris, is forgotten—still more *The Proof of the Pudding* and *Tom Noddy's Secret*. But most people familiar with collections of 'Standard English Songs' carry in their heads a small anthology of his lyrics—'The Soldier's Tear,' 'She wore a Wreath of Roses,' 'O no, we never mention her,' 'We met—'twas in a Crowd,' 'Gaily the Troubadour touched his Guitar,' 'Shrubs of Evening, close not o'er us,' 'I'm saddest when I sing,' 'Lilla's a Lady,' 'I'll hang my Harp on a Willow Tree,' and 'The Mistletoe Bough.' He was probably the most successful song-writer of the age next to Moore—his songs and short poems count by hundreds, for some of his songs he composed the tunes (notably 'The Troubadour' and 'We met') But Sir Henry Bishop set about a hundred and twenty of them to music, and other distinguished and popular composers—Balfe, Sir John Stevenson, Calcott, Barnett, J P Knight, C E Horn, T Cooke—were glad to associate their melodies with his verse. Some of his best were translated into Latin (by Archdeacon Wrangham), French, German, Spanish, and Italian. Yet the bulk of his songs are now unsung and unread, and there are well-appointed modern libraries that have no copy of the poems of one whom a contemporary French critic pronounced the English Anacreon. In many, doubtless, spite of unmistakable distinctness, metrical ease, and sprightliness, the sentiment was too sentimental, the ecstasy of joy and grief a shade conventional even when it was the expression of a real and sincere feeling. Of his innumerable society verses, the titles and subjects show that the interest was trifling, the wit forced or commonplace—'This is my eldest Daughter, sir,' 'My Wife is very musical,' 'Not at Home,' 'I must come out next Spring, Mamma,' 'The Black-ball'd Min,' 'The Old Bachelor,' and the persistency about rouging, false teeth, elegant shoes and corns, the effect of dances and of seasickness on ladies' complexions, is a little tiresome.

some, and at times not quite impeccable on the score of good taste. Priyors, elegies, verses, and other like solemnities are rarely but oddly mixed on the same page with jingles about county bulls, picnics, Lord and Lady Hognorton, and other frivolities. But there is a vein of real and stern satire in 'The Absentee,' written against heartless Irish landlords in the time of the Famine.

And own that Erin is too fair for thee,  
Deserter! Renegade! and Absentee!

and the pathos, tenderness, and serious reflection, are often, but not always, quite genuine, spontaneous, and natural, though seldom able to stir other hearts.

#### Old Age sits bent on his Iron-gray Steed.

Old age sits bent on his iron gray steed  
Youth rides erect on his courser black  
And little he thinks, in his reckless speed,  
Old age comes on in the very same track!  
Though one seems strong as the forest tree,  
The other infirm and wanting Lireth,  
If ever youth baffles old age, 'twill be  
By rushing into the arms of death

And youth will quaff, and youth will feast,  
His lagging foe he'll still deride,  
Until, when he expects him least,  
Old age and he stand side by side  
He then looks into his toilet glass,  
And sees old age reflected there,  
He cries, 'Alas! how quickly pass  
Bright eyes, and bloom, and raven hair!'

#### Of what is the Old Man thinking?

Of what is the old man thinking,  
As he leans on his oaken staff?  
From the midday pasture shrinking,  
He shares not the merry laugh  
But the tears of the old man flow,  
As he looks on the young and gay  
And his gray herd, moving slow,  
Keeps time to the air they play  
The elder around are drinking,  
But not one cup will he quaff,  
Oh! of what is the old man thinking,  
As he leans on his oaken staff?

'Tis not with a vain repining  
That the old man sheds a tear,  
'Tis not for his strength declining  
He sighs not to linger here  
There's a spell in the air they play,  
And the old man's eyes are dim,  
For it calls up a past My d—  
And the dear friends lost to him  
From the scene before him shrinking,  
From the dance and the merry laugh,  
Of their calm repose he is thinking  
As he leans on his oaken staff

**Lord Harry has written a Novel**  
Lord Harry has written a Novel,  
A story of elegant life  
No stuff about love in a hotel,  
No sketch of a commoner's wife

No trash such as pathos and passion,  
Fine feelings, expression, and wit,  
But all about people of fashion  
Come look at his caps, how they fit

Oh Radcliffe ! thou once wert the charmer  
Of girls who sat reading all night,  
Thy heroes were striplings in armour,  
Thy heroines damsels in white

But past are thy terrible touches,  
Our hips in derision we curl,  
Unless we are told how a Duchess  
Convers'd with her cousin the Earl.

We now have each dialogue quite full  
Of titles—' I give you my word,  
My Lady, you're looking delightful,'  
' Oh dear ! do you think so, my Lord ?'

' You've heard of the Marquis's marriage,  
The bride with her jewels new set,  
Four horses, new traveling carriage,  
And *déjeuner à la fourchette*'

*Haut Ton* finds her privacy broken,  
We trace all her *ins* and her *outs*,  
The very small talk that is spoken  
By very great people at routs.

At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of  
The book from the Innkeeper's wife,  
And reads till she dreams she is one of  
The leaders of elegant life

Baileys works were edited by his widow, with a Memoir (2 vols. 1843), and see Andrew Lang's *Essays in Little* (1891).

**John Abercrombie** (1780–1844), after Dr Gregory's death the chief consulting physician in Scotland, secured extraordinary credit as an author by two works on *The Intellectual Powers* (1830) and *The Moral Feelings* (1833), without psychological value or philosophical insight, but substantially 'sound' and enlivened by illustrations from pathological mental cases. The son of one of the ministers of Aberdeen, he studied there and at Edinburgh, where from 1804 onwards he rose to eminence in his profession. He wrote also books on the pathology of the brain and of the stomach, and a volume of *Essays and Tracts*.

**Sir David Brewster** (1781–1868), born at Jedburgh, was educated for the Church of Scotland at the University of Edinburgh, but his nervousness disqualifying him for a clerical career, he became editor in 1802 of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and in 1808 of the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. He was already deep in optics, the kaleidoscope was invented by him in 1816, and in 1843 and 1844 he improved Wheatstone's cumbrous stereoscope by means of refracting lenses. One of the chief originators of the British Association (1831), in 1815 he was elected F R S and Copley medallist, in 1818 the Rumford medal was awarded him for his discoveries on the polarisation of light, in 1832 he was knighted, and had a pension conferred upon him, in 1838 he was appointed Principal at St Andrews, in 1849

he was elected a foreign associate of the French Institute, and he was Principal of Edinburgh University from 1859 till the last year of his life. Among his works were an edition of Legendre's *Geometry*, translated by Thomas Carlyle (1822), the standard *Life of Newton* (1828, enlarged ed. 1855), *Letters on Natural Magic*, addressed to Sir Walter Scott (1831), *Martyrs of Science* (1841), *More Worlds than One* (1854), and treatises on the kaleidoscope and various subjects in optics. *The Home Life of Brewster*, by his daughter, Mrs Gordon (1869, 3rd ed. 1881), is a worthy monument to him.

**Michael Faraday** (1791–1867) was born, a blacksmith's son, at Newington Butts near London, and at thirteen was apprenticed to a bookbinder. He began early to make experiments in chemistry and electricity, and, attending Sir Humphry Davy's lectures, took notes which he transmitted to Sir Humphry, desiring his assistance to 'escape from trade and enter into the service of science.' By Davy he was appointed chemical assistant in the Royal Institution in 1813, in 1827 he succeeded to Davy's chair of Chemistry there, and he was made F R S in 1824, D C L in 1832. In 1831 the first series of his *Experimental Researches in Electricity and Physics* was read before the Royal Society—a work which was continued to 1856. For many years he gave lectures at the Royal Institution, eminently popular from the happy simplicity of his style and his successful illustrations, in spite of the fact that the subjects were far from simple or at first sight attractive. He was not merely one of the greatest of discoverers in the realm of physics, but one of the most successful popularisers of science, and well deserved the pension granted in 1835. He was a simple, gentle, cheerful man of genius, a Sandemanian of strong religious feeling and unassuming manners. Tyndall pronounced Faraday the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen, and classified his principal discoveries under four heads—magneto electric induction, the chemical phenomena of the current, the magnetisation of light ('which,' said Tyndall, 'I should liken to the Weisshorn among mountains—high, beautiful, and alone'), and diamagnetism. Other physicists credit him with at least a dozen discoveries of the first importance in these departments of research. In Faraday's opinion, it required twenty years of work to make a man in physical science, the previous period being one of infancy. While lecturing before a private society on the element chlorine, Faraday made a memorable remark: 'Before leaving this subject I will point out the history of this substance, as an answer to those who are in the habit of saying to every new fact, "What is its use?" Dr Franklin says to such, "What is the use of an infant?" The answer of the experimentalist is, "Endeavour to make it useful." Among his famous works were his lectures on *The Non-metallic Elements* and *The*

*Chemical History of a Candle, and the profound treatise on The Various Forces in Nature*

From 'The Chemical History of a Candle'

What is all this process going on within us which we cannot do without, either day or night, which is so provided for by the Author of all things that He has arranged that it shall be independent of all will? If we restrain our respiration, as we can to a certain extent, we should destroy ourselves. When we are asleep, the organs of respiration, and the parts that are associated with them, still go on with their action, so necessary is this process of respiration to us, this contact of air with the lungs. I must tell you, in the briefest possible manner, what this process is. We consume food the food goes through that strange set of vessels and organs within us, and is brought into various parts of the system, into the digestive parts especially, and alternately the portion which is so changed is carried through our lungs by one set of vessels, while the air that we inhale and exhale is drawn into and thrown out of the lungs by another set of vessels, so that the air and the food come close together, separated only by an exceedingly thin surface the air can thus act upon the blood by this process, producing precisely the same results in kind as we have seen in the case of the candle. The candle combines with parts of the air, forming carbonic acid, and evolves heat, so in the lungs there is this curious, wonderful change taking place. The air entering, combines with the carbon (not carbon in a free state, but, as in this case, placed ready for action at the moment), and makes carbonic acid, and is so thrown out into the atmosphere, and thus this singular result takes place we may thus look upon the food as fuel. Let me take that piece of sugar, which will serve my purpose. It is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, similar to a candle, as containing the same elements, though not in the same proportion [The figures were shown in a table.] This is indeed a very curious thing, which you can well remember, for the oxygen and hydrogen are in exactly the proportions which form water, so that sugar may be said to be compounded of 72 parts of carbon and 99 parts of water, and it is the carbon in the sugar that combines with the oxygen carried in by the air in the process of respiration, so making us like candles, producing these actions, warmth, and far more wonderful results besides, for the sustenance of the system, by a most beautiful and simple process. To make this still more striking, I will take a little sugar, or to hasten the experiment I will use some syrup, which contains about three fourths of sugar and a little water. If I put a little oil of vitriol on it, it takes away the water, and leaves the carbon in a black mass. You see how the carbon is coming out, and before long we shall have a solid mass of charcoal, all of which has come out of sugar. Sugar, as you know, is food, and here we have absolutely a solid lump of carbon where you would not have expected it. And if I make arrangements so as to oxidise the carbon of sugar, we shall have a much more striking result. Here is sugar, and I have here an oxidiser—a quicker one than the atmosphere, and so we shall oxidise this fuel by a process different from respiration in its form, though not different in its kind. It is the combustion of the carbon by the contact of oxygen which the body has supplied to it. If I set this into action at once, you will see combustion produced

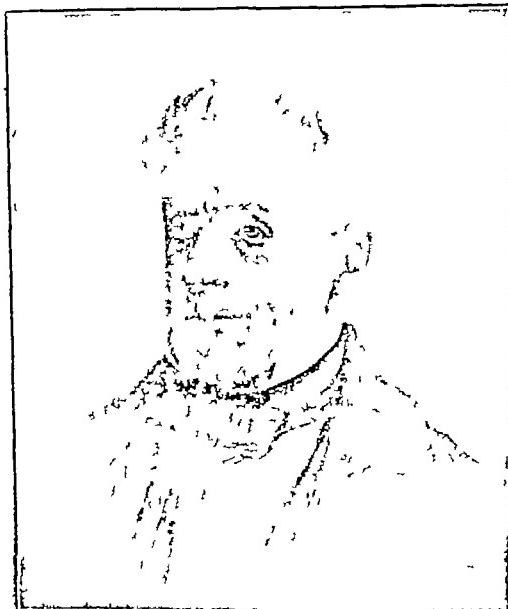
Just what occurs in my lungs—taking in oxygen from another source, namely, the atmosphere—takes place here by a more rapid process

You will be astonished when I tell you what this curious play of carbon amounts to. A candle will burn some four, five, six, or seven hours. What, then, must be the daily amount of carbon going up into the air in the way of carbonic acid! What a quantity of carbon must go from each of us in respiration! What a wonderful change of carbon must take place under these circumstances of combustion or respiration! A man in twenty four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid, a milch cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse seventy nine ounces, solely by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty four hours burns seventy nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration, to supply his natural warmth in that time. All the warm blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon, not in a free state, but in a state of combination. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere! As much as five million pounds, or 548 tons, of carbonic acid is formed by respiration in London alone in twenty four hours. And where does all this go? Up into the air. If the carbon had been like the lead which I showed you, or the iron which, in burning, produces a solid substance, what would happen? Combustion could not go on. As charcoal burns it becomes a vapour, and passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier for conveying it away to other places. Then what becomes of it? Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration, which seems so injurious to us (for we cannot breathe air twice over), is the very life and support of plants and vegetables that grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface, in the great bodies of water, for fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air.

The standard Life was that by Dr Bence Jones (2 vols 1870), Professor Tyndall had already issued *Faraday as a Discoverer* (1868 5th ed 1894), Dr J H Gladstone produced a monograph in 1872, and there is a more recent one-volume Life of Faraday by Professor Sylvanus P Thompson (1899).

**Sir John Herschel**—in full, Sir John Frederick William Herschel (1792–1871)—was the son of that Sir William Herschel who, born in Hanover, came to England as oboist in the band of the Hanoverian Guards, and settling at Bath as organist and music teacher, became a very distinguished astronomer, was made astrohomer to George III, discovered Uranus and the satellites of Saturn, and added greatly to our knowledge of the nebulae and the double stars. Sir William was assisted in his work with his monster telescope at Slough, and in his great catalogue of stars, by his sister Caroline Lucretia (1750–1848), a most remarkable woman. Sir John, born at Slough, was educated at Eton and St John's, Cambridge, where in 1813 he was senior wrangler and first Smith's prizeman. In 1822 he applied himself especially to astronomy, and helped to re-examine the nebulae and clusters of stars in his father's catalogues, reporting to the Royal Society observations on 525 nebulae, clusters of

stars, and double stars not noticed by his father His treatises on Sound and Light appeared in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* (1830-31), his Astronomy (1831) and Natural Philosophy in Lardner's *Cyclopaedia*. The Astronomy was the most successful attempt that had till then been made to simplify and popularise the study of the science, and was long the standard college manual. In 1834 he visited the Cape to examine the southern celestial hemisphere, the results (1847) completed a survey of the heavens begun in 1825. Made successively a knight, a baronet, and a D.C.L. of Oxford, he was Master of the Mint in 1850-55, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His articles on



ISAAC TAYLOR

From the Drawing by Josiah Gilbert in the National Portrait Gallery

Meteorology, Physical Geography, and the Telescope, contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, were published separately, and his *Popular Lectures* and *Collected Addresses* made him well known to the 'general reader'. A distinguished chemist, he attained important results in photography and made valuable researches on the undulatory theory of light. He had a lively interest in poetry, and he translated from Schiller and from the *Iliad*. See Miss Clarke's *The Herschels* (1896).

**Isaac Taylor** (1787-1865), a copious and popular author on religious philosophy and other subjects, was the son of Isaac of Ongar (see page 174), and assisted him while he was yet an engraver. His bent, however, was literary, he read largely in patristic theology and in philosophy, by 1818 was on the staff of the *Eclectic Review*, and in 1822 published a small work on *The Elements of Thought*. He lived to be a valued contributor to *Good Words* in the second

half of the nineteenth century, and published over a score of works, of which the first really successful one was *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*, published anonymously in 1829. It dealt with a variety of contemporary problems in religion, social conditions, and politics, reached a tenth edition in 1845, and was followed by *The Natural History of Fanaticism* (1833), *Spiritual Despotism*, *The Physical Theory of Another Life*, *Ultimate Civilisation*, and books against the Tractarian position, against the *Essays and Reviews*, on Jesuitism, on Methodism, and on *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*. Jane Taylor and Ann were his sisters (see page 174), and his son, Canon Isaac Taylor (1829-1901), was also an industrious writer, on such subjects especially as *Words and Places* (1864), *The Alphabet* (1883), *The Origin of the Aryans* (1890), as well as on the *Memorials of the Taylor Family of Ongar* (1867).

#### Monkery

The ancient monkery was a system of the most deliberate selfishness. That solicitude for the preservation of individual interests which forms the basis of the human constitution is so broken up and counteracted by the claims and pleasures of domestic life that, though the principle remains, its manifestations are suppressed and its predominance effectually prevented, except in some few tempers peculiarly unsocial. But the anchorite is a selfish by his very profession, and like the sensurist, though his taste is of another kind, he pursues his personal gratification, reckless of the welfare of others. His own advantage or delight, or—to use his favourite phrase—the good of his soul, is the sovereign object of his cares. His meditations, even if they embrace the compass of heaven, come round ever and again to find their ultimate issue in his own bosom, but can that be true wisdom which just ends at the point whence it started? True wisdom is a progressive principle. In abjuring the use of the active faculties, in reducing himself by the spell of vows to a condition of physical and moral annihilation, the insulated says to his fellows, concerning whatever might otherwise have been converted to their benefit, 'It is corban,' thus making void the law of love to our neighbour by a pretended intensity of love to God. That so monstrous an immorality should have dared to call itself by the name of Sanctity, and should have done so, too, in front of Christianity, is indeed amazing, and could never have happened if Christianity had not first been shorn of its life giving warmth, as the sun is deprived of its power of heat when we ascend into the rarity of upper space. The tendency of a taste for imaginative indulgences to petrify the heart has been already adverted to, and it receives a signal illustration in the monkish life, especially in its more perfect form of absolute separation from the society of man. The anchorite was a disjoined particle, frozen deep into the mass of his own selfishness, and there embedded, below the touch of every human sympathy. This sort of meditative insulation is the ultimate and natural issue of all enthusiastic piety, and may be met with even in our own times, among those who have no inclination to run away from the comforts of common life.

(From *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*)

**Sir William Hamilton** (1788-1856), Scottish philosopher, was born at Glasgow, where his father and grandfather held the chairs of Anatomy and Botany, in 1816 he made good his hereditary claim to the old baronetcy which Sir Robert Hamilton of Preston, the commander of the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge, had abandoned in 1688, rather than take the oath of allegiance to William III. After gaining high distinction at Glasgow University, he went in 1809 to Balliol College as Snell exhibitioner, and graduated in 1810. He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1813, but had almost no practice, in 1820 he stood unsuccessfully for the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, being defeated by Professor Wilson (see below), next year he became Professor of History. In 1829 he published in the *Edinburgh Review* a famous critique of Cousin's doctrine of the Infinite, this and other articles were collected in 1852 as *Discussions in Philosophy and Literature*. In 1836 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Isaac Taylor being an unsuccessful candidate, and on these subjects he lectured in alternate years till the end of his life, gathering around him enthusiastic disciples. His lectures were published in 1859-61 by Mansel and Veitch, his principal work was his edition of Reid (1846, with notes 1862), defending what he believed to be Reid's sound philosophical doctrine of common-sense. Ill health diminished his power of work, but he edited Dugald Stewart's works in 1854-55, and was generally able with an assistant to perform the duties of his class till his death. With Hamilton began, as Veitch said, the spring time of a new life in Scottish philosophical thought. Vastly more learned than his predecessors, Hamilton studied with equal zeal ancient Greek and Roman, mediæval and modern German, thought and speculation. He made it his business to maintain and, as he thought, complete the traditional Scottish doctrines, derived from Reid and Dugald Stewart, with the help of the limiting or negative results of the Kantian critique of knowledge. Whether this eclectic method was capable of developing a self-consistent system may be disputed, but Hamilton gave a great impulse to philosophical thought in Britain. He made some contributions to psychology and logic—'the quantification of the predicate' one of them, but in essentials his philosophy is a strenuous assertion of the relativity of human knowledge and the impossibility of reaching a coherent metaphysical view of the universe. Scottish philosophy has never produced anything like a real or complete metaphysical system—so far is it from being the case that Scotsmen are naturally metaphysicians. In Scotland theological dogma—predestination, teleology, and the like—largely took the place of metaphysics, and philosophy remained mainly inductive, attaining many valuable results both in psychology and morals. In its recoil from the 'ideal system' of Berkeley as extended by Hume

to sceptical issues, Scottish philosophy was too well content to appeal in all difficulties to 'the testimony of consciousness'—a short and easy method which neither convinced opponents nor secured continuity and completeness for the rational element in mental activity. The Scottish 'natural dualism' which rightly maintains, against subjective idealism, that the non ego or object is given in knowledge, is apt to degenerate, and does usually 'degenerate into a crude metaphysical dualism of mind and matter as two heterogeneous substances'. Hamilton cannot be regarded as having harmonised the discrepancies of Reid or his other predecessors of the Scottish School. Dean Mansel carried Hamilton's doctrine of relativity into the theological sphere by denying the possibility of knowing God, and McCosh and others tried to rescue the time honoured doctrines of the Scottish School from patent agnosticism. But Hamilton, greeted in his time as a great and original thinker, is now without a following, though he remains the most accomplished and the last notable representative of the 'Scotch philosophy'.

See Hamilton's *Life* by Veitch (1869), short Monographs by Veitch (1882) and Monck (1881). J. S. Mill's *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy* (1865). M. Cosh's *Scottish Philosophy* (1874). A. Seth's (Pringle Paterson's) *Scottish Philosophy* (1885, 3rd ed. 1895).

**John Wilson**, better known as Christopher North and chief of the 'Blackwood group' than as Professor of Moral Philosophy or poet, was born on the 18th of May 1785, in Paisley, where his father was a wealthy manufacturer. At thirteen the boy was entered of Glasgow University, whence, in 1803, he was transferred to Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he was distinguished for his varied intellectual gifts, but even more for his magnificent physique and unparalleled athletic accomplishments. After four years' residence at Oxford, having in 1797, on the death of his father, become master of £50,000, he purchased the estate of Elleray, overlooking Windermere, where he went to live. He married, built a house, kept a yacht and boats, enjoyed himself among the magnificent scenery of the lakes, wrote poetry, wrestled and jumped with the dulesmen, and cultivated the society of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and De Quincey. With youth, robust health, fortune, and an exhaustless imagination, Wilson must, in such a spot, have been blest even up to the dreams of a poet. But reverses came, his fortune melted away under unjust stewardship, and, after entering himself of the Scottish Bar, he sought and obtained the Moral Philosophy chair—on the strength rather of his multifarious accomplishments and his Tory politics than for his philosophic temper or profundity (Sir William Hamilton being a defeated candidate). By far his most characteristic work was done for *Blackwood's Magazine*. He was a notable contributor from the beginning in 1817,

and after Lockhart's removal to London in 1826 he became the leading spirit and mainspring of *Maga*, though not formally called its editor. Here he had an admirable vehicle for his extraordinary and exuberant wealth of ideas on all manner of topics. As the presiding genius of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*—assumed to be records of festive gatherings at Ambrose's tavern in Gabriel's Road, with the Ettrick Shepherd and others as convives—he was clearly more in his element than in the professorial desk. Of the seventy one *Noctes*, forty one were reprinted in his works as Wilson's own. When the series began Lockhart was often the author or part-author, sometimes Maginn, and Hogg had, or was allowed to suppose he had, a large share in them, latterly they fell more and more entirely to Wilson, who wrote with extraordinary facility and copiousness. Between 1826 and 1852 he contributed over three hundred articles to *Blackwood*. For one number in especial Mrs Oliphant reports him to have written fifty-six out of one hundred and forty-two pages.

The contrast between the professor of ethics and the gymnast and cock fighter was not more marked than was the contrast between John Wilson, poet and romancer, and Christopher North, critic and miscellaneous writer. In *Maga* 'Kit North' was a trenchant, and even savage, reviewer and satirist, a humourist vehement, rollicking, and reckless, audacious and luxuriant in diction, at times startling with gleams of profound insight, but often utterly obtuse, perverse, defiant of courtesy, good taste, and good sense. His humour is constantly strained to burlesque and tedious extravaganza, or even degenerates into mere buffoonery. He was often generous, but could be unkind and unfair, in a single number of the *Noctes* he carped at Wordsworth (whom he had been one of the first to praise) and belittled Scott, while he not so unjustly called a less known author a jackass. The criticisms sometimes evoked vivacious replies. Tennyson's to 'Crusty Christopher' is well known. The outstanding defect, on the other hand, of his poetry (*The Isle of Palms*, 1812, *The City of the Plague*, 1816) and of his prose tales (*The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, 1822, *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, 1823, *The Foresters*, 1825) is that he is too uniformly gentle, sweet, tender, pathetic, sentimental, or even mawkish. 'Almost the only passions,' said Jeffrey, 'with which his poetry is conversant are the gentler sympathies of our nature—tender compassion, confiding affection, and guiltless sorrow. From all these there results, along with a most touching and tranquillising sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which to those who read poetry for amusement merely will be apt to appear like dullness, and must be felt as a defect by all who have been used to the variety, rapidity, and energy of the popular poetry of the day.' In the twenty-four short tales called *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life* we find neither the

humours of the kailyard nor the characteristics of a vigorous, shrewd, and self-assertive peasantry, with all the defects of their qualities, but a too utterly Arcadian innocence, simplicity, and piety. So likewise in *Margaret Lyndsay*, the heroine is a humble maiden, whose father, adopting Tom Paine's opinions, is imprisoned on a charge of sedition, becomes an utter reprobate, and elopes with the mistress of a brother-reformer—to the gradual ruin and distress of his innocent family, and their banishment from their country home to a city slum. Of the strongly contrasted, Bohemian *Noctes*—now to many all but unreadable—Lord Cockburn said 'There is not so original and curious a work in the English and Scotch languages. It is a most singular and delightful outpouring of criticism, politics, and descriptions of feeling, character, and scenery, of verse and prose, and maudlin eloquence, and especially of wild fun. It breathes the very essence of the bacchanalian revel of clever men, and its Scotch is the best Scotch that has been written in modern times.' But it should be added that the Scotch is that of men with a literary training, abounding in doctored English book-words never heard in the vernacular of the Lowlands. Wilson attained to extraordinary eminence in the republic of letters in his own lifetime, Hallam called him a writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence was as the rush of mighty waters. But while his personality is still remembered, even in Scotland the *Noctes* have lost their extraordinary popularity, the tales are little read, and the poetry quite forgotten. In 1837 Wilson was sore stricken by the death of his wife, in 1840 he suffered from a paralytic affection of the right hand, though he still retained his passion for angling, for Tweed and Yarrow, and for the wilder scenery of Rannoch and Loch Awe. In 1851, when his health was fairly broken, and he had resigned his professorship, he got a pension of £300 per annum, and he died in Edinburgh on the 3rd of April 1854.

#### From Lines 'To a Sleeping Child.'

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,  
Whose happy home is on our earth?  
Does human blood with life imbue  
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue  
That stray 'long thy forehead fair,  
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?  
Oh, can that light and airy breath  
Steal from a being doomed to death,  
Those features to the grave be sent  
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?  
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,  
The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh that my spirit's eye could see  
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!  
That light of dreaming soul appears  
To play from thoughts above thy years.  
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring  
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!  
And who can tell what visions high  
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?

What brighter throne can brightness find  
To reign on thine an infant's mind,  
Ere sin destroy or error dim  
The glory of the seraphim?

Oh, vision fair, that I could be  
Again as young, as pure as thee!  
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form  
May view, but cannot brave the storm  
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes  
That paint the bird of Paradise  
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll  
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,  
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn  
Like a thin veil that half concealed  
The light of soul, and half revealed  
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,  
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,  
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,  
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,  
Such summer clouds as travel light,  
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright,  
Till thou awok'st—then to thine eye  
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!  
And lovely is that heart of thine,  
Or sure these eyes could never shine  
With such a wild yet bashful glee,  
Giv, half o'ercome timidity!

#### Christopher plays and lands a Tweed Salmon

Springs, summers, autumns, winters—each within itself longer, by many times longer than the whole year of grown up life, that slips at last through one's fingers like a knotless thread—pass over the curled darling's brow, and look at him now, a straight and strengthly stripling, in the savage spirit of sport, springing over rock ledge after rock ledge, nor heeding aught as he plashes knee deep or waistband high through river feeding torrents, to the glorious music of his running and ringing reel, after a tongue hooked salmon, insanely seeking with the ebb of tide, but all in vain, the white breakers of the sea! No hazel or willow wand, no half crown rod of ash framed by village wright, is now in his practised hands, of which the very least is dexterous, but a twenty feet rod of Phin's, all ring rustling, and a glitter with the preserving varnish, limber as the attenuating line itself, and litho to its topmost tenuity as the elephant's proboscis—the hickory and the horn without twist, knot, or flaw—from butt to fly a faultless taper, 'fine by degrees and beautifully less,' the beau ideal of a rod by the skill of cunning craftsman to the senses materialised! A fish—fat, fair, and forty! 'She is a salmon, therefore to be wo'd—she is a salmon, therefore to be won'—but shy, timid, capricious, head strong, now wrathful and now full of fear, like my other female whom the cruel artist has hooked by lip or heart, and, in spite of all her struggling, will bring to the gasp at last, and then with calm eyes behold her lying in the shade dead, or worse than dead, fast fading, and to be reillumined no more the lustre of her beauty, insensible to sun or shower, even the most perishable of all perishable things in a world of perishing!—But the salmon has grown sulky, and must be made to spring to the plunging stone. There, suddenly, instinct with new passion, she shoots out of the form like a bar of silver bullion, and, relapsing into the flood, is in another

moment at the very head of the waterfall! Give her the butt—give her the butt—or she is gone for ever with the thunder into ten fathom deep!—Now comes the trial of your tackle—and when was Phin ever known to fail at the edge of cliff or cataract? Her snout is southwards—right up the middle of the main current of the hill born river, as if she would seek its very course where she was spawned! She still swims swift, and strong, and deep—and the line goes steady, boys, steady—stiff and steady as a Tory in the roar of Opposition. There is yet an hour's play in her dorsal fin—danger in the flap of her tail—and yet may her silver shoulder shatter the gut against a rock. Why, the river was yesterday in spate, and she is fresh run from the sea! All the lesser waterfalls are now level with the flood, and she meets with no impediment or obstruction—the coast is clear—no tree roots here—no floating branches—for during the night they have all been swept down to the salt loch. *In medio tutissimus ibis*—y, now you feel she begins to fail—the butt tells now every time you deliver your right What! another mad leap! yet another sullen plunge! She seems absolutely to have discovered, or rather to be an impersonation of, the Perpetual Motion. Strid back out of the way, you son of a sea cook!—you in the tattered blue breeches, with the tail of your shirt hanging out! Who the devil sent you all here, ye vagabonds?—Ha! Watty Richie, my man, is that you? God bless your honest laughing phiz! What, Watty, would you think of a fish like that about Peebles? Tam Grieve never grappit sae heavy a one since first he belonged to the Council—Curse that collie! Av! well done, Watty! Stone him to Stobo! Confound these stirls!—if that white one, with caving horns, kicking heels and straight up tail, come bellowing by between us and the river, then, 'Madam' all is lost, except honour!' If we lose this Fish at six o'clock, then sucide at seven! Our will is made—ten thousand to the foundling—ditto to the Thames Tunnel—ha—ha—my Beauty! Methinks we could faint and fond kiss thy silver side, languidly lying afloat on the foam as if all further resistance now were vain, and gracefully thou wert surrendering thyself to death! No sauth in female—she trusts to the last twirl of her tail—sweetly workest thou, O Reel of Reels! and on thy smooth axle spinning sleep'st, even, as Milton describes her, like our own worthy planet Scrope—Bainbridge—Maul—princes among Anglers—oh that you were here! Where the devil is Sir Humphrey? At his retort? By mysterious sym-pathy—far off at his own Trows, the Kers feels that we are killing the noblest Fish whose back ever rippled the surface of deep or shallow in the Tweed. Tom Purdie stands like a seer, entranced in glorious vision, beside turreted Abbotsford Shade of Sindy Govan! Alas! alas! Poor Sindy—why on thy pale face that melancholy smile?—Peter! The Grist! The Gaff! Into the eddy she sails, sick and slow, and almost with a swirl—whitening as she nears the sand—there she has it—struck right into the shoulder, fairer than that of Juno, Diana, Minerva, or Venus—and lies at last in all her glorious length and breadth of beaming beauty, fit prey for giant or demigod angling before the Flood!

(From the *Recreations of Christopher North*)

**Christopher on Wordsworth and Scott Tickler** How can that be?—Wordsworth says that a great poet must be great in all things

**North** Wordsworth often writes like an idiot, and

never more so than when he said of Milton, 'His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart'! For it dwelt in tumult, and mischief, and rebellion. Wordsworth is, in all things, the reverse of Milton—a good man, and a bad poet.

*Tickler* What!—I hat Wordsworth whom Magi cries up as the Prince of Poets?

*North* Be it so, I must humour the fancies of some of my friends. But had that man been a great poet, he would have produced a deep and lasting impression on the mind of England, whereas his verses are becoming less and less known every day, and he is, in good truth, already one of the illustrious obscure.

*Tickler* I never thought him more than a very ordinary man—with some imagination, certainly, but with no



JOHN WILSON

From the Portrait by Sir John Watson Gordon P R S A (printed in 1833), in the National Portrait Gallery.

grasp of understanding, and apparently little acquainted with the history of his kind. My God! to compare such a writer with Scott and Byron!

*North* And yet, with his creed, what might not a great poet have done?—That the language of poetry is but the language of strong human passion!—I hat in the great elementary principles of thought and feeling common to all the race the subject matter of poetry is to be sought and found!—I hat enjoyment and suffering, as they wring and crush, or expand and elevate, men's hearts, are the sources of song!—And what, pray, has he made out of this true and philosophical creed?—A few ballads (pretty at the best), two or three moral fables, some natural description of scenery, and half a dozen narratives of common distress or happiness. Not one single character has he created—not one incident—not one tragical catastrophe. He has thrown no light on man's estate here below, and Cribbe, with all his defects, stands immeasurably above Wordsworth as the Poet of the Poor.

*Tickler* Good! And yet the youngsters, in that absurd Magazine of yours, set him up to the stars as their idol, and kiss his very feet, as if the toes were of gold.

*North* Well, well, let them live their own way awhile. I confess that the 'Excursion' is the worst poem, of any character, in the English language. It contains about two hundred sonorous lines, some of which appear to be fine, even in the sense as well as the sound. The remaining seven thousand three hundred are quite ineffectual. Then what labour the builder of that losty rhyme must have undergone! It is, in its own way, a small Tower of Babel, and all built by a simple man!

*North* Scott's poetry puzzles me—it is often very bad.

*Tickler* Very

*North* Except when his martial soul is up, he is but a tame and feeble writer. His versification in general flows on easily—smoothly—almost sonorously—but seldom or never with impetuosity or grandeur. There is no strength, no felicity in his diction—and the substance of his poetry is neither rich nor rare. The atmosphere is becoming every moment more oppressive. How stands the Therm?

*Tickler* Ninety! But then when his martial soul is up—and up it is at sight of a spear point or a pennon—then indeed you hear the true poet of chivalry. What care I, Kit, for all his precious drivelling—if drivelling it be—and God forbid I should deny drivelling to any poet, ancient or modern—for now he makes my very soul to burn within me—an I, a wurd and evlun though I be—ye, a most intense and insuperable coward, shirking life and limb beyond all other earthly possessions, and loath to shed one single drop of blood either for my king or country—yet such is the trumpet power of the song of that son of genius, that I start from my old elbow chair, up with the poker, tong, or shovel, no matter which, and flound'ring it round my head, etc.,

'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanier on!  
and then, dropping my voice and returning to my padded bottom, whisper,

'Were the last words of Marionion!'

*North* Bravo—bravo—bravo!

*Tickler* I care not one single curse for all the criticism that ever was canted, or decanted, or recanted. Neither does the world. The world takes a poet as it finds him, and sets him above or below the salt. The world is as obstinate as a million mules, and will not turn its head on one side or another for all the shouting of the critical population that ever was shouted. It is very possible that the world is a bad judge. Well, then—appeal to posterity, and be hanged to you—and posterity will affirm the judgment with costs.

*North* How you can gibber away so, in such a temprature as this, confounds me. You are indeed a singular old man.

*Tickler* Therefore I say that Scott is a Homer of a poet, and so let him doze when he has a mind to it, for no man I know is better entitled to an occasional half canto of slumber.

*North* Did you ever meet any of the Lake Poets in private society?

*Tickler* Five or six times. Wordsworth has a grave, solemn, pedantic, awkward, out of the worldish look about him, that rather puzzles you as to his probable profession, till he begins to speak—and then, to be sure, you set him down at once for a Methodist preacher.

*North* I have seen Chantrey's bust.

*Tickler* The bust flattens his head, which is not

intellectual. The forehead is narrow, and the skull altogether too scanty. Yet the baldness, the gravity, and the composure are impressive, and, on the whole, not unpoetical. The eyes are dim and thoughtful, and a certain sweetness of smile occasionally lightens up the strong lines of his countenance with an expression of courtesy and philanthropy.

*North* Is he not extremely eloquent?

*Tickler* Far from it. He labours like a whale spout ing—his voice is wearisomely monotonous—he does not know when to have done with a subject—oracularly announces perpetual truisms—never hits the nail on the head—and leaves you amazed with all that needless bother, which the simple bard opines to be eloquence, and which passes for such with his Cockney idolaters and his catechumens at Ambleside and Keswick.

*North* Not during dinner, surely?

*Tickler* Yes—during breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper—every intermediate moment—nor have I any doubt that he proses all night long in his sleep.

(From the *Notes*)

#### The Shepherd on the Poor-Laws

*North* Thank heaven for Winter! Would that it lasted all year long! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding brunches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder storms. Nor let me libel Autumn in her gorgeous bounty and her beautiful decays. But Winter—dear, cold handed, warm hearted Winter, welcome thou to my fur clad bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discoursing excellent music—thine the long snow silent or hail rattling nights, with earthly firesides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts, or travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment, or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul! Thine too—

*Shepherd* Thine too skatin, and curlin, and growin, and a' sorts o' deevilry among lads and lasses at rockins and kums. Beef and greens! Beef and greens! O, Mr North, beef and greens!

*North* Yes, James, I sympathise with your enthusiasm. Now, and now only, do carrots and turnips deserve the name. The season this of rumps and rounds. Now the whole nation sets in for serious eating—serious and substantial eating, James, half leisure, half labour—the table loaded with a lease of life, and each dish a year. In the presence of that Haggis I feel myself immortal.

*Shepherd* Butcher meat, though, and coals, are likely, let me tell you, to sell at a perfec' ransom fric Martinmas to Michaelmas.

*North* Poultry thought. Let beesves and muttons look up, even to the stars, and fuel be precious as at the Pole. Another slice of the stot, James, another slice of the stot—and, Mr Ambrose, smash that half ton lump of black diamond till the chumme roar and radite like Mount Vesuvius.—Why so glum, Tickler?—why so glum?

*Tickler* This outrageous merriment grates my spirits. I am not in the mood. 'Twill be a severe winter, and I think of the poor.

*North* Why the devil think of the poor at this time of day? Are not wages good, and work plenty, and is not charity a British virtue?

*Shepherd* I never heard sic even down nonsense, Mr Tickler, in a' my born days. I met a puir woman ganging alang the brigg, wi' a deevil's dizzen o' bairns, ilka ane wi' a daud o' breid in the tae haun and a whang o' cheese i' the tither, while their cheeks were a' blawn out like sae many Boreases, wi' something better than wun', and the mither hersel, a weel fuir'd hizzie, tearin awa at the fleshy shank o' a marrow bane, mid wi' hunger, but no wi' starvation, for these are twa different things, Mr Tickler. I can assure you that puir folks, mair especially gin they be beggars, are hungry four or five times a day, but starvation is seen at night sittin by an empty aumry and a cauld hearthstane. There's little or nae starvation the now, in Scotlan'!

*North* The people are, on the whole, well off—Take some pickles, Timothy, to your steak. Dickson's mustard is superb.

*Shepherd* I canna say that I a' thegither just properly understand' the system o' the puir laws, but I ken this, that puir folks there will be till the end o' *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, that granted, maun there no be some kind o' provision for them, though it may be kittle to calculate the preceese amount?

*North* Are the English people a dependent, ignorant, grovelling, mean, debased, and brutal people?

*Shepherd* Not they, indeed—they're a powersu' population, second only to the Scotch. The English puir laws had better be cut down some twa three millions, but no abolished. Thre Political Economy creatures are a cruel set—greedier theirsels than gibberlunzies—yet grudging a handfu' o' meat to an auld wife's wallet. Charity is in the heart, not in the head, and the open haun should be stretched out o' the sudden, unslid and free, not held back wi' clutched fingers like a meeser, while the Wisacre shakes his head in cauldrie calculation, and ties a knot on the purse o' him on principle.

*North* Well said, James, although perhaps your tenets are scarcely tenable.

*Shepherd* Scarcely tenable? Wha'll take them frae me either by force or reason? Oh! we're frien into argument, and that's what I cann't thole at meals. Mr Tickler, there's nae occasion, man, to look sae down in the mouth—everybody kens ye're a man o' genius, without your pretending to be melancholy.

*Tickler* I have no appetite, James.

*Shepherd* Nae appeteeet! how suld ye ha'e an appeteeet? A bowl o' Mollogy tawny soup, wi' bread in proportion—twal codlins (wi' must part o' a lobster in that sass), the first gash o' the jiget—stakes—then I'm must sure, pallets, and finnily guse—noo to count jeelies and coosturd, and bluemange, and many million mites in that Campsie Fuilton—better than ony English—a pot o' Draught—twal lang shinkers o' ale—noos in' thrus a sip o' the auld port, and just afore grice a cuikler o' Glenlivet, that made your een glower and water in your head as if you hrd been lookin at Mrs Siddons in the sleep walking scene in Shakespeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*. Gin ye had an appeteeet after a' that destruction o' animal and vegetable matter, your man would be like that o' Death himsel, and your stomach insatiable as the grave.

*Tickler* Mr Ambrose, no laugher, if you please, sir.

*North* Come, come, Tickler—had Hogg and Hera

John & Anna Lockhart

But 'tis an old belief,  
That on some solemn shore,  
Beyond the sphere of grief,  
Dear friends will meet once more.

Beyond the sphere of time,  
And sin, and fate's control,  
Serene in changeless prime  
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,  
That hope I'll not forgo,  
Eternal be the sleep,  
Unless to waken so.

#### The Old and the Leper

He has ta'en some twenty gentlemen along with him to go,  
For he will pray that ancient vow he to Sunt James doth  
owe,  
To Compostella, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,  
The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble folk  
and poor,  
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessing, to procure,  
For, God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win,  
His hand was ever bountiful great was his joy therein.

And there, in middle of the path, a leper did appear,  
In a deep slough the leper lay—none would to help come  
near

With a loud voice he thence did cry, 'For God our  
Saviour's sake,  
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take'—

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his  
horse came down,  
For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champion,  
He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no  
account,

Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper  
mount

Behind him rode the leprous man, when to their  
hostelrie

They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully,  
While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing  
shrank away,

To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay

All at the mid hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,  
A breath came from the leprous man, it through his  
shoulders crept,

Right through the body, at the breast, passed forth that  
breathing cold

I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,  
Through the dark chamber groped he, with very anxious  
mind,

Loudly he lifted up his voice with speed a lamp was  
brought,

Yet nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near  
they sought

He turned him to his chamber, God wot, perplexed sore  
With that which had befallen—when lo! his face before,  
There stood a man all clothed in a tunic shining white  
Thus said the vision, 'Slepest thou, or waketh thou, Sir  
Knight?'—

'I sleep not,' quoth Rodrigo, 'but tell me who art thou,  
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy  
brow?'

'I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee,  
I am the same poor leper thou saw'st for charity'

'Not vain the trial, nor in vain the victory hath been,  
God favours thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve  
yestreen'

There shall be honour with thee, in battle and in peace,  
Success in all thy doing, and plentiful increase

'Strong enemies shall not prevail thy greatness to undo,  
Thy name shall make men's checks full pale—Christians  
and Moslem too,

A death of honour shalt thou die, such grace to thee is  
given,

Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in  
heaven'—

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit  
vanished quite,

Rodrigo rose and knelt him down—he knelt till morning  
light

Unto the Heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,  
He made his prayer right humble, till dawned the  
morning clear

#### The Wandering Knight's Song

'My ornaments are arms,  
My pastime is in war,  
My bed is cold upon the wold,  
My lamp yon star

'My journeys are long  
My slumbers short and brocken,  
From hill to hill I wander still,  
Kissing thy token.'

'I ride from land to land,  
I sail from sea to sea,  
Some day more kind I fate may find,  
Some night kiss thee'

#### The Abbotsford Hunt.

The other 'superior occasion' came later in the season, the 28th of October, the birthday of Sir Walter's elder son, was, I think, that usually selected for the Abbotsford Hunt. This was a courting field on a large scale, including, with as many of the young gentry as pleased to attend, all Scott's personal favourites among the yeomen and farmers of the surrounding country. The Sheriff always took the field, but latterly devolved the command upon his good friend Mr John Usher, the ex-hurd of Loftfield, and he could not have had a more skilful or a better humoured lieutenant. The hunt took place either on the moors above the Caubishields loch, or over some of the hills on the estate of Gilmerton, and we had commons ere we returned hares enough to supply the wife of every farmer that attended with us for a week following. The whole then dined at Abbotsford, the Sheriff in the chair, Adam Ferguson croupier, and Dominic Thomson of course, chaplain George, by the way, was himself an eager partaker in the preliminary sport, and now he would sit it us with a grace in Burns's phrase, 'as long as my arm' beginning with thanks to the Almighty, who had given man dominion over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field and exercising on this earth with so licentious a countenance that Sir Walter had been

fumbling with his spoon long before he reached his Amen, could not help exclaming as he sat down, 'Well done, Mr George! I think we've had everything but the new holla!' The company, whose onset had been thus deferred, were seldom, I think, under thirty in number, and sometimes they exceeded forty. The first was such as suited the occasion—a haunch of beef, roasted, at the foot of the table, a salted round at the head while tureens of hare soup, hotchpotch, and cockerel were extended down the centre, and such light articles as geese, turkeys, entire sucking-pig, a singed sheep's head, and the unsavoury haggis were set forth by way of side-dishes. Black-coal and moorsoul, bushels of snipe, *Huet fuddins*, white fuddings, and pyramids of pancake, formed the second course. Ale was the favourite beverage during dinner,



JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART  
After the Portrait by Sir Francis Grant.

but there was plenty of port and sherry for those whose stomachs they suited. The quinques of Glenlivet were filled brim full, and tossed off as if they held water. The wine decanters made a few rounds of the table, but the hints for hot punch and toddy soon became clamorous. Two or three bowls were introduced, and placed under the supervision of experienced manufacturers—one of these being usually the Ettrick Shepherd—and then the business of the evening commenced in good earnest. The faces shone and glowed like those at Camacho's wedding; the chairman told his richest stories of old rural life, Lowland or Highland, Fergusson and humbler heroes fought their peninsular battles o'er again, the stalwart Dandie Dinmonts lugged out their last winter's snow storm, the parish scandal perhaps, or the dexterous bargain of the Northumberland *tryste*, and every man was knocked down for the song that he sang best or took most pleasure in singing. Sheriff Substitute Shortreed—a cheerful, hearty little man, with a sparkling eye and a most infectious laugh—gave us 'Dick o' the Cow' or 'Now Iddesdale has ridden a raid' his son Thomas (Sir Walter's assiduous disciple and assistant in Border Heraldry and Genealogy) shone without a rival in 'The Dongies'

'Trigely' and 'The Two Corbies,' a weather-beaten, stiff-bearded veteran, Captain Ormiston, as he was called (though I doubt if his rank was recognised at the Horse Guards), had the primitive pastoral of 'Cot den knowes' in sweet perfection, Hogg produced 'The Women soll,' or 'The Kye comit home,' and, in spite of many grinding notes contrived to make everybody delighted, whether with the fun or the pathos of his ballad, the Melrose doctor sang in spirited style some of Moore's miseries, a couple of retired sailors joined in 'Bould Admiral Duncan upon the high sea,'—and the gallant crooper crowned the last bowl with 'Ale, good ale thou art my drathng!' Imagine some smart Parisian street—some dreamy pedant of Halle or Heidelberg—a brace of gay young lords from Oxford or Cambridge, or perhaps their prime fellow tutor, planted here and there under the trees in a grove—this being their first vision of the author of *Marmion* and *Isabella*, and he appears as heartily at home in the scene as if he had been a veritable 'Dandie' him. If his face radiant, his laugh gay in childhood, his chorus always ready. And so it proceeded until some worthy, who had fifteen or twenty miles to ride home, began to murmur that his wife and brats would be at him, surely and so the fiddlers and the Dumpling and Holdom were a busy band nipping at the gate, and it was said that the horse had come for *that*—the trump cap—to wit a bumper all round of the unmitigated rumour of. How this all contrived to get home in safety Heaven only knows—but I never heard of any such accident except upon one occasion, when Jemmy Hegg made a bet at starting that he would ride over his well-earned pangs as she stood, and broke his nose in this experiment of older vaulting ambition. One comely postwife, fat off riding the hills amiss Sir W. Percy telling him, the next time he passed her homes and after one of these jolly doings, what her husband's first words were when he alighted at his own door—'Alike am I now, I am ready for my bed—and all lies (he gently added), I wish I could sleep for a twomonth (twelvemonth), for there's only one thing in this world worth living for, and that's the Abbotsford hunt.'

#### Death of Sir Walter Scott.

On Monday he remained in bed, and seemed extremely feeble, but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th [July 1832] he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake and shaking the plaid we had put about him from off his shoulders, said—'This is sad illness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk.' He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse his daughters went into his study, opened his writing desk and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he so laid himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said—'Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself.' Sophia put the pen into his hand and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks, but composing himself by and by motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laudlaw met us at the

porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Lairdlaw said to me—‘Sir Walter has had a little repose’—‘No, Willie,’ said he—‘no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave.’ The tears again rushed from his eyes. ‘Friends,’ said he, ‘don’t let me expose myself—get me to bed—that’s the only place’.

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day, and after another week he was unable even for this. During a few days he was in a state of painful irritation, and I saw realised all that he had himself prefigured in his description of the meeting between Crystal Croftengay and his pimely friend. Dr Ross came out from Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, one of the dearest *meets* of the Clerks’ table. Sir Walter with some difficulty recognised the Doctor, but, on hearing Mrs Ross’s voice, exclaimed at once—‘Isn’t that Kate Hume?’ These kind friends remained for two or three days with us. Clarkson’s knee was pronounced necessary, and the relief it afforded was, I am happy to say, very effectual.

After this he declined daily, but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things, the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as Sheriff, and once or twice he seemed to be ordering Tom Purdie about trees. A few times also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh, and ‘Burk! Sir Walter’ escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly what ever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah and the Book of Job)—or some petition in the litany—or a verse of some psalm (in the old Scotch metrical version), or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connection with the Church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Irae*, and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favourite.

‘Stabat Mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,  
Dum pendebat Iesus’

All this time he continued to recognise his daughters, Lairdlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him—and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr Clarkson, too, was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoken in a state of composure and consciousness and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—even trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. ‘Lockhart’ he

said, ‘I may live but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you thy comfort when you come to lie here.’—He paused, and I said—‘Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?’—‘No’ said he, ‘don’t disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless you all’—With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half past one P.M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as it knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

(From the *Life of Scott*)

#### Athanasia in Prison

Alas! said I to myself, of what tidings am I doomed ever to be the messenger? but she was alone and how could I shrink from any pain that might perhaps afflict hers? I took the key, glided along the corridor, and stood once more at the door of the chamber in which I had parted from Athanasia. No voice answered to my knock, I repeated it three times, and then, agitated with indistinct apprehension, hesitated no longer to open it. No lamp was burning within the chamber, but from without there entered a wavering glare of deep saffron coloured light, which showed me Athanasia extended on her couch. Its ominous and troubled hue had no power to mar the image of her sleeping tranquillity. I hung over her for a moment and was about to disturb that slumber—perhaps the last slumber of peace and innocence—when the chamber walls were visited with a yet deeper glare. ‘Caius,’ she whispered, as I stepped from beside the couch, ‘why do you leave me? Sir, Valerius.’ I looked back, but her eyelids were still closed, the same calm smile was upon her dreaming lips. The light grew redder and more red. All in an instant became as quiet without as within. I approached the window, and saw Caius standing in the midst of the court, Sabinus and Silo near him, the horsemen drawn up on either side, and a soldier close behind resting upon an unshathed sword. I saw the keen blue eye as fierce as ever. I saw that the blood was still猩红 in his cheeks, for the complexion of this man was of the same bold and florid brightness so uncommon in Italy, which you have seen represented in the picture of Sylla, and even the blaze of the torches seemed to strive in vain to heighten its natural scarlet. The soldier had lifted his sword and his eye was fixed, as by fascination, when suddenly a deep voice was heard amidst the deadly silence—‘Caius!—look up Caius!’

Aurelius the Christian priest, standing at an open window not far distant from that at which I was placed, stretched forth his lettered hand as he spoke. ‘Caius! I charge thee, look upon the hand from which the blessed water of baptism was cast upon thy head. I charge thee, look upon me and say, are yet the blow be given upon which thy thoughts are fixed? Is this sword haled against the rebels of Caesar or a curse

of Jesus? I charge thee, speak, and for thy soul's sake speak truly'

A bitter motion of derision passed over his lips, and he nodded, as if impatiently, to the Praetorian. Instinctively I turned me from the spectacle, and my eye rested again upon the couch of Athanasia—but not upon the vision of her tranquillity. The clap with which the corpse fell upon the stones had perhaps reached the sleeping ear, and we know with what swiftness thoughts chase thoughts in the wilderness of dreams. So it was that she started at the very moment when the blow was given, and she whispered—for it was still but a deep whisper—'Spare me, Trajan, Caesar, Prince—have pity on my youth—strengthen, strengthen me, good Lord! Fie! Fie! we must not lie to save life. Felix—Valerius—come close to me, Caius—Fie! let us remember we are Romans—'Tis the trumpet'—

The Praetorian trumpet sounded the march in the court below, and Athanasia, starting from her sleep, gazed wildly around the reddened chamber. The blast of the trumpet was indeed in her ear—and Valerius hung over her, but after a moment the cloud of the broken dream passed away, and the maiden smiled as she extended her hand to me from the couch, and began to gather up the ringlets that floated all down upon her shoulder. She blushed and smiled mournfully, and asked me hastily whence I came, and for what purpose I had come, but before I could answer, the glare that was yet in the chamber seemed anew to be perplexing her, and she gazed from me to the red walls, and from them to me again, and then once more the trumpet was blown, and Athanasia sprang from her couch. I know not in what terms I was essaying to tell her what was the truth, but I know that ere I had said many words she discovered my meaning. For a moment she looked deadly pale, in spite of all the glare of the torch beams, but she recovered herself, and said in a voice that sounded almost as if it came from a light heart—'But Caius, I must not go to Caesar without having at least a garland on my head. Stay here, Valerius, and I shall be ready anon—quite ready.'

It seemed to me as if she were less hasty than she had promised, yet many minutes elapsed not ere she returned. She plucked a blossom from her hair as she drew near me, and said—'Take it; you must not refuse one token more, thus also is a sacred gift. Caius, you must learn never to look upon it without kissing these red streaks—these blessed streaks of the Christian flower.'

I took the flower from her hand and pressed it to my lips, and I remembered that the very first day I saw Athanasia she had plucked such a one when apart from all the rest in the gardens of Capito. I told her what I remembered, and it seemed as if the little circumstance had called up all the image of peaceful days, for once more sorrowfulness gathered upon her countenance. If the tear was ready, however, it was not permitted to drop, and Athanasia returned again to her flower.

'Do you think there are any of them in Britain?' said she, 'or do you think that they would grow there? You must go to my dear uncle, and he will not deny you when you tell him that it is for my sake he is to give you some of his. They call it the passion flower—"tis an emblem of an awful thing. Caius, these purple streaks are like trickling drops, and here, look ye, they are all round the flower. Is it not very like a bloody crown upon a pale brow? I will take one of them in

my hand too, Caius, and methinks I shall not disgrace myself when I look upon it, even though Trajan should be frowning upon me.'

I had not the heart to interrupt her, but heard silently all she said, and I thought she said the words quickly and eagerly, as if she feared to be interrupted.

The old priest came into the chamber while she was yet speaking so, and said very composedly—'Come, my dear child, our friend has sent again for us, and the soldiers have been waiting already some space, who are to convey us to the Palatine. Come, children, we must part for a moment—perhaps it may be but for a moment—and Valerius may remain here till we return to him. Here, at least, dear Caius, you shall have the earliest tidings and the surest.'

The good man took Athanasia by the hand, and she, smiling now at length more serenely than ever, said only—'Farewell then, Caius, for a little moment!' And so, drawing her veil over her face, she passed away from before me, giving, I think, more support to the ancient Aurelius than in her turn she received from him. I began to follow them, but the priest waved his hand as if to forbid me. The door closed after them, and I was alone.

(From *Valerius*)

The standard Life of Lockhart is that of Mr Andrew Lang (2 vols. 1896). See also Mrs Oliphant's *William Blackwood and his Sons* (1897), and Sir George Douglas's little book, *The Blackwood Group* (1897).

**Thomas Hamilton** (1789–1842) produced in *The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton* (1827) what was hailed as one of the most vigorous and interesting novels of the day, it is full of vivid sketches of college life, military campaigns, and other bustling scenes and adventures, and is not complimentary to the social manners of Glasgow citizens and Glasgow collegians (the hero is an Englishman). Son of a Glasgow professor and brother of the philosopher Sir William Hamilton, the author studied at Glasgow. As captain of the 29th Regiment he served in the Peninsula, Nova Scotia, and France, and retiring on half-pay, settled at Edinburgh and became one of the Blackwood group. He visited the United States, and wrote a lively work on the New World, entitled *Men and Manners in America* (1833). Cherishing a good deal of aristocratic and insular prejudice, he disliked the democratic government and many of the social habits of the Americans, and his criticisms, unfair rather than ill-natured, caused much irritation in America. He was also author of *Annals of the Peninsular War*.

**Michael Scott** (1789–1835), born at Cowlairs near Glasgow, studied at the university, and then tried his fortune in Jamaica and the West Indies as a planter. In 1822 he was in business in Glasgow. In 1829–33 he contributed to *Blackwood's* the brilliant story of West India life *Tom Cringle's Log*, showing throughout proofs of the author's personal experiences, keen observation, sprightly temper, and humorous (perhaps too systematically humorous) view of life. His next best contribution to *Blackwood's* was *The Cruise of the*

*Midge*, issued in 1834 and 1835 Oddly enough Scott preserved a rigid incognito, and his authorship was unknown till after his death Both the stories appeared first in book form at Paris in 1836, and as both have wealth of incident, abundant verve, and a bright and lively style, they have deservedly retained their popularity and been often reprinted. See Sir George Douglas's *The Blackwood Group* (1897)

**Frederick Marryat**, born in Westminster, 10th July 1792, the son of an M P, in 1806 sailed as midshipman under Lord Cochrane (Dundonald), and spent some years of dangerous service off the French and Spanish coasts and in the Mediterranean He was concerned in no less than fifty engagements, after one of which an officer, who disliked him, seeing his seemingly lifeless corpse, exclaimed, 'Here's a young cock who has done crowing Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!' 'You're a har!' said Marryat faintly, raising his head Afterwards the 'chap' served in the attack on the French fleet in Aix Roads and in the Walcheren expedition, and in 1814, as lieutenant of the *Newcastle*, he cut out four vessels in Boston Bay, an exploit of great difficulty and daring During the Burmese war (1824) he commanded the *Larne*, and was for some time senior officer on the station His services were rewarded by professional promotion and honours, and he was a Companion of the Bath (1826) and an officer of the Legion of Honour (1833) He retired in 1830, having already commenced a busy and highly successful literary career in 1829 by the publication of *Frank Mildmay, the Naval Officer* (1829), a nautical tale in three volumes This work partook rather strongly of the free spirit of the sailor, but there was a rough racy humour and dramatic liveliness that atoned for more serious faults Next year Marryat was ready with other three volumes, presenting a well-compacted and more carefully finished story, *The King's Own Newton Forster, or the Merchant Service* (1832), a tale of various and sustained interest, was surpassed by its immediate successor, *Peter Simple* (1834), the most amusing of all the author's works Dealing still in the main with nautical scenes and portraits, Marryat wrote about thirty volumes—amongst them *Jacob Faithful* (1834), *Mr Midshipman Easy* (1836), *The Pacha of Many Tales* (1836), *Japhet in Search of a Father* (1836), *The Pirate, and the Three Cutters* (1836), *The Dog Fiend, or Snarleyyow* (1837), *The Phantom Ship* (1839), *Poor Jack* (1840), and some capital children's books, such as *Masterman Ready* (1841) and *The Children of the New Forest* (1847) After a trip to America in 1837, he published *A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions* He was no admirer of the democratic government of America, his *Diary* was as uncomplimentary as the sketches of

Mrs Trollope or Captain Hall But his notes on traits of manners, peculiarities of speech, and other eccentricities of the Americans were as rich as his purely fictitious work, and, like them, probably owe a good deal to the novelist's creative imagination and love of drollery

In 1830 he had purchased Langham Manor, near the Norfolk coast, and here he settled in 1843. At one time he had a hobby for making a decoy, he flooded some hundred acres of his best grazing-ground, got his decoy into full working order so as to send some five thousand birds yearly to the London market, and then—drained it again His receipts from farming in one year were £154, 2s 9d , his expenditure, £1637, os 6d ! Naturally, he did not die rich, though he had made over £20,000 by his writings, including £8500 during 1832-39 for the first publication of *Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, Japhet in Search of a Father, The Pacha of Many Tales, Mr Midshipman Easy, Snarleyyow*, and the *Diary in America* In 1847 he applied for service to the Admiralty , and when his request was refused he was so enraged that he burst a blood vessel, and was seriously ill for months The news early next year of the loss of his son in the wreck of his ship hastened his own death at Langham on 9th August 1848, and there he is buried

Quick tempered, extravagant, and over-eager in the pursuit of enjoyment, Marryat was an excellent officer and a generous man , his home was on the sea, unquestionably , and as a writer of sea-stories he has no superior He cannot, it may be, bring fully home to his readers the beauty and the terror of the deep , but for invention, narrative skill, and grasp of character, and especially for richness of humour, he stands first of all those who have dealt with the sea and sailors in prose fiction No doubt his fun often descends to farce , still, setting Dickens aside, there is no English novelist who has awakened heartier and honester laughter His happiest creations, Mr Chucks and Terence O'Brien, Mesty and Equality Jack, and many more, would not unworthily fill places in the gallery of the greatest novelist His own varied experiences at sea gave him a large fund of memories to draw from , many of his characters are obviously based on actual persons, and some of the episodes are manifestly autobiographical Marryat's best books betray no sign of straining after effect , the prose is direct, clear, and vigorous, an ideal, in its way, of the narrative of adventure Nothing, for example, could well be more vivid, yet nothing could well be simpler and more reserved in style, than such a passage as the club hauling of the *Diomedé* (in *Peter Simple*), where—as is usual in Marryat—the excitement and peril of the moment are brought home in the tersest phrase, by dramatic flashes and apt touches of dialogue His sea fights, his chases and cutting-out expeditions, are told with irresistible gusto, and with vastly greater artistic skill than Fenimore Cooper's His books have been the delight of

boyhood since they first appeared, and grown men can in them renew the joy of youth. The sailors of the Great War live in his pages as vividly as do Tom Bowling and Hatchway and Pipes in Smollett stories; as vividly as some types of Londoners live in the pages of Dickens.

## The Club mailing of the *Dionne* do's

with the press of canvas which he was able to carry for half a sea room, we should have been lying to under storm staysails, but we were fated to carry on at all costs, that we might clear off shore. The seas broke over us we lay in the trough, dashing us with water from the forecastle aft, to the binnacles, and very often as the ship descended with a plonk it was with such force that I really thought she would divide in half with the violence of the shock. Double breechings were rove on the guns, and these were further secured with tackles, and strong cleats riveted behind the trunnions, for we heeled over so much when we lunched that the guns were wholly supported by the breechings and tackles, and had one of them broken loose, it must have burst right through the lee side of the ship, and she must have foundered. The captain, first lieutenant and most of the officers remained on deck during the whole of the night, and really, what with the howling of the wind, the violence of the rain, the rushing of the water about the decks, the working of the chain pumps, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers, I thought that

we must in spirit say I am lost, yet I am now  
grateful for a dozen times more than I was, for I  
feel it my privilege to be here. I will leave you now  
of course, though I might be in a state of health. I  
half-thought I must go back now, as I have to go up  
to New Haven half miles off. What made me go  
up there is that we were unable to get the car  
when in I thought I could get it at the station  
which the telegraph said I could get it at so  
easily. I have to go up the hill to the station, w-

--

+ 10-14  
+ 10-14 percent  
+ 10-14  
+ 10-14 percent

Day 100  
100% water  
100% re-  
actant

and if we weather it we shall have a good time to keep her full, and to be in the gl. the water does not heat, quite as noted?

'Thus end no more, my love. Love her I do,  
pale or tawny when she will, but be careful of her!'

take the wheel out of it if he can't.' It really was a very awful sight. When the ship passed in the trough of the sea and I I desire, with nothing but a wave of tumultuous water. But when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous wave, I then looked down as it were upon a low sandy bank close to you, and covered with sand and timber. 'She behaves nobly' observed the captain, step upon all to the binnacle, and looking at the compass, 'if the wind does not baffle us, we shall weather.' The captain had scarcely time to make the observation, when the sails shivered and flapped like thunder. 'Up with the helm what are you about, quarter-mast etc?'

"The wind has headed us, sir," replied the quartermaster, coolly.



**FREDERICK MARKHAM**  
How an Engineer in the Navy Learned

The captain and master remained at the binnacle watching the compass, and when the sails were again full she had broken off two points, and the point of land was only a little on the lee bow.

'We must wear her round, Mr Falcon. Hands, wear ship—nay, oh, ready.'

'She has come up again,' cried the master, who was at the binnacle.

'Hold fast there a minute! How's her head now?'

'N N L, as she was before she broke off, sir.'

'Pipe below,' said the captain. 'Falcon,' continued he, 'if she breaks off again we may have no room to wear; indeed there is so little room now that I must run the risk. Which cable was ringed last night—the best bower?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Jump down, then, and see it double hitted and stoppered at thirty fathoms. See it well done—our lives may depend upon it.'

The ship continued to hold her course good, and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expected to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails slipped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on to the breakers. 'I tell now, all you can, quarter master,' cried the captain. 'Send the men ast directly. My lads, there is no time for words—I am going to *clab haul* the ship, for there is no room to wear. The only chance you live of safety is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for breaking ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates, ready to cut away the cable at the instant that I give the order. Silence there, fore and aft. Quarter master, keep her full again for stays. Mind you ease the helm down when I tell you.' About a minute passed before the captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continued surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain waved his hand in silence to the quarter master at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and choppings as the sails were spilling. When she had lost her way the captain gave the order, 'Let go the anchor. We will haul all at once, Mr Falcon,' said the captain. Not a word was spoken, the men went to the fore brace, which had not been manned most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way we should be on her, and among the breakers in half a minute. I thought at the time that the captain had said that he would haul all the yards at once, there appeared to be doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr Falcon, and I was afterwards told that he had not agreed with the captain—but he was too good an officer, and knew that there was no time for discussion to make any remark, and the event proved that the captain was right.

At last the ship was held to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise that I thought the mast had gone over the side, and the next instant the yard had caught the sail, and the ship which for a dozen or two had been on an

even keel, careened over to her funnel with its side. The captain, who stood upon the weather forecastle rails, holding by the main rigging, ordered the helm amidships, looked full at the sail, and then at the cable, which was broad upon the weather bow, and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he said, 'Cut away the cable!' A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the large hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave which struck us on the chess tree and deluged us with water for a short time. But we were now on the other tack, and the ship ran, in her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land.

'My lads,' said the captain to the ship's company, 'you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to weather a point of the bay on this tack. Mr Falcon, splice the main brace and call the watch. How's her head, quarter master?'

'S W by S Southward, sir.'

'Very well, let her go through the water,' said the captain, beckoning to the master to follow him, went down into the cabin.

(From *Five Weeks*)

#### Mr Easy receives the First-Lieutenant

In the meantime Mr Sawbridge, who was not in his uniform, had entered, and perceived Jack alone, with the dinner table laid out in the best style for eight, a considerable show of pluck for even the *Lountain Inn*, and everything, as well as the apartment itself, according to Mr Sawbridge's opinion, much more fit for a commander in chief than a midshipman of a slop of vice.

Now Mr Sawbridge was a good officer, one who had really worked his way up to the present rank—that is to say, that he had served seven and twenty years, and had nothing but his pay. He was a little bowed in the service, and certainly had an aversion to the young men of family who were now fast crowding into it—and with some grounds, as he perceived his own chance of promotion decrease in the same ratio as the numbers increased. He considered that in proportion as midshipmen assumed a cleaner and more gentlemanly appearance, so did they become more useless, and it may therefore be easily imagined that his life was raised by this parade and display in a lad who was very shortly to be, and ought then to be, fit to have been, shrinking from his sunn. Nevertheless, Sawbridge was a good hearted man, although a little envious of luxury, which he could not prefer to its dulge in himself.

'May I beg to ask, said Jack, who was always to mark his polite and gentlemanly in his address, 'in what manner I may be of service to you?'

'Yes sir, you may—by giving you his friend's talk. And may I beg to ask in return, sir, what is the reason you have stayed on shore three weeks—i don't mean her?'

Hereupon Jack, who began much to trust the personal favor of Mr Sawbridge, and to like him, having taken a seat on the deck, and, leaning back, got close to which he watched very carefully, after a few words replied—

'A'p'ay who ut to?'

'W' am I ut? i'c' e'n' n' r' j' n' i'c' e'

his chair. 'My name is Sawbridge, sir, and I am the first lieutenant of the *Harp*. Now, sir, you have your answer.'

Mr Sawbridge, who imagined that the name of the first lieutenant would strike terror to a culprit midshipman, threw himself back in the chair and assumed an air of importance.

'Really, sir,' replied Jack, 'what may be your exact situation on board, my ignorance of the service will not allow me to guess, but if I may judge from your behaviour, you have no small opinion of yourself.'

'Look ye, young man, you may not know what a first lieutenant is, and I take it for granted that you do not, by your behaviour, but depend upon it, I'll let you know very soon. In the meantime, sir, I insist upon it, that you go immediately on board.'

'I'm sorry that I cannot comply with your very moderate request,' replied Jack, coolly. 'I shall go on board when it suits my convenience, and I beg that you will give yourself no further trouble on my account.'

Jack then rang the bell, the waiter, who had been listening outside, immediately entered, and before Mr Sawbridge, who was dumb with astonishment at Jack's impertinence, could have time to reply—

'Waiter,' said Jack, 'show this gentleman downstairs.'

'By the god of war!' exclaimed the first lieutenant, 'but I'll soon show you down to the boat, my young bratam, and when once I get you safe on board, I'll make you know the difference between a midshipman and a first lieutenant.'

'I can only admit of equality, sir,' replied Jack, 'we are all born equal—I trust you'll allow that.'

'Equality—damn it, I suppose you'll take the command of the ship. However, sir, your ignorance will be a little enlightened by and by. I shall now go and report your conduct to Captain Wilson, and I tell you plainly that, if you are not on board this evening, to-morrow morning, at daylight, I shall send a sergeant and a file of marines to fetch you.'

'You may depend upon it, sir,' replied Jack, 'that I also shall not fail to mention to Captain Wilson that I consider you a very quarrelsome, impudent fellow, and recommend him not to allow you to remain on board. It will be quite uncomfortable to be in the same ship with such an ungentlemanly bear.'

'He must be mad—quite mad,' exclaimed Sawbridge, whose astonishment even mastered his indignation. 'Mad as a March hare—by God!'

'No, sir,' replied Jack, 'I am not mad, but I am a philosopher.'

'A what?' exclaimed Sawbridge. 'Damme, what next?—Well, my joker, all the better for you, I shall put your philosophy to the proof.'

'It is for that very reason, sir,' replied Jack, 'that I have decided upon going to sea and if you do remain on board, I hope to argue the point with you, and make you a convert to the truth of equality and the rights of man.'

'By the Lord that made us both, I'll soon make you a convert to the thirty six articles of war—that is, if you remain on board, but I shall now go to the captain and report your conduct, sir, and leave you to your dinner with what appetite you may.'

'Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you, but you need not be afraid of my appetite, I am only sorry, as you happen to belong to the same ship, that I cannot, in

justice to the gentlemanly young men whom I expect, ask you to join them. I wish you a very good morning, sir.'

'Twenty years have I been in the service,' roared Sawbridge, 'and, damme, — but he's mad—down right, stark, staring mad.' And the first lieutenant bounced out of the room.

Jack was a little astonished himself. Had Mr Sawbridge made his appearance in uniform it might have been different, but that a plain looking man, with black whiskers, shaggy hair, and old blue frock coat and yellow casimere waistcoat, should venture to address him in such a manner was quite incomprehensible. 'He calls me mad,' thought Jack, 'I shall tell Captain Wilson what is my opinion about his lieutenant.' Shortly afterwards the company arrived, and Jack soon forgot all about it.

In the meantime Sawbridge called at the captain's lodgings, and found him at home. He made a very faithful report of all that had happened, and concluded his request by demanding, in great wrath, either an instant dismissal or a court martial on our hero, Jack.

(From *Mr Midshipman Easy*)

#### Cheeks and his Captain.

'Well, Mr Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?'

'Weston and Smillbridge are going on with the chairs—the whole of them will be finished to morrow.'

'Well?'—'Smith is about the chest of drawers, to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bedroom.'

'Very good. And what is Hilton about?'—'He has finished the spare leaf of the dining table, sir, he is now about a little job for the second lieutenant.'

'A job for the second lieutenant, sir! How often have I told you, Mr Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission!'—'His standing bed place is broken, sir, he is only getting out a chock or two.'

'Mr Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the bye, sir, I understand you were not sober last night.'—'Please your honour,' replied the carpenter, 'I wasn't drunk—I was only a little fresh.'

'Take you care, Mr Cheeks. Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?'—'Why, Thomson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden out of the jib boom, I've saved the heel to return.'

'Very well, but there won't be enough, will there?'

'No, sir, it will take a hand mast to finish the whole.'

'Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a top mast, and make a new one out of the hand mast at sea. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once. And now let me see—oh, the painters must go on shore to finish the attics.'

'Yes, sir, but my Lady Capperbar wishes the *jeal ouzees* to be painted vermilion, she says it will look more rural.'—'Mrs Capperbar ought to know enough about ship's stores by this time to be aware that we are only allowed three colours. She may choose or mix them as she pleases, but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can't afford it. What are the rest of the men about?'—'Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnace.'

'By the bye—that puts me in mind of it—have you expended any boat's masts?'—'Only the one carried away, sir.'

'Then you must expend two more. Mrs C. has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes lines. Saw off the sheave-holes, and put two pegs through at right angles—you know how I mean?'

'Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says that she must have it, and I haven't glass enough. They grumbled at the yard last time.'—'Mrs C. must wait a little. What are the armourers about?'

'They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship.'

'Who dares say that?'—'The first lieutenant, sir.'

'Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they're done, and we'll get the forge up.'

'The armourer has made six rakes and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children, but he says that he can't make a spade.'

'Then I'll take his warrant away, by heavens! since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr Cheeks. I shall overlook your being in liquor this time, but take care. Send the boatswain to me.'

(From *The King's Own*)

*Marryat's Life and Letters* (2 vols. 1872) was published by his daughter Florence, successively Mrs Ross Church and Mrs Lean, and herself a prolific novelist. See also the sketch by Mr D. Hannay in the 'Great Writers series' (1889).

**William Nugent Glascocock** (1787–1847) served with credit in the navy from 1800 till the year of his death, with long intervals of half-pay, during which he produced many good pictures of maritime life and adventures, based largely on his varied experiences afloat in the Baltic and the Mediterranean, off Portugal, Newfoundland, and the West Indies. *The Naval Sketch-Book* (1826), *Sailors and Saints* (1829), *Tales of a Tar* (1836), *Land Sharks and Sea Gulls* (1838), are all genuine tales of the sea, and display a hearty comic humour, a rich phraseology, and a cordial contempt for regularity of plot. Captain Glascocock's *Naval Service, or Officer's Manual*, passed through several editions, and translated was used in the French, Russian, Swedish, and Turkish services.

**Edward Howard**, a naval lieutenant who died still a comparatively young man in 1841, was a shipmate of Marryat's, and his sub editor on the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and was the author of *Rattlin the Reefer* (1836), a capital sea-story sometimes published with Marryat's works, and wrongly attributed to Marryat, who was said to have edited it. It was very well received, and was followed by *Outward Bound*, *Jack Ashore*, *Sir Henry Morgan the Buccaneer*, and other stories. Several of these are better managed as to fable, particularly *Outward Bound*, but have not the same breadth of humour as Captain Glascocock's novels. He ventured also on a poem, *The Centaur* (1841). Tom Hood, on whose staff in the *New Monthly* he served, spoke warmly of his work, and said Howard 'had just felt the true use of his powers when he was called to resign them.'

**Frederick Chamier** (1796–1870) served in the navy from 1809 till 1827, and then produced, in imitation of Marryat, *The Life of a Sailor* (1832), *Bill Brace*, *The Arcthusa*, *Jack Adams*, and *Tom Bowling* (1841), stories which for a time were very popular, and were mostly reprinted as recently as 1881–90. *Count Konigsmark* (1845) was a historical romance. Captain Chamier continued James's *Naval History*, recorded his experiences of the French Revolution of 1848, and published in 1855 a painfully facetious book of travels in France, Switzerland, and Italy.

**Charles Wentworth Dilke** (1789–1864), editor of the *Athenaeum*, served twenty years in the Navy Pay Office, and on retiring with a pension devoted himself wholly to literary occupations. He had long been a zealous student of literature, had in 1814–16 edited a continuation of Dodsley's 'old plays,' and had contributed much to the magazines and reviews, especially to the *Retrospective*. In 1829 he became part proprietor of the *Athenaeum* (founded by Silk Buckingham in 1828, and owned for a few months by John Sterling and others), and speedily became its supreme and highly effective editor. He soon had Charles Lamb, Tom Hood, Leigh Hunt, Allin Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Chorley, and George Darley on his staff or amongst his contributors, and from abroad—an innovation in English journalism—he enlisted the services of Sainte Beuve and Jules Janin. To ensure perfect impartiality, the editor withdrew from general society, saw as little as possible of authors and publishers, and so long as he edited the paper did not himself contribute to its columns. He resigned the editorial charge in 1846, for three years edited the *Daily News*, and now began to contribute to the *Athenaeum* the famous articles on Junius, Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Burke, Wilkes, and Peter Pindar, which were published as *The Papers of a Critic* by Dilke's grandson, Sir Charles, in 1875. Dr Carruthers, who did not wholly agree with him, said that 'the personal history of Pope was never properly understood till it was taken up by Mr Dilke,' and his views were substantially adopted by Mr Elwin and Mr Courthope in the magisterial edition. Dilke's contribution to the Junius controversy, mainly destructive of current theories, was the most important that had been made.

**Thomas Keightley** (1789–1872), born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College, settled in London in 1824 as a writer of books, and published a series of histories of Greece, Rome, and England, long used as school manuals, books on the Greek War of Independence and on the Crusades, notes to Virgil and Horace, a Life of Milton and an edition of his works. His *Fairy Mythology* (1850) is, however, by far his most important work, and is still useful, though, like all books of that date dealing with folklore, it must be read with a certain caution.

**William Maginn** (1793–1842) was one of the wittiest, most accomplished, and versatile writers of his time in prose and verse, but has left little permanent memorial of his genius or acquirements. He was born at Cork, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, assisted his father in conducting an academy in his native city, and in 1816 (not in 1819, as is usually said) was made LL.D. by his *alma mater*. It was in 1819 that he began to write for *Blackwood's Magazine*. His papers were lively, learned, often abusive, and sometimes libellous; he was a keen political partisan, a Tory of the old Orange stamp, who gave no quarter to an opponent. At the same time there was so much scholarly wit and literary power about Maginn's contributions that all parties read and admired him. For nine years he was one of the most constant writers in *Blackwood*, and his Odoherty papers (prose and verse) were eagerly welcomed. He had removed to London in 1823, and adopted literature as a profession. In 1824 John Murray the publisher commenced a daily newspaper, *The Representative*, and Maginn was engaged as Paris correspondent. His residence in France was short, the *Representative* soon collapsed, and Maginn returned to London to 'spin his daily bread out of his brains'. He was associated with Dr Stanley Lees Giffard in conducting the *Standard* newspaper, and when *Fraser's Magazine* was established in 1830, he became one of its chief literary supporters, contributing thereto the famous 'Gallery of Literary Characters' illustrated by MacLise, probably neither Thackeray nor Carlyle did as much for the popularity of *Fraser* as Maginn did. One article in this periodical (1830), a review of the poor novel of *Berkeley Castle*, led to a hostile meeting between Maginn and its author, the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. Mr Berkeley had brutally assaulted Fraser, the publisher of the offensive criticism, when Maginn wrote to him, declaring that he was the author—hence the challenge and the duel. The parties exchanged shots thrice, Maginn being slightly wounded. Maginn's life, literary and personal, became very irregular, intemperance gained upon him, the indisputable original of Thackeray's 'Captain Shandon', he was often arrested and in jail, but his good humour seems never to have forsaken him. His burlesque review of Southey's *Doctor* was called 'a farrago of Rabelaisian wit and learning'—a description that applies to a good deal of his work. He wrote a series of really admirable Shakespeare papers for *Blackwood* in 1837, and in the following year he commenced a series of sixteen Homeric ballads. In 1842 he was again in prison, and his health gave way. One of his friends wrote to Sir Robert Peel, describing the lamentable condition of the decayed wit, and the minister sent him £100, which Maginn did not live to receive. He died a discharged but insolvent debtor at Walton-on-Thames. The esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries may

be gathered from the so-called epitaph on him by Lockhart—or, rather, the genial elegy

Here, early to bed, lies kind WILLIAM MAGINN,  
Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,  
Had neither great lord nor rich cit of his kin,  
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin,  
So his portion soon spent—like the poor heir of Lynn—  
He turned author while yet was no beard on his chin,  
And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,  
For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin,  
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—  
'Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,'  
But to save from starvation stirred never a pin  
Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin,  
Else his acting for certain was equal to Quin,  
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin—  
All the same to the doctor from claret to gin—  
Which led swiftly to jail and consumption therein  
It was much when the bones rattled loose in his skin,  
He got leave to die here out of Babylon's din  
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard of a sin  
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken MAGINN

Even at his best he had more copiousness, cleverness, and wit than judgment or good feeling, and some of his work was in execrable taste—his treatment of *Christabel* and of *Adonais*, for example. The parodies of Carlyle and Disraeli in the 'Gallery,' on the other hand, are brilliant and blameless. The 'Story without a Tail' and 'Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady,' both for *Blackwood*, were reckoned his masterpieces. Some of his Latin verse, classical as well as doggerel, was brilliant. His 'Homeric Ballads' are very good ballads, but are not in the least Homeric, his blank verse reconstruction of Lucian's dialogues as comedies did not preserve much of Lucian's spirit. Wit and humour he always hid at command, and he was an extraordinary improvisator. 'The Maxims of Odoherty' vary from pointed aphorisms such as 'The next best thing to a really good woman is a really good-natured one,' and 'The next worst thing to a really bad man (in other words, a knave) is a really good natured one (in other words, a fool)', to disquisitions—some of them tedious—on the impropriety of mixing your liquors or of taking lobster sauce with salmon, the best method of discomfiting a punster during dinner, and facetious literary criticism somewhat of the *Noctes* order. 'The Vision of Purgatory' is not solemnising. The value or entertainment to be derived from Maginn's Latin versions of 'Chevy Chase' and 'Back and side go bare' may be guessed from a verse of the former

Persaeus ex Northumbria  
Vobebat dis iratis,  
Venare inter dies tres  
In montibus Cheviatis,  
Contentis forti Douglaeo  
Et omnibus cognatis.

Byron and Campbell are treated only less contemptuously in several articles than are Keats and Shelley, as types of the Cockney school, the

'Adonais' is ridiculed as mere trash 'Mazeppa' is proved to be a version of 'John Gilpin' Moore is more playfully dealt with by parody, thus

The last lamp of the alley  
Is burning alone'  
All its brilliant companions  
Are shivered and gone.  
  
No lamp of her kindred,  
No burner is nigh,  
To rival her glimmer,  
Or light to supply  
  
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
To vanish in smoke,  
As the bright ones are shattered,  
Thou too shalt be broke  
  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy globe o'er the street,  
Where the watch in his rambles  
Thy fragments shall meet

In a not unjustified protest against the acceptance of Irish songs manufactured for the English market, he comments on the rhyming of 'girls' and 'bells': 'The rhyme here marks this brute [the author] to be a bestial Cockney.' The *Berkeley Castle* review not merely calls the novel 'in conception the most impudent, in execution about the stupidest it has ever been our misfortune to read,' and comments on its 'horribly vulgar and ungrammatical writing,' but on the moral side speaks of 'looseness and dirt' and 'these bestialities towards the ladies of England,' asks (by name) the peer to whose wife the novel was dedicated if he could not borrow a horsewhip to revenge such an insult, and to emphasise the bad taste of the author's family pride in naming the novel, dwells on the fact that the author's mother lived with his father as his mistress before she was married to him.

#### From Bob Burke's Duel.

'The day of that hunt was the very day that led to my duel with Brady. He was a long, straddling, waddle mouthed chap, who had no more notion of riding a hunt than a rhinoceros. He was mounted on a showy enough looking mare, which had been nerved by Rodolphus Bootman, the horse doctor, and thought "a good'un to look at, was a rum'un to go," and before she was nerved, all the work had been taken out of her by long Lanty Philpot, who sold her to Brady after dinner for fifty pounds, she being not worth twenty in her best day, and Brady giving his bill at three months for the fifty. My friend the ensign was no judge of a horse, and the event showed that my cousin Lanty was no judge of a bill—not a cross of the fifty having been paid from that day to this, and it is out of the question now, it being long past the statute of limitations, to say nothing of Brady having since twice taken the benefit of the Act. So both parties jockeyed one another, having that pleasure, which must do them instead of profit.'

'She was a bay chestnut, and nothing would do Brady but he must run her at a little grip which Miss Dosy was going to clear, in order to show his gallantry.'

and agility, and certainly I must do him the credit to say that he did get his mare *on* the grip, which was no small feat, but there she broke down, and off went Brady, neck and crop, into as fine a pool of stagnant green mud as you would ever wish to see. He was ducked regularly in it, and he came out, if not in the jacket, yet in the colours, of the Rifle Brigade, looking rueful enough at his misfortune, as you may suppose. But he had not much time to think of the figure he cut, for before he could well get up, who should come right slap over him but Miss Dosy herself upon Tom the Devil, having cleared the gap and a yard beyond the pool in fine style. Brady ducked, and escaped the horse, a little fresh daubing being of less consequence than the knocking out of his brains, if he had any, but he did not escape a smart rap from a stone which one of Tom's heels flung back with such unlucky accuracy as to hit Brady right in the mouth, knocking out one of his eye teeth (which I do not recollect). Brady clapped his hand to his mouth, and bawled, as any man might do in such a case, so loud that Miss Dosy checked Tom for a minute, to turn round, and there she saw him making the most horrid faces in the world, his mouth streaming blood, and himself painted green from head to foot with a coat of shining slime as was to be found in the province of Munster. "That's the gentle man you just leapt over, Miss Dosy," said I, for I had joined her, "and he seems to be in some confusion." "I'm sorry," said she, "Bob, that I should have in any way offended him or any other gentleman by leaping over him, but I can't wait now. Take him my compliments, and tell him I should be happy to see him at tea at six o'clock this evening, in a different suit." Off she went, and I rode back with her message (by which means I was thrown out), and, would you believe it, he had the ill manners to say "the h—," but I shall not repeat what he said. It was impolite to the last degree, not to say profane, but perhaps he may be somewhat excused under his peculiar circumstances. There is no knowing what even Job himself might have said immediately after having been thrown off his horse into a green pool, with his eye tooth knocked out, his mouth full of mud and blood, on being asked to a tea party.'

'He—Brady, not Job—went, nevertheless—for, on our return to Miss Dosy's lodgings we found a triangular note, beautifully perfumed, expressing his gratitude for her kind invitation, and telling her not to think of the slight accident which had occurred. How it happened, he added, he could not conceive, his mare never having broken down with him before—which was true enough as that was the first day he ever mounted her—and she having been bought by himself at a sale of the Earl of Darlington's horses last year, for two hundred guineas. She was a great favourite, he went on to say, with the Earl, who often rode her, and ran at Doncaster by the name of Miss Russell. All this latter part of the note was not quite so true, but then it must be admitted that when we talk about horses we are not tied down to be exact to a letter. If we were, God help Tattersall's!'

'To tea, accordingly, the ensign came at six, wiped clean, and in a different set out altogether from what he appeared in on emerging from the ditch. He was, to make use of a phrase introduced from the ancient Latin into the modern Greek, togged up in the most approved style of his Majesty's Forty eighth foot. Bright was the scarlet of his coat—deep the blue of his facings.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Antony Harrison, here interrupting the speaker, 'the Forty eighth are not royals, and you ought to know that no regiment but those which are royal sport blue facings. I remember, once upon a time, in a coffee shop, detecting a very smart fellow, who wrote some clever things in a Magazine published in Edinburgh by one Blackwood, under the character of a military man, not to be anything of the kind, by his talking about ensigns in the fusileers—all the world knowing that in the fusileers there are no ensigns, but in their place second lieutenants. Let me set you right there, Bob, the facings your friend Brady exhibited to the wondering gaze of the Mallow tea table must have been buff—pale buff.'

'Buff, black, blue, brown, yellow, Pompadour, brick dust, no matter what they were,' continued Burke, in no wise pleased by the interruption, 'they were as bright as they could be made, and so was all the lace, and other traps which I shall not specify more minutely, as I am in presence of so sharp a critic. He was, in fact, in full dress—as you know is done in country quarters—and being not a bad plain and elevation of a man, looked well enough. Miss Dosy, I perceived, had not been perfectly ignorant of the rank and condition of the gentleman over whom she had leaped, for she was dressed in her purple satin body and white skirt, which she always put on when she wished to be irresistible, and her hair was suffered to flow in long ringlets down her fair neck—and, by Jupiter! it was fur as a swan's, and as mystic too—and no mistake. Yes! Dosy Macnamara looked divine that evening.'

'Never mind! Tea was brought in by Mary Keefe, and it was just as all other teas have been and will be. Do not, however, confound it with the wafer sliced and hot watered abominations which are inflicted, perhaps justly, on the wretched individuals who are guilty of haunting *sorées* and *conversazioni* in this good and bad city of London. The tea was congou or souchong, or some other of these Chinese affairs, for anything I know to the contrary, for, having dined at the house, I was mixing my fifth tumbler when tea was brought in, and Mrs Macnamara begged me not to disturb myself, and she being a lady for whom I had a great respect, I complied with her desire, but there was a potato cake, an inch thick and two feet in diameter, which Mrs Macnamara informed me in a whisper was made by Dosy after the hunt.'

"Poor chicken," she said, "if she had the strength, she has the willingness, but she is so delicate. If you saw her handling the potatoes to day!"

"Madam," said I, looking tender and putting my hand on my heart, "I wish I was a potato!"

I thought this was an uncommonly pathetic wish, after the manner of the Persian poet Hafiz, but it was scarcely out of my mouth when Ensign Brady, taking a cup of tea from Miss Dosy's hand, looking upon me with an air of infinite condescension, declared that I must be the happiest of men, as my wish was granted before it was made. I was preparing to answer, but Miss Dosy laughed so loud that I had not time, and my only resource was to swallow what I had just made. The ensign followed up his victory without mercy.'

See the Life by R. W. Montagu, prefixed to Maginn's *Miscellany* (2 vols. 1885). The *Gallery* was republished in 1874 and edited by Bates, in 1883.

**Francis Sylvester Mahony** (1804-66), the creator of Father Prout and the Oliver Yorke of *Fraser's Magazine*, was, like Maginn, a native of Cork, and even more scholarly, accomplished, versatile, witty, and gifted with facile and felicitous utterance in prose and verse. He was educated at St Acheul, the Jesuit college at Amiens, and in Paris, among the Jesuits he lived, as he said, in an atmosphere of Latin, and became a first rate Latin scholar. He was admitted to the Society, taught in an Irish college, but for extraordinarily unconventional irregularities in a seminarist (including coursing and deep drinking) was pronounced to be no longer a Jesuit in 1830, and, obtaining with some difficulty priest's orders in 1832, officiated at Cork. But ere long he quarrelled with his bishop, and, settling in London, became one of the writers in *Fraser's Magazine*, and during 1834-36 he contributed a series of papers, afterwards collected as *The Reliques of Father Prout*. From the gay tavern life of the 'Fraserians' Mahony went abroad and travelled, 1837-41, in Hungary, Greece, and Asia Minor. He became in 1846 Roman correspondent of the *Daily News*, and his letters were in 1847 collected and published as *Facts and Figures from Italy*, by Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk. For the last eight years of his life—quite Bohemian, though latterly his wit became more caustic and his ways less sociable—he lived chiefly in Paris, and was the correspondent of the *Globe*, his letters forming the chief attraction of that journal. He died reconciled to the Church. A volume of *Final Memorials of Father Prout*, published in 1876 by Blanchard Jerrold, sufficiently illustrated Mahony's wonderful facility in Latin composition, his wit, quaint sayings, genial outbursts of sentiment, pathos, absurdity and satire jumbled together and a certain reverence for religion among all his convivialities. James Hannay said of him 'Mahoney's fun is essentially Irish—fanciful, playful, odd, irregular, and more grotesque than Northern fun. In one of his own phrases, he is an Irish potato, seasoned with Attic salt.'

Much of the fun of the *Reliques* arises out of Father Prout's regretful proof that the best songs of some of the most admired modern authors are the merest plagiarisms or translations from ancient Greek, mediæval Latin, or old French originals, which he solemnly produces with dates and all necessary particulars to authenticate them—the poems and the facts all alike out of his own head. And he often pursued his jest beyond the limits prescribed by piety to the dead and by good taste, and the fun evaporates in tedium or annoyance. Father Prout declares himself to have been the son of Dean Swift by Stella, to whom the Dean had been privately married, and the Dean's madness was wholly occasioned, not by the causes usually alleged, but by the kidnapping of this (purely supposititious) son by William Wood, the halfpenny hero whom Swift denounced. In the

article Wolfe (Vol II p 788) we have given a verse of Father Prout's French original for 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' 'John Anderson, my jo,' was a mere translation by Burns into Scotch of the Latin original, duly produced by the Admirable Crichton—the Scotch version is even extended to seven verses. The good Father had special joy in proving Moore's 'Irish Melodies' to be the merest translations from Greek, Latin, or French, as the case might be. This is part of a chapter of the *Reliques*

From 'The Rogueries of Tom Moore'

The Blarney stone in my neighbourhood has attracted hither many an illustrious visitor, but none has been so assiduous a pilgrim in my time as Tom Moore. While he was engaged in his best and most unexceptionable work on the melodious ballads of his country, he came regularly every summer, and did me the honour to share my humble roof repeatedly. He knows well how often he plagued me to supply him with original songs which I had picked up in France among the merry troubadours and carol loving inhabitants of that once happy land, and to what extent he has transferred these foreign inventions into the 'Irish Melodies.' Like the robber Cacus, he generally dragged the plundered cattle by the tail, so as that, moving backwards into his cavern of stolen goods, the foot tracks might not lead to detection. Some songs he would turn upside down, by a figure in rhetoric called *υστεροπ* *τρότεροπ*, others he would disguise in various shapes, but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallic muse, 'for, d'ye see, old Prout,' the rogue would say,

'The best of all ways  
To lengthen our *lays*,

Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, "my dear!"

Now I would have let him enjoy unmolested the renown which these 'Melodies' have obtained for him, but his last treachery to my round tower friend [a bogus plagiary from an Irish antiquary] has raised my bile, and I shall give evidence of the unsuspected robberies

'Abstractaque boves abjurataque rapinae  
Cælo ostendentur'

It would be easy to point out detached fragments and stray metaphors, which he has scattered here and there in such gay confusion that every page has within its limits a mass of felony and plagiarism sufficient to hang him. For instance, I need only advert to his 'Bard's Legacy.' Even on his dying bed this 'dying bard' cannot help indulging his evil pranks, for, in bequeathing his 'heart' to his 'mistress dear,' and recommending her to 'borrow' balmy drops of port wine to bathe the relic, he is all the while robbing old Clement Marot, who thus disposes of his remains

'Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'entere  
Dans la cave ou est le vin,  
Le corps sous un tonneau de Middère,  
Et la bouche sous le robin'

But I won't strain at a gnat when I can capture a camel—a huge dromedary laden with pilfered spoil, for, would you believe it if you had never learned it from Prout, the very opening and foremost song of the collection, 'Go where glory waits thee,' is but a literal

and servile translation of an old French ditty which is among my papers, and which I believe to have been composed by that beautiful and interesting 'lady,' Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Chateaubriand, born in 1491, and the favourite of Francis I, who soon abandoned her, indeed, the lines appear to anticipate his infidelity. They were written before the battle of Pavia.

*Chanson de la Comtesse de Chateaubriand à François I*

Va où la gloire t'invite,  
Et quand d'orgueil palpite  
Ce cœur, qu'il pense à moi !  
Quand l'âge enslimme  
Toute l'ardeur de ton âme,  
Pense encore à moi !  
Autres charmes peut être  
Tu voudras connaître,  
Autre amour en maître  
Regnera sur toi,  
Mais quand tu l'vre presse  
Celle qui te caresse,  
Mechant, pense à moi !

*Tom Moore's Translation of this Song in the 'Irish Melodies'*

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh, still remember me !  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh, then remember me !  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee—  
All the joys that bless thee  
Dearer far may be  
But when friends are dearest,  
And when joys are nearest,  
Oh, then remember me !

A page or two later he gives the Latin original of 'Lesbia hath a beaming eye,' as written originally by himself, and sung by him to Moore in his parsonage of Watergrasshill ('Lesbia semper hic et inde Oculorum tela movit')

Mahony either in his own character or as Father Prout made really brilliant and melodious verse renderings from the classics and from the French and Italian, his renderings from Horace are in a wonderful and apt variety of rhyme and measure. Thus he renders the first verse of the Second Ode

Since Jove decreed in storms to vent  
The winter of his discontent,  
Thundering o'er Rome impotent  
With red right hand,  
The flood gates of the firmament  
Have drenched the land

And Ode Ninth begins thus

See how the winter blanches  
Soracte's giant brow !  
Hear how the forest branches  
Groan from the weight of snow !  
While the fixed ice impanels  
Rivers within their channels

And he translated English songs, as we have seen, into most plausible Latin and French. His

translation of Gresset's *Vert Vert, the Parrot*, reads wonderfully like an Ingoldsby Legend. His chapter on 'Modern Latin Poets' contains articles on and translations from Vida, Sarbiewski, Beza, Sannazar, Fricastoro, George Buchanan, and others. It is not always easy to know whether the Father is citing historical fact or giving pure imagination with circumstantial details, as in the case of 'the celebrated poem, *De Coniubis Florum*', by Diarmid M'Encroe from Kerry, published at Paris in 1727, which was the sole original of Erasmus Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*. 'The Groves of Blarney' would seem to exist in Greek, Latin, French, and old Irish MSS.,



FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY

From a Photograph

if we believe this veracious authority. He may, like one of his protégés, be said 'to have defied the Royal Irish Academy, a learned assembly which, alas! has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned.' 'The Shandon Bells' was one of the songs sung by Father Prout to Tom Moore, and on it, we are told, the ungracious guest, without acknowledgment, rings the changes in his 'Evening Bells.'

## The Shandon Bells

With deep affection  
And recollection,  
I often think of  
Those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle  
Their magic spells

On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
Sweet Cork, of thee,  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee

I've heard bells chiming,  
Full many a chime in,  
Tolling sublime in  
Cathedral shrine,  
While at a glib rate,  
Brass tongues would vibrate—  
But all their music  
Spoke nought like thine,  
Nor memory dwelling  
On each proud swelling  
Of the belfry knelling  
Its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee

I've heard bells tolling  
Old 'Adrian's Mole' in,  
Their thunder rolling  
From the Vatican,  
And cymbals glorious  
Swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets  
Of Notre Dame  
But thy sounds were sweeter  
Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber,  
Pealing solemnly—  
O the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee

There's a bell in Moscow,  
While on tower and kiosk O,  
In Saint Sophia,  
The Turkman gets,  
And loud in air  
Calls men to prayer,  
From the tapering summits  
Of tall minarets  
Such empty phantom  
I freely grant them,  
But there is an anthem  
More dear to me—  
'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee

Besides the volume of *Final Reliques*, there is an edition of *The Works of Father Prout* by Charles Kent (1861).

**Pierce Egan** (1772–1849), a Londoner by birth, and the most popular sporting journalist of his day, is remembered as the author of *Life in London, or the Days and Nights of Jerry Hawthorne and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom*, a tale, or rather

a series of sketches, which is said to have taken town and country by storm when it appeared in 1821. Thackeray has immortalised it in one of the best of his *Roundabout Papers*, where, however, he very fairly indicates its literary worth by confessing that on reperusal he found it 'a little vulgar,' and is a description of the sports and amusements of London in the Regency days, 'more curious than amusing.' Not a little of its interest is due to Cruikshank's illustrations. Its author, who spent his life in frequenting and reporting all the more notable races, prize fights, cock fights, cricket matches, and executions in England, produced many other ephemeral works of a similar kind, among which *Boriana* (1818) and *The Loves of Florizel and Perdita* (the Prince Regent and Mrs. Robinson, 1814) may be mentioned. He also published in 1828 a continuation of *Life in London* (republished in 1871), modifying its theme and killing off or converting its characters. His son, Pierce Egan the younger (1814-80), an etcher who illustrated his own and his father's works, was also a diligent journalist, and wrote more than twenty indifferent novels, one of which, *The Snake in the Grass*, published first in 1858, was reprinted in 1887.

**George Combe** (1788-1858), phrenologist, was born, a brewer's son, in Edinburgh, and, bred a Writer to the Signet, practised till 1837, when he devoted himself to popularising his views on phrenology and education. A disciple of Spurzheim, he wrote two works on phrenology (1819 and 1824), one of which passed through a dozen editions, but his most important was *The Constitution of Man* (1828, 12th ed. 1900), which was violently opposed as materialist, subversive of the belief in immortality, and mimical to revealed religion. He laboured earnestly to reform education on rational and scientific principles travelled and lectured at home, on the Continent, and in the United States, and published books on popular education, moral philosophy, criminal legislation, currency questions, and the relation between science and religion. Combe's ideas on popular education, anticipating modern methods, were carried out for some years in a secular school which he founded in Edinburgh in 1848, where the sciences were systematically taught, including physiology—and, as was inevitable, phrenology. He was an intimate friend of Robert Chambers, Richard Cobden, and George Eliot, and his wife was a daughter of the great Mrs. Siddons. There is a Life by Charles Gibbon (1878), and Combe's views and articles on Education were collected by Jolly (1879). George Combe wrote also a Life of his brother Andrew (1797-1847), physician to the King of the Belgians and to Queen Victoria, and author of a successful work on physiology. A Combe lectureship seeks to awaken public interest in the importance of physiology and hygiene in education and morals.

**Thomas Erskine** (1788-1870) of Linlathen was admitted advocate in 1810, but ceased to practise after his elder brother's death gave him the estate of Linlathen near Dundee. He was a man of a warmly devotional religious temperament, and the main aim of his half dozen theological works, next to the promotion of pure religion and undefiled, was to insist on the ultimate universal salvation of mankind, and to argue that the conscience, and not miracle, was the chief evidence for a divine revelation. He strongly supported Macleod Campbell, deposed by the Church of Scotland for his doctrine of universal pardon and atonement through Christ, and amongst his intimate friends were men so unlike in their theological sympathies as I. D. Maurice, Dean Stanley, Carlyle, Prévost-Paradol, Vinet, and the Monods. See Erskine's *Letters*, edited by Dr Hannay (1877-78).

**Sir Francis Palgrave** (1788-1861) was long deputy keeper of the Public Records and an indefatigable student of our early history. He was the son of Meyer Cohen, a Jewish stockbroker in London, but at his marriage (1823), having become a Christian, he assumed his mother's maiden name of Pilgrime. He was articled to a solicitor, in 1827 was called to the Bar, pleading mainly in pedigree cases before the House of Lords, was a frequent contributor to the reviews, and in 1831 contributed to Murray's 'Family Library' a *History of England* in the Anglo-Saxon period. Next year appeared his *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*—a work which contains a mass of information regarding the most obscure part of our annals, with original records concerning the political institutions of ancient Europe. He afterwards wrote a more elaborate history, the last two volumes of which were published after his death—*The History of Normandy and England* (4 vols. 1851-64), which brings down the history to the death of Rufus. England owes him a debt of gratitude for the light he threw on the origin of its people and institutions. Hallam and Freeman, though dissenting from some of his conclusions, both highly praised his great achievement—that of making mediæval history intelligible. He insisted, rightly, as Freeman says, that European society and civilisation depended on the influence of Rome long after the fifth century, even when she had fallen and was 'tattered, sordid, and faded as was her imperial robe,' the chiefs of the barbarian dynasties assumed the semblance of the Caesars, and employed their titles and symbols. Sir Francis, who was knighted in 1832 and was F.R.S., carefully arranged heretofore inaccessible piles of national documents, reported on them as deputy-keeper, and edited for the Record Commission *Calendars of the Treasury, Documents Illustrative of the History of Scotland, &c.*, wrote on the feudal system, *Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages*, and a *Hand book for Travellers in*

*Northern Italy* His style was sometimes too discursive.—**William Gifford Palgrave**, Jesuit, traveller, consul, and author of books of travel, and **Professor F T Palgrave**, poet and critic, were his sons.

**John Lewis Burckhardt** (1784–1817), though he spent but a year or two in England, ranks almost as an English author in virtue of his books of travel, written by him in English and revised by English friends. Born at Lausanne, he was educated at Neuchâtel, Leipzig, and Göttingen. In 1806 he brought an introduction from Blumenbach to Sir Joseph Banks, of the African Association, and in 1809 was sent to explore the interior of Africa. At Aleppo he studied more than two years, then, disguised as an Oriental, he visited Palmyra, Damascus, Lebanon, Nubia, and thence in 1814 as 'Sheikh Ibrahim' made the pilgrimage to Mecca, where, one of the first European Christians to enter the sacred city, he was accepted not only as a true believer but as a great Moslem scholar. In 1815 he returned to Cairo, and in 1816 ascended Mount Sinu. When at last on the point of joining the Fezzan caravan, the opportunity for which he had waited so long, he was carried off by dysentery at Cairo. The records of his journeys (three series), with volumes on Bedouins and Wahabis and on Arabic proverbs, were published in 1819–30.

**William Scoresby** (1789–1857), Arctic explorer, born at Cropton near Whitby, sailed to the Greenland seas as a boy with his father, a whaling captain, and himself made several voyages to the whaling-grounds. He attended Edinburgh University, carried on investigations in natural history, botany, meteorology, and magnetism, and published the results in *The Arctic Regions* (1820) and *Magnetic Investigations* (2 vols 1839–52). In 1822 he surveyed four hundred miles of the east coast of Greenland. After a course of study at Cambridge he was ordained (1825), and laboured at Liverpool, Exeter, and Bradford, but failing health compelled him to retire to Torquay in 1849. He was D.D., and was elected F.R.S. in 1824. There is a Life of him by his nephew (1861).

**Charles Knight** (1791–1873), author and publisher was the son of a Windsor bookseller, and with his father he in 1811 established the *Windsor and Eton Express*, editing it until 1821, and at the same time printing the *Etonian*. The *Plain Englishman* (1820–22), a first attempt to produce good cheap literature, was jointly edited by Knight and Commissioner Locker of Greenwich Hospital. In London from 1822 on, Knight, now a general publisher, founded *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; he published many works and serials, including the *Penny Magazine* (1832–45). The *Penny Cyclopædia* was begun in 1838, and was followed by the *English Cyclopædia* (1854–61), the

*British Almanac*, and its *Companion*. He edited a *Pictorial Shakespeare*, and wrote a Life of Shakespeare. Other works were *The Land We Live In*, *Once Upon a Time*, and *Knowledge is Power*. In 1862 he completed his *Popular History of England*. *Half-hours with the Best Authors*, *Half hours of English History*, and *Half-hours with the Best Letter-writers* were compilations by himself, and from 1860 he was publisher of the *London Gazette*. He wrote autobiographical *Passages of a Working Life* (1863–65), and there is a Life of him by Alice Clowes (1892).

**Dionysius Lardner** (1793–1859), after serving for four years as clerk to his father, a Dublin solicitor, studied at Trinity College. He attracted attention by works on algebraic geometry (1823) and the calculus (1825), but is best known as the originator and editor of *Lardner's Cyclopædia* (132 vols 1830–44). This was followed by the historical *Cabinet Library* (12 vols 1830–32) and *Museum of Science and Art* (12 vols 1854–56). In 1828 Lardner had been appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in University College, London, but in 1840, married man though he was, he ran away with the wife of an army officer, and went to the United States, where he made £40,000 by lecturing. He lived in Paris from 1845 to 1859, and died at Naples. He was not related to Nathaniel Lardner (Vol. II p. 247).

**Sir Francis Bond Head** (1793–1875), born of Portuguese-Jewish ancestry at Higham in Kent, was educated at Rochester and Woolwich Academy, and served 1811–25 in the Engineers, being present at Waterloo. Manager then of the unsuccessful La Plata Mining Company, he published *Rough Notes taken during some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes* (1827). The work was exceedingly popular, and the reputation of 'Galloping Head,' as the gay captain was termed, was increased by his *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau* (1834). Governor of Upper Canada 1835–37, and created a baronet in 1836, he published a narrative of his not very successful administration, which was more amusing than convincing. Turning again to purely literary pursuits, Sir Francis wrote *The Emigrant* (1852), and a series of essays in the *Quarterly Review*, afterwards republished as *Stokers and Pokers—Highways and Byways*. He wrote a Life of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, for the 'Family Library.' The national defences of this country appearing to Sir Francis lamentably deficient, he issued a note of warning, *The Defenceless State of Great Britain* (1850). Visits to Paris and Ireland produced *A Faggot of French Sticks, or Paris in 1851*, and *A Fortnight in Ireland* (1852). In 1869 he produced a practical work, *The Royal Engineer*. His brother, **Sir George Head** (1782–1855), a Peninsular veteran, wrote *Forest Scenery in the Woods of North America* (1829), *Home Tours in England*, 1835–37, and some other works.

### Tawell the Murderer

Whatever may have been his fears, his hopes, his fancies, or his thoughts, there suddenly flashed along the wires of the electric telegraph, which were stretched close beside him, the following words 'A murder has just been committed at Salthill, and the suspected murderer was seen to take a first class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7 h 42 m p.m. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown greatcoat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet. He is in the last compartment of the second first class carriage.' And yet, fast as these words flew like lightning past him, the information they contained, with all its details, as well as every secret thought that had preceded them, had already consecutively flown millions of times faster, indeed, at the very instant that, within the walls of the little cottage at Slough, there had been uttered that dreadful scream, it had simultaneously reached the judgment seat of heaven.'

On arriving at the Paddington station, after mingling for some moments with the crowd, he got into an omnibus, and as it rumbled along, taking up one passenger and putting down another, he probably felt that his identity was every minute becoming confounded and confused by the exchange of fellow passengers for strangers that was constantly taking place. But all the time he was thinking, the cad of the omnibus—a policeman in disguise—knew that he held his victim like a rat in a cage. Without, however, apparently taking the slightest notice of him, he took one sixpence, gave change for a shilling, handed out this lady, stuffed in that one, until, arriving at the Bank, the guilty man, stooping as he walked towards the carriage door, descended the steps paid his fare, crossed over to the Duke of Wellington's statue, where pausing for a few moments, anxiously to gaze around him, he proceeded to the Jerusalem Coffee house, thence over London Bridge to the Leonard Coffee house in the Borough, and finally to a lodging house in Scott's Yard, Cannon Street. He probably fancied that, by making so many turns and doubles, he had not only effectually puzzled all pursuit, but that his appearance at so many coffee houses would assist him, if necessary, in proving an *alibi*, but, whatever may have been his motives or his thoughts, he had scarcely entered the lodging when the policeman—who, like a wolf, had followed him every step of the way—opening the door, very calmly said to him—the words no doubt were infinitely more appalling to him even than the scream that had been haunting him—'Haven't you just come from Slough?' The monosyllable 'No,' confusedly uttered in reply, substantiated his guilt. The policeman made him his prisoner, he was thrown into jail, tried, found guilty of wilful murder, and hanged.

A few months afterwards we happened to be travelling by rail from Paddington to Slough, in a carriage filled with people all strangers to one another. Like English travellers, they were all mute. For nearly fifteen miles no one had uttered a single word, until a short bodied, short necked, short nosed, exceedingly respectable looking man in the corner, fixing his eyes on the apparently fleeting posts and rails of the electric telegraph, significantly nodded to us as he muttered aloud 'Them's the cords that hung John Tawell!'

(From *Stokers and Pokers*)

**John Edmund Reade** (1800–70), son of the squire of Barton Manor in Berkshire, published in 1825 *The Broken Heart and other Poems*, followed by a series of epics, tragedies, and novels, including *Cain the Wanderer* and the *Revolt of the Angels* (1830), *Italy* (1838), and *Catiline* (1839). In much of his verse he modelled himself closely on Byron, not hesitating to plagiarise pretty extensively, passages and phrases can also be traced directly to Scott and Wordsworth, as well as to many other English authors ancient and modern.

**Sir Roderick Impey Murchison** (1792–1871) was born at Tarridale, Rossshire, and educated at Durham and the Military College, Great Marlow; he served in Spain and Portugal, and was present at Vimeiro and Corunna. Quitting the army in 1816, he devoted himself to geology, and ere long his establishment of the Silurian system won him the Copley Medal and European fame, increased by his exposition of the Devonian, Permian, and Laurentian systems. He explored parts of Germany, Poland, and the Carpathians, and in 1840–45, with others, carried out a geological survey of the Russian Empire. It was now that, struck with the resemblance between the Ural Mountains and some Australian ranges, he startled the world by foreshadowing (1844) the discovery of gold in Australia. In 1855 he was made director-general of the Geological Survey and director of the Royal School of Mines. His investigations into the crystalline schists of the Highlands led him to a theory (not free from important error) of regional metamorphism on a large scale. He was Vice-President of the Royal Society, and President of the Geological Society and of the British Association (1846), a K.C.B. from 1846, he was made a baronet in 1863. His principal works were *The Silurian System* (1839) and *The Geology of Russia in Europe and the Urals* (1845, 2nd ed. 1853). There is a Life of him by Sir Archibald Geikie (1875).

**Albany William Fonblanque** (1793–1872), son of a London Commissioner of Bankruptcy and great-grandson of a naturalised Huguenot, was bred a lawyer, but soon became a journalist, writing for the *Times* and other papers. As editor from 1830 of the *Examiner*, he exercised great influence on public opinion, his best articles were reprinted as *England under Seven Administrations* (1837). In 1847 he became Statistical Secretary to the Board of Trade. There is a Life of him (1874).

**William Hamilton Maxwell** (1792–1850), the first conspicuous writer of the roistering, rollicking military novels Lever was afterwards identified with, was a Newry Ulsterman, Scottish both on the father's and the mother's side. He studied—or enjoyed life—at Trinity College, Dublin, and as captain fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

Country sports exhausted his finances, and in 1820 he took orders and was presented to the rectory of Ballagh in Connemara. His novel of *O'Hara* was followed by his *Wild Sports of the West* (1832), and that by *Stories from Waterloo*. Though his congregation was practically non extant and his duties were nominal, he was ultimately deprived for non residence. Having produced a score of works, including a Life of the Duke of Wellington and a history of the Irish rebellion, but none of them bearing remotely on theology, he died at Musselburgh in Midlothian. Dr Mignn prefixed a Life of him to an edition of his *Erin go-Bragh, or Irish Life Pictures* (2 vols 1859).

**John Hamilton Reynolds** (1796–1852) was born at Shrewsbury, educated at St Paul's, and practised law in London pretty regularly till about 1840, when he accepted a post as clerk to the County Court at Newport in the Isle of Wight. Devotion to literature interfered with his professional success, as early as 1814 he had published poems, and these were followed by several volumes of poetry—*The Nataal* (1816), *The Garden of Florence*, from Boccaccio (1821)—in which he showed successively the influence of Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and Shelley. He produced also several farces, a burlesque of Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, and some humorous poems. He is best remembered as the intimate friend of Keats, who wrote many letters to him and a poetical epistle. One of Reynolds's best sonnets is addressed to Keats, and Reynolds was for a time associated with his brother in law, Thomas Hood, in some of his literary ventures. He latterly wrote for the magazines, and till 1831 was one of the proprietors of the *Athenaeum*.

**John Abraham Heraud** (1799–1887), an author of curious and varied erudition, was born in London of Huguenot stock, studied in Germany, and sought to make Schelling's philosophy known in England. He had begun writing for the magazines, and in 1820 published his first poem. Later he made two attempts at epic grandeur in his poems, *The Descent into Hell* (1830) and *Judgment of the Flood* (1834). He was also a contributor to the drama, having written several tragedies, one of which, *Videna*, was successfully acted in 1854. Mr Heraud was in poetry what Martin was in art, a worshipper of the vast, the remote, and the terrible. His *Descent* and *Judgment* are psychological curiosities, displaying much misplaced intellectual and poetic power. Mr Heraud published also books on Savonarola and Shakespeare, books of travel and history, an historical romance, lyrical ballads, sonnets, and *The War of Ideas*, a poem on the Franco Prussian war, and *The Sibyl among the Tombs* (1886). He did much editorial and magazine work, and was dramatic critic for the *Athenaeum* and for the *Illustrated London News*.

**Edward Irving** (1792–1834) came at thirteen from Annan to the Edinburgh University, and after graduating in 1809 did school work for some years. He had been Carlyle's schoolfellow at Annan, and the two friends were teachers in Kirkcaldy at the same time, and everybody knows how ultimately Carlyle married the pupil to whom Irving had lost his heart when teaching at Haddington. Licensed to preach, in 1819 he was appointed assistant to Dr Chalmers in Glasgow. In 1822 he was called to the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden, London, his success as a preacher there was such as had never been known. De Quincey thought him 'the greatest orator of his times,' Coleridge was an intimate, Canning heard the Scotch minister preach the 'most eloquent sermon he ever listened to,' Scott, meeting him at a dinner-table, 'could hardly keep his eyes off him,' Hazlitt and Wordsworth were more or less attracted by this meteor, and around him in London, as Carlyle said, were 'mad extremes of flattery, followed by madder contumely, by indifference and neglect.' In 1825 he began to announce his convictions in regard to the imminent second advent of Christ, this was followed by the translation of *The Coming of the Messiah* (1827), by 'Aben Ezra'—really the work of a Spanish Jesuit. Before 1828, when his *Homilies on the Sacraments* appeared, he had begun to elaborate his views of the Incarnation, and he was charged with heresy as maintaining the sinfulness of Christ's nature. He was now deep in the prophecies, and when in the beginning of 1830 he heard of extraordinary manifestations of prophetic power in Dumbartonshire, he gladly believed them. He was arraigned before the (Scottish) Presbytery of London in 1830 and convicted of heresy, ejected from his new church in Regent's Square in 1832, and finally deposed in 1833 by the Presbytery of Annan, which had licensed him. The majority of his congregation adhered to him, and a new communion, the Catholic Apostolic Church, was developed, commonly known as Irvingite, though Irving had little to do with the establishment of its doctrine, ritual, or hierarchy. Shortly after his health failed, and soon after returning to Scotland he died of consumption. Irving's works hardly betray the secret of his power, which was partly due to his imposing figure and commanding personality. His books are almost all written in a rhetorical and exalted style, not without really majestic and noble passages. Their titles are significant of his eschatological monomania—*For the Oracles of God, For Judgment to Come, The Last Days*, and the like.

#### True Political Reformation

Almost all the high genius and enterprise of this age, at home and abroad, calculate that these effects which we claim for divine government will result from political reformation, and they have drawn after them the sympathies of by far the most disinterested part of

our nation, with whom the watchword of domestic and foreign renovation is well balanced and well administered political institutions. Now, from all I can understand and learn of the nature of civil polity, it will stretch no farther than to protect and defend us in our several rights, and when it would enter farther in, to take an oversight of our private, our domestic, our personal conduct, it then becomes tyranny. Why, then, should there be any dispute between us and the politicians, or why should they scowl on us, and we look scowling back on them? Let them mind the outworks and defences of each man's encampment, guard the crag of priests and the power of governors from coming in to molest it, we will in the meantime set all things in order within the poor man's cottage, which their good endeavours have made to be revered as 'the poor man's castle.' Let them keep the king from daring to enter it, we will endeavour to keep the devil from daring to enter it. And in our turn we will do them as good a service as they have done us, for we will touch the lethargic bosoms of the sluggish people with the Promethean spark of religion, which persecution and power cannot quench, and which will light and feed the lamp of freedom when need be, we will give them a people fearful of no one save God, armed in religion and virtue, which alone are incorruptible by the bribes, reckless of the power, and more terrible to the measures of wicked governors than an army with banners—a people who will stand for liberty on the earth and shape themselves for glory in heaven. And we will satisfy the legislators no less than the reformers, we will give them a people obedient to wholesome laws, and examples of peaceable conduct to all around, but as restrictive against conscientious bonds or arbitrary measures as the Puritans and Covenanters were of old. And we will satisfy the economists no less, for we will give them a people industrious upon principle, independent upon principle, and who will restrain their natural instincts rather than cover a country with pauperism and misery.

#### The Day of Judgment.

Imagination cowers her wing, unable to fetch the compass of the ideal scene. The great white throne descending out of heaven, guarded and begirt with the principalities and powers thereof—the awful presence at whose sight the heavens and the earth flee away, and no place for them is found—the shaking of the mother elements of nature, and the commotion of the hoary deep to render up their long dissolved dead—the rushing together of quickened men upon all the winds of heaven down to the centre, where the Judge sitteth on His blazing throne. To give form and figure and utterance to the mere circumstantial pomp of such a scene no imagination availleth. Nor doth the understanding labour less.

The Archangel, with the trump of God, riding sublime in the midst of heaven, and sending through the widest dominions of death and the grave that sharp summons which divideth the solid earth, and rings through the caverns of the hollow deep, piercing the dull, cold ear of death and the grave with the knell of their departed reign, the death of Death, the sprouting of the grave with vitality, the reign of life, the second birth of living things, the reunion of body and soul—the one from unconscious sleep, the other from apprehensive and unquiet abodes—the congregation of all generations over

whom the stream of time hath swept. This outstretches my understanding no less than the material imagery confuses my imagination. And when I bring the picture to my heart, its feelings are overwhelmed, when I fancy this quick and conscious frame one instant reawakened, the next reinvested, the next summoned before the face of the Almighty Judge—now begotten, now sifted through every secret corner, my poor soul possessed with the memory of its misdeeds, submitted to the scorching eye of my Maker, my fate depending upon His lips, my everlasting, changeless fate—I shriek and shiver with mortal apprehension, and when I fancy the myriads of men all standing thus explored and known, I seem to hear their shiverings like the aspen leaves in the still evening of autumn. Pale fear possessest every countenance, and blank conviction every quaking heart. They stand like men upon the perilous edge of brittle, withholden from speech and pinched for breath through excess of struggling emotions—shame, remorse, mortal apprehension, and trembling hope.

There was a collected edition of Irving's works (5 vols. 1864–65) his 'prophetic works' were separately edited (2 vols. 1867–70), and there was a volume of *Miscellanies* (1867). The standard Life is that by Mrs Oliphant (1862), Carlyle's *Life Essays*, and *Reminiscences* give an even more vivid picture of his fascination and his aberrations.

**Augustus and Julius Hare**, joint authors of the *Guesses at Truth*, were the sons of the impoverished squire of Hurstmonceaux, who made a romantic marriage with the brilliant cousin of the Duchess of Devonshire, and lived mainly abroad, writing dramas, a novel, and histories of the Helvetic republics and of Germany during the Thirty Years' War. Augustus William (1792–1834), born in Rome, was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and became rector of Alton Barnes near Devizes. Besides his share in the *Guesses* he left two volumes of sermons. Julius Charles (1795–1855), born near Vicenza, from the Charterhouse passed in 1812 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a Fellow in 1818, and in 1822 classical lecturer. He took orders in 1826, and succeeded his uncle in the rich family living of Hurstmonceaux, Sussex, in 1832, in 1844 married Frederick Denison Maurice's sister, became Archdeacon of Lewes in 1840, and in 1853 chaplain to the Queen. His annual charges awakened Englishmen to the fact that they had much to learn in theology from Germany, and helped to mark him out as a leader of the Broad Church party. In 1820 he translated Fouqué's *Sintram*, in 1827 he and his brother Augustus published anonymously *Guesses at Truth*—a volume of reflections, suggestions, and short essays on a great variety of subjects, varying in length from brief aphorisms like, 'Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose, our prose in the seventeenth poetry,' to disquisitions of twenty pages on art, religion, literature, and philosophy. In so far as they dealt with theological questions, they, like some of their other works, gave to many the impression that the brothers were dangerously liberal. Unitarianism, Calvinism, and popery are

equally condemned, Shakespeare, Bacon, Coleridge, and Byron are commented on, Schleiermacher and Kant furnish matter for meditation, South and Voltaire are contrasted, and pregnant thoughts often relieve what now seem rather trite or commonplace elucidations. The next work of Julius was the translation of Niebuhr's *History of Rome* (1828-32) in collaboration with Thirlwall, and his own *Vindication of Niebuhr's History* (1829). In 1848 he published the *Essays and Tales* of his friend and somewhat curate, John Sterling, with a Memoir to which Carlyle's masterpiece was meant to be a corrective—Carlyle holding that Hare made too much of Sterling as a doubting theologian and clergyman. Hare wrote also a *Vindication of Luther* (1854) and several volumes of sermons. The quotations are all from the *Guesses*.

#### Wastefulness of Moral Gifts

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvellous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered and thrown away. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by Nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its white starry blossoms morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who, among the sons and daughters of men—gifted with thoughts ‘which wander through eternity,’ and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good and giving happiness—who does not daily let thousands of those thoughts drop to the ground and rot? Who does not continually leave his powers to drabble in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose—or even those of a single people, or of the educated among a single people. But is in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acorns that fall every autumn, there may perhaps be one in a million that will grow up into a tree, somewhat in like manner it fires with the thoughts and feelings of man. What then must be our confusion when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in the judgment and bear witness against us!

But how are we to know whether they are wasted or not? We have a simple, infallible test. Those which are laid up in heaven, those which are laid up in my heavenly work, those whereby we in any way carry on the work of God upon earth, are not wasted. Those which are laid up on earth, in any mere earthly work, in carrying out our own ends or the ends of the Spirit of Evil, are heirs of death from the first, and can only rise out of it for a moment, to sink back into it for ever.

#### Age lays open the Character

Age seems to take away the power of acting a character, even from those who have done so the most successfully during the main part of their lives. The real man will appear, at first fitfully, and then predominantly. Time saps the chiselled beauty of stone and marble, but makes sad havoc in plaster and stucco.

#### Loss of the Village Green.

What a loss is that of the village green! It is a loss to the picturesque beauty of our English landscapes. A village green is almost always a subject for a painter who is fond of quiet home scenes, with its old, knotty, wide spreading oak or elm or ash, its gray church tower, its cottages scattered in pleasing disorder around, each looking out of its leafy nest, its flock of geese sailing to and fro across it. Where such spots are still found, they refresh the wayworn traveller, wearied by the interminable hedge-walls with which ‘restless ownership’—to use an expression of Wordsworth’s—excludes profane feet from its domain consecrated to Mammon.

The main loss, however, is that to the moral beauty of our landscapes—that to the innocent, wholesome pleasures of the poor. The village green was the scene of their sports, of their games. It was the playground for their children. It served for trapball, for cricket, for manly humdrumming amusements, in which the gentry and farmers might unite with the peasantry. How dreary is the life of the English husbandman now! ‘Double, double toil and trouble,’ dry after day, month after month, year after year, uncheered by sympathy, unenlivened by a smile, sunless, moonless, starless. He has no place to be merry in but the beer shop, no amusements but drunken brawls, nothing to bring him into innocent, cheerful fellowship with his neighbours. The stories of village sports sound like legends of a mythical age, prior to the time when ‘Sabbathless Satan,’ as Charles Lamb has so happily termed him, set up his throne in the land.

For the Hares see the *Memorials of a Quiet Life* (1872), largely a life of Mrs Augustus Hare, by Mr A. J. C. Hare, a nephew of the brothers, and also the same author's stupendous *Autobiography* (6 vols. 1896-1900). This Mr Hare is well known by his *Walks in Rome* and many other charming topographical works, his *Two Noble Lives*, and *The Gurneys of Earlsfarn*.

**John Sterling** (1806-43), born at Kames Castle, Bute, was the son of Captain Edward Sterling, at that time a firmer, but by-and-by, settled in London, to be known as the ‘thunderer’ of the *Times*—not the editor, but a very influential contributor to the great journal. At sixteen John went to Glasgow University, and at nineteen to Cambridge, where he distinguished himself at the Union, he left without a degree in 1827, and soon was busy on the *Athenaeum*, which he partly owned and with F. D. Maurice largely edited and wrote for a few months. Influenced by Coleridge, and liberal in sympathies, he was nearly sailing on that crazy expedition to overthrow the tyrant, Ferdinand of Spain, which ended in the execution at Malaga of his friend General Torrijos and his own cousin Boyd. He married in November 1830, but soon fell dangerously ill, and spent fifteen months in St Vincent. In 1833 he published anonymously a novel, *Arthur Coningsby*, containing the ballad quoted below. In 1833 he took orders, and served eight months as Julius Hare's curate at Hurstmonceaux. His health again giving way, he resigned, and never advanced to priest's orders, the divergence between his opinions and the Church's soon widened beyond even Coleridgean accommodation. He contributed, to *Blackwood's* and the *Westminster*, planned tragedies (*Strafford* one of them,

printed in 1843), and wrote poems, one of which, *The Election*, humorous or even comic rather than Crabbean, was published in 1841. An earlier poem was *The Sexton's Daughter*, a later one, a serio comic or Bernesque piece, unfinished, on Richard Cœur de Lion. For Maga he wrote *The Palace of Morgana*, a singular prose poem. There were also remarkable essays on Montaigne and on Carlyle, which showed he had drifted farther from Broad-Church semi-orthodoxy. He ultimately accepted some of the main positions of D F Strauss, and it is significant that the intimate of his later years, to whom he confided the guardianship of his son, was Francis William Newman. In August 1838 he founded the (later so-called) Sterling Club, among whose members were Carlyle, Allan Cunningham, G C Lewis, Malden, Mill, Milnes, Spedding, Tennyson, Thirlwall, W H Thompson, and Venables Julius Hare edited his *Essays and Tales* (1848), with a Memoir, which seemed to Carlyle so inadequate, and as dealing with Sterling mainly as theologian and Christian clergyman, so misleading, that he himself undertook that masterpiece of biography which, more probably than any of Sterling's own writings, will preserve the memory of an interesting and significant personality.

#### Ballad.

A maiden came gliding o'er the sea,  
In a boat as light as boat could be,  
And she sang in tones so sweet and free,  
'O, where is the youth that will follow me?'  
  
Her forehead was white as the pearly shell,  
Her form was finer than tongue can tell,  
Her bosom heaved with a gentle swell,  
And her voice was a distant vesper bell  
  
And still she sang, while the western light  
Fell on her figure so soft and bright,  
'O, where shall I find the brave young sprite  
That will follow the track of my boat to night?'  
  
To the strand the youths of the village run,  
When the witching song has scarce begun,  
And ere the set of that evening's sun,  
Tis seen bold lovers the maid has won.  
  
They hoisted the sail, and they plied the oar,  
And away they went from their native shore,  
While the damsel's pinnace flew fast before,  
But never, O never! we saw them more.

(From *Arthur Contagby*)

**Robert Vaughan** (1793–1868), born in England but of Welsh descent, was Independent minister at Worcester and Kensington, Professor of History in London University 1830–43, and president of the Independent College at Manchester 1843–57. He founded the *British Quarterly* in 1845, and edited it till 1867. Among his score of books are, besides works in devotional and polemical theology, a *Life of Wycliffe* (1828), a *History of England under the Stuarts* (1840), and *Revolutions in History* (1859–63), and he edited an edition of Milton, with a Life.

**Sir John Bowring** (1792–1872) was born in Exeter, and on leaving school entered a merchant's office, where he pursued that course of polyglot study that enabled him ultimately to boast he knew two hundred languages and could speak a hundred. The national poetry of different peoples had special attractions for him, and he translated folk songs of most of the languages of Europe, including not merely Dutch and Spanish, but Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Servian, and Hungarian (some of them by help of German 'cribs'). In 1821 he formed a close friendship with Bentham, and in 1824 became the first editor of his Radical *Westminster Review*. After visiting Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Syria, and the countries of the Zollverein, he prepared valuable government reports on their commerce, and he sat in Parliament for Kilmarnock (1835–37) and for Bolton (1841–49), actively promoting the adoption of Free Trade. From 1849 to 1853 he was British consul at Hong-kong, in 1854 he was knighted and made Governor. His active policy in the 'affair of the lorcha Arrow,' involving the bombardment of Canton (1856), nearly upset the Palmerston Ministry. In 1855 he concluded a commercial treaty with Siam, in 1858 made a tour through the Philippines, and his accounts of those two visits are about the most readable of thirty-six works. His own poems were accounted of less consequence than his translations (not merely the folk-songs, but from Goethe, Schiller, and Heine). But some of his religious poems and hymns found wide acceptance, and though in not a few his Unitarian theology repels the orthodox, the hymn 'In the cross of Christ I glory' is Catholic enough to have been written by Watts or Wesley, and is actually sung by Christians of all denominations. His *Autobiographical Reminiscences* (1877) are hardly so entertaining as might have been expected.

**Henry Francis Lyte** (1793–1847), author of 'Abide with me' and some others of the best-known English hymns, was born at Ednam near Kelso, in Scotland, but was the son of an English officer, a member of a very ancient Somersetshire family. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and for twenty-four years laboured faithfully, in spite of feeble health, at Lower Brixham in Devonshire. His best-known hymn was written on the evening of the Sunday on which he for the last time administered the communion to his congregation before starting for that sojourn at Nice whence he never returned. 'Jesus, I my cross have taken,' is another of his hymns, many of them are paraphrases of the Psalms, such as 'Pleasant are thy courts above,' 'Sweet is the solemn voice that calls,' 'Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven,' and 'God of mercy, God of grace.' His *Poems, chiefly Religious* (1833), were reprinted as *Miscellaneous Poems* (1868). There is a Life prefixed to the *Remains* (1850).

**Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd** (1795-1854), son of a brewer at Reading, was educated at its grammar-school under the famous Dr Vulpé, was called to the Bar in 1821, and in 1833 got his silk gown. As Serjeant Talfourd he was conspicuous for his popular eloquence and his Liberalism, and was Whig member for his native town 1835-41 and 1847-49; in 1849 he became a Justice of Common Pleas, and was knighted. He wrote much for the reviews, was dramatic critic to a monthly, and produced books or long articles on Greek and Roman history and Greek poetry. In 1835 he printed privately his tragedy of *Ion*, which was next year performed at Covent Garden Theatre. His next tragedy, *The Athenian Captive* (1838), was almost equally successful, as was also *The Massacre of Glencoe* (1840). *The Castilian* (1853) was only privately printed. He died of apoplexy while delivering his charge to the grand jury at Stafford. *Ion*, his highest effort, was (somewhat messily) at reproducing the grandeur of the Greek drama, and its plot is a story embodying the Greek conception of destiny. The oracle of Delphi had announced that the punishment of pestilence thrown down on the people by the misrule of the royal race could only be stayed by the destruction of the royal stock. Ion dedicates himself to the business of slaying the tyrant, who fills by another hand, and Ion, discovered to be himself the son of the king, recognises his doom and patriotically accepts it. The play is not without poetry or power, but is, like the author's prose, too copious and rhetorical. Not even *Ion* has lived on. Talfourd is remembered as the admirer and the faithful friend and literary executor of Charles Lamb (see page 72), and as having published in two sections Lamb's *Memoir* (*Letters*, 1837, *Final Memorials*, 1848). This work—the standard and authoritative life—appeared in one volume in 1875, and again in 1892. Talfourd helped Bulwer to edit Hazlitt's works, and he deserves honour for introducing in 1837 the Copyright Bill, which, amended, passed in 1842.

*Ion.*

Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized  
As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed  
From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud,  
To make the happy happier! Is he sent  
To grapple with the miseries of this time,  
Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears  
As it would perish at the touch of wrong?  
By no internal contest is he trained  
For such hard duty, no emotions rude  
Hath his clear spirit vanquished—Love, the germ  
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,  
Expanding with its progress, as the store  
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals  
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,  
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear  
Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy  
When in the evening stillness lovely things  
Pressed on his soul too busily, his voice,

If in the earnestness of childish sports  
Raised to the tone of anger, checked its force,  
As if it feared to break its being's law,  
And filtered into music, when the forms  
Of guilty passion have been made to live  
In pictured speech, and others have waxed loud  
In righteous indignation, he hath heard  
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein  
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,  
Struck sunlight o'er it so his life hath flowed  
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,  
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure  
Alone are mirrored, which, though shapes of ill  
May hover round its surface, glides in light,  
And takes no shadow from them

*Ion acclaimed King*

*Ion* I thank you for your greetings—shout no more,  
But in deep silence raise your hearts to heaven,  
That it may strengthen one so young and frail  
As I am for the business of this hour—  
Must I sit here?

*Medon* My son! my son!  
What ails thee? When thou shouldst reflect the joy  
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave  
Marbles thy face

*Ion* Am I indeed so pale?  
It is a solemn office I assume,  
Which well may make me falter, yet sustained  
By thee, and by the gods I serve, I take it—  
[Sits on the throne.]

Stand forth, Agenor

*Agenor* I await thy will  
*Ion* To thee I look as to the wisest friend  
Of this afflicted people, thou must leave  
Awhile the quiet which thy life has earned,  
To rule our councils, fill the seats of justice  
With good men, not so absolute in goodness  
As to forget what human frailty is,  
And order my sad country

*Agenor* Pardon me—  
*Ion* Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request,  
Grant me thy help till this distracted state  
Rise tranquil from her griefs—'twill not be long,  
If the great gods smile on us now. Remember,  
Meanwhile, thou hast all power my word can give,  
Whether I live or die.

*Agenor* Die! Ere that hour,  
May even the old man's epitaph be moss grown!  
*Ion* Death is not jealous of the mild decay  
That gently wins thee his exulting youth  
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,  
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp  
His prey benumbed at noon tide—Let me see  
The captain of the guard

*Crythes* I knew to crave  
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestowed  
On one who loved him well

*Ion* I cannot mark thee,  
That wak'st the memory of my father's weakness,  
But I will not forget that thou hast shared  
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,  
And learned the need of luxury. I grant  
For thee and thy brave comrades ample share  
Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,  
To grace thy passage to some distant land,

Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,  
May glorious issues wait it In our realm  
We shall not need it longer

*Crythes* Dost intend

To banish the firm troops before whose valour  
Barbarian millions shrink appalled, and leave  
Our city naked to the first assault  
Of reckless foes?

*Ion* No, Crythes, in ourselves,  
In our own honest hearts and chivalrous hands,  
Will be our safeguard, while we do not use  
Our power towards others so that we should blush  
To teach our children, while the simple love  
Of justice and their country shall be born  
With dawning reason, while their sinews grow  
Hard 'midst the gladness of heroic sports,  
We shall not need, to guard our walls in peace,  
One selfish passion or one venal sword  
I would not grieve thee, but thy valiant troop—  
For I esteem them valiant—must no more  
With luxury which suits a desperate camp  
Infect us See that they embark, Agenor,  
Ere night

*Crythes* My lord—

*Ion* No more—my word hath passed—  
Medon, there is no office I can add  
To those thou hast grown old in, thou wilt guard  
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—  
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger  
As thou didst me, there sometimes wiste a thought  
On thy spoiled inmate.

*Medon* Think of thee, my lord?  
Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign  
*Ion* Prithee, no more.—Argives! I have a boon  
To crave of you Whene'er I shall rejoin  
In death the father from whose heart in life  
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!  
Think that beneath his canopy of pride  
Were fair affections crushed by bitter wrongs  
Which fretted him to madness, what he did,  
Alas! ye know, could you know what he suffered,  
Ye would not curse his name Yet never more  
Let the great interests of the state depend  
Upon the thousand chances that may sway  
A piece of human frailty, swear to me  
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves

The means of sovereignty our country's space,  
So happy in its smallness, so compact,  
Needs not the magic of a single name  
Which wider regions may require to draw  
Their interest into one, but, circled thus,  
Like a blest family, by simple laws  
May tenderly be governed—all degrees,  
Not placed in dexterous balance, not combined  
By bonds of parchment or by iron clasps,  
But blended into one—a single form  
Of nymph like loveliness, which finest chords  
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow  
With vital beauty, tint with roseate bloom  
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash  
With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands  
Of foreign power should threaten Swear to me  
That ye will do this!

*Medon* Wherefore ask this now?  
Thou shalt live long, the paleness of thy face,  
Which late seemed death like, is grown radiant now,

And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy  
Of glorious years

*Ion* The gods approve me then!  
Yet I will use the function of a king,  
And claim obedience Swear that if I die  
And leave no issue ye will seek the power  
To govern in the free born people's choice,  
And in the prudence of the wise

*Medon and others* We swear it!

*Ion* Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!  
Now give me leave a moment to approach  
That altar unattended [He goes to the altar

Gracious gods!

In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,  
Look on me now, and if there is a power,  
As at this solemn time I feel there is,  
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes  
The spirit of the beautiful that lives  
In earth and heaven, to ye I offer up  
This conscious being, full of life and love,  
For my dear country's welfare Let this blow  
End all her sorrows! [Stabs himself

*Clementhe* [rushing forward]. Hold!  
Let me support him—stand away—indeed  
I have best right, although ye know it not,  
To cleave to him in death

*Ion* This is a joy  
I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed  
Bend thine eyes on me!

*Clem* And for this it was  
Thou wouldest have weaned me from thee! Couldst thou  
think

I would be so divorced?

*Ion* Thou art right, Clementhe—  
It was a shallow and an idle thought,  
'Tis past, no show of coldness frets us now,  
No vain disguise, my girl Yet thou wilt think  
On that which, when I feigned, I truly spoke—  
Wilt thou not, sweet one?

*Clem* I will treasure all  
*Irus* [entering] I bring you glorious tidings—  
Ha! no joy

Can enter here

*Ion* Yes—is it as I hope?

*Irus* The pestilence abates

*Ion* [springing to his feet] Do ye not hear?  
Why shout ye not? ye are strong—think not of me  
Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread  
O'er Argos is dispelled!—My own Clementhe!  
Let this console thee—Argos lives again—  
The offering is accepted—all is well! [Dies

**Henry Fothergill Chorley** (1808–72), born of Quaker stock near Wigan in Lancashire, was educated at Liverpool, and became musical critic on the staff of the *Athenæum*, which he joined in 1833. He was also a literary critic, a verse writer, a playwright, and a novelist, producing three dramas and four or five artificial and long-forgotten romances, the earliest of which were *Conti* (1835) and *The Lion* (1839), and the latest *Roccabella* (1859). His best work, and that by which he is remembered, is found in his *Music and Manners in France and Germany* (1841) and his charming *Thirty Years' Musical Recollections* (1862). He was a keen but rather acrid critic

of music and literature, and a strenuous foe of Berlioz and Wagner. His *Autobiography* was edited by H G Hewlett in 1873.

**Eliot Warburton** (1810-52), born at Aughrim, County Galway, was the son of the Inspector-General of Constabulary in Ireland. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar, but soon devoted himself to literature, travel, and the improvement of his Irish estates. In 1843 he made the tour in the East of which the record, first printed in the *Dublin University Magazine* (then edited by Charles Lever) in that year and the next, was issued at the end of 1844 in its finished form as *The Crescent and the Cross*. Singularly enough it was in 1844 also that Warburton's friend and fellow pupil, Kinglake, published *Lothen*, the book with which it is naturally compared and which it in many ways resembles—a book rather of impressions and experiences and opinions than of objective description and detail. From the first it was greeted with acclamation for 'its glowing descriptions of the East,' was by contemporary criticism voted equal to Beckford at his best, and was soon declared (by Sir Archibald Alison) to be 'indelibly engraven on the national mind.' Modern critics have said that it might well be used as a (glorified) guide-book to Egypt, and have found in it clear suggestions of improvements put into practice under the British occupation. The style is elaborate and eloquent, with too many purple patches and too much 'fine writing.' By the end of the century it had gone through a score of editions, and was still being from time to time reprinted. Warburton published in 1849 *The Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers*, in 1850 an unsuccessful novel, *Reginald Hastings*, dealing with the same period, and in 1851, shortly before starting on his last and fatal voyage, another historical romance, *Darien*, dealing with Paterson and his Scots fellow adventurers, and, ominously, describing a fire at sea. He edited the *Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries* by N F Willums, and *Hochelaga, or England in the New World*, a brightly written description of Canada by his brother, Major George Warburton, who was also the author of *The Conquest of Canada* and of a Memoir of the famous Earl of Peterborough. In 1851 Eliot Warburton (whose full name was Bartholomew Elliott George Warburton, though he used the abridged form as *nom de guerre*) had been deputed by the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company to visit the Indians of the Isthmus of Darien, establish a friendly understanding with them, and make himself thoroughly acquainted with their country. He sailed in the *Amazon* steamer, and was among the passengers who perished by fire on board that ill fated ship.

#### Woman in the Harem

The Eastern woman seems as happy in her lot as her European sister, notwithstanding the plurality of

wives that her lord indulges in or ventures upon. In her 'public opinion's law' there is no more disparagement in occupying the second place as a wife than there is in Europe as a daughter. The manners of patriarchal ages remain in Egypt as unchanged as its monuments, and the people of Cairo think as little of objecting to a man's marrying a second wife as those of Memphis of questioning the legitimacy of Joseph. The Koran, following the example of the Jewish doctors, allows only four wives to each Mussulman, and even of this limited allowance they seldom avail themselves to its fullest extent. Some harems contain two hundred females, including wives, mothers in law, concubines, and the various slaves belonging to each, but these feminine barracks seem very different from what such establishments would be in Europe, in the harem there is as much order and decorum as in an English Quaker's home—it is guarded as the tiger guards his young, but its inmates consider this as a compliment, and fancy themselves neglected if not closely watched. This cause for complaint seldom occurs, for the Egyptian has no blind confidence in the strength of woman's character or woman's love. He holds to the aphorism of Mahomet in this matter, 'If you set butter in the sun, it will surely melt,' and considers it safer, if not more glorious, to keep her out of the reach of temptation than to run the chance of her overcoming it when exposed to its encounter.

Born and brought up in the harem, women never seem to pine at its imprisonment like cage born birds, they sing among their bars, and discover in their aviaries a thousand little pleasures invisible to eyes that have a wider range. To them in their calm seclusion the strifes of the bustling world come softened and almost hushed, they only hear the far off murmur of life's stormy sea, and if their human lot dooms them to their cares, they are as transient as those of childhood.

Let them laugh on in their happy ignorance of a better lot, while round them is gathered all that their lord can command of luxury and pleasantness his wealth is hoarded for them alone, and the time is weary that he passes away from his home and his harem. The sternest tyrants are gentle there, Mehemet Ali never refused a woman's prayer, and even Ali Pasha was partly humanised by his love for Emineh. In the time of the Mamelukes criminals were led to execution blindfolded, because if they had met a woman and could touch her garment they were saved, as by a sanctuary, whatever was their crime. Thus idolised, watched, and guarded, the Egyptian woman's life is nevertheless entirely in the power of her lord, and her death is the inevitable penalty of his dishonour. No piquant case of *crim con* ever amuses the Egyptian public, the injured husband is his own judge and jury, his only 'gentlemen of the long robe' are his eunuchs, and the knife or the Nile the only damages. The law never intercedes in these little domestic arrangements.

Poor Faima! shrined as she was in the palace of a tyrant, the fame of her beauty stole abroad through Cairo. She was one amongst a hundred in the harem of Abbas Pasha, a man stained with every foul and leathsome vice, and who can wonder, though many may condemn, if she listened to a daring young Albanian who risked his life to obtain but a sight of her? Whether she did listen or not, none can ever know, but the eunuchs saw the glitter of the Attaut's arms as he

leaped from the terrace into the Nile and vanished in the darkness. The following night a merry English party dined together on board Lord Exmouth's boat as it lay moored off the Isle of Rhodes; conversation had sunk into silence as the calm night came on, a faint breeze floated perfumes from the gardens over the starlit Nile and scarcely moved the clouds that rose from the chibouque, a dreamy languor seemed to pervade all nature, and even the city lay hushed in deep repose—when suddenly a boat, crowded with dark figures among which arms gleamed, shot out from one of the arches of the palace, it paused under the opposite bank, where the water rushed deep and gloomily along, and for a moment a white figure glimmered amongst the boat's dark crew, there was a slight movement and a faint splash, and then—the river flowed on as merrily as if poor I am still sang her Georgian song to the murmur of its waters.

I was riding one evening along the banks of the Marcotis, the low land, half swamp, half desert, was level as the lake there was no sound, except the ripple of the waves along the far extended shore, and the heavy flapping of the pelican's wings as she rose from the water's edge. Not a palm tree raised its plump head, nor a shrub crept along the ground, the sun was low, but there was nothing to cast a shadow over the monotonous waste, except a few Moslem tombs with their sculptured turbans these stood apart from every sign of life, and even of their kindred dead, like those upon the Lido at Venice. As I paused to contemplate this scene of desolation, an Egyptian hurried past me with a bloody knife in his hand, his dress was mean and ragged, but his countenance was one that the father of Don Carlos might have worn, he never roused his eyes as he rushed by. My groom, who just then came up, told me he had slain his wife, and was going to her father's village to denounce her.

My boat was moored in the little harbour of Assouan, the old Syene, the boundary between Egypt and Ethiopia, opposite lies Elephantine, the 'Isle of Flowers,' strewed with ruins and shaded by magnificent palm trees, the last eddies of the cataract of the Nile foam round dark red granite cliffs, which rise precipitously from the river, and are piled into a mountain crowned by a ruined Saracenic castle. A forest of palm trees divides the village from the quiet shore on whose silvery sands my tent was pitched. A man in an Egyptian dress saluted me in Italian, and in a few moments was smoking my chibouque, by invitation, and sipping coffee by my side. He was very handsome, but his faded cheek and sunken eye showed hardship and suffering, and he spoke in a low and humble voice. In reply to my question as to how a person of his appearance came into this remote region, he told me that he had been lately practising as a surgeon in Alexandria, he had married a Levantine girl, whose beauty was to him as 'la faccia del cielo' he had been absent from his home, and she had betrayed him. On his return he met her with a smiling countenance, in the evening he accompanied her to a deep well, whether she went to draw water, and as she leant over it he threw her in. As he said this he paused and placed his hands upon his ears, as if he still heard her dying shriek. He then continued 'I have fled from Alexandria till the affair is blown over. I was robbed near Siout, and have supported myself miserably ever since by giving medical

advice to the poor country people. I shall soon return, and all will be forgotten. If I had not avenged myself, her own family, you know, must have done so.' And so this woman murderer smoked on, and continued talking in a low and gentle voice till the moon was high, then he went his way, and I saw him no more.

The Egyptian has no home—at least, in the English sense of that sacred word, his sons are only half brothers, and generally at enmity with each other, his daughters are transplanted while yet children into some other harem, and his wives, when their beauty is gone by, are frequently divorced without a cause, to make room for some younger rival. The result is, that the Egyptian—a sensualist and slave—is only fit to be a subject in what prophecy foretold his country should become—'the basest of all kingdoms.'

The women have all the insipidity of children without their innocence or sparkling freshness. Their beauty, voluptuous and soulless, appeals only to the senses, it has none of that pure and ennobling influence.

'That made us what we are—the great, the free—  
And bide earth bow to England's chivalry'

The Moslem purchases his wife as he does his horse he laughs at the idea of honour and of love the armed eunuch and the close barred window are the only safe guards of virtue that he relies on. Every luxury lavished on the Odalisque is handled with some precaution, like the iron fruit and flowers in the madhouse at Naples, that seem to smile round those whom they imprison. Nor is it for her own sake, but that of her master, that woman is supplied with every luxury that wealth can procure. As we gild our aviaries and fill them with exotics native to our foreign birds in order that their song may be sweet and their plumage bright, so the King of Babylon built the Hanging Gardens for the mountain girl who pined and lost her beauty among the level plains of the Euphrates. The Egyptian is quite satisfied if his Nourmehal be in 'good condition' mindless himself, what has he to do with mind?

The Egyptian woman, obliged to share her husband's affection with a hundred others in this world, is yet further supplanted in the next by the Houris, a sort of she angel, of as doubtful a character as even a Moslem paradise could well tolerate, nay, more, it is a very moot point among Mussulman Doctors whether women have any soul at all, or not. I believe their chance of immortality rests chiefly on the tradition of a conversation of Mahomet with an old woman who importuned him for a good place in paradise. 'Trouble me not,' said the vexed husband of Cadiyah, 'there can be no old women in paradise.' Whereupon the aged applicant made such troublous lamentation that he diplomatically added, 'because the old will then all be made young again.' I can find no allusion to woman's immortality in all the Korin, except incidentally, as where 'all men and women are to be tried at the last day,' and this is but poor comfort for those whom 'angels are painted fair to look like.'

Women are not enjoined to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca, but they are permitted to do so. They are not enjoined to pray, but the Prophet seemed to think that it could do them no harm, provided they prayed in their own houses and not in the mosques, where they might interfere with or share the devotion of those who had real business there.

In fine, women receive no religious education, they seldom, if ever, pray, and their heaven, if they have one, is some second hand sort of paradise, very different from that of their husbands—unless, as I have observed, ‘by particular desire.’

Nothing can be more hideous than the Arab woman of the street, nothing more picturesque than her of the harem. The former presents a mass of white, shroud like drapery, waddling along on a pair of enormous yellow boots, with one brilliant eye gleaming above the veil which is drawn across the face. The lower classes wear only a very loose, long blue frock, and appear anxious to conceal nothing except their faces, in which they consider that identity alone consists. As these women cannot spare the hands to the exclusive use of their veils, they wear a sort of snout, or long, black, tapering veil, bound over the cheek bones, and supported from the forehead by a string of beads.

Take one of these, an ugly, old, sun scorched hag, with a skin like a hippopotamus and a veil snout like an elephant's trunk, her scanty robe scarcely serving the purposes of a girdle, her hands, feet, and forehead tattooed of a smoke colour, and there is scarcely a more hideous spectacle on earth. But the Lady of the Harem, on the other hand—couched gracefully on a rich Persian carpet strewn with soft pillow cushions—is as rich a picture as admiration ever gazed on. Her eyes, if not as dangerous to the heart as those of our country, where the sunshine of intellect gleams through a heaven of blue, are nevertheless perfect in their kind, and at least as dangerous to the senses. Languid, yet full—brimful of life, dark, yet very lustrous, liquid, yet clear as stars, they are compared by their poets to the shape of the almond and the bright timidity of the gazelle's. The face is delicately oval, and its shape is set off by the gold fringed turban, the most becoming head dress in the world, the long, black, silken tresses are braided from the forehead, and hang wavily on each side of the face, falling behind in a glossy cataract, that sparkles with such golden drops as might have glittered upon Danae after the Olympian shower. A light tunic of pink or pale blue crepe is covered with a long silk robe, open at the bosom, and buttoned thence downward to the delicately slippers little feet, that peep daintily from beneath the full silken trousers. Round the loins, rather than the waist, a cachemire shawl is loosely wrapt as a girdle, and an embroidered jacket or a large silk robe with loose open sleeves completes the costume. Nor is the fragrant water pipe, with its long variegated serpent and its jewelled mouthpiece, any detraction from the portrait.

Picture to yourself one of Eve's brightest daughters in Eve's own loving land. The woman dealer has found among the mountains that perfection in a living form which Praxiteles scarcely realised when inspired fancy wrought out its ideal in marble. Silken scarfs, as richly coloured and as airy as the rainbow, wreath the round, from the snowy brow to the finely rounded limbs, half buried in billowy cushions the attitude is the very poetry of repose—languid it may be, but glowing life thrills beneath that flower soft exterior, from the warping cheek and flashing eye to the henna-dyed, taper fingers that capriciously play with her rosary of beads. The blaze of sunshine is round her kiosk, but she sits in the softened shadow so dear to the painter's eye. And so she dreams away the warm hours in such a calm of

thought within, and sight or sound without, that she starts when the gold fish gleams in the fountain or the breeze ruffled roses shed a leaf upon her bosom.

The mystery, the seclusion, and the danger that surround the Odalisque may be perilously interesting to the romantic, but to matter of fact people like myself an English fireside, a Scottish mountain, or an Irish glen has more attractions in this respect than any Zenana in Arabia, and the women who inhabit them, with purity in the heart and intellect on the brow, and a cottage bonnet on the head, are better worth risking life (nay, liberty) for than all the turbaned voluptuous beauty of the East. (From *The Crescent and the Cross*)

**Frances Trollope** (1780-1863) was born at Stapleton, Bristol (the birthplace also of Hannah More), but brought up at Heckfield vicarage, North Hampshire. In 1809 she married Thomas Anthony Trollope, barrister and Fellow of New College, Oxford, in 1827, on his falling into the direst embarrassment, she went out to Cincinnati with her second boy and her two little girls. There was a scheme for starting a European fancy bazaar there, which swallowed up £2000, but ended in absolute ruin, her three years' residence and travels in the States bore fruit, however, in her *Domestic Manners of the Americans*. It appeared in 1832, when its author was over fifty, and at once excited attention. She drew so uncomplimentary a picture of American ways and American faults and foibles that the whole republic was—not without reason, for her representations, even when based on fact, were grossly overcharged—incensed at their English satirist. A novel, *The Refugee in America*, published in the same year, had much in common with the earlier work, and showed little art in the construction of the fable. Mrs Trollope now tried new ground. In 1833 she published *The Abbess*, a novel, and in 1834 a book on *Belgium and Western Germany*, countries where she travelled in better humour, the most serious grievance she had against Germany being the tobacco-smoke, which she vituperates with unwearied perseverance. In 1836 she renewed her war with the Americans in *The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw*, in which she gives touching pictures of the miseries of the coloured population of the Southern States. *Paris and the Parisians* belongs to the same year. *The Vicar of Wrexhill* (1837), *The Widow Barnaby* (1839), and its sequel *The Widow Married* (1840) are among her best novels, and contain amusing sketches of manners and eccentricities. *Vienna and the Austrians* (1838) was of the same cast as *Belgium and Germany*, but unhappily showed much more unreasonable prejudice. Between 1838 and 1843 Mrs Trollope threw off seven or eight novels and an account of a *Visit to Italy*. Her smart caustic style was not so well suited for sketching classic scenes and the antiquities of Italy as for satirising the eccentricities of national life and character, and this work was hardly so successful as her previous publications. Her later books are decidedly

inferior the old characters are reproduced, and coarseness is too often substituted for strength Her husband having died near Bruges in 1835, she settled in Florence in 1843, and here she died in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She published in all a hundred and fifteen volumes, of which twelve were travels and the remainder novels

Mrs Trollope was an acute and observant writer, but was overweeningly and self complacently English, cherishing a profound belief in the inestimable blessings of the British constitution, of the English Church, and English culture generally, with an equally frank abhorrence of the manifest and inevitable consequences of democracy She constantly returns to her maxim that common-sense revolts at the mischievous sophistry of the false and futile axiom, due, she believes, to her *bête noire* Jefferson, that 'all men are born free and equal' She admits that many of her remarks apply to the Wild West rather than to the long-settled States, but the eccentricities of the pioneers in the Mississippi valley coloured her judgments of Washington and New York. She does not approve of slavery 'I conceive it to be essentially wrong, but so far as my observation has extended, I think its influence is far less injurious to the manners and morals of the people than the fallacious ideas of equality which are so fondly cherished by the working-classes of the white population of America.' And nothing excited her 'horror and disgust' so much as what she saw of revivals and camp meetings The dialect she makes her Americans speak, though it abounds with admitted Americanisms, seems even to an English eye impossible, and while her observations are, to say the least, highly coloured, many of the stories she reports as having reached her about the enormities of representative Americans are quite incredible No doubt she did note a vast number of things deserving amendment, but the most convinced Tory cannot believe she saw so little worth commendation, and would disapprove the sneering and censorious tone in which many of her tales are told

#### The Fourth of July

To me the dreary coldness and want of enthusiasm in American manner is one of their greatest defects, and I therefore hailed the demonstrations of general feeling which this day elicits with real pleasure. On the 4th of July the hearts of the people seem to awaken from a three hundred and sixty four days' sleep, they appear high spirited, gay, animated, social, generous, or at least liberal in expense, and would they but refrain from spitting on that hallowed day, I should say that, on the 4th of July at least, they appeared to be an amiable people. It is true that the women have but little to do with the pageantry, the splendour, or the gaiety of the day, but, setting this defect aside, it was indeed a glorious sight to behold a jubilee so heartfelt as this, and had they not the bad taste and bad feeling to utter an annual oration with unvarying abuse of the mother country, to say nothing of the warlike manifesto called

the Declaration of Independence, our gracious king himself might look upon the scene and say that it was good, nay, even rejoice that twelve millions of bustling bodies, at four thousand miles distance from his throne and his altars, should make their own laws and drink their own tea after the fashion that pleased them best

#### American Freedom

Cuyp's clearest landscapes have an atmosphere that approaches nearer to that of America than any I remember on canvas, but even Cuyp's art cannot reach the lungs, and therefore can only give an idea of half the enjoyment, for it makes itself felt as well as seen, and is indeed a constant source of pleasure

Our walks were, however, curtailed in several directions by my old Cincinnati enemies, the pigs, immense droves of them were continually arriving from the country by the road that led to most of our favourite walks, they were often fed and lodged in the prettiest valleys, and worse still, were slaughtered beside the prettiest streams Another evil threatened us from the same quarter that was yet heavier Our cottage had an ample piazza (a luxury almost universal in the country houses of America), which, shaded by a group of acacias, made a delightful sitting room, from this favourite spot we one day perceived symptoms of building in a field close to it, with much anxiety we hastened to the spot, and asked what building was to be erected there

'Tis to be a slaughter house for hogs,' was the dreadful reply As there were several gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood, I asked if such an erection might not be indicted as a nuisance.

'A what?'

'A nuisance,' I repeated, and explained what I meant

'No, no,' was the reply, 'that may do very well for your tyrannical country, where a rich man's nose is more thought of than a poor man's mouth, but hogs be profitable produce here, and we be too free for such a law as that, I guess'

During my residence in America little circumstances like the foregoing often recalled to my mind a conversation I once held in France with an old gentleman on the subject of their active police and its omnipresent gens-d'armerie, 'Croyez moi, Madame, il n'y a que ceux à qui ils ont à faire qui les trouvent de trop' And the old gentleman was right, not only in speaking of France, but of the whole human family, as philosophers call us The well disposed, those whose own feeling of justice would prevent their annoying others, will never complain of the restraints of the law All the freedom enjoyed in America, beyond what is enjoyed in England, is enjoyed solely by the disorderly at the expense of the orderly, and were I a stout knight, either of the sword or of the pen, I would fearlessly throw down my gauntlet, and challenge the whole republic to prove the contrary, but, being as I am, a feeble looker-on, with a needle for my spear and 'I talk' for my device, I must be contented with the power of stating the fact, perfectly certain that I shall be contradicted by one loud shout from Maine to Georgia

#### On a Mississippi Steamer

The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table, the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured, the strange uncouth phrases and

pronunciation, the loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses, the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth, and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the Old World, and that the dinner hour was to be anything rather than an hour of enjoyment.

Her sons, Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope, are elsewhere noticed. See *Frances Trollope* (2 vols. 1895), by Frances Eleanor Trollope, the second wife of Thomas Adolphus, and herself a novelist.

**The Countess of Blessington** (1789–1849), long known in the world of fashion and light literature, was born at Knockbrit near Clonmel. Her father, Edmund Power, was an Irish ‘squireen,’ who forced his daughter, when only fourteen, into a marriage with a drunken Captain Farmer. The marriage was unhappy, Marguerite soon left her husband, who was killed in 1817 by a fall from a window. Four months later she was promoted from mistress to be countess of an Irish peer, Charles Gardiner, Earl of Blessington. Her acquired rank, her beauty, and literary tastes now rendered her the centre of a brilliant circle, and she revelled in every species of extravagant display. In 1822 the pair set out on a Continental tour. They visited Byron in Genoa, and Lady Blessington’s *Conversations with Lord Byron* (1834, new ed. 1894) present on the whole a faithful—though inevitably incomplete—picture of the noble and then notorious poet. In May 1829 Lady Blessington was again left a widow—this time with a jointure of about £2000 a year. A daughter of the deceased earl, by a former marriage, became the wife of Count Alfred d’Orsay, the famous dandy of the day. This marriage also proved unfortunate, the pair separated, and while Madame d’Orsay remained in Paris, the count accompanied Lady Blessington to England. This close association, broken only by death, gave rise to scandalous rumours, yet the countess and her friend maintained a conspicuous place in society. D’Orsay, accomplished both as painter and sculptor, was the acknowledged leader of fashion, but a career of gaiety and splendour soon involved the countess in debt. She made a considerable income by writing, yet her expenditure greatly exceeded her resources. Her first novel, *Grace Cassidy, or the Repealer*, appeared in 1833, and was followed by nearly a dozen others, including *Stratherne’s Life at Home and Abroad* (1843) and *Marmaduke Herbert* (1847). There were also tales in verse and innumerable contributions to magazines and annuals. Perhaps Lady Blessington’s best book was her *Idler in Italy*, but she was better known as the editor for years of the annual *Book of Beauty* and *The Keepsake*. Finally D’Orsay had to flee to the Continent (April 1849), and the countess followed, having broken up her establishment in Gore House, Kensington, every-

thing was sold off, and Lady Blessington and D’Orsay settled in Paris, where she died the same year, while the count survived her just three years. The friendliest—perhaps the truest—estimate of this brilliant creature is given in the epitaph written for her tomb by Barry Cornwall: ‘In her lifetime she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men famous for art and science in distant lands sought her friendship, and the historians and scholars, the poets and wits and painters, of her own country found an unfailing welcome in her ever-hospitable home. She gave cheerfully, to all who were in need, help and sympathy, and useful counsel, and she died lamented by many friends. Those who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over the place of her rest.’ Her Life has been written by Madden (3 vols. 1855) and Molloy (1896). Her poems were verses at most, often not quite that, in a collection of her *Maxims, Thoughts, and Reflections*, separately published in 1839, these are as characteristic as any.

#### Deceivers

We are born to deceive or to be deceived. In one of these classes we must be numbered, but our self respect is dependent upon our selection. The practice of deception generally secures its own punishment, for callous indeed must be that mind which is insensible to its ignominy! But he who has been duped is conscious, even in the very moment that he detects the imposition, of his proud superiority to one who can stoop to the adoption of so foul and sorry a course. The really good and high minded, therefore, are seldom provoked by the discovery of deception, though the cunning and artful resent it as a humiliating triumph obtained over them in their own vocations.

#### Society

‘Be prosperous and happy, never require our services, and we will remain your friends.’ This is not what society says, but it is the principle on which it acts.

#### The Poetry of Life

The poetry of our lives is, like our religion, kept apart from our every day thoughts neither influence us as they ought. We should be wiser and happier if, instead of secluding them in some secret shrine in our hearts, we suffered their humanising qualities to temper our habitual words and actions.

#### Virtue

Horne Tooke said of intellectual philosophy that he had become better acquainted with it, as with the country, through having sometimes lost his way. May not the same be said of virtue? for never is it so truly known or appreciated as by those who, having strayed from its path, have at length regained it.

#### Infirmities of Genius

The infirmities of genius are often mistaken for its privileges.

#### Love

Love in France is a comedy, in England a tragedy, in Italy an *opera seria*, and in Germany a *melodrame*.

**Mrs Bray**, born Anne Eliza Kempe (1790-1883), a Londoner, was intended for the stage, but in 1818 married Stothard the artist, who died in 1821. In 1825 she married the Rev E A Bray, vicar of Tavistock, and after his death in 1857 she settled in London. Between 1820 and 1874 she published a score of romances, books of travel, and other works, the best being *The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy* (1836, 2nd ed. 1879), the *Life of Thomas Stothard, RA* (1851), and *A Peep at the Pixies* (1854). Her Autobiography and also a twelve-volume edition of her romances were published in 1884.

**Catherine Grace Frances Gore** (1799-1861) was born the daughter of Charles Moody, a wine merchant at East Retford in Nottingham. She was already known as a poetess when in 1823 she married Captain Charles Arthur Gore of the Life Guards. She was able to support her family by her voluminous literary labours, and she continued to supply the circulating libraries with one or two novels a year till, quite blind, she after 1850 retired from work and from society, having produced some two hundred volumes of novels and shorter tales, with comedies and poems. Her first publications were two or three volumes of poems, her first novel, *Teresa Marchmont*, was published in 1823, the two tales, *The Lettre de Cachet* and *The Reign of Terror*—one of the times of Louis XIV, and the other of the French Revolution—in 1827. Next appeared a series of *Hungarian Tales*. *Women as they Are, or the Manners of the Day* (3 vols 1830), was an easy, sparkling tale of modern society, with much lady-like writing on dress and fashion, and some rather misplaced contempt for ‘excellent wives’ and ‘good sort of men’. Pictures of gay life—balls, dinners, and fêtes—with clever sketches of character and amusing dialogues, make up the three volumes of *Mothers and Daughters* (1831). *The Fair of May Fair* (1832) was hardly so well received, and thereafter the authoress lived in France for some years. *Mrs Armytage* appeared in 1836, and in the next years (1837-38) *Mary Raymond, Memoirs of a Peeress*, *The Heir of Selwood*, and *The Book of Roses, or Rose-fancier’s Manual*, a delightful little work on the history of the rose, its propagation and culture, based on Mrs Gore’s knowledge of French gardening. *Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb* (1841), and *The Banker’s Wife* (1843) are among her more notable works. She had seen much of the world both at home and abroad, and was never at a loss for character or incident. The worst of her works must be pronounced clever, their interest consists in their lively and caustic pictures of fashionable society, but the want of passion and simplicity in her living models, and the endless frivolities of their occupations—though not unknown in modern fashionable novels—usually weary and repel readers nowadays. Thackeray caricatured her manner in one of the ‘Novels by Eminent Hands’.

#### A Worldly Lady

Lady Lilfield was a thoroughly worldly woman—a worthy scion of the Mordaunt stock. She had professedly accepted the hand of Sir Robert because a connection with him was the best that happened to present itself in the first year of her *début*—the ‘best match’ to be had at a season’s warning! She knew that she had been brought out with the view to dancing at a certain number of balls, refusing a certain number of good offers, and accepting a better one, somewhere between the months of January and June, and she regarded it as a propitious dispensation of Providence to her parents and to herself that the comparative proved a superlative—even a high sheriff of the county, a baronet of respectable date, with ten thousand a year! She felt that her duty towards herself necessitated an immediate acceptance of the dullest ‘good sort of man’ extant throughout the three kingdoms, and the whole routine of her after life was regulated by the same rigid code of moral selfishness. She was penetrated with a most exact sense of what was due to her position in the world, but she was equally precise in her appreciation of all that, in her turn, she owed to society, nor, from her youth upwards—‘Content to dwell in decencies for ever’—had she been detected in the slightest infraction of these minor social duties. She knew with the utmost accuracy of domestic arithmetic, to the fraction of a course or an *entrée*, the number of dinners which Beech Park was indebted to its neighbourhood—the complement of laundry maids indispensable to the maintenance of its county dignity—the aggregate of pines by which it must retain its horticultural precedence. She had never retarded by a day or an hour the arrival of the family coach in Grosvenor Square at the exact moment creditable to Sir Robert’s senatorial punctuality, nor procrastinated by half a second the simultaneous bobs of her ostentatious Sunday school as she sauled majestically along the aisle towards her tall, stately, pharisaical, squire archical pew. True to the execution of her tasks—and her whole life was but one laborious task—true and exact as the great bell of the Beech Park turret clock, she was enchanted with the monotonous music of her own cold iron tongue, proclaiming herself the best of wives and mothers because Sir Robert’s rent roll could afford to command the services of a first rate steward and butler and housekeeper, and thus ensure a well ordered household, and because her seven substantial children were duly drilled through a daily portion of rice pudding and spelling book, and an annual distribution of mumps and measles! All went well at Beech Park, for Lady Lilfield was ‘the excellent wife’ of ‘a good sort of man’!

So bright an example of domestic merit—and what country neighbourhood cannot boast of its duplicate?—was naturally superior to seeking its pleasures in the vapid and varying novelties of modern fashion. The habits of Beech Park still affected the dignified and primeval purity of the departed century. Lady Lilfield remained true to her annual eight rural months of the county of Durham, against whose claims Kemp Town pleaded, and Spri and Baden bubbled in vain. During her pastoral seclusion, by a careful distribution of her stores of gossiping, she contrived to proses, in undetected tautology, to successive detachments of an extensive neighbourhood, concerning her London importance, her court dress, her dinner parties, and her refusal to

the Duchess of ——, while during the reign of her Lord's importance, she made it equally her duty to bore her select visiting list with the history of the new Beech Park school house of the Beech Park double tithe, and of the Beech Park privilege of uniting, in an eccentric dinner party, the abhorrent heads of the rival political factions—the *Bianchi e Neri*—the houses of Newcastle and Capulet of the county primate of Durham. By such minute sections of the wide chapter of coquetry I bore down, Lady Linsfield acquired the character of being a very charming woman throughout her remarkable clan of dinner giving baronets and their wives, by the reputation of a very miracle of prosiness among those 'Men of the world who know the world like men.' She was but a weed in the nobler field of ——.

(From *Women as they Are*)

#### London Life

A sparrow in a cage, which pursues its monotonous round from summer to summer, as though it had for gotten the free green wool and glorious air of liberty, is no condemned to a more monotonous existence than the fashionable world in the unvarying routine of its amusements and when a London beauty expands into ecstasy concerning the delights of London to some country neighbour on a foggy autumn day, vaguely alluding to the 'countless' pleasure and 'diversified' amusements of London, the country neighbour may be as sure that the truth is not in her. Nothing can be more minutely monotonous than the recreations of the really fashionable, monotonous being, in fact, essential to that distinction. Tigers may amuse themselves in a thoroughly irregular diverting way, but the career of a genuine exclusive is one to which a mill horse would scarcely look for relief. London houses, London establishments, are formed after the same unvarying model. At the fifty or sixty balls to which she is to be indebted for the excitement of her season, the fine lady listens to the same band, is refreshed from a buffet prepared by the same skill, looks at the same diamonds, hears the same trivial observations, and but for an incident or two, the growth of her own follies might find it difficult to point out the slightest difference between the fete of the courtiers on the first of June and that of the marquis on the first of July. But though twenty seasons' experience of these aerolitiae, facts might be expected to damp the ardour of certain doagers and dandies who are to be seen hurrying along the golden railroad year after year, it is no wonder that the young girls their daughters won't be easily allured from their dull schoolrooms by all the promises of pleasure.

(From *Women as they Are*)

**Catherine Crowe** (1800-76), born Stevens at Bodolph Green in Kent, in 1822 married Lieut Colonel Crowe, and spent great part of her after life in Lambeth, where she came under George Combe's influence. Her mind was morbid and despondent, ever hovering on the border line of insanity, which it crossed once in one violent but brief attack. Her translation of Kerner's *Secrets of the Past* (1845) prepared the way for her well known *Legends of Nature* (1848), a collection of "fairy stories" of the supernatural by an uncertain author. She wrote also tragedies, juvenile books and no else—the best *Susan Hopley* (1841) and *Miss Dimple* (1847).

**Mrs S. C. Hall** (1800-81) was born in Dublin and brought up at Wexford, though on her mother's side she was of Swiss descent. Her maiden name, Anna Maria Fielding, was unknown in the literary world, her first work was not published till after her marriage to Samuel Carter Hall in 1824. At fifteen she had come with her mother to England, and it was some time before she revisited her native country, but the scenes which were familiar to her as a child had made such a vivid and lasting impression on her mind, and all her sketches showed so much freshness and vigour, that her readers might well imagine she had spent her life among the scenes she describes. To her early absence from her native country is partly at least to be traced one noteworthy characteristic of all her writings—the absence of party feeling on politics or religion. Mrs Hall's *Sketches of Irish Character* (1828) are much like Miss Mitford's tales than they are to the Irish stories of Burnim or Griffin, no doubt it was Miss Edgeworth that gave Mrs Hall her impulse to set forth the inde feasible traits of Irish character. The *Sketches* have much fine description, and are instinct not merely with sound and kindly feeling but true and delicate humour, the coquetry of her Irish girls is admirably given. A second series of *Sketches of Irish Character* (1831) was quite equal to the first, some of the satirical presentations are hit off with great truth and liveliness. In 1832 Mrs Hall ventured on a historical romance, *The Buccaneer*, the scene being laid in England at the time of the Protectorate, and Oliver himself appearing among the characters. The plot is well managed, and some of the characters—notably that of Barbara the Puritan—are excellent, but the work is too feminine, and has too little of energetic passion for the stormy times in which it is cast. Her *Tales of Woman's Trials* (1834) are short stories in her happiest style. *Uncle Horace* (1835) was a novel. *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life* (3 vols 1838), originally published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, were extraordinarily popular, the principal story, 'The Groves of Blarney,' was dramatised and played with eminent success. *Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes* (1840), makes full use again of Mrs Hall's knowledge of Irish character, Katey Macane, the cook who adopts the foundling Marian and watches over her with untiring affection, is equal to any Irish portraiture after those of Miss Edgeworth. *Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, contributed to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, were afterwards published in a collected form. In 1840 Mrs Hall aided her husband in an elaborately illustrated work in three volumes, *Ireland, its Scenery and Character*, skilfully blending topographical and statistical information with the poetical and romantic features of the country, the legends of the peasantry, and scenes and characters of humour or pathos. *The White boy* (1842) is usually reckoned her best novel. Other works were a fairy tale, *Midsummer Eve*.

(1845), *A Woman's Story* (1857), *Can Wrong be Right?* (1862), *The Fight of Faith* (1868-69). To her husband's *Art Journal* Mrs Hall contributed many picturesque sketches, some of which were reissued as *Pilgrimages to English Shrines* and *The Book of the Thanes*. She also produced some pleasing children's books. Her humour is not so broad or racy as Lady Morgan's, nor her observation so acute and profound as Miss Edgeworth's. Her husband, *Samuel Carter Hall* (1800-89), who was born near Waterford, the son of an English officer, came to London in 1831, reported and wrote for various papers, sub-edited the *John Bull*, and founded (1839) and edited the *Art Journal*. The works written and edited by him and his wife, alone or often conjointly, exceed five hundred volumes, of these his *Retrospect of a Long Life* (2 vols 1883) is a series of jottings, not a set autobiography. Both husband and wife are buried at Addlestone, Surrey.

#### From 'Sketches of Irish Character'

Shane Thurlough [is] 'as dacent a boy,' and Shane's wife as 'clane skinned a girl as any in the world.' There is Shane, an active handsome looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him. 'Good morrow, Shane!' 'Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every devil and kindly welcome, my lady, and won't ye step in and rest?—it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!' 'Think you, Shane, I thought you were going to cut the hay field to day, if a heavy shower comes it will be spoiled, it has been fit so the e'er these two days.' 'Sure it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe? and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it, and depending on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years.' 'But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?' 'To Carrick! Och! 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground—saving your presence—for I depend on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cippler, the brogue maker, to do my shoes, and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen he forgot it.' 'Where's your pretty wif, Shane?' 'She's in all the voe o' the world, ma'am dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the fault this time anyhow. The child's tal'n the smallpox, and she depended on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cowpox, and I depended on Kitty Cackle, the hummer to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her bachelor, but out o' sight, out o' mind—the never a word she tould him about it, and the habby has got it natural, and the woman's in heart trouble—to say nothing o' myself—and it the first, and all.' 'I am very sorry indeed, for you have got a much better wif than most men.' 'That's a true word, my lady, only she's fidgety like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough, and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing.' 'I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane.' 'Bad cess to the wheel!—I got it this morning about that too. I depended on John Williams to bring

the flax from O'Flaherty's this day week, and he forgot it, and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot.' 'But where's the good?' says I, 'sure he'll bring it next time.' 'I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage at Clurn Hill? I pussed it to dry, and it looked so cheerful, and when you get there you must take Ellen's advice, and depend solely on yourself.' 'Och, ma'am dear, don't mention it, sure it's thit makes me so down in the mouth this very minnit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here quite innocent like.' 'Shane, you've an eye to squire's new lodge,' says he. 'Maybe I have,' says I. 'I'm yer man,' says he. 'How so?' says I. 'Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid,' said he, 'and I'll speake to the squire for you my own self.' 'The blessing be about you,' says I, quite grateful—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it—and, depending on him, I thought all safe. And what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by yer live, sates himself and his new wife on the laise in the house, and I may go whistle 'It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr Clurn.' 'That's a true word for ye, ma'am dear, but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to depend on.'

**Miss Agnes Strickland** (1796-1874) was a daughter of Thomas Strickland of Reydon Hall in Suffolk, originally a dock manager at Norwich, who after his retirement from business took entire charge of his daughters' education. Agnes soon took to writing, producing a poetical narrative, *Worcester Field, or the Cavalier*, a series of historic scenes and stories for children, and in 1835 *The Pilgrims of Helmsingham*, somewhat on the plan of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*. She then, aided by her sister Elizabeth (1794-1875), entered upon her copious and elaborate *Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest* (12 vols 1840-48, new ed, 6 vols, 1864-1865). The *Times* said this work possessed 'the fascination of a romance united to the integrity of a history,' while other critics more justly complained of its feebleness of thought and poverty of style. The method is wholly uncritical, but the volumes give, nevertheless, vivid pictures of court ceremonial and domestic life, and were largely based on unpublished documents in the public offices and in private mansions. More than a dozen of the Lives were the sole work of the elder sister, who preferred not to have her share in the enterprise acknowledged on the title-page of any of the joint-works. The English history was followed by *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain* (8 vols 1850-59), also written by the sisters jointly. Miss Strickland was a strong partisan of the Stuarts, and her *Life of Mary Queen of Scots* (originally in the *Queens*, but separately published in 1873) is written with great fullness of detail and illustration, many new facts having been added by study of the papers in the Register House, Edinburgh, and

documents in the possession of the Earl of Moray and the representatives of other ancient families. Other works by Agnes (in some cases with help from Elizabeth), were *Lives of the Seven Bishops*, *Lives of the Tudor Princesses*, *The Last Four Mistresses*, and *Bachelor Kings of England*. It need hardly be said that the following story of Moray's deceit and Lindsay's ferocity, from the *Queens of Scotland*, must not be accepted as historical truth.

#### Mary of Scotland at Lochleven.

The conspirators, calling them selves the Lords of Secret Council, having completed their arrangements for the long meditated project of depriving her of her crown summoned Lord Lindsay to Edinburgh, and on the 23rd of July delivered to him and Sir Robert Melville three deeds to which they were instructed to obtain her signature, either by flattering words or absolute force. The first contained a declaration, as if from herself, 'that, being in infirm health and worn out with the cares of government, she had taken purpose voluntarily to resign her crown and office to her dearest son, James, Prince of Scotland.' In the second, 'her trusty brother James, Earl of Moray, was constituted regent for the prince her son, during the minority of the royal infant.' The third appointed a provisional council of regency consisting of Morton and the other Lords of Secret Council, to carry on the government till Moray's return, or, in case of his refusing to accept it, till the prince arrived at the legal age for exercising it himself. Aware that Mary would not easily be induced to execute such instruments, Sir Robert Melville was especially employed to cajole her into this political snare. That ungrateful courtier, who had been employed and trusted by his unfortunate sovereign ever since her return from France, and had received nothing but benefits from her, undertook this office. Having obtained a private interview with her, he deceitfully entreated her 'to sign certain deeds that would be presented to her by Lindsay, as the only means of preserving her life, which, he assured her, was in the most imminent danger.' Then he gave her a turquoise ring telling her 'it was sent to her from the Earls of Argyll, Huntly, and Athole, Secretary Lethington, and the Lord of Grange, who loved her Majesty, and had by this token recredited him to exhort her to avert the peril to which she would be exposed if she ventured to refuse the requisition of the Lords of Secret Council, who designs, they well knew, were to take her life, either secretly or by a mock trial among themselves.' Fearing the queen impudent of this insidious advice, he produced a letter from the English ambassador Throssell on, out of the scabbard of his sword telling her 'he had concealed it there at peril of his own life, in order to convey it to her'—a paltry piece of acting, worthy of the parties by whom it had been devised, for it had been written for the express purpose of inducing Mary to accede to the demands of her regal usurpers 'as if in confidence' 'that it was the queen of England's secret advice that she should induce those who had her in their power by refusing the only concession that could save her life, and thereby to tell her that was done under her present circumstances, and be of no force when she came and her friends' Mary, however, relates

refused to sign the deeds, declaring, with truly royal courage, that she would not make herself a party to the treason of her own subjects by acceding to their lawless requisition, which, as she truly alleged, 'proceeded only of the ambition of a few, and was far from the desire of her people.'

The sur spoken Melville having reported his ill success to his coadjutor Lord Lindsay, Moray's brother in law, the bully of the party, who had been selected for the honourable office of extorting by force from the royal captive the concession she denied, that brutal ruffian burst rudely into her presence, and, flinging the deeds violently on the table before her, told her to sign them without delay, or worse would befall her. 'What!' exclaimed Mary, 'shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood, and, to gratify the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office God hath given to me, to my son, an infant little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm, that my brother Moray may reign in his name?' She was proceeding to demonstrate the unreasonableness of what was required of her, but Lindsay contemptuously interrupted her with scornful laughter, then, scowling ferociously upon her, he swore with a deep oath, 'that if she would not sign those instruments, he would do it with her heart's blood, and cast her into the lake to feed the fishes.' Full well did the defenceless woman know how capable he was of performing his threat, having seen his riper reeking with human blood shed in her presence, when he assisted at the butchery of her unfortunate secretary. The ink was scarcely dry of her royal signature to the remission she had granted to him for that outrage, but, reckless of the fact that he owed his life, his forfeit lands, yes, the very power of injuring her, to her generous clemency, he thus requited the grace she had, in evil hour for herself, accorded to him. Her heart was too full to continue the unequal contest. 'I am not yet five and twenty,' she pathetically observed, somewhat more she would have said, but her utterance failed her, and she began to weep with hysterical emotion. Sir Robert Melville, affecting an air of the deepest concern, whispered in her ear an earnest entreaty for her 'to save her life by signing the papers,' reiterating 'that whatever she did would be invalid because extorted by force.'

Mary's tears continued to flow, but sign she would not, till Lindsay, infuriated by her resolute resistance, swore 'that, having begun the matter, he would also finish it then and there,' forced the pen into her reluctant hand, and, according to the popular version of this scene of lawless violence, grasped her arm in the struggle so rudely as to leave the prints of his mail clad fingers visibly impressed. In an access of pain and terror, with streaming eyes and averted head, she affixed her regal signature to the three deeds, without once looking upon them. Sir Walter Scott alludes to Lindsay's barbarous treatment of his hapless queen in these nervous lines:

'An I haggard I Lindsay's iron eye,  
That saw fair Mary weep in vain'

George Douglas the youngest son of the evil lady of Lochleven, being present indignantly remonstrated with his savage brother in law, Lindsay, for his misconduct, and though hitherto employed as one of the persons whose office it was to keep guard over her, he

became from that hour the most devoted of her friends and champions, and the contriver of her escape His elder brother, Sir William Douglas, the castellan, also reluctantly refused to be present, entered a protest against the wrong that had been perpetrated under his roof, and besought the queen to give him a letter of exoneration, certifying that he had nothing to do with it, and that it was against his consent—which letter she gave him

**William and Mary Howitt**, like-minded helpmates and fellow-labourers, were amiable, earnest, and industrious compilers and authors, with a sincere love for letters, and the secret of a charm which secured them popularity in their own days, though now little of their work is remembered but a few of Mary's verses William Howitt (1792-1879) was born at Heanor, Derbyshire, and educated at Ackworth and Tamworth, and he served a four years' apprenticeship to a builder and carpenter, but meanwhile wrote poems and in account of a country excursion In 1821 he married Mary Botham (1799-1888, born at Coleford, Gloucestershire, and brought up at Uttoxeter), they settled at Hanley to conduct a chemist's business, whence they removed in 1823 to Nottingham for twelve years of successful literary industry Later places of abode were Esher in Surrey, London, Heidelberg, and Rome. In 1852-54, at the height of the gold-fever, William Howitt, with two sons, spent two years in Australia. Husband and wife quitted the Society of Friends in 1847, and later became believers in spiritualism, Mary in 1882 joined the Catholic communion Both died at Rome. The widow enjoyed a public pension of £100 a year from the time of her husband's death Mary Howitt wrote from her earliest years, translated Frederika Bremer and Hans Andersen, and contributed poems, stories, essays, to the *People's Journal*, *Howitt's Journal*, *Chambers's Journal*, &c Joint productions of husband and wife were *The Forest Minstrel* (poems, 1827), *Desolation of Lyam* (1827), *The Book of the Seasons* (1831), *Stories of English Life* (1853), and *Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain*. Among Mary's works (over a hundred, if translations and books edited by her are included) were *Wood Leighton, or a Year in the Country*, a history of the United States, a three volume novel called *The Cost of Caergwyn*, and several volumes of poetry, 'tales in verse,' and books for children Of the husband's fifty works, among the chief were a *History of Priestcraft* (1833), *Rural Life in England* (1837), *Visits to Remarkable Places* (1838-41), *Colonisation and Christianity* (1838), *The Boy's Country Book* (1839), *The Student Life of Germany* (1841), *Homes and Haunts of the Poets* (1847), *Land, Labour, and Gold* (1855), *Illustrated History of England* (1856-61), *History of the Supernatural* (1863), *Discovery in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand* (1865), and *The Mad War Planet* and other Poems (1871). His books on Germany

and German life were regarded by Germans as about the most intelligent and sympathetic written by any foreigner See Mary's Autobiography, edited by her daughter (1889)

### Mountain Children

By MARY HOWITT

Dwellers by lake and hill !

Merry companions of the bird and bee !  
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,  
With unconstrained step and spirits free !

No crowd impedes your way,  
No city will impedes your further bounds,  
Where the wild flock can wander, ye may stray  
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

The sunshine and the flowers,  
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade,  
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,  
And the green hills whereon your fathers plied

The gray and ancient peaks  
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night,  
And the low voice of water as it makes,  
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight

These are your joys ! Go forth—  
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power,  
For in His spirit God has clothed the earth,  
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower

The voice of hidden rills  
Its quiet way into your spirits finds,  
And awfully the everlasting hills  
Address you in their many toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth  
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee,  
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,  
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently

Hence is it that the lands  
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons,  
Whom the world reverences The patriot bands  
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones !

Children of pleasant song  
Are taught within the mountain solitudes,  
For hoary legends to your wilds belong,  
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky  
To you are tributary, joys are spread  
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie  
In the green pith, beneath your gamesome tread !

### From 'The Rural Life of England'

By WILLIAM HOWITT

When you leave [the shepherds of Salisbury Plain], plunge into the New Forest in Hampshire There is a region where a summer month might be whiled away as in a fairy-land There, in the very heart of that old forest, you find the spot where Rufus fell by the bolt of Tyrell, looking very much as it might look then All around you lie forest and moorland for many a mile. The fallow and red deer in thousands herd there as of old The squirrels gambol in the oaks above you, the swine rove in the thick fern and the deep glades of the forest as in a state of nature The dull tinkle of the

cattle bell comes through the wood, and ever and anon, as you wander forward, you catch the blue smoke of some hidden abode, curling over the tree tops, and come to sylvan bowers and huts bough overshadowed cottages, as primitive as my that the reign of the Conqueror himself could have shown. What haunts are in these glades for poets' what streams flow through their bosky banks, to soothe it once the ear and eye circumoured of peace and beauty! What endless groupings and colourings for the painter! At Boldre you may find a spot worth seeing for it is the parsonage once

Cornwall. It is a land almost without a tree that is, all its high and wild plains are destitute of them, and the bulk of its surface is of this character. Some sweet and sheltered vales it has, filled with noble wood, as that of Trelliss near Luro, but over a great portion of it extend great heaths. It is a land where the wild flocks seems never to have been rooted up, and where the huge masses of stone that lie about its hills and valleys are clad with the lichen of centuries. And yet how does this bare and barren land listen on to its many names! It is a country that seem to have retained its ancient attachments longer than any other. The British tongue here lingered till lately as the ruins of King Arthur's palace still crown the stormy steep of Tintagel, and the saint that succeeded the heroic race seem to have left their names on almost every town and village.

**Hugh Miller** (1802-56) a self-taught man of science with a marvellous command of a good English style, surpassed all his predecessors as an expositor of geology. A native of Cromarty, he came of a race of seafaring men of Scandinavian descent and well to do in the world, who owned coasting vessels and built houses in their native town. One of them had done a little in the way of buccaneering on the Spanish Main—most of them perished at sea, including Hugh's father, lost in a storm in 1807. His mother was great-granddaughter of a Celtic war Donald Ross. From boyhood Hugh was a keen observer, given to collecting shells and stones, and at first self-willed, wild, and somewhat intemperate. By the aid of two maternal uncles he received the common education of a Scottish country school and at seventeen was by his own desire apprenticed to a stone mason. In the opening chapters of his work on the Old Red Sandstone he has vividly recorded his geological discoveries made while toiling at his craft in the Cromarty quarries, "the necessity that had made him a quarryman taught him also to be a geologist." Towards the end of 1822 his apprenticeship was completed and he went to Edinburgh for a year (1824-25), where the strongest impression he experienced was from the preaching of Dr Thomas McCrie. Back in the north again Miller ventured on the publication of a volume of *Poems, written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason* (1829), but though the pieces contain many possible things, his prose has more real poetry than his verse. About this time he made the acquaintance of his lifelong friend, Dr Carruthers, collaborator with Robert Chambers in the first edition of this work, who had printed in the *Inverness Courier* some admirably written letters of his on the fisherman's life at sea. Miller had been a diligent student of the best English authors, and was already nice in his choice of language.

This very remarkable man was now too conspicuous to be much longer employed in hewing jumb, or even cutting inscriptions on tombstones, a department in which (like Telford the engineer in his early days) he greatly excelled. He



MARY HOWITT

From a Photograph

inhabited by the venerable William Gilpin—the descendant of Barnard Gilpin, the apostle of the north—the author of *Forest Sceneries* and near it is the school which he built and endowed for the poor from the sale of his drawings. Not very distant from this stands the rural dwelling of one of England's truest hearted women, Caroline Bowles, and not far off you have the woods of Netley Abbey, the Isle of Wight, the Solent, and the open sea.

But still move on through the fair fields of Dorset and Somerset, to the enchanted land of Devon. If you want stern grandeur, follow its north western coast, if peaceful beauty, look down into some one of its rich vales, green as an emerald, and pastured by its herds of red cattle if all the summer loveliness of woods and rivers, you may ascend the Tamar or the Tavy, or many another stream, or you may stroll on through valleys that for glorious solitudes, or fair English homes amid their woods and hills, shall leave you nothing to desire. If you want sternness and loneliness, you may pass into Dartmoor. There are wastes and wilds, crags of granite, views into far-off districts, and the sounds of waters hurrying away over their rocky beds, enough to satisfy the largest hungering and thirsting after poetical delight.

But even there you need not rest, there lies a land of gray antiquity, of desolate beauty, still before you—

carried on his geological studies and researches on the coast lines of the Moray Firth, and the ancient deposits of the hills, with their molluscs, belemnites, ammonites, and nautili, involved a study of nomenclature very different from poetical diction. Theological controversy also claimed his attention, and as Miller was always a stout polemic, and quite sufficiently pugnacious, he mingled freely in local Church disputes, fore-runners of the great national ecclesiastical struggle in which he was also to take a prominent part. The Reform Bill gave fresh scope for activity, and Miller was zealous on the popular side. Even before this he had become deeply attached to an accomplished girl in a higher social circle than his own, the course of true love was not quite smooth, but the devotion of the lovers triumphed, and they were married in 1837. Meanwhile Miller had been drawn away from his handicraft, in 1834 he began work as accountant in a Cromarty bank, and the year after he published *Songs and Legends in the North of Scotland, or the Traditional History of Cromarty*—a book as remarkable for the variety of its traditional lore as for its admirable style. He was also a contributor to 'Tales of the Borders' and *Chambers's Journal*, producing stories almost always of a pensive or tragic cast.

Fifteen years a stone mason and about six years a bank accountant, Miller was next moved into the post in which he spent the rest of his life. The ecclesiastical party in Scotland then known as the 'Non-Intrusionists' or Free Church party projected a newspaper to advocate their views, Miller's sympathies drew him in the same direction, and he had sufficiently shown his literary talents and his zeal in the cause by his letter to Lord Brougham on the Auchterarder case in 1839. By Dr Chisholm and other leaders he was now invited to Edinburgh, and in 1840 he entered upon his duties as editor of *The Witness*, a twice a week paper. Dissident at first, he soon stamped his personality upon his paper, and made a deep and permanent impression upon the Scottish people. As Dr Chalmers put it, Miller took a long time to load, but was a great gun when he did go off. He elaborated his leading articles with great care, so that they have been described as 'complete journalistic essays, symmetrical in plan, finished in execution, and of sustained and splendid ability.' Sir Archibald Geikie described Miller as he knew him at this time as 'a man of good height and broad shoulders, clad in a suit of rough tweed, with a shepherd's plaid across his chest and a stout stick in his hand. His locks of sandy-coloured hair escaped from under a soft felt hat, his blue eyes, either fixed on the ground or gazing dreamily ahead, seemed to take no heed of their surroundings. His rugged features wore an expression of earnest gravity, softening sometimes into a smile and often suffused with a look of wistful sadness, while the firmly compressed lips

betokened strength and determination of character. The springy, elastic step with which he moved swiftly along the crowded pavement was that of the mountaineer rather than that of the native of a populous city.'

During the remaining fifteen years of his life, besides contributing largely to his paper Miller wrote his work on *The Old Red Sandstone* (1841), part of which appeared originally in *Chambers's Journal* and part in the *Witness*. Professor Huxley wrote twenty years afterwards 'The more I study the fishes of the "Old Red" the more I am struck with the patience and sagacity manifested in Hugh Miller's researches and by the natural insight, which in his case seems to have supplied the place of special anatomical knowledge.' A long projected visit to England in 1845 furnished material for his *First Impressions of England and its People* (1847). Then followed *Footprints of the Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness* (1850), a reply to the *Vestiges of Creation*, and a strenuous denial of the development theory, *My*



HUGH MILLER

After the Painting by William Bonnar, R.S.A.

*Schools and Schoolmasters*, an autobiography (1854), and *The Testimony of the Rocks*, completed by him but not published till after his death (24th December 1856). He had overtaken his brain, and for some time suffered from visions and delusions combined with paroxysms of acute physical pain. In one of those moments of disordered reason, awaking from a hideous dream, he shot himself through the heart. Several posthumous works appeared—*The Cruise of the*

*Betsey, or a Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides* (1858), the *Sketch Book of Popular Geology* (1859), *The Headship of Christ* (1861), *Essays, reprinted from the Witness* (1862), and *Leading Articles* (1870), *Jahns and Sketches* (1863), *Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood* (1864). Sir Archibald Geikie has declared that the debt which geology owes to Miller in deepening the interest in geological study by his writings has never been adequately repaid, and has insisted that for elegance of narrative, combined with clearness and vividness of description, he knew no writing in the whole of scientific literature superior or perhaps equal to Miller's. In *The Old Red Sandstone*, Miller was a discoverer, adding to our knowledge of organic remains various members of a great family of fishes, one of which bears now the name of *Pterichthys Milleri*. He illustrated also the less known flora of Scotland—those of the Old Red Sandstone and the Oolite. But Miller's peculiar gift was his power of vivid description, which threw a sort of romantic splendour over the fossil remains and gave life and beauty to the geological landscape.

In *The Testimony of the Rocks* (1857) he sought to reconcile his admission of the antiquity of the globe with the Mosaic account of the Creation. He once believed with Buckland and Chalmers that the six days of the Mosaic narrative were simply natural days of twenty-four hours each; but he was compelled by his geological researches to hold that the days of creation were not natural but prophetic days—unmeasured eras of time stretching far back into the bygone eternity. The revelation to Moses he supposed to have been optical—a series of visions seen in a recess of the Midian desert, and described by the prophet in language fitted to the ideas of his times. The hypothesis of the Mosaic vision is old—as old is the time of Whiston, who had propounded it a century and a half before this, but in Miller's hands the vision became a splendid piece of sacred poetry.

#### The Mosaic Vision of Creation.

Such a description of the creative vision of Moses as the one given by Milton of that vision of the future which he represents as conjured up before Adam by the archangel would be a task rather for the scientific poet than for the mere practical geologist or sober theologian. Let us suppose that it took place far from man, in an untrdden recess of the Midian desert, yet the vision of the burning bush had been vouchsafed, and that, as in the vision of St John in Patmos, voices were mingled with scenes, and the ear as certainly addressed as the eye. A 'great darkness' first falls upon the prophet, like that which in an earlier age fell upon Abraham, but without the 'horror' and as the Divine Spirit moves on the face of the wildly troubled waters is a visible aurora enveloped by the pitchy cloud, the great doctrine is orally enunciated, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few

brief moments, pass away, the creative voice is again heard, 'Let there be light,' and straightway a gray diffused light springs up in the east, and, casting its sickly gleam over a cloud-hemmed expanse of surging vapours, etc., journeys through the heavens to divide the night. One hour, unless day is made to representative of myriads, the faint light was sufficing to ink beneath the dim undivided horizon, the broad expanse of the dimmed clouds upon the east, and he sits awhile on his hill-top in darkness, solitaria. It is not bad, in what seems to be a calm and quiet moment,

The light is in brightness at a distance, and over an expanse of ocean without visible bound the horizon has become wider at the upper edge of outline than before. There is life in that vast expanse—intervallic, maybe also sublunar, life, but, from the comparative darkness of the point of view occupied by the prophet, only the low roll of its waves can be discerned, as they now and then fall in long undulations before a gentle gale, and what most strongly impresses the eye is the chain which has taken place in the atmospheric scenery. That lower stratum of the heavens, except in the previous vision by eddying steam or gas, smoke-like fog is clear and transparent, and only in the upper regions, where the previously visible vapour of the tepid sea has thickened in the cold, do the clouds appear. Up there, in the higher strata of the atmosphere, there is a distinct and manifold—an upper—a of light, separated from those beneath by the transparent firmament, and, like hem too, impelled in rolling waves by the wind. A mighty change has taken place in creation, but it must be a peaceful optical sign is the existence of a transparent atmosphere—of a firmament stretched out over the earth that separates the spheres above from the waters below. But darkness descends for the third time upon the scene for the evening, and the morning has completed the second day.

Yet again the light rises under a canopy of cloud, but the scene has changed, and there is no longer an unbroken expanse of sea. The white sun rises by a distant horizon, on an insubstantial rock, formed maybe by the Silurian or Old Red sand-stone corals, during the bygone yesterday, and beats in long lines of form nearer at hand against the land, winding shore the seaward barrier of a widely spread country. For at the Divine command the land has risen from the deep—not inconspicuous and in scattered isles, as at an earlier time, but in extensive though still marshy continents, little raised over the sea level, and a yet further flat has covered them with the great carboniferous flora. The scene is one of my his forests of cone-bearing trees—of palms and tree ferns and gigantic club mosses on the open slopes, and of great reeds, clustering in the sides of quiet lakes and deep winding rivers. There a deep gloom in the recesses of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank marsh or sluggish stream. But there is a general lightening of the sky overhead as the day declines, a redder flush than had hitherto lighted up the prospect falls athwart fern-covered bank and long withdrawing glade. And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet, he becomes sensible, as it were on and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place. The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue, and as day rises and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken

cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea, and enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day, the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light, the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green, and as the sun declines amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full orb'd in the east—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

Again the day breaks, the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine woods, reed covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes, and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic food, while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas, or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods. And ocean has its monsters great *tannum* tempest the deep, as they heave their huge bulk over the surface, to inhale the life sustaining air, and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a 'seething pot or caldron.' Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers or scour the flat, rank meadows, earth, air, and water are charged with animal life, and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the young.

Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed, and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the plains, the thick skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes, the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds or plunges sullenly into the river, great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods, while animals of fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and the bear—harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow—the morrow of God's rest—that Divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which, 'blessed and sanctified' beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over it no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old to

'The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,  
In the beginning how the heavens and earth  
Rose out of chaos,'

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details.

(From *The Testimony of the Rocks*)

### Beginnings of a Working-Man in Geology

It was eighteen years last February since I set out from my mother's cottage a little before sunrise, to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was a slim, loose jointed boy at the time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake, and I was now going to work as a mason's apprentice in one of the Cromarty quarries. Bating the passing uneasinesses occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods, a reader of curious little books, a gleaner of old traditional stories. I had written bad verses, too, without knowing they were bad, and indulged in unrealisable hopes, without being in the least aware that they were unrealisable, and I was now going to exchange all my day dreams and all my amusements for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil. The time I had so long dreaded had at length arrived, and I felt that I was going down into a wilderness more desolate than that of Sinai, with little prospect of ever getting beyond it, and no hope of return.

The quarry in which my master wrought lies on the southern side of the bay of my native town, about an hundred yards from the shore, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It has been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and is overlapped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rises over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which was at this time rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments which had fallen from above blocked up the face of the quarry, and the first employment assigned me by my master was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented us with so unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother workmen, and simple and rude as I had been accusomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved insufficient, however, and we had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one, it had the merit, too, of being attended by some such degree of danger as a boating excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots, the fragments flew in every direction, and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermillion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsullied and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum, the other, a somewhat rarer bird of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a greyish yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green

summer haunts, and the cold and darkness, of their last retreat, when I heard my master bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up, and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening converted by a rare transmutation into the delicious 'bliss of rest' which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the ground was white and crisp as we passed onward through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed as it advanced into one of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an aspect to whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. We all rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as motionless in the calm as if they had been tried on earth. From a wooded promontory that stretches half way across the inlet there went up a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plumbum for more than a thou sand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Nevis [Wyvis] rose to the west, white with the yet unworn snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear air as a sphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills, all above was white, and all below was purple. They reminded me of the pretty French story in which an old artist is described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law by giving him, as a subject for his pencil, a flower piece composed of only white flowers; the one half of them in their proper colour, the other half of a deep purple, and yet all perfectly natural, and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

(From *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 1837.)

#### The National Intellect of England and Scotland.

There is an order of English mind to which Scotland has not attained—our first men stand in the second rank, not a foot breadth behind the foremost of England's second rank men, but there is a front rank of British intellect in which there stands no Scotchman. Like that class of the mighty men of David to which Abishai and Benaiah belonged—great captains who went down into pits in the time of snow and slew lions, or 'who lifted up the spear against three hundred men at once, and prevailed'—they attained not, with all their greatness, to the might of the first class. Scotland

has produced no Shakespeare, Burns and Sir Walter Scott united would fall short of the stature of the giant of Avon. Of Milton we have not even a representative. A Scotch poet has been injudiciously named as not greatly inferior, but I shall not do wrong to the memory of an ingenious joiner-man [Bulloch] cut off just as he had manifested his powers, by naming him again in a connection so perilous. He at least was fearless of the comparison, and it would be cruel to involve him in the ridicule which it is suited to excite. Poetry is as exclusively unique as Milton, and a poet who could be, and though the friend of Nelson was a Scotchman, we have certainly no Scotch Sir Isaac. I question, indeed, whether any Scotchman attains to the powers of Locke; there is a much wiser thinking in the *Islands on the Human Faculty*, great as it has become the fashion of the age to depreciate it, and in upholding his fundamental error in the work of all our Scotch metaphysicians put to either. It is however a curious fact, and worthily curious of careful examination, as before, on the question of development of intellect through the force of circumstances, that all the very great men of England—all its first class men—belong to ages during which the prevailing perception of the Scotch spirit of Scotch energy and the bold, the open-minded mind of the country, and that no exertion was the weight removed like a pressure slab from over a flower bed, than eighteen years in effect, and up, and attuned to the utmost height to which English intellect was rising at the time. The English philosophers and litterati of the eighteenth century were of a gentry lower stature than the Pitts as Sir John, James Brudenell and Newton, of the two previous centuries; they were second class men—the tallest, however, of their age anywhere and among them the men of Scotland take no absurd place.

Mr Hugh Miller (1812-1856) lawyer, author, and among present writers of the best books on law, I suppose him with Blackstone a title writer to be set by an Englishman as the most able. *Poetries on the Life of Christ* (1841). *Heads of Daniel* (1841), *existential Philosophy* (1842), *Scotch Lectures on Covenants* (1845). Madras Infantry colonel, Hugh was a member of the Scotch Geological Survey. See the memoirs too copious *Life and Letters of Hugh Miller* (1852-3) by Peter Baynes, the *Life and Times of Hugh Miller* by J. N. Green (1853). His *Testimony* by W. Keith Leckie (1853). Mr Hugh Miller's *Journal in Ceylon* (1842), *Journal of his Proceedings* a century of observations at Ceylon (1850), & recently Sir Archibald Geikie's *Review*, 1856.

Sir Archibald Alison (1792-1867), author of the *History of Europe*, was the eldest son of the Rev. Archibald Alison, author of the *Essay on Taste* (Vol II p 639), and his mother was a daughter of Dr John Gregory of Edinburgh. He was born at his father's parsonage of Kerle in Shropshire, but Mr Alison having in 1800 removed to Edinburgh, Archibald studied at Edinburgh University, was admitted to the Bar in 1814, was advocate-depute (public prosecutor) in 1822-30 and in 1834 was appointed Sheriff of Lanarkshire, thenceforward living at Possil House near Glasgow. He was an industrious and prosperous advocate, and a hard working and independent judge, who systematically so economised his time as never to allow his constant literary labours to encroach on his often harassing judicial

work. In earlier days he made several long Continental tours. He had distinguished himself in the literature of his profession by his *Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland* (1832), long a standard work, and his *Praetice of the Criminal Law* (1833). But his *magnum opus* was his famous *History of Europe*. Amongst the multitudes drawn from every part of Europe to Paris to witness the meeting of the allied sovereigns in 1814 after the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars was 'one young man who had watched with intense interest the progress of the war from his earliest years, and who, having hurried from his paternal roof in Edinburgh on the first cessation of hostilities, then conceived the first idea of narrating its events, and amidst its wonders inflamed that ardent spirit, that deep enthusiasm which, sustaining him through fifteen subsequent years of travel and study, and fifteen more of composition, has at length realised itself in the present history.' The work thus characteristically referred to by its author was *The History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons* (10 vols. 1839-42), which had by 1853 passed through nine editions, brought the fortunate author sume and large sums of money, and been translated into French, German, and even Arabic. A work so popular must have substantial merits, or must supply a want universally felt. The author visited most of the localities described, and was able to add many interesting minute touches, and graphic illustrations from personal observation, or the statements of eye-witnesses on the spot and he appears to have been diligent and conscientious in consulting written authorities. The work is one of immense industry, and is fairly accurate, and meant to be candid, but the high Tory prejudices of the author and his strong opinions on the currency question - the influence of which he greatly exaggerates - render him a rather unsafe guide. His moral and political reflections and deductions are mostly superfluous and generally tedious. The style is careless, never picturesque, and verbose to a degree. Baconsfield is plausibly hinting at Alison when Right advises Commissy to make himself master of Mr. Words's *History of the Late War* in twenty volumes, a capital work, which proves that Providence was on the side of the Tories. No doubt much of the extraordinary success of the history was due to the fact that Alison chose a good subject at a happy moment and was the first to occupy the field. In describing the cause which led to the French Revolution he enumerates fairly enough the enormous wrongs and oppressions under which the people laboured, but inconsistently proves also that the immediate cause of the convulsion was the spirit of innovation which overspread France during the tenures of the Revolution as well and fully described and recorded. At any

subsequently wrote a continuation -*The History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Philippe in 1830* (vol. 1852-59), which was, however, not well received by the critics even of his own party. It was harshly written and was disfigured by blunders, omissions, and inconsistencies. Some of the author's political opinions and economic theories were pushed to a ridiculous extreme, and the history style of narrative, set as a drawback in the earlier history, was still more conspicuous in the sequel. Other writings exclusive of pamphlets on Free Trade and the Currency were a work on population in mesmeric criticism of Malthus (1820), Lives of Marlborough and Castlecraig, and three volumes of *Essays Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous*, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which Alison was a frequent contributor, and a highly self-complacent but interesting *Autobiography* (2 vols. 1853). Sir Archibald was successively Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen and of Glasgow University, was D.C.L. of Oxford, and in 1852 was created a baronet by Lord Derby's administration. Two of his sons were distinguished soldiers.

## The French Revolutionary Assassins

The small number of those who perpetrated these murders in the French capital under the eyes of the legislature is one of the most instructive facts in the history of revolutions. Marat had long before said that with two hundred assassins at their disposal he would govern France and cause three hundred thousand to fall, and the events of the 2nd September 1792 fully justify the opinion. The number of those engaged in the massacres did not exceed three hundred and twice as many more witnessed and encouraged their proceedings, yet this handful of men governed Paris and France with a despotism which three hundred thousand armed warriors afterwards failed to effect. The immense majority of the 12,000,000 citizens, divided in opinion vacillate in course and dispersed in different quarters were incognizable among a band of assassins engaged in the massacre, cruelty of which modern Europe has seen almost for example—an important warning to the statesmen of the world in every succeeding age to compute for all the moment that the <sup>two</sup> party and the <sup>two</sup> classes have learnt to ignite the public mind and move it by the smallness of number can be relied on to stoke up reckless ambition from down here it will be. It is no less worthy of observation that the massacre of the masses took place in the heart of a city of 1,000,000 inhabitants who were enrolled in the National Guard and distributed in their ranks a sufficient number of arms to prevent insurrection. It however did not do so, let all charges, the majority of the population of Paris, situated in houses and the several districts comprising a part of them in numbers numbering about 200,000 in that night the 2nd September 1792 killing was determined upon. I believe that if it had been stopped then, it would have been stopped by the people of Paris, & I am convinced of this because in the night of the 2nd September 1792 the people of Paris were in arms to repel the revolutionaries who had entered the city in order to commit the massacre.

exhibit an imposing array and be adequate to the repression of the small disorders, but it is paralysed by the events which throw society into convulsions, and generally fails at the decisive moment when its aid is most required.

### The Reign of Terror

This terminated the Reign of Terror, a period fraught with greater political instruction than any of equal duration which has existed since the beginning of the world. In no former period had the efforts of the people so completely triumphed, or the higher orders been so thoroughly crushed by the lower. The throne had been overturned, the altar destroyed, the aristocracy levelled with the dust; the nobles were in exile, the clergy in captivity, the gentry in affliction. A merciless sword had waved over the state, destroying alike the dignity of rank, the splendour of talent, and the graces of beauty. All that excelled the labouring classes in situation, fortune, or acquirement had been removed, they had triumphed over their oppressors, seized their possessions, and risen into their stations. And what was the consequence? The establishment of a more cruel and revolting tyranny than any which mankind had yet witnessed, the destruction of all the charities and enjoyments of life, the dreadful spectacle of streams of blood flowing through every part of France. The earliest friends, the warmest advocates, the firmest supporters of the people were swept off indiscriminately with their bitterest enemies, in the unequal struggle, virtue and philanthropy sank under ambition and violence, and society returned to a state of chaos, when all the elements of private or public happiness were scattered to the winds. Such are the results of unchaining the passions of the multitude, such the peril of suddenly admitting the light upon a benighted people. The extent to which blood was shed in France during this melancholy period will hardly be credited by future age. The Republican Prudhomme, whose prepossessions led him to anything rather than an exaggeration of the horrors of the popular party, has given the following appalling account of the victims of the Revolution.

Nobles	1,278
Noble women,	750
Wives of labourers and artisans,	1,467
Religious,	350
Priests,	1 135
Common persons, not noble,	<u>13 623</u>
 Guillotined by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal,	
Women died of premature childbirth,	3,400
In childbirth from grief,	348
Women killed in La Vendée,	15 000
Children killed in La Vendée,	22,000
Men slain in La Vendée,	900 000
Victims under Carrier at Nantes,	<u>32,000</u>
Children shot,	500
Children drowned	1,500
Women shot	264
Women drowned,	500
Priests shot	300
Priests drowned	460
Nobles drowned,	1,400
Artisans drowned,	5,300
Victims at Lyon,	<u>31,000</u>
Total,	<u>1,022 331</u>

In this enumeration are not comprehended the massacres at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carmes, or other prisons on September 2, the victims of the Glaciere of Avignon, those shot at Toulon and Marseille, or the

persons slain in the little town of Bedoin, of which the whole population perished. It is in an especial manner remarkable, in this dismal catalogue, how large a proportion of the victims of the Revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2160, while the infants drowned and shot are 2000, the women 764, and the artisans 5300! So rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so widespread is the carnage dealt out to them, compared with that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors. The facility with which a faction, composed of a few of the most audacious and reckless of the nation, triumphed over the immense majority of their fellow citizens, and led them forth like victims to the sacrifice, is not the least extraordinary or memorable part of that eventful period. The bloody faction at Paris never exceeded a few hundred men, their talents were by no means of the highest order, nor their weight in society considerable, yet they trampled under foot all the influential classes, ruled mighty armies with absolute sway, kept 200,000 of their fellow citizens in captivity, and daily led out several hundred persons, of the best blood in France, to execution. Such is the effect of the unity of action which atrocious wickedness produces, such the ascendancy which in periods of anarchy is acquired by the most savage and lawless of the people. The peaceable and inoffensive citizens lived and wept in silence, terror crushed every attempt at combination, the extremity of grief subdued even the firmest hearts. In despair of effecting any change in the general sufferings, apathy universally prevailed, the people sought to bury their sorrows in the delirium of present enjoyments, and the theatres were never fuller than during the whole duration of the Reign of Terror. Ignorance of human nature can alone lead us to ascribe this to any peculiarity in the French character, the same effects have been observed in all parts and ages of the world as invariably attending a state of extreme and long continued distress. The death of Hebert and the anarchists was that of guilty depravity, that of Robespierre and the Decemvirs, of sanguinary fanaticism, that of Danton and his confederates, of stoical infidelity, that of Madame Roland and the Girondists, of deluded virtue, that of Louis and his family, of religious forgiveness. The moralist will contrast the different effects of virtue and wickedness in the last moments of life, the Christian will mark with thankfulness the superiority in the supreme hour to the sublimest efforts of human virtue which was evinced by the believers in his own faith.

**Patrick Fraser Tytler** (1791–1849), author of *A History of Scotland*, was the son of Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, who wrote *Elements of General History* (1801), and grandson of William Tytler, who, as author of the *Inquiry into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots* (1759), was hailed by Burns as the ‘revered defender of beauteous Stuart.’ Patrick Fraser Tytler was, like his father, bred mainly at Edinburgh for the Scottish Bar, and wrote Lives of the Admirable Crichton (1819), Sir Thomas Craig (1823), the *Scottish Worthies* (1831–33), Sir Walter

Raleigh, and Henry VIII (1837) His *History of Scotland* (1828–43), from the accession of Alexander III to the union of the crowns in 1603, was an attempt to 'build the history of that country upon unquestionable muniments' The author claimed to have anxiously examined the most authentic sources of information, and conveyed a true picture of the times, without pre-possession or partiality By his conscientious study of original authorities he, like Pinkerton, Chalmers, and McCrie, threw fresh light on many periods of Scottish history, and though he took up a few doubtful opinions on questions of fact (such as that John Knox was accessory to the murder of Rizzio), his work is in large departments of the subject still well worthy of study, and has by no means been superseded by his successors—in some respects his history is better proportioned and better written than Hill Burton's It was at Sir Walter Scott's suggestion that he undertook the task, and he devoted to it twenty years of hard work In 1839 he edited two volumes of original documents illustrating the reigns of Edward VI and Queen Mary Tudor, a praiseworthy contribution to the study of historical records Dean Burgon wrote a Life of Tytler (1859)

**Cosmo Innes** (1798–1874), most learned and accomplished of Scottish legal antiquaries, came up from Deeside to the Edinburgh High School, and graduated both at Glasgow and at Oxford Having passed as advocate in 1822, he became Sheriff of Moray in 1840, then an official of the Court of Session, and in 1846 Professor of Constitutional Law and History in the University of Edinburgh He is best known as the author of an eminently suggestive book on *Scotland in the Middle Ages* (1860) and of interesting *Sketches of Early Scotch History* (1861) He helped to edit some of the early *Acts of the Scottish Parliament*, was a member of the Bannatyne, Maitland, and Spalding Clubs, and edited for them several register-books of the old religious houses of Scotland His lectures (practically a manual) on Scottish *Legal Antiquities* (1872) have never been superseded, and he wrote several memoirs, including one of Dean Ramsay A Memoir of him was prepared by his daughter, Mrs Hill Burton (1874)

**David Laing** (1793–1878), a learned, laborious, and accurate antiquary, was the son of an Edinburgh bookseller, for thirty years followed his father's trade, and from 1837 till his death was librarian of the Signet Library Honorary secretary of the Bannatyne Club, he edited many of its issues, and his contributions to the *Transactions* of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland were innumerable An LL D of Edinburgh, he bequeathed many rare MSS to the university His more important works were his editions of Baillie's *Letters and Journals* (1841–42), of John Knox's works (1846–64), and of the Scottish poets, Sir David Lyndsay, Dunbar, and Henryson

**Mark Napier** (1798–1879), son of an Edinburgh lawyer sprung from the Merchiston stock, was educated at the High School and university of his native town, and having practised as advocate for near quarter of a century, was appointed Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway He published some legal works, but is best known for his *Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose* (2 vols 1856) and *Memorials of Graham of Claverhouse* (1859–60), both written in a vehemently anti Presbyterian, Cavalier, and Jacobite temper, and, though conspicuously without the judicial and historical spirit, by no means lacking in historical value He roused a fierce controversy by attempting to prove that the 'Wigtown Martyrs' were pardoned, although they had certainly been condemned to be (and according to tradition were) drowned for refusing the abjuration oath in 1685

**George Lillie Craik** (1798–1866), a Fife man from Kennoway, studied for the Church at St Andrews, but went to London in 1826, and in 1849 became Professor of History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast Among his works were *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties* (1831), a *History of British Commerce* (3 vols 1844), books on famous English trials, on Spenser, Biron, the romance of the peerage, Shakespeare's English, and his best-known work, the *History of English Literature and the English Language* (2 vols 1861), which passed through nine or ten editions It was a modified form of a six-volume work, a *History of Literature and Learning in England*, issued in 1844 He wrote much for the *Penny Magazine* and the like, prepared a number of manuals, and was joint-author with another of *The Pictorial History of England* —His youngest daughter, **Georgiana Marion Craik** (1831–95), born in London, married Mr A. W May, and from 1857 published over thirty novels—*Lost and Won* (1859) the most popular—Miss Mulock (Mrs Craik) the novelist married his nephew

**Joseph Train** (1779–1852), son of a farm-grieve in the upland Ayrshire parish of Sorn, became a weaver in Ayr, then served in the militia, and from 1806 was an excise officer in Ayrshire Here and later at Newton Stewart he read industriously, collected traditions, and wrote verses *Songs of the Mountain Muse* (1814), incorporating local traditions of the south-west of Scotland, supported by acute notes, secured Scott's esteem, and for many years Train sent all the scraps of song or folklore he could collect direct to Scott Thus Scott got very valuable materials for poems and novels—for *Red Gauntlet*, *Wandering Willie's Tale*, and *The Tales of my Landlord* amongst others, as well as the characters of Old Mortality, Edie Ochiltree, and Madge Wildfire Train was ultimately supervisor of revenue at Castle-Douglas till his retirement in 1850 He was a contributor to *Chambers's Journal*, and wrote a history of the Isle of Man and of the Buchanite sect.

**James Hogg** (1770-1835). 'The Ettrick Shepherd' was sprung of shepherd stock, and born in the parish of Ettrick the date of his birth is unknown but it is certain that he was baptised on the 9th of December 1770. When a mere child he was put out to service as cow herd, until he could take care of a flock of sheep, and he had in all but little schooling, though he was too prone to represent himself as an un instructed prodigy of nature. At twenty he entered the service of a neighbouring sheep-farmer, already an eager reader of poetry and romances, as of all the miscellaneous contents of a circulating library in Peebles to which he subscribed. Till an illness brought on by over exertion injured his good looks



JAMES HOGG

From a Drawing by S. P. Denning, in the National Portrait Gallery.

he was an exceptionally fine looking young fellow, with a profusion of light brown hair, coiled up under his blue bonnet. The reading of Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* and a modernised Blind Harry's *Wallace* had kindled poetic impulses. His first literary effort was in song writing, and in 1801 he published a small volume of verse. Introduced to Sir Walter Scott by his master's son Willie Lauderdale, he assisted in the collection of old ballads for the *Border Minstrelsy*. These he soon imitated with great felicity, and in 1807 he published another volume of songs and poems, *The Waulkmill Girl*. Meanwhile he wrote a successful book on the diseases of sheep. Bent on being a sheep farmer, he proposed in 1803 to migrate to Harris. The scheme fell through, but in a later venture it cost him £300 he had

saved as a shepherd and made by his book. He then settled in Edinburgh, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. A collection of songs, *The Forest Minstrel* (1810), was followed by a periodical called *The Spy*, but it was *The Queen's Wake* (1813) that established his reputation. This 'legendary poem' consists of a collection of tales and ballads supposed to be sung to Mary, Queen of Scots, by the native bards of Scotland assembled at a royal wake at HolYROOD, in order that the fair queen might prove 'the wondrous powers of Scottish song'. Its design and execution both helped to rank Hogg among the first of modern Scottish poets. The imaginary lays of the local minstrels are strung together by an ingenious and often surprisingly graceful thread of narrative—in English, like the bulk of his longer poems, whereas his best-known songs are in vernacular Scotch. Other works followed—*Maid of the Moor*, in Spenserian stanza, *The Pilgrims of the Sun*, in blank verse, *The Hunting of Badewie*, *The Poetic Mirror* (imitations of Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, and others), *Queen Hynde, Dramatic Tales*, also several novels, including *Winter Evening Tales*, *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, *The Three Perils of Man*, *The Three Perils of Woman*, *The Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. The last, also called *Confessions of a Fanatic*, is a powerful fragment, the authorship of which has sometimes been attributed to Lockhart, but on inadequate evidence. Hogg collected two volumes of *Jacobite Relics* (1819-20), and some of the songs contributed by his own pen are among the best known of the so-called Jacobite lyrics ('Clim ye by Athol,' 'Flora MacDonald's Lament'). Mr Henderson credits Hogg with the authorship of 'Auld Maitland' and parts of other fine ballads in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*. A really valuable contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, he was partly idealised, partly caricatured by Wilson as one of the interlocutors in the *Noctes Ambrosiana*. He never was the 'half inspired, delightful talker of the Noctes,' but he was one of the most characteristic of the figures that brought 'Magr' its fame. His vanity and desire for notoriety were indeed portentous, his head was turned by his success, and his familiarity in society went beyond the bounds of good breeding. The suggestion of the famous *Chaldee MS* (October 1817) was his, he claimed, indeed, to have written most of it (specifically the first two chapters, part of the third and of the last), though much of the best is certainly Lockhart's. On the other hand, Hogg complained, and with reason, that ballads and verses of all kinds which he had never seen were in 'Magr' put in his mouth. An illustration of the Shepherd of the Noctes will be found in the article on Professor Wilson (page 249). Later prose works were *Lay Sermons*, *Montrrose Tales*, and his sadly ill-judged book on *The Private Life of Sir Walter Scott*. Hogg's prose is very unequal. He had no skill in character-drawing. He is often vulgar and extravagant,

some of his stories are utter failures, yet some have many happy touches. In 1817 he was back in the Border country. Three years later he married the daughter of an Annandale farmer, who was twenty years his junior, and their married life was very happy. He lived in a cottage he had built at Altrive, also called Mossend and Eldinhope, on a piece of moorland—seventy acres—granted to him at a nominal rent by the dying bequest of the Duchess of Buccleuch. Though he had failed as a sheep-farmer, he ventured again, and took another large farm, Mount Benger, from the Duke of Buccleuch. Here too he was unsuccessful, and his sole support for the latter years of his life was what he earned by writing. In the end of 1831 he visited London to arrange for a complete edition of his works, and had the satisfaction of being lionised there. In the autumn of 1835 he fell ill, and he died on the 21st of November.

The truly amazing thing about the Shepherd is that, with his rollicking, boisterous, and almost coarse humour, and his notorious defects of taste, he nevertheless sustained unbroken flights in almost pure ether. He could abandon himself entirely to the genius of local and legendary story, he certainly proved himself at home in scenes of visionary splendour and unimaginable purity and bliss. His *Kilmenny* is one of the finest of fairy tales, passages in the *Pilgrims of the Sun* have much of the same ethereal beauty. Akin to this feature in Hogg's poetry is the spirit of many of his songs—a lyrical flow that is sometimes incomparably sweet and musical, and is withal spontaneous and natural. He wanted art to construct a fable, and taste to make the most of his fertility in ideas and imagery, but few poets impress us more with the feeling of direct inspiration, or convince us so strongly that poetry is indeed an art ‘unteachable and untaught’.

Jeffrey greeted Hogg as ‘a poet in the highest acceptation of the term,’ Professor Ferrier described him, in accordance with the accepted opinions, as the greatest poet next to Burns that had ever sprung from the bosom of the common people. And speaking of *Kilmenny* and contemporary work of Hogg's, Professor Saintsbury has said that there is no such poetry in Cribbe or Rogers, little in Southey, and not much in Moore.

The following is a bit of Hogg's *Autobiography*.

For several years my compositions consisted wholly of songs and ballads, made up for the lasses to sing in chorus, and a proud man I was when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains, and jeering me by the still dear appellation of ‘Jamie the poet’.

I had no more difficulty in composing songs then than I have at present, and I was equally well pleased with them. But then the writing of them—that was a job! I had no method of learning to write save by following the italic alphabet, and though I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above

four or six lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out was new I know not, but it was not with out singularity. Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn, but in place of it I borrowed a small phial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waist coat; and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, and I had nothing else to do, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them. This is still my invariable practice in writing prose. I cannot make out one sentence by study without the pen in my hand to catch the ideas as they arise, and I never write two copies of the same thing. My manner of composing poetry is very different, and, I believe, much more singular. Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind, or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper, and then I write it down as fast as the A B C. When once it is written, it remains in that state, it being with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which I think is partly owing to the above practice.

The first time I ever heard of Burns was in 1797, the year after he died. One day during that summer a half-dast man, named John Scott, came to me on the hill, and, to amuse me, recited ‘Tam O'Shanter.’ I was delighted. I was far more than delighted—I was ravished! I cannot describe my feelings, but, in short, before Jock Scott left me I could recite the poem from beginning to end, and it has been my favourite poem ever since. He told me it was made by one Robert Burns, the sweetest poe that ever was born, but that he was now dead, and his place would never be supplied. He told me all about him—how he was born on the 25th of January, bred a ploughman, how many beautiful songs and poems he had composed, and that he had died last harvest, on the 21st of August. This formed a new epoch of my life. Every day I pondered on the genius and fate of Burns. I wept, and always thought with myself—what is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I, too, was born on the 25th of January, and I have much more time to read and compose than any ploughman could have, and can sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world. But then I wept again because I could not write. However, I resolved to be a poet, and to follow in the steps of Burns.

The enthusiasm with which he [Scott] recited and spoke of our ancient ballads during that first tour of his through the Forest inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. I dedicated *The Mountain Bard* to him.

#### The Poet's Nurture

O list the mystic lore sublime  
Of fury tales of ancient time!  
I learned them in the lonely glen,  
The last abodes of living men,  
Where never stranger came our way  
By summer night or winter day,  
Where neighbouring hind or cot was none—  
Our converse was with heaven alone—  
With voices through the cloud that sung,  
And brooding storms that round us hung

O la le, judge a ju'ge ye may,  
How seem erd am, ie was the swir  
Of some like these when darkness fell,  
An I gree bured vres the tales woul'l tell !  
When eorts were berr'd and eldern dame  
I sleg it b'r task b'r de the flame,  
That through the smoke and gloom alone  
On dim and umbred fices shone—  
The blea of mountain goat on high,  
The from the cliff came quavering by ,  
The echoing rook, the rushing flood,  
The critter's swell, the moaning wood,  
The undefined and mingled hum—  
Voice of the desert never dumb !  
All these have left within this heart  
A feeling, tongue can ne'er impart ,  
A wilder'd and unearthly flame,  
A som thing that's without a name

**Sir Walter's first Counsels**  
The lind was charmed to list his lyys ,  
It knew the harp of ancient dvs ,  
The Po der chief, that long had been  
In eulichre, unhearsed in l green,  
Pissed from their mouth's vaults awry  
In armour red in l stern arry ,  
An l by their moonlit halls were seen  
In visor helm, and habergon  
I sen furies caught our lind agun,  
So powerful was the magic strun  
Blest be his generous heart for aye !  
He told me where the relic lyv ,  
Pointed my way with ready will,  
Afar on l trich's wildest hill ,  
Watched my fir t notes with curious eye ,  
And I wondered at my minstrelsy  
He hilt weene I a parent's tongue  
Such struns had o'er my cradle sung  
But when to native feelings true,  
I's ruck up in a chord was new ,  
When by myself I 'gan to play,  
He tric'd to wile my larp awa  
Just when her no es began with still  
I'soun l beneath the southery hill,  
And twin around my bo om's core,  
How could we part for evermore ?  
It's as kindne's ll—I cannot blame—  
For brotles is the minstrel stune  
Put sun a hard nigh well have known  
An thers feelings by his own !

**Bonny Kilmeny**

Bonny Kilmeny greef up the ten  
For it werr to met Dunfermline men,  
Nor the rose mark of the l to see,  
For Kilmeny as pure as pure could be.  
It's as rich to hear the violin sing      selahmmer  
A d p the cross flower round the spring  
Tre's an' hupp at l the hill berries,      raspberries  
As l the red the hong fras the havel tree,  
For he l the was pure as pur could be  
It's a r r r r r mure 'rous over the w',      miree  
An l the roun she's l in the greenwood shire,  
Lass ! I d of D r set blam,  
An l the lass greef o Kilmeny come brame !      keep  
When pe'st it a lass had come to l fled,  
When pe'st it a lass and hope was dead

When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,  
When the beadsman had prayed and the dead bell rung,  
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,  
When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,  
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,  
The reek o' the cot hung over the plun  
Like a little wee cloud in the world its line ,      alone  
When the ingle lowed with in evr leme,      fire blazed—  
Late, late in the gloomin Kilmeny came brame !      weird gleam

' Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?  
I ang hie we sought bath holt and dean ,  
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,      waterfall  
Yet you are halesome and fair to see  
Where git've that joup o' the lily sheen ? jupe, skirt—bright  
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?      head band  
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen ?  
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,  
But me smile was seen on Kilmeny's face ,  
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,  
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea  
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,  
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare ,  
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,  
Where the rain never fell and the wind never blew,  
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung  
And the urs of heaven pliyed round her tongue  
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,  
And a land where sin had never been

In yon greenwood there is a wuk ,      glade  
And in that wuk there is a wene ,      recess  
And in that wene there is a make ,      mate, person  
That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bone ,  
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane !  
In that green wene Kilmeny ky ,  
Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay ,      covered  
But the air was soft and the silence deep ,  
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep ,  
She kend me mur, nor opened her ee,  
Till wuk'd by the hymns of a far countrye ,  
She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim ,  
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim ,  
And lovely beings round were rise,  
Who erst had travell'd mortal life  
They clisped her wirst and her hands sae fair,  
They kis ed her cheek, and they kamed her hair,      combed  
And round came many a blooming fere ,      comrade  
Saying ' Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here ! '

They listed Kilmeny, they led her away ,  
And she walked in the light of a sunless day ,  
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light ,  
The emerald fields were of drizzling glow,  
And the flowers of everlasting blow  
Then deep in the stream her body they lud,  
That her youth and beauty never might fade ,  
And they smil'd on heaven when they saw her lie  
In the stream of life that wandered by ,  
An l she heard a song, she heard it sung  
She kend no where, but sae sweetly it rung,  
It sell on her ear like a dream of the morn  
' Oh, blest be the day Kilmeny wis born !'  
Now shall the land of the spirits see ,  
No! till n l en what a woman may be !  
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,

A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light ,      gleam  
 And the moon that sleeks the sky sac dun,  
 Like a gowden bow or a beamless sun,  
 Shall wear awy and be seen nae mair,  
 And the angels shall miss them travelling the air  
 But lang, lang after baith night and day,  
 When the sun and the world have elyed away ,      vanished  
 When the sinner has gone to his waeome doom,  
 Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom !

Then Kilmeny begged again to see  
 The friends she had left in her own countrye,  
 To tell of the place where she had been,  
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen  
 With distant music, soft and deep,  
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep ,  
 And when she awakened she lay her lane,  
 All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene  
 When seven lang years had come and fled,  
 When grief was calm and hope was dead,  
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,  
 Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame !      at dusk.  
 And oh, her beauty was fair to see,  
 But still and steadfast was her ee ,  
 Such beauty bard may never declare,  
 For there was no pride nor passion there ,  
 And the soft desire of maiden's een  
 In that mild face could never be seen  
 Her seymar was the lily flower,      cymar, smock  
 And her cheek the moss rose in the shower ,  
 And her voice like the distant melodye  
 That florts along the twilight sea.  
 But she loved to raike the lanely glen,      wander through  
 And kepted afar frae the haunts of men,  
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
 To suck the flowers and drink the spring,  
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,  
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheered ,  
 The wolf played blithely round the field,  
 The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,  
 The dun deer woode with manner bland,  
 And cowered aneath her lily hand  
 And when at eve the woodlands rung,  
 When hymns of other worlds she sung,  
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
 Oh, then the glen was all in motion ,  
 The wild beasts of the forest cane,  
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame, pens and folds  
 And goved around, charmed and amazed ,  
 Even the dull cattle crooned and grazed ,  
 And murmured, and looked with anxious pun  
 For something the mystery to explain  
 The buzzard came with the throstle cock ,  
 The corby left her houf in the rock ,      raven—haunt  
 The blackbird lang wi' the eagle flew ,  
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew ,  
 The wolf and the kid their ruse began,  
 And the tod, and the limb, and the leveret ran ,      fox  
 The hawk and the heron attour them hung      heron—above  
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young, forsook  
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled      drawn  
 It was like an eve in a sinless world !  
 When a month and a day had come and gane,  
 Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene,  
 There laid her down on the leaves so green,  
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen !

(From *The Queen's Wake*)

## To the Comet of 1811

How lovely is this wildered scene,  
 As twilight from her vaults so blue  
 Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,  
 To sleep embalmed in midnight dew !

All hail, ye hulis, whose towering height,  
 Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky '  
 And thou, mysterious guest of night,  
 Dread traveller of immensity ?

Stranger of heaven ! I bid thee hail !  
 Shred from the pall of glory riven,  
 That flashest in celestial gale,  
 Broad pennon of the King of Heaven !

Art thou the flag of woe and death,  
 From angel's ensign staff unsurled ?  
 Art thou the standard of His wrath  
 Waved o'er a sordid, sinful world ?

No , from that pure pellucid beam,  
 That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,  
 No latent evil we can deem,  
 Bright herald of the eternal throne !

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,  
 Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—  
 Or peace to man, or judgments dire,  
 Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hul !

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years ?  
 Why sought these polar paths agun,  
 From wilderness of glowing spheres,  
 To sling thy vesture o'er the wain ?

And when thou scal'st the Milky way  
 And vanishest from human view,  
 A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray  
 Through wilds of yon emp'real blue !

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide !  
 To sail the boundless skies with thee,  
 And plough the twinkling stars aside,  
 Like foam bells on a tranquil sea '

To brush the embers from the sun,  
 The icicles from off the pole ,  
 Then far to other systems run,  
 Where other moons and planets roll !

Stranger of heaven ! oh, let thine eye  
 Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream ,  
 Eccentric as thy course on high,  
 And airy as thine ambient beam !

And long, long may thy silver ray  
 Our northern arch at eve adorn ,  
 Then, wheeling to the east away,  
 Light the gray portals of the morn !

## When the Kye comes Hame.

Come all ye jolly shepherds  
 That whistle through the glen,  
 I'll tell ye of a secret  
 That courtiers dinna ken ,  
 What is the greatest bliss  
 That the tongue o' man can name ?  
 'Tis to woo a bonny lassie  
 When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame,  
When the kye comes hame,  
'Tween the gloomin and the mirk, dusk and  
dark  
When the kye comes hame

'Tis not beneath the coronet,  
Nor canopy of state,  
'Tis not on couch of velvet,  
Nor arbour of the great—  
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,  
In the glen without the name,  
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,  
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird lugs his nest  
For the mate he lo'es to see,  
And on the topinot bough,  
Oh, a happy bud is he!  
Then he pours his melting duty,  
And love is a the theme,  
And he'll woo his bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame

When the blawart bears a pearl,  
And the dusky turns a peir,  
And the bonny lucken gowan  
Has fauldit up her e',  
Then the liverock flic the blue list  
Draps down, and thinks nae shame  
To woo his bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame

See yonder prwky shepherd  
That lingers on the hill—  
His vowels are in the fluid,  
And his lambs are living still,  
Yet he doon't gang to bed,  
For his heart is in a flame  
To meet his bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame

When the little wee bit heart  
Rises hugh in the breast,  
And the little wee bit tare  
Rises red in the east,  
Oh, there's a joy sae deir,  
That the heart can hardly frame,  
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,  
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all nature joins  
In this love without alloy,  
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor  
To nature's dearest joy?  
Or wha wad choose a crown,  
Wi' its perils and its fame,  
And miss his bonny lassie  
When the kye comes hame?

When the kye comes hame,  
When the kye comes hame,  
'Tween the gloomin and the mirk,  
When the kye comes hame

**The Skylark.**

Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee!

builds  
loves

speedwell

marsh marigold

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st.

Wild is thy lay and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love give it birth,  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth

O'er fell and fountain shien,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, iv a'  
Then when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be,  
I mblen of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee!

See Hogg's own *Autobiography*, the Memoir prefaced by Professor Wilson to an 1850 edition of Hogg's *Works*; the Memoir by T. Thomson prefixed to the 1855 ed. Hogg's daughter Mrs Gordon's *Memoirs of James Hogg* (1884); James Hogg, by Sir George Douglas in the "Famous Scots series" (1873). There are also lights in Lockhart's *Scott and Peters Letters to his King* &c in Mrs Gordon's *Christ pher worth in Smiles: Life of John Murray* in Dr William Chambers' *Memoir of his brother Robert in Ireland*; *Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, and in Mrs Oliphant's *House of Bala* &c &c

**John Galt**, author of *The Annals of the Parish*, was born on May 1779 at Irvine in Ayrshire, where his father commanded a West India vessel, and when the boy was in his eleventh year his people went to live at Greenock. He got a berth in the custom house of the port, and continued at the desk, contributing verses to local papers and writing a good deal till about the year 1804, when, without any appointment or definite prospects he went to London to 'push his fortune.' He had written what he called an 'epic poem' on the Battle of Largs, and this he committed to the press but he did not prefix his name, and almost immediately suppressed the production. An unlucky commercial connection embarrassed him for three years, and next he became a student of Lincoln's Inn. On a visit to Oxford he conceived, while standing in the quadrangle of Christ Church, the design of writing a Life of Cardinal Wolsey. He set about the task with ardour, but his health failing, he went abroad with a commission to see if and how British goods might be exported to the Continent in spite of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees. At Gibraltar he met Byron and Hobhouse, then on their way to Greece, and the three sailed in the same packet. Galt stayed some time in Sicily, then from Malta went to Greece, where he again met Byron, and interviewed Ali Pasha. After rambling for some time in Greece he reached Constantinople, Nicomedi, and the Black Sea. Quarantined for a time during these eccentric wanderings, Galt wrote or sketched six dramas, which were, according to Sir Walter Scott, 'the worst tragedies ever seen.' On his return he published his *Voyages and Travels and Letters from the Levant*,

which contain much interesting and debatable matter, and his *Life of Wolsey*, a poor book both in matter and style Galt next settled at Gibraltar, apparently to superintend the smuggling of goods into Spain, but the design was defeated by Wellington's success in the Peninsula. Back again in England, he contributed dramatic pieces to the 'New British Theatre,' designed mainly for the stage, but not produced One of his plays, *The Appeal*, was brought out at the Edinburgh theatre in 1818, and performed four nights, Sir Walter Scott having written an epilogue and some other friend (perhaps Wilson or Lockhart) a prologue Among Galt's innumerable compositions may be mentioned a *Life of Benjamin West*, *Historical Pictures*, *The Wandering Jew*, and *The Earthquake*, a novel in three volumes For *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820 he wrote *The Ayrshire Legatees*, a series of letters containing an entertaining and typical Scottish narrative, which was his first marked success *The Annals of the Parish* (1821), which instantly became popular, had been written twelve years earlier, before the appearance of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, but was rejected by the publishers of those same works, with the assurance that a novel or work of fiction entirely Scottish would not take with the public. MacKenzie and Scott both prised *The Annals*, and it was thence that Bentham adopted the word *utilitarian*, of Galt's coining Galt had now found where his strength lay, and *Sir Andrew Wylye*, *The Entail*, *The Steam boat*, and *The Provost* were successively published—the first two with decided success These were followed by *Ringan Gilhaze*, a story of the Scottish Covenanters, by *The Spacewise*, a tale of the times of James I of Scotland, and *Rothelan*, a historical novel on the reign of Edward Galt's fertility was enormous, but his faculty intermittent, and he does not seem to have been able to discriminate between the good and the bad in his own work His strength unquestionably lay in depicting the humours of Scottish provincial life. *The Provost* and *The Annals* are his masterpieces, *The Entail* and *Sir Andrew Wylye* being the best of the others

We next find Galt engaged in the formation and establishment of the Canadian Company, which involved him in a labyrinth of troubles After a brief visit to Canada in this connection, Galt wrote the little imaginative tale, *The Omen* (anonymously, 1825), reviewed by Scott with hearty commendation in *Blackwood*, and *The Last of the Lairds*, a novel descriptive of Scottish life He returned to America in 1826, a million of capital having been entrusted to his management On the 23rd of April (St George's Day) 1827 Galt founded the town of Guelph, in Upper Canada, with much ceremony, taking himself the first stroke in the felling of a large maple tree, 'the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever' The city prospered, houses rising as

fast as building materials could be prepared, but before the end of the year the founder was embroiled in difficulties He was accused of lowering the Company's stock, and his expenditure was complained of, and the Company sent out an accountant to act as cashier Feeling himself superseded, Galt returned to England disappointed and depressed, but resolved to battle with his fate, and he set himself down in England to build a new scheme of life In six months he had six volumes ready His first work was another novel in three volumes, *Laurie Todd*, in which he utilised his Canadian experiences *Southernman* illustrates the manners of Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary For a short time in the same



JOHN GALT

After the Portrait by Hastings.

year (1830) Galt conducted the *Courier* newspaper, but he gladly left the daily drudgery to complete a *Life of Byron*. The brevity of this memoir (one small volume), Galt's name, and the interesting subject soon sold three or four editions, but it was indifferently executed, and was sharply assailed by critics He produced next a series of *Lives of the Players*, an amusing compilation, and *Boyle Corbet*, another novel, the object of which was, he said, to give a view of society generally, and of the genteel persons sometimes found among emigrants Ill health sapped the robust frame of the novelist, but he wrote on, and in 1832-33 four other works of fiction issued from his pen—*Stanley Burton*, *The Member*, *The Radical*, and *Eban Erskine*, besides two volumes of *Stories of the Study* and a volume of *Poems*. In 1832 a paralytic ailment prostrated him, but next year he was again at the press with a tale, *The*

*Lost Child* He also composed a Memoir of his own life in two volumes—a curious but ill-digested melange. In 1834 he published *Literary Life and Miscellanies*, in three volumes, dedicated to King William IV, who sent him £200. He returned to Scotland a wreck, but continued to write for the periodicals and edited other people's books. After much suffering he died at Greenock on the 11th of April 1839.

Of the long list of Galt's works, the greater part are already forgotten. Several of his novels, however, have taken a permanent place in literature. In virtue of *The Annals of the Parish* Galt has been ranked as the father of 'the Culyard school'—though in some degree he was anticipated by Mrs Hamilton with her *Cottagers of Glenburnie*. *The Annals* is the simple record of a country minister during the fifty years of his incumbency, and gives, with many amusing and touching incidents, a picture of the rise and progress of a Scottish rural village, and its transition to a manufacturing town, as witnessed by a pious, simple-minded man, imbued with old-fashioned national feelings and prejudices. This Presbyterian Parson Adams, the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, in spite of his improbable name, is a fine representative of the Scottish pastor, diligent, blameless, loyal, and exemplary in his life, but without the fiery zeal and 'kirk filling eloquence' of the supporters of the Covenant. He is easy, garrulous, fond of a quiet joke, and perfectly ignorant of the world, and chronicles among memorable events the arrival of a dancing master, the planting of a pear tree, the getting a new bell for the kirk, and the first appearance of Punch's Opera in the country side—incidents he mixes up indiscriminately with the breaking out of the American war, the establishment of manufactures, and the spread of French revolutionary principles. An altogether admirable piece of narrative gives the story of a widow's son from his first setting off to sea till his death as a midshipman in an engagement with the French. The book is admirable for its truth to nature, its quiet humour and pathos, its truthfulness as a record of Scottish feeling and manners, and its rich felicity of homely Scottish phrase and expression.

*The Ayrshire Legacies*, a story of the same cast as *The Annals*, describes (chiefly by means of correspondence on the plan of *Humphrey Clinker*) the adventures of another country minister and his family on a journey to London to obtain a rich legacy left him by a cousin in India. *The Provost* illustrates the jealousies, contentions, local improvements, and 'jobbery' of a small Scottish burgh in the olden time. *Sir Andrew Wyllie* and *The Entail* are more ambitious performances, thrice the length of the others. The 'pwkie' Ayrshire laird is humorous, hardly natural, and often merely vulgar, but the character of Leddy Grippy in *The Entail* was a prodigious favourite with Byron. Both Scott and Byron were said to have read this novel three times. In *Lavvie Todd*,

or the Settlers, there is no little resemblance, knowledge of human nature, and fertility of invention. The history of a real person named Grant Thorburn supplied the author with part of his incidents, as the story of Alexander Selkirk did Defoe, but Galt's own experience is stamped on almost every page. In his earlier stories Galt drew from his recollections of the Scotland of his youth, the mingled worth, simplicity, shrewdness, and enthusiasm he had seen or heard of about Irvine or Greenock. In *Lavvie Todd* his observations in the New World present a different phase of Scottish character as displayed in the history of a nailmaker who emigrates with his brother to America, and from small beginnings becomes a prosperous settler, speculator, and landholder.

Galt's poems are of no importance—unless, in deed, he prove to be the author of a famous 'Cinclidian Boat Song' imbued with the 'Celtic spirit' which was printed in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' in *Blackwood* for 1829 as 'received from a friend in Cinclaid'. As the Messrs Blackwood have recently (1902) suggested, Galt was at that time writing to them from Canada. But this particular poem (long absurdly attributed to Hugh, twelfth Earl of Eglinton, 1739–1819) is so unlike Galt's other verse that direct evidence would be required to prove it his. The poem has often been quoted, almost always inaccurately, and was rewritten (not for the better) by Sir John Skelton in *Blackwood* in 1889. The original second verse ran

From the lone sheltering on the misty island  
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides

#### The Settlement of an Unpopular Minister

It was a great affair, for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery, and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me, but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr Hilsuddy of the Briehill got such a clash of glaur [mire] on the side of his face that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heirs would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was, we were therefore obliged to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair day with their grievous welly hooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on their clamour was dreadful, and Thomas Thorl,

the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested, and said ‘Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber’. And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such in oustrapolous [obstreperous] people. Mr Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was a doing he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest ‘This will do well enough—timber to timber,’ but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me, but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs Watts of the new inn of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chuse-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them, and therefore the very next morning I began a round of visitations, but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me, in others, the barns, when they saw me coming, run crying to their mothers ‘Here’s the feckless Mess John,’ and then, when I went in into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said ‘Honest man, what’s your pleasure here?’ Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almsous deed of a civil reception, and—who would have thought it!—from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock night cap—I mind him as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner ‘Come in, sir, and ease yourself’, this will never do the clergy are God’s corbies, and for their Master’s sake it behoves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you thin myself, but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldn’t have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage’ I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor’s duty to feed the flock as to herd them well, and that, although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasn’t a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a man sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldn’t be lang till I would work a change ‘I was mindit,’ quoth he, ‘never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there, but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I’ll be there next Lord’s Day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye’ll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the lard’s family’

(From *The Annals of the Parish*)

### An Execution.

The attainment of honours and dignities is not enjoyed without a portion of trouble and care, which, like a shadow, follows all temporalities. On the very evening of the same day that I was first chosen to be a bairlie, a sore affur came to light, in the discovery that Jean Gaisling had murdered her bastard bairn. She was the daughter of a donsie mother that could gie no name to her gets, of which she hadd two laddies, besides Jean. The one of them had gone off with the soldiers some time before, the other, a douce well behaved callan, was in my lord’s servitude, as a stible boy at the castle. Jeanie herself was the bonniest lassie in the whole town, but light headed, and sonder of outgat and blether in the causey than was discreet of one of her uncertain parentage. She was, at the time when she met with her misfortune, in the service of Mrs Dalrymple, a colonel’s widow, that came out of the army and settled among us on her jointure.

This Mrs Dalrymple, having been long used to the loose morals of camps and regiments, did not keep that strict hand over poor Jeanie and her other serving lass that she ought to have done, and so the poor guideless creature fell into the snare of some of the ne’er do weel gentlemen that used to play cards at night with Mrs Dalrymple. The truths of the story were never well known, nor who was the father, for the tragical issue burried all inquiry, but it came out that poor Jeanie was left to herself, and, being instigated by the enemy after she had been delivered, did, while the midwife’s back was turned, strangle the baby with a napkin. She was discovered in the very fact, with the bairn black in the face in the bed beside her.

The heinousness of the crime can by no possibility be lessened, but the beauty of the mother, her tender years, and her light headedness had won many favourers, and there was a great leaning in the hearts of all the town to compassionate her, especially when they thought of the ill example that had been set to her in the walk and conversation of her mother. It was not, however, within the power of the magistrates to overlook the accusation, so we were obligated to cause a precognition to be taken, and the search leſt no doubt of the wilfulness of the murder. Jeanie was in consequence removed to the tolbooth, where she ly till the lords were coming to Ayr, when she was sent thither to stand her trial before them, but from the hour she did the deed she never spoke.

Her trial was a short procedure, and she was cast to be hanged—and not only to be hanged, but ordered to be executed in our town, and her body given to the doctors to make an atom. The execution of Jeanie was what all expected would happen, but when the news reached the town of the other parts of the sentence, the wail was as the sough of a pestilence, and sun would the council have got it dispensed with. But the Lord Advocate was just wud at the crime, both because there had been no previous concealment, so as to hivve been an extenuation for the shame of the birth, and because Jeanie would neither divulge the name of the father nor make answer to all the interrogatories that were put to her—standing at the bar like a dumbie, and looking round her, and at the judges, like a demented creature, and beautiful as a Flanders baby. It was thought by many that her advocate might have made great use of her visible consternation, and pled that she was by herself, for in

truth she had every appearance of being so. He was, however, a dure man, no doubt well enough versed in the particulars and punctualities of the law for an ordinary plea, but no of the right sort of knowledge and talent to take up the case of a forlorn lassie, misled by ill example and a winsome nature, and clothed in the allurement of loveliness, as the judge himself said to the jury. On the night before the day of execution she was brought over in a chaise from Ayr between two town officers, and placed again in our hands, and still she never spoke. Nothing could exceed the compassion that every one had for poor Jeanie, so she wasna committed to a common cell, but laid in the council room, where the ladies of the town made up a comfortable bed for her, and some of them sat up all night and pryyed for her, but her thoughts were gone, and she sat silent.

In the morning, by break of day, her wanton mother, that had been trolloping in Glasgow, came to the tolbooth door, and made a dreadful wally waeing, and the ladies were obligated, for the sake of peace, to bid her be let in. But Jeanie noticed her not, still sitting with her eyes cast down, waiting the coming on of the hour of her doom. The wicked mother first tried to rouse her by weeping and distraction, and then she took to upbraiding, but Jeanie seemed to heed her not, save only once, and then she but looked at the misleart tinkler, and shook her head. I happened to come into the room at this time, and seeing all the charitable ladies weeping around, and the randy mother talking to the poor lassie as loudly and vehement as if she had been both deaf and sullen, I commanded the officers, with a voice of authority, to remove the mother, by which we had for a season peace, till the hour came.

There had not been an execution in the town in the memory of the oldest person then living, the last that suffered was one of the martyrs in the time of the persecution, so that we were not skilled in the business, and had besides no hingman, but were necessitated to borrow the Ayr one. Indeed, I being the youngest bulie, was in terror that the obligation might have fallen on me.

A scaffold was erected at the Toun, just under the tolbooth windows, by Thomas Gimblet, the master of work, who had a good penny of profit by the job, for he contracted with the town council, and had the boards after the business was done to the bargain, but Thomas was then deacon of the wrights, and himself a member of our body.

At the hour appointed, Jeanie, dressed in white, was led out by the town officers, and in the midst of the magistrates from among the ladies, with her hands tied behind her with a black riband. At the first sight of her at the tolbooth stairhead a universal sob rose from all the multitude, and the sternest e'e couldna refrain from shedding a tear. We marched slowly down the stair, and on to the foot of the scaffold, where her younger brother, Willy, that was stable boy at my lord's, was standing by himself, in an open ring made round him in the crowd, every one compassionating the dejected laddie, for he was a fine youth, and of an orderly spirit.

As his sister came towards the foot of the ladder he ran towards her, and embraced her with a wail of sorrow that melted every heart, and made us all stop in the middle of our solemnity. Jeanie looked at him (for her hands were tied), and a silent tear was seen to drop from her cheek. But in the course of little more than

a minute all was quiet, and we proceeded to ascend the scaffold. Willy, who had by this time dried his eyes, went up with us, and when Mr Pittie had said the prayer and sung the psalm, in which the whole multitude joined, as it were with the contrition of sorrow, the hangman stepped forward to put on the fatal cap, but Willy took it out of his hand, and placed it on his sister himself, and then kneeling down, with his back towards her, closing his eyes and shutting his ears with his hands, he saw not nor heard when she was launched into eternity.

When the awful act was over, and the stir was for the magistrates to return and the body to be cut down, poor Willy rose, and, without looking round, went down the steps of the scaffold, the multitude made a line for him to pass, and he went on through them hiding his face, and gaed straight out of the town. As for the mother, we were obligated, in the course of the same year, to drum her out of the town for stealing thirteen choppin bottles from William Gallon's, the vintner's, and selling them for whisky to Maggy Picken, that was tried at the same time for the resel.

(From *The Provost.*)

See Galt's *Autobiography* (1833), Carlyle's *Reminiscences* (1881) the Memoir of Galt prefixed to D S Meldrum's edition of his works (8 vols. 1895-99) with introductions by S R Crockett Sir G Douglas, *The Blackwood Group* (1897), Mrs Oliphant, *The House of Blackwood* (1897).

**Susan Edmondstone Ferrier** (1782-1854) is known as the authoress of *Marriage* (1818), *The Inheritance* (1824), and *Destiny, or the Chief's Daughter* (1831). She was the youngest of the ten children of an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, who was factor or agent for the Duke of Argyll's estates at Inveraray and Rosneath. Miss Ferrier, who spent most of her life in her native city, often stayed at Inveraray Castle, and it was in conjunction with Miss Clivering, a niece of the duke's, that before 1810 she undertook her first novel. The 'History of Mrs Douglas' (Chap. VIII) was Miss Clivering's sole contribution, but she read the MS., and wrote letters of counsel and encouragement, from which it appears that many of the characters were drawn from the Inveraray circle. *Marriage*, like its successors, was published anonymously, and Miss Ferrier got for them £150, £1000, and £1700. Scott was a friend of her father's, and she visited Ashiestiel in 1811, Abbotsford in 1829 and 1831. At the conclusion of the *Tales of My Landlord* the great novelist alludes to his 'sister shadow,' the author of 'the very lively work entitled *Marriage*,' as one of the labourers capable of gathering in the large harvest of Scottish character and fiction. In his diary he mentioned Miss Ferrier as 'a gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least *erigeante* of any author, female at least, whom he had ever seen among the long list he had encountered with, simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready of repartee, and all this without the least affectation of the blue stocking.' This is high praise, but the readers of Miss Ferrier's novels will at once

recognise it as characteristic. She was a Scottish Miss Edgeworth—of a lively, practical, penetrating cast of mind, skilful in depicting character and seizing upon national peculiarities, caustic in her wit and humour, with a quick sense of the ludicrous, with a conscious design to cherish sound morality and the courtesies and charities of life. Sometimes there is a vein of edifying religious feeling, not unlike Hannah More's, but for the most part she is concerned with the foibles and oddities of mankind about her, and few have drawn them with greater breadth of comic humour or effect. Her scenes often recall our best old comedies, and she may boast, like Foote, of adding many new and original creations to our comic literature. There is a touch of caricature in some of the many portraits of Scottish ladies, even if we grant Miss Ferrier's proviso that their Scotland was not ours, when the education even in families of rank left much to be desired, and there was indisputably a raciness as of the soil in manners and ideas we should now seek in vain. It is not only in satirising the foibles of her own sex that Miss Ferrier shows her humour. Dr Redgill, a medical hanger-on and diner-out, looks upon bid dinners as the source of much of the misery of married life, and compares a woman's reputation to a beefsteak—"if once breathed upon, 'tis good for nothing." Many sly satirical touches occur throughout the work, thus we are told that country visits should seldom exceed three days—the rest day, the dressed day, and the pressed day. The three aunts contrived to soothe their sorrow for the death of their brother, the old lurd. "They sighed and mourned for a time, but soon found occupation congenial to their nature in the little department of life dressing crape, reviving black silk, converting narrow hems into broad hems, and, in short, who so busy, so important, as the ladies of Glenfern?"

Aware, doubtless, of the defective plan or story of her first novel, Miss Ferrier bestowed much more pains on the construction of *The Inheritance*, whose heroine, born in France, is heiress to a splendid estate in Scotland and peerage, to which, after various adventures and reverses, she finally succeeds. The tale is well developed, but its chief attraction consists in the delineation of characters like Uncle Adam and Miss Pratt—the former a touchy, sensitive, rich East Indian, and the latter another of Miss Ferrier's inimitable old maids. *Destiny*, though set amidst Highland scenery and Highland manners, is far from romantic, in spite of a sweet and gentle heroine and scenes of feeling and passion. The chief, Glenroy, proud and irascible, is spoiled by the fawning of his inferiors, and in his family circle is generous without kindness and profuse without benevolence. The Highland minister is an admirable creation, though by no means a prepossessing specimen of the country parson.

In the following extract from *Marriage*, Mrs Violet Macshake, tall and hard-favoured, and dressed in the most antiquated style, is visited in her lofty lodging in the Old Town of Edinburgh by her grand-nephew, Mr Douglas, and his niece Mary.

#### A Scotch Lady of the Old School

As soon as she recognised Mr Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction, and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling, for, as the surprise wore off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

"And wha thought o' seein' ye noo?" said she, in a quick gabbling voice. "What's brought you to the toon? Are you come to spend your honest faither's siller ere he's weel cauld in his grave, pur man?"

Mr Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece's health.

"Health!" repeated she, with a sardonic smile, "it wad mak an ool laugh to hear the wark that's made aboot young fowk's health noo a-days. I wonder what ye're a'made o'," grasping Mary's arm in her great bony hand—"a wheen pur feckless windlestries—ye mair awa' to England for your healths. Set ye up! I wonder what cam o' the lassies i' my time that bute [behoved] to bide at hame? And whilk o' ye, I sud like to ken, 'll e'er leive to see ninety sax, like me? Health' he, he!"

Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady's manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

"Tak aff yer bannet, bairn, an' let me see your face, wha can tell wha like ye are wi' that snule o' a thing on your head?" Then, after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse. "Weel, it's ye mercy I see ye ha'e neither the red head nor the muckle cuits [ankles] o' the Douglases. I kennet whaither your faither had them or no. I ne'er set een on him neither him nor his brar leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me, but I was at me loss, by a' accounts."

"You have not asked after any of your Glenfern friends," said Mr Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic cord.

"Time eneugh—wull ye let me draw my breath, man?—fowk cannae say awthing at ance. An' je bute to hae an Inglish wife tu, a Scotch lass wadnt ser' ye. An' yer wean, I'se warrant it's the o' the world's wonders—it's been unco lang o' comin'—he, he!"

"He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!" said Mr Douglas, in allusion to his father's death.

"An' wha's fault was that? I ne'er heard tell o' the like o' it, to hae the burn kirsened in' its grandfather deein'! But fowk are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wud or dee as they used to du—awthing's changed!"

"You must, indeed, have witnessed many changes!" observed Mr Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter anything of a conciliatory nature.

'Changes,'—weel a wat I sometime wonder if it's the same world an' if it's my ain heid that's upon my shoo bers.'

'Lut with these changes you must also have seen many improvements,' said Mary in a tone of disidence.

'Improvements' turning sharply round upon her, 'what ken ye about improvements, bairn? A bonny improvement, or ens no to see tyletors and sclaters leavin' what I min' jewks and yerls. An' that great gloverin' New Toon there,' pointing out of her windows, 'I har I used to sit in' luck oot at bonny green parks, an' we the coos milket, an' the bits o' bairmies rowin' an' tumlin', an' the lasses trampin' i' their tubs—whit set I noo but stane an' lime, an' stoer an' dirt, an' idle cheels an' dinkit oot madims prancin'. Improvements, indeed!'

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the jilicousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the prejudices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

'Muners,' repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh, 'what en' ye muners noo? for I dinna ken ilk me gangs bring intill their neighbor's hoose, an' bang oot o't, is it war a chvng' hoose, an' as for the master o't, he's no o' thee muckle vaalu as the flunkie ahint his chyre. I in' grandfather's time, as I ha'e heard him tell, ilk a master o' a family had his un' sate in his ain hoose, ay! an' sat wi' his hit on his heed afore the best o' the land, an' had his un' dish, an' wis i' helpit first, an' keepit up his oowthority as a man sude du. Parents war prouernts than—burns dairdin set up their gabs afore them than as they du noo. They ne'er pre nimed to say their heeds war their ain i' thae days—wife an' servants, rete hers an' childer, a' trumineit i' the presence o' their heed!'

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue. Mr Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to rise and take leave.

'Oo, what's takin' ye awa', Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon th're, laying her hand upon his arm, 'an' rest ye, an' tak' a glass o' wine an' a bit bread, or maybe,' turning to Mary, 'ye wal rather ha'e a drip broth to warm ye? What gars ye look sic blae, bairn? I'm sur'e it's no cauld, but ye're just like the live, ye gang a' skiluin' aboot the streets half naked, an' than ye maun si an' bit le yoursels abfore the fire at home.'

He had no shuffling along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine and a platterful of various shaped articles of bread, which he handed to Mary.

'Hae, hame—tak a cookie—tit it up—what are you servit for? It'll no bite ye. Here's t' ye, Glenfern, an' your wife an' your wean, purt tead, it's had a very chance o' set, i' cel a wat.'

The wine being drunk and the cookies discussed, Mr Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

'Canna ye sit a' ill a' wee man, an' let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo's Grizzi, an' Jacky, an' Nelly?—are wo kin awa' at the pres' in' he drogs sp' lis an' drogs?—he, ha! I ne'er swallowed a peel nor gelt a' day for drogs a' my days, an' see an' ony o' them'll run a race wi' me when they're near fivescore.'

Mr Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received, and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzi, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor game.

'Gin your roebuck's nae better than your last, weel it's no worth the sendin' poor dry fissinless dirt, no worth the chowin', weel a wat I begrudgingly my teeth on't. Your muirfowl war nae that ill, but they're no worth the carryin', they're doug cheap i' the market enoo, so it's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' gude mutton, or a cauler sawmont, there would haen been some sense in't, but ye're ane o' the folk that'll ne'er hurry yoursel' wi' your presents, it's but the pickle powther they cost ye, an' I se warrin' ye're thinkin' mur o' your ain diversion than o' my stomich when ye're at the shootin' o' them, pur beasts.'

Mr Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before, but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His colour rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips as he strode indignantly towards the door.

His friend, however, was too nimble for him. She stepped before him, and, breaking into a discordant laugh as she patted him on the back, 'So I see ye're just the auld man, Archie—ye ready to tak the strums an' ye dinna get a' thing your un' wye. Mony a time I had to fleech ye oot o' the dorts when ye wis a callant. Do ye mind hoo ye wis affronted because I set ye doon to a cauld pigeon pve an' a tanker o' tippenny ye night to your fowerhoors afore some leddies—he, he, he! Weel a wat yere wise maun ha'e her ain iddoos to manage ye, for ye're a cumstairly chield, Archie.'

Mr Douglas still looked as if he was irresolute whether to laugh or be angry.

'Come, come, sit ye doon there till I speak to this bairn,' said she, as she pulled Mary into an adjoining bedchamber, which wore the same aspect of chilly neatness as the one they had quitted. Then pulling a huge bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a drawer, out of which she took a pair of diamond ear rings. 'Hae, bairn,' said she as she stuffed them into Mary's hand, 'they belanged to your fathers grandmother. She wis a gude woman, an' had four an' twentys sons an' dochters, an' I wuss ye nae waur fortun than just to ha'e as mony. But mind ye, with a shake of her bony finger, 'they maun a' be Scots. Gin I thought ye wad maurry ony pock puddin', sient hiet wi' ye ha'e gotten frae me. Noo had your tongue, an' dinna deive me wi' thralls, almost pushing her into the parlour again, 'an' sin ye're gawn awa' the morn, I'll see nae mur o' ye enoo—so fare ye weel. But, Archie, ye maun come an' tak your breakfast wi' me. I ha'e muckle to say to you, but ye maunna be sae hard upon my hap, as ye used to be,' with a facetious grin to her mollified favourite as they shook hands and parted.

'Well, how do you like Mrs Macshane, Mary?' asked her uncle as they walked home.

'That is a cruel question, uncle,' answered she, with a smile. 'My gratitude and my taste are at such variance,' displaying her splendid gift, 'that I know not how to reconcile them.'

'That is always the case with those that Mrs Macshake has obliged,' returned Mr Douglas 'she does many liberal things, but in so ungracious a manner that people are never sure whether they are obliged or insulted by her. But the way in which she receives kindness is still worse. Could anything equal her impertinence about my roebuck?—Faith, I've a good mind never to enter her door again!'

Mary could scarcely preserve her gravity at her uncle's indignation, which seemed so disproportioned to the cause. But, to turn the current of his ideas, she remarked that he had certainly been at pains to select two admirable specimens of her countrywomen for her.

'I don't think I shall soon forget either Mrs Gawsaw or Mrs Macshrike,' said she, laughing.

'I hope you won't carry away the impression that these two *fusus naturae* are specimens of Scotchwomen?' said her uncle. 'The former, indeed, is rather a sort of weed that infests every soil, the latter, to be sure, is an indigenous plant. I question if she would have arrived at such perfection in a more cultivated field or genial clime. She was born at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now. Female education was little attended to, even in families of the highest rank, consequently the ladies of those days possess a raciness in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement.'

A Memoir is prefixed to the 1881 edition of Miss Ferrier's novels, and a Life with Correspondence, was edited by her grand nephew in 1893. There was an American illustrated edition of the novels in 1893-94 which was reprinted in London, and another edition is by R. Brimley Johnson (6 vols. 1894).

**Allan Cunningham** (1784-1842), born at Blackwood, near Thornhill in Dumfriesshire, was the son of the gardener on the estate of Blackwood, who in 1787 became factor or land steward to Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord at Ellisland, and in his father's cottage Allan in his sixth year heard Burns read *I am o' Shantes*. An elder brother was a country mason and builder, and Allan was apprenticed to him in 1795, but in 1810, at the invitation of Cromek, on whom he had palmed off some of his own songs for old ones, he removed to London. Robert Hartley Cromek (1770-1812) was a speculative English engraver and picture publisher, who visited Scotland in 1808 and 1809 to collect the materials he published in his *Reliques of Burns and Select Scottish Songs, Ancient and Modern*. Cunningham furnished almost the whole of what Cromek issued, without any proper account of their provenance, as *Remains of Vithsdale and Galloway Song*. The literary mason got the present of a book from Cromek and a promise of something further on, but had now to support himself and his wife mainly by writing. He produced both prose and verse, he reported for the newspapers, and in 1814, through Cromek's introduction he became superintendent of works to Chantrey the sculptor, in whose studio he continued till the year before his own death. Some of his lyrics in Cromek's collection are Whig and Jacobite, some amateur, some are devotional, and some are on Covenanting

themes, but all of them illustrate Scottish country life and manners. As songs, they are not pitched in a key to be popular, but these pseudo antique strains have a curious natural grace and tenderness, a certain Doric simplicity and fervour. In Chantrey's studio 'honest Allan' spent his days, serving also as secretary, while in the evenings he produced a large mass of literary work. In 1822 he published *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell II*, a dramatic poem, founded on Border story and superstition, and also two volumes of *Traditional Tales*. Three novels on like themes followed, even more diffuse and improbable—*Paul Jones* (1826), *Sir Michael Scott* (1828), and *Lord Roldan* (1836). In 1833 appeared a 'rustic epic' in twelve parts, *The Maid of Elvan*. He edited a collection of Scottish Songs in four volumes, and an edition of Burns in eight, with a Life (1834). To Murray's Family Library he contributed *Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects* (6 vols. 1829-33, new ed. 1879), which proved on the whole the most important of his books. His last work—completed just two days before his death—was a *Life of Sir David Halkie*, in three volumes. 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' from the *Traditional Tales*, an admirable sea song by an utter lindsman, is not merely a remarkable *tour de force*, but is perhaps Allan's highest triumph in verse. His prose style was universally admired for its force and freedom. Southey said he was the best stylist next to Hume born north of the Tweed. There is a Life of him by David Hogg (1875).

#### The Young Maxwell.

'Where gang ye, thou silly auld earle?

'And whar do ye carry there?'

'I'm gwan to the hill, thou sodger man,

To shift my sheep their lair.'

At stride or twa took the silly auld earle

An a gude lang stride took he,

'I trow thou be a feck auld earle,

Will ye show the way to me?

And he has gane wi' the silly auld earle,

Adown by the greenwood side,

'Light down and gang thou sodger man,

For here ye canna ride.'

He drew the reins o' his bonny gray steed,

An lightly down he sprang

Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,

Whare the gowden tassels hang

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld earle,

An' his bonnet frie boon his bree

An' whar was it but the young Maxwell?

An' his gude brown sword drew he'

'Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron!

An' ye killed my brethren three'

Whilk brake the heart o' me a sister,

I loved us, the light o' my ee'

'Draw out yer sword thou vile Southron!

Red wai wi blude o' my kin

Thair sword it crapped the horniest flower

L'er lifted its head to the sun'

'There's a' sae stroke for my dear auld father !  
 There's a' for my brethren thre'  
 Aa' there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,  
 Wham I loved as the light o' my ee.'

### Hame, Hame Hame

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 Oh, hame hame, hame, to my ain countrie !  
 When the flower is the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,  
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie  
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 Oh, hame hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',  
 The bonny white rose it is withering an a',  
 But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,  
 An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.  
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 Oh, hame hame, hame, to my ain counrie'

Oh, there's naught frae ruin my country can save,  
 Bu' the livers o' kind hearts to open the grave,  
 That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyalty,  
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie  
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain counrie !

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,  
 The new grass is springing on the tip o' their grave,  
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee,  
 'I'll shine on ye yet in yer ain counrie'  
 Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain counrie !

### Fragment

Gane were but the winter cauld,  
 And gane were but the snaw,  
 I could sleep in the wild woods,  
 Where primroses blaw

Cauld's the snaw at my head,  
 And cauld at my feet,  
 And the singer o' death's a' my een,  
 Cloosing them to sleep

Let name tell my father,  
 Or my mither sae dear,  
 I'll meet them bithin heaven  
 At the spring o' the year

### A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast,  
 And ben is the gallant mast, my boy,  
 While like the eagle free,  
 Awat the good ship lie, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee

'O for a soft and gentle wind !'  
 I heard a fair one cry  
 Pit give to me the snoring breeze,  
 An' white waves heaving high,  
 At I wate waves heaving high, my boys,  
 The good ship tight and free—  
 The auld o' a' them is our home,  
 At' merry men are we

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud,  
 And hark the music, mariners—  
 The wind is piping loud,  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashing free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

### My Name O

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,  
 Mirk is the night and rainie O,  
 Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,  
 I'll gang and see my Name O,  
 My Name O, my Name O,  
 My kind and winsome Name O,  
 She holds my heart in love's dear bands,  
 And name can do't but Name O  
 In preaching time sae meek she stands.  
 Sae saintly and sae bonny O,  
 I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,  
 For thieving looks at Name O,  
 My Name O, my Name O,  
 The world's in love with Name O,  
 That heart is hardly worth the wear  
 That wadna love my Name O  
 My breast can scarce contain my heart,  
 When dancing she moves finely O,  
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,  
 They sparkle sae divinely O,  
 My Name O, my Name O,  
 The flower o' Nithsdale's Name O,  
 Love looks sae 'neath her lang brown hair,  
 And says, 'I dwell with Name O'  
 Tell not, thou star a' gray daylight,  
 O'er Tinwald top so bonny O,  
 My footsteps 'mung the morning dew,  
 When coming frae my Name O,  
 My Name O, my Name O,  
 Name ken o' me and Name O,  
 The stars and moon may tell't aboon,  
 They winna wrang my Name O !

The first four lines of the third stanza are from Allan Ramsay's *Name O*

### The Poet's Bridal-day Song

Oh, my love's like the steadfast sun,  
 Or streams that deepen as they run,  
 Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,  
 Nor moments between sighs and tears—  
 Nor nights of thought nor days of pain,  
 Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain—  
 Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows  
 To sober joys and soften woes,  
 Can make my heart or fancy flee  
 One moment my sweet wife, from thee.  
 Even while I muse, I see thee sit  
 In muden bloom and matron wit—  
 Fair, gentle as when first I sued,  
 Ye seem, but of sedater mood,  
 Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee  
 As when, beneath Arlingland tree,  
 We staid and wooed, and thought the moon  
 Set on the sea an hour too soon,  
 Or lingered mid the falling dew  
 When looks were fond and words were few

Though I see smiling at thy feet  
 Five sons and a fair daughter sweet ;  
 And time, and care, and birth time woes  
 Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose ,  
 To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong  
 All that charms me of tale or song  
 When words come down like dews unsought,  
 With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,  
 And fancy in her heaven flies free—  
 They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave of old  
 To silver than some give to gold ,  
 'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er  
 What things should deck our humble bower !  
 'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee  
 The golden fruit of Fortune's tree ,  
 And sweeter still to choose and twine  
 A garland for these locks of thine—  
 A song writh which may grace my Jean,  
 While rivers flow and woods are green

At times there come, as come there ought,  
 Grave moments of sedater thought—  
 When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night  
 One gleam of her inconstant light ,  
 And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,  
 Shines like the rainbow through the shower—  
 Oh then I see, while seated nigh  
 A mother's heart shine in thine eye ,  
 And proud resolve and purpose meek,  
 Speak of thee more than words can speak  
 I think the wedded wife of mine  
 The best of all that's not divine

Allan Cunningham's sons were an exceptional instance of hereditary talent in one family. (1) JOSEPH DAVID CUNNINGHAM (1812-1851), captain of Engineers in the Indian army, wrote a *History of the Sikhs* (1849, 2nd ed. 1853); (2) Major General Sir ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM (1814-93), appointed Archaeological Surveyor General of India in 1870, Comptroller of the Star of India in 1871, wrote *The Bhilsa Tifer or Buddhist Monuments of Central India* (1854), *Aryan Architecture* (1846), *Ladakh, Physical Statistical and Historical* (1854), *The Ancient Geography of India* (1871) &c., (3) PETER CUNNINGHAM (1816-69) clerk in the Audit Office 1834-66, wrote a *Life of Nell Gwynn* (1852), *Handbook of London* (1849), besides editing *Walford's Letters*, *Drummond of Hawthornden*, *Goldsmith*, *Jackson's Lives of the Poets*, &c. (4) FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM (1820-75) lieutenant-colonel in the Indian army, edited Marlowe, Massinger and Ben Jonson.

**Thomas Mounsey Cunningham** (1776-1834) was the senior of his brother Allan (see the preceding article), and was a copious author in prose and verse, though with an undistinguished name, long before the author of the *Lives of British Painters* was known. He attended Dumfries Academy, became a wheelwright near Cambridge, and was ultimately chief clerk to Rennie, the civil engineer. His first poem was *The Harst Kirn* (1797), he wrote also suites such as *The Cambridgeshire Garland* and *The Unco Grave*.

**David Wedder**, a native of Burness, Orkney (1790-1854), obtained some reputation by a volume of *Oriadian Sketches*, published in 1842, and his Scottish songs and Norse ballads were popular in the north. Dr Chalmers was fond of quoting to his students a piece on 'The Temple of Nature.'

**Sir Thomas Dick Lauder** (1784-1848) wrote two novels of Scottish life and history, *Lochandhu* (1825, new ed. 1891) and *The Wolfe of Badenoch* (1827), of which the latter, with the turbulent son of Robert II for its hero, is still popular, and often reprinted. In 1830 he wrote a vivid *Account of the Great Floods in Morayshire* in 1829. The son of a Haddingtonshire baronet, he had in 1808 married the heiress of Relugas in Moray, and was then living in the neighbourhood. In the story of the flood he showed, according to Dr John Brown, 'his descriptive power, his humour, his sympathy for suffering, his sense of the picturesque.' Sir Thomas also published a series of *Highland Rambles*, with a sequel, *Legendary Tales of the Highlands*. He wrote on natural history, and edited Gilpin's *Forest Scenery* and Sir Uvedale Price's *Essays on the Picturesque*, and he was commissioned to write a memorial of Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland in 1842. One of his best works was a descriptive account of *Scottish Rivers* for *Tait's Magazine*, left incomplete at his death and edited by Dr John Brown in 1874.

**William Thom**, the 'Inverurie Poet' (1799-1848), wrote some sweet and pathetic verses. He worked as a handloom-weaver at Aberdeen and Inverurie, and traversed the country as a pedlar, accompanied by his wife and children. This unsettled life induced careless and dissipated habits. His first poem that attracted notice, *The Blind Boy's Pranks*, appeared in the *Aberdeen Herald*. In 1844 he published a volume of *Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver*. He visited London, and was warmly received, but returning to Scotland, he died at Dundee in great penury.

#### The Mitherless Bairn

When 'r ither burnies are hushed to their hame  
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand dame, active  
 Wha stands last in' lanely, an' naebody carin'?  
 'Tis the pur doited loonie—the mitherless burn  
 The mitherless bairn gings to his lane bed,  
 Nine covers his cauld back, or hips his bare head ,  
 His wee hickit heelies are hard as the airm, iron  
 An' lithieless the lir o' the mitherless bairn hard bed  
 Anerth his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there, such  
 O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair ,  
 But morning bring clutches, r' reckless and stern,  
 Thirt lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn  
 Yon sister, that sing o'er his saftly rocked bed,  
 Now rests in the mools where her mummy is laid, mould  
 The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,  
 An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn  
 Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,  
 Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth ,  
 Recording in heaven the blessings they earn  
 Wha couthlie deal wi' the mitherless bairn kindly  
 Oh! speak m' him harshly—he trembles the while,  
 He bends to your bidding, an' blesses your smile ,  
 In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn  
 That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

**William Nicholson.** the 'Galloway Poet' (1782-1849), was the son of a carrier, and was born near Borgue in Kirkcudbright. He became a pedlar in boyhood but not before he was master of all the available chapbooks, ballads, and lore of the country side. He also composed and recited songs, published a volume of verse tales and poems in 1814 (2nd ed in 1828, 3rd ed 1878, with Memoir), and was ultimately a professional piper at fairs and weddings, and occasionally a cattle-drover. In luckily tipping kept him unsettled and unprosperous, even after he became an advocate of universal redemption. Some of his songs are tuneful and tender; his *Brownie of Blednoch*, in celebration of a kindly local sprite, is his most successful piece, and is known to readers of Dr John Brown's *Horae Subsecræ*.

### The Brownie of Blednoch.

There cam a strange wight to our town en',  
An' the sient a body did him ken,  
He tailed na lang but he glided ben

Wi' a dreary, dreary hum

His fire did glow like the glow o' the west,  
When the drumly clowl has it half o'ercast,  
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest.

O sirs, twa Aiken drum

I krow the bruidest stood aback,  
Wi' a gape an' a glower till their lugs did crick,  
As the shapeless phantom num ling spak—

'Hie ye wark for Aiken drum?'

O had ye seen the burn's fricht  
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight,  
As they skulkit in 'twen the dark and the light,  
And grained out, 'Aiken drum!'

The bliek dog growling cowered his tail,  
The la le swarfed, loot fa' the pul,  
Rob's bingle brak as he mendit the stail,  
At the sight o' Aiken drum

His wruttit head on his breist did rest,  
A lang blue beard wan'tred down like a vest,  
But the glint o' his ee hath nae bird exprest,  
Nor the skimes o' Ail en drum

Ko m' his hairy form there wis naething seen  
But a phibbeg o' the rishes green,  
An' his knotted knees plaved the knot between—  
What a sight was Aiken drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet  
As they trailed on the grun by his tacless feet,  
I'en the auld guideman himself did sweat,  
To look at Aiken drum

But he drew a score himself did sain,  
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane,  
While the young, the closer clisped her wean,  
And turned frae Aiken drum

But the evny aul' wife cam till her breath,  
An' I sic thought the Ribble might wrat aff scouth,  
Let it henshee bogie ghast or wruth—  
Pit it feared na Ail en-drum

'His presence protect us!' quo' th' auld guideman,  
'What wae ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan'?  
I long to see—yea!—in the beuk in my han'!'  
What a prate pre Aiken drum!

devil a one  
knocked

gray

ears

swooned  
thong

rushes  
Knocked  
together

wizened

bless

child

cheers

harin

green gave

'I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky,  
I dwelt in a spot whe e a burn runs na by,  
But I se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try—  
Hie ye wark for Aiken drum?

'I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sunne,  
I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,  
An' ba the barns wi' an unkenned tune,

If ye'll keep puri Aiken drum

'I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,  
I'll kirk the kirk, an' I'll turn the bread,  
An' the wildest filly that ever ran rede,  
I se tame t,' quoth Aiken drum.

'To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell,  
To gather the dew frae the heather bell,  
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,  
Might gie pleasure to Aiken drum

'I se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark,  
I use nae beddin', shoon, nor surk,  
But a cogfu' o' brosc 'ween the light an' the dark,  
Is the wige o' Aiken drum'

Quoth the wylie auld wife 'The thing speaks weel,  
Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal,  
Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—  
Wow! we'll try this Aiken drum'

But the wenches skirted 'He's no be here!  
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear,  
An' the sient a we will the house come near,  
If they think but o' Aiken drum'

'Puri clipmairhors! ye hae little wit,  
Is'tna Hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?' crop  
Sae she silenced them a' wi a stamp o' her fit—  
'Sit yer wi's down, Aiken drum'

Roun' a' that side what wark was done  
By the streamer's gleam or the glance o' the moon,  
A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sunne,  
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

On Blednoch banks, an' on cristal Cree,  
For mony a day a toiled wight was he,  
While the barns played harmles, roun' his knee,  
Sae social was Aiken drum

But a new made wife fu' o' rippish freaks,  
Fond o' a' things feit for the first five weeks,  
Laud a mouldy puri o' her ain man's breeks  
By the brose o' Aiken drum

Let the learned deede—when they convene,  
What spell was him an' the breeks between,  
For sive that dav forth he was nae mair seen,  
An' sur mised was Aiken drum

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,  
Crying, 'Lang, lang now my I greet an' grieve,  
I or, this! I ha'e gotten baith see an' leave—  
Oh, luckless Aiken drum!'

Awe, ye wrangling sceptic tribe,  
Wi' your pros in' your cons wid ye decide  
Grun the 'sponsible voice o' a hul country side,  
On the facts 'boat Aiken drum'

Though the 'Brownie o' Blednoch' ling be gane,  
The mark o' h a feet's left on mony a stane,  
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean

Tell the seats o' Aiken drum.

fold  
thresh  
full

waterfall  
churn

fox

shirt  
dish of  
strababout

wealth

devil

neat

weep

child

E'en now, light loons that gibe an' sneer  
 At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,  
 At the Glashnoch mill hae swat w' fear,  
 An' looked roun' for Aiken drum  
 An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,  
 When the moon was set an' the stars gied nae light,  
 At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,  
 Wi' sughs like Aiken drum

**William Laidlaw** (1780-1845) was son of the Ettrick Shepherd's master at Blackhouse, and is well known to all who have read Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. He was Scott's companion in some of his early wanderings, his friend and land steward in advanced years, his amanuensis in the composition of some of his novels, and he was one of the few who watched over his last sad moments. After Scott's death Laidlaw became factor on an estate in Ross shire, where he died. One song of his is exceptionally well known

#### *Lucy's Flittin'*

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,  
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,  
 That Lucy rowed up her wee list wi' her a' in't,  
 And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear  
 For Lucy had served i' the Glen a' the summer,  
 She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea,  
 An orphan was she, and they had been guile till her,  
 Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.  
 She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin',  
 Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see,  
 'Fare ye weel, Lucy' quo' Jamie, and ran in,  
 The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his ee.  
 As down the burn side she gaed slow w' her flittin',  
 'Fare ye weel, Lucy' was ilk a bird's sang,  
 She heard the craw sayin' it, high on the tree sittin',  
 And Robin was chirpin' t' the brown leaves amang  
 'Oh, what is't that pits my pur heart in a flutter?'  
 And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?  
 If I wasna entled to be ony better,  
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be?  
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither  
 Ne'e mither or friend the pur lammie can see,  
 I fear I hae tint my pur heart a' thegither,  
 Nae wonder the tear sa's sae fist frae my ee  
 'Wi' the rest o' my clies I hae rowed up the ribbon,  
 The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me,  
 Yestreen, when he gae me it, and saw I was sabbin',  
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.  
 Though now he said naething but "Fare ye weel, Lucy"  
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see  
 He couldna say mur but just "Fare ye weel, Lucy!"  
 Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee  
 'The lamb likes the gowan w' dew when it's drouikit,  
 The hare likes the brike and the brurd on the lea,  
 But Lucy likes Jamie,'—she turned and she lookit,  
 She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.  
 [Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless'  
 And weel my he greet on the brink o' the burn!  
 For bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,  
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return']  
 The last four lines were, somewhat superfluously, added by Hogg to 'complete the story'

**William Tennant** (1785-1848) published in 1812 a singular mock heroic poem, *Anster Fair*—written in an *ottava rima* almost the same as that used in 1817 by Hookham Frere, and afterwards made so popular by Byron in his *Belphe* and *Don Juan*. The subject was the marriage of Maggie Lüder, a rude, rustic heroine of Scottish song, but the author exalted Maggie to higher dignity, and wrote rather for the admirers of that conventional poetry, half serious and sentimental, half ludicrous and satirical, which was cultivated by Pulci, Berni, and many other Italians. Classic imagery was lavished on familiar subjects, supernatural machinery was (as in the *Rape of the Lock*) blended with the ordinary details of domestic life, and with lively and fanciful description. Exuberance of animal spirits lifted the author over perilous obstacles, and his wit and fancy were rarely at fault. Such a sprightly volume, in a style then untried, was sure of success, *Anster Fair* sold rapidly, and has since been often republished. The author, William Tennant, a native of Anstruther, or Anster, in Fife, was a cripple from birth, and, whilst clerk to a corn dealer, studied Eastern and Western tongues and ancient and modern literature. His attainments were rewarded in 1813 with an appointment as parish schoolmaster at Lasswade, at a salary of £40 per annum—a reward not unlike that conferred on Mr Abraham Adams in *Joseph Andrews*, who, being a scholar and man of virtue, was 'provided with a handsome income of £23 a year, which, however, he could not make a great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children'. Tennant was afterwards (1835) appointed teacher of classics in an academy at Dollar, and finally (1835) professor of Oriental languages in St Mary's College, St Andrews. But the Orientalist produced still a couple of tragedies on the story of Cardinal Beaton (1823) and on John Balliol (1825), and two poems, *The Thane of Fife* and *Papistry Stormed, or Dingding Down of the Cathedral*. It was said of Sir David Wilkie that he took most of the figures in his pictures from living persons in his native county of Fife, it is obvious that Tennant's poems are in like manner grounded on Fife men and things, race of the soil, and indeed their eminently local colour has probably told against their wider popularity. *Anster Fair*, the most diversified and richly humorous of them all, is the author's only real success, and is a distinctly animated, witty, and entertaining poem.

#### *Summer Morning*

I wish I had a cottage snug and neat  
 Upon the top of many fountained Ide,  
 That I might thence, in holy fervour, greet  
 The bright gowned Morning tripping up her side  
 And when the low Sun's glory baskined feet  
 Walk on the blue wave of the Aegean tide,  
 Oh, I would kneel me down, and worship there  
 Who garnished out a world so bright and fair!

The saffron elbowed Morning up the slope  
Of heaven canaries in her jewelled shoes,  
And throws o'er Kelly law's sheep nibbled top  
Her golden ypron dripping kindly dews,  
And never, since she first began to hop  
Up heaven's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,  
Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay  
As shines the merry dawn of Anster market day

Round through the vast circumference of sky  
One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,  
Save in the east some fleeces bright of dye,  
That stripe the hem of heaven with woolly gold,  
Whereon are happy angels wont to lie  
Lolling, in maranthine flowers enrolled,  
That they may spy the precious light of God,  
Flung from the blessed east o'er the fair Earth abroad  
The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range,  
Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam,  
City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,  
Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf gold seem,  
The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change  
Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,  
And, on ten thousand dew bent leaves and sprays,  
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their petty rays

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn  
Full merrily the little skylarks spring,  
And on their dew bedabbled pinions borne,  
Mount to the heaven's blue keystone flickering,  
They turn their plume soft bosoms to the morn,  
And hail the genial light, and cheerly sing,  
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,  
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound

For when the first upsloping ray was flung  
On Anster steeple's swallow harbouring top,  
Its bell and all the bells around were rung  
Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop,  
For, toilingly, each bitter beadle swung,  
Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,  
And almost broke his bell wheel, ushering in  
The morn of Anster Fair with tinkle tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle outspread,  
The town's long colours flare and flap on high,  
Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,  
Curls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by,  
Whilst on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast head  
Of brig and sloop that in the harbour lie,  
Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,  
All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair

#### On the Road to the Fair

Comes next from Ross shire and from Sutherland  
The horny knuckled kilted Highlandmen  
From where upon the rocky Caithness strand  
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,  
And where Loch Fyne from her prolific sand  
Her herrings gives to feed each bordering clan,  
Arrive the brogue shod men of generous eye,  
Plundered and breechless all, with Esqu's hairy thigh

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks,  
Or sorry on the banks of Iorla's firth,  
Claymore and broadsword, and Lochaber axe,  
Are left to rust above the smoky hearth,

Their only arms are bagpipes now and scabs,  
Their teeth are set most desperately for mirth,  
And at their broid and sturdy backs are hung  
Great wallets, crammed with cheese and bannocks and  
cold tongue

Nor stayed away the Islanders, that lie  
To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed,  
From Jura, Arran, Barra, Uist, and Skye,  
Piping they come, unshaved, unbreeched, unhosed,  
And from that Isle whose abbey, structured high,  
Within its precincts holds dead kings enclosed,  
Where St Columba oft is seen to waddle,  
Gowned round with flaming fire, upon the spire astraddle.

Next from the far famed ancient town of Ayr—  
Sweet Ayr' with crops of ruddy damsel blest,  
That, shooting up, and waxing fit and fair,  
Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west'—  
And from Dumfries, and from Kilmarnock—where  
Are night caps made, the cheapest and the best—  
Blithely they ride on ass and mule, with sticks  
In lieu of saddles placed upon their asses' backs.

Close at their heels, besetting well trapped rigs,  
Or humbly riding iss's bac bone bare,  
Come Glasgow's merchants, each with money bag,  
To purchase Dutch linseed at Anster Fair—  
Sagacious fellows all, who well may brag  
Of virtuous industry and talents rare,  
The accomplished men o' the counting room confessed,  
And fit to crack a joke or argue with the best

Nor keep their homes the Borderers, that stay  
Where purls the Jed, and Esk, and little Liddel,  
Men that can rarely on the bagpipe play,  
And wake the unsober spirit of the fiddle,  
Avowed freebooters, that have many a day  
Stolen sheep and cow, yet never owned them ill  
Great rogues, for sure that wight is but a rogue  
That blots the eighth command from Moses' decalogue.

And some of them in sloop of tarry side,  
Come from North Berwick harbour sailing out,  
Others, abhorrent of the sickening tide,  
Have ta'en the road by Stirling brig about,  
And eastward now from long Kirkcaldy ride,  
Slugging on their slow gutted asses stout,  
While dangling at their backs are bagpipes hung,  
And dangling hangs a tale on every rhimer's tongue.  
See the Memoir of Tennant by Conolly (1861).

**Andrew Picken** (1788–1833) was the son of a Paisley manufacturer, and was for a time in business in the West Indies. He failed as a bookseller in Liverpool, and went to London to pursue literature as a profession. His first work, *Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*, gave offence by its satirical portraits. His novel of *The Sectarian, or the Church and the Meeting-house* (1829), by the representation it gave of the Dissenters as selfish, hypocritical, and sordid, irritated a great body of readers. *The Domine's Legacy* (1830) was warmly welcomed for its sketches of Scottish life, somewhat akin to Carleton's Irish tales—some humorous and some pathetic. Minister Tam and Mary Ogilvy almost rival the happiest efforts of Galt. Picken partly succeeded in conciliating the

evangelical Dissenters by interesting *Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries* (1830) In 1831 he issued *The Club-Book*, a collection of original tales by different authors, G P R James, Galt, Moir, James Hogg, Allan Cunningham, and others contributed each a story, and the editor himself wrote two—‘The Deer-stalkers’ and the ‘Three Kearneys’—the latter of which was dramatised Picken planned his *Traditional Stories of Old Families* as the first part of a series which was to embrace the legendary history of England, Scotland, and Ireland He had just completed what he thought his best work, *The Black Watch* (on the gallant 42nd Regiment), when he succumbed to the apoplexy that carried him off Picken was, according to one of his friends, ‘the dominie of his own tales—simple, affectionate, retiring, dwelling apart from the world, and blending in all his views of it the gentle and tender feelings reflected from his own mind’—An earlier Paisley author of the same name, Ebenezer Picken (1769–1816), wrote two volumes of poems, mostly in the vernacular, and published a pocket dictionary of the Scottish dialect (1818)

**William Glen** (1789–1826), born in Glasgow, was for a time in the West Indies, failed as a Glasgow merchant, and sank into poverty, dissipation, and ill health His poems—‘The Battle Song,’ ‘The Maid of Oronsey,’ and the rest—are mostly forgotten, but the Jacobite lament, ‘Wae’s me for Prince Charlie,’ remains one of the most popular of Scottish songs

‘Wae’s me for Prince Charlie’

A wee bird cam’ to our ha’ door,  
He warbled sweet and clearly,  
An’ ye the overcome o’ his sang  
Was, ‘Wae’s me for Prince Charlie’  
Oh, when I heard the bonny soun’,  
The tears cam’ happen’ rarely,  
I took my bannet aff my head,  
For weel I lo’ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I ‘My bird, my bonny, bonny bird,  
Is that a sang ye borrow?  
Are these some words ye’ve learnt by heart,  
Or a lilt o’ dool and sorrow?’  
‘Oh, no, no, no’ the wee bird sang,  
‘I’ve flown since mornin’ early,  
But sic a day o’ wind and rain—  
Oh, wae’s me for Prince Charlie.

‘On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roves a lanely stranger,  
On every side he’s pressed by want—  
On every side is danger  
Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
My heart maist bursted fairly,  
For sadly changed indeed was he—  
Oh, wae’s me for Prince Charlie.  
  
‘Dar! night cam’ on, the tempest roared  
Loud o’er the hills and valleys,  
And where was’t that your Prince lay down,  
Whase name should been a palace?

He roved him in a Hieland plaid,  
Which covered him but sparsly,  
And slept beneath a bush o’ broom—  
Oh, wae’s me for Prince Charlie.’

But now the bird saw some red coats,  
And he shook his wings wi’ anger  
‘Oh, this is no a land for me,  
I’ll tarry here ne’er langer’  
He hovered on the wing a while,  
Ere he departed fairly,  
But weel I mind the farewell strain  
Was, ‘Wae’s me for Prince Charlie’

**William Motherwell** (1797–1835) was born in Glasgow, went to school in Edinburgh, and after his eleventh year was brought up under the care of an uncle in Paisley Having studied one session at Glasgow University, he was, at the age of twenty one, appointed depute to the sheriff clerk at Paisley, but he early showed a love of poetry, and in 1819 became editor of a miscellany entitled the *Harp of Renfri’shire* A taste for antiquarian research, ‘Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,’ divided with the muse the empire of his genius, and he attained in unusually familiar acquaintance with the early history of Scottish traditional poetry The results appeared in *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern* (1827), a collection of Scottish ballads, prefaced by a very able historical introduction, the basis of most later investigations In the following year he became editor of a weekly journal in Paisley, and established a magazine to which he contributed some of his liveliest verses His editorial skill and vigour advanced him in 1830 to the more important charge of the *Glasgow Courier*, which he retained till his death In youth a Radical reformer, he early became a rather pronounced Tory In 1832 he collected and published his poems in one volume He joined with Hogg in editing the works of Burns, and was collecting materials for a Life of Tannahill, when he was suddenly cut off by a fit of apoplexy at the early age of thirty-eight. He was highly successful in versifying the Scandinavian folk-songs, and in imitating those of his own land, but he is chiefly remembered by his lyrics His best songs show imagination, warmth, and tenderness

Jeanie Morrison

I’ve wundered east, I’ve wandered west,  
Through mony a weary way,  
But never, never can forget  
The love o’ life’s young day!  
The fire that’s blawn on Beltane e’en  
May weel be black gin Yule,  
But blacker fa’ waits the heart  
Where first fond love grows eule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
The thochts o’ bygane years  
Still fling their shadows ower my path,  
And blind my een wi’ tears!

I hey blind my e'en wi' saut, saut tears,  
And sair and sick I pine,  
As memory idly summons up  
The blithe blinks o' langsyne

Oh, mind ye, love, how ast we left  
The deavin' dinsome toun, deafening—noisy  
To wander by the green burn side,  
And hear its water croon'

The simmer leaves hung over our heads,  
The flowers burst round our feet,  
And in the gloamin' o' the wood  
The throssil whussit sweet

The throssil whussit in the wood,  
The burn sang to the trees,  
And we with Nature's heart in tune,  
Concerted harmonies,

And on the knowe abune the burn, knoll—above  
For hours thegither sat  
In the silentness o' joy, till brith  
Wi' ver' gladness grat'

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Tears trickled doun your check,  
Like dew beads on a rose, yet nae  
Had ony power to speak

That was a time, a blessed time  
When hearts were fresh and young,  
When freely gushed all feelings forth,  
Unsvallabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
Gin I hae been to thee  
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts  
As ve hae been to me?

Oh, tell me gin their music fills  
Thine ear as it does mine

Oh, say gin er your heart grows gnt  
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
I've borne a weary lot,  
But in my wanderings, far or near,  
Ye never were forgot.

The fount that first burst frac this heart,  
Still travels on its way,  
And channels deeper, as it rins,  
The luv o' life's young day

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Since we were sindered young,  
I've never seen your face, nor heard  
The music o' your tongue,

But I could hug all wretchedness,  
And happy could I dee,  
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
O' bygane days and me!

#### From 'The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi'

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning have known,  
And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.  
Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand!  
Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red strand,  
And on him the glory of undying song  
Keen cleaver of gay crests,  
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,  
Grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong!  
Fame giver! I kiss thee.

salt  
deafening—noisy  
murmur  
dusk  
whistled

grat  
trickled

great  
heavys

sundered

In a love more bluiding than that the heart knows  
For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose,  
My heart's knit to thine, and lives but for thee,  
In dreamings of gladness thou'rt dancing with me,  
Brave measures of madness, in some battlefield,

Where armour is ringing,  
And noble blood springing,

And cloven, yrn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield  
Death-giver! I kiss thee

*See the Life by M'Conechy prefixed to the edition of 1846, re-edited in 1848 and reprinted in 1881.*

**James Hyslop** (1798–1827), a shepherd poet, was born in the Dumfriesshire parish of Kirkconnel. Mainly self-taught, he began amidst farm-work to contribute prose and verse to the provincial newspapers, and while serving as shepherd near Airdsmoss, Ayrshire, the scene of Richard Cameron's death, he wrote 'The Cameronian's Dream'. He taught a school at Greenock for a year or two, through the influence of Lord Jeffrey was appointed tutor on a man-of-war, and died cruising off the Cape Verd Islands. His poems, nearly a hundred in number, were collected by the Rev P. Mearns in 1887, but only one is really well known. It was made the foundation of a cantata in the last year of the century by Mr Hamish MacCunn, and so became known out of Scotland. Cameron, the field preacher, published an extravagant 'Declaration' in 1680 against the Government of Charles II, and a month afterwards fell, with many of his sixty armed followers, in a skirmish with the royal dragoons.

#### The Cameronian's Dream

In a dream of the night I was wasted away  
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay,  
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen  
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,  
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood,  
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,  
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying

'Twas morning, and summer's young sun from the east  
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast,  
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew  
Glistened there 'mong the heath bells and mountain  
flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,  
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,  
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,  
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and  
gladness,

The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness,  
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,  
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning

But, ah! there were hearts cherished for other feelings  
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,  
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,  
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to morrow

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,  
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath fowl were crying,  
For the horsemen of Earlshall round them were hovering,  
And their bridle reins rang through the thin misty covering  
  
Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,  
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed,  
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,  
They sang their last song to the God of Salvation  
  
The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,  
The curlew and plover in concert were singing,  
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,  
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter  
  
Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,  
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded  
Their dark eyes flashed lightning as, proud and unbending,  
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending  
  
The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,  
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,  
The heavens grew black, and the thunder was rolling,  
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling  
  
When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,  
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended,  
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,  
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness  
  
A seraph unfolded its door bright and shining,  
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,  
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,  
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation  
  
On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,  
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding,  
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,  
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

**Henry Scott Riddell** (1797–1870), born in Eskdale, was bred a shepherd, but contriving to make out a course at Edinburgh University, served for a few years a chapel in the Roxburghshire parish of Cavers. He wrote on sheep farming, *Lays of the Aik*, and many songs, some of which are still sung in Scotland—‘Scotland Yet’ (beginning ‘Gie bring my guid ould harp ane mur’), a version of ‘The Crook and Plaid’, and one or two others. Christopher North warmly praised ‘When the Glen is all still,’ a pithier lyric begins, ‘Ours is the land of gallant hearts’.

**Robert Gilfillan** (1798–1850), the son of a Dunfermline weaver, was clerk to a wine merchant in Leith, and afterwards collector of poor-rates there. His *Songs* passed through three editions in his lifetime, and an edition of his *Works*, with a Life by Anderson, appeared in 1851. The songs are marked by kindly feeling and smooth versification, and several of them have been well set to music.

#### The Exile’s Song

Oh, why left I my hame?  
Why did I cross the deep?  
Oh, why left I the land  
Where my forefathers sleep?

I sigh for Scotia’s shore,  
And I gaze across the sea,  
But I canna get a blink  
O’ my ain countrie!

The palm tree waveth high,  
And far the myrtle springs,  
And, to the Indian maid,  
The bulbul sweetly sings,  
But I dinna see the broom  
Wi’ its tassels on the lea,  
Nor hear the lintie’s sang  
O’ my ain countrie!

Oh, here no Sabbath bell  
Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
Nor song of reapers heard  
Amang the yellow corn  
For the tyrant’s voice is here,  
And the wail of slaverie,  
But the sun of freedom shines  
In my ain countrie!

There’s a hope for every woe,  
And a balm for every pain,  
But the first joys o’ our heart  
Come never back agen  
There’s a trick upon the deep,  
And a path across the sea,  
But the weary ne er return  
To their ain countrie!

**David Macbeth Monn** (1798–1851) was, above the signature of ‘Delta’ (rather the actual Δ), a frequent poetical contributor to *Blackwood’s Magazine*, while he practised as a surgeon in his native town of Musselburgh, beloved by all who knew him. His best pieces are grave and tender, but he also wrote some lively *jeux d’esprit* and a humorous Scottish tale of the kailyard, *The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch*, which was reprinted from *Blackwood* in 1828, and is still constantly reissued and read in Scotland. Besides the *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine* (1831), a pamphlet on cholera, and memoirs of his friend Galt and some other notables, his other works are *The Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems* (1824), *Domestic Verses* (1843), and *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-century* (1851). He edited Mrs Hemans, and contributed some four hundred articles to *Blackwood*. His Poetical Works, edited with a Memoir by Thomas Aird, were published in two volumes in 1852. Even his friend Aird admitted that in much of Delta’s work fancy, feeling, and musical rhythm are more conspicuous than power or new thought.

When thou at eve art Roaming  
When thou at eve art roaming  
Along the elm o’ershadowed walk,  
Where fast the eddying stream is foaming  
And falling down—a cataract,  
'Twas there with thee I wont to talk,  
Think thou upon the days gone by,  
And heave a sigh

When suls the moon above the mountains,  
And cloudless skies are purely blue,  
And sparkle in her light the fountains,  
And darker frowns the lonely yew,  
Then be thou melancholy too,  
While prusing on the hours I proved  
With thee, beloved

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,  
And lingering shadows disappear,  
As soft the woodland songs are swelling  
A choral anthem on thine e'er,  
Muse, for that hour to thought is dear,  
And then its slight remembrance wings  
To bypast things.

To me, through every season, dearest,  
In every scene, by day, by night,  
Thou, present to my mind appetrest  
A quenchless star, for ever bright,  
My solitary, sole delight,  
Where er I am, by shore—at sea—  
I think of thee'

**Thomas Aird** (1802-76) produced some poems showing a weird and powerful imagination, and some descriptive sketches of Scottish rural scenery and character. Born at Bowden in Roxburgh, he was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1826 produced a tragedy, *Martzenfle*, with some other poems. He formed the acquaintance of Professor Wilson, 'Delta' Moir, and other contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in that periodical he published many of the poetical pieces collected into one volume in 1848. *The Captive of Fuz* (1830) was a long narrative poem. Two volumes of prose sketches were called *Religious Characteristics* (1827) and *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village* (1848). The editing of a Conservative weekly newspaper, *The Dumfries Herald*, for over a quarter of a century (1835-63), carried on with zeal and vigour, left time for the writing of not a few poems, usually published in the *Herald*. He edited D M Moir's works, and prefixed a biography. And till ill health came on him after 1852, his life glided on in a simple and happy tranquillity rare among poets. George Gilfillan's first *Gallery of Literary Portraits* took shape at his suggestion, and appeared for the most part in his paper. Christopher North, writing on Spenser, was largely guided by his judgment as a critic, often adopting Aird's very phrases. After a reading of the MS of the *Life of Sterling*, submitted to him by his friend Carlyle, Aird said 'It is very able and interesting, but it might have been as well to let the poor forlorn sheet lightning die away in its cloud.' He retained Carlyle's friendship till his death, and Carlyle said that in Aird's poetry he 'found everywhere a healthy breath as of mountain breezes, a native minuteness, geniality, and veracity.' The longer poems are admittedly defective in construction. Aird's memory was revived in 1902 by centenary celebrations and memorials at Bowden and at Dumfries.

From 'The Devil's Dream on Mount Akebeck.'  
Beyond the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run,  
A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun,  
Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was  
heard,  
As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were  
unbarred,  
And high a grizzly Terror hung, upstarting from below,  
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow  
'Twas not the obedient scrup's form that burns before  
the Throne,  
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be  
gone  
With twists of faded glory mixed, grim shadows o'er his  
wing,  
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the  
Infernal King  
And up he went, from native might, or holy sufferance  
given,  
As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted  
heaven  
Aloft he turned in middle air, like falcon for his prey,  
And bowed to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away,  
Till broke a cloud—a phantom host, like glimpses of a  
dream,  
Sowing the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam  
He knew the flowing chivalry, the smart and turbaned  
train,  
That far had pushed the Moslem faith, and peopled well  
his reign  
With stooping pinion that outflew the Prophet's winged  
steed,  
In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom  
speed,  
But prouder yet he turned alone, and stood on Tabor hill,  
With scorn as if the Arab swords had little helped his  
will  
With scorn he looked to west away, and left their train  
to die,  
Like a thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming  
of his eye.  
What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame?  
There, in the sad days of his flesh, o'er Christ a glory  
came,  
And light outflowed him like a sea, and raised his shining  
brow,  
And the voice went forth that bade all worlds to God's  
Beloved bow  
One thought of this came o'er the fiend, and roused his  
startled form,  
And up he drew his swelling skirts, as if to meet the  
storm  
With wing that stripped the dews and birds from off the  
boughs of Night,  
Down over Tabor's trees he whirled his fierce distempered  
flight,  
And westward o'er the shadowy earth he tracked his  
earnest way,  
Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts  
of day,  
Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken,  
Yet looked what he might see on earth to raise his pride  
again

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust,  
The feet were chained, and sorrow thrilled throughout  
the sable bust

The idol and the idol's priest he hauled upon the earth,  
And every slavery that brings wild passions to the birth  
All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame,  
All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acclaim

Exulting o'er the rounded earth again he rode with night,  
Till, sailing o'er the untrodden top of Aksbeck high and  
white,

He closed at once his weary wings, and touched the  
shining hill,  
For less his flight was easy strength than proud uncon-  
quered will

For sin had dulled his native strength, and spoilt the  
holy law

Of impulse whence the archangel forms their earnest  
being draw

There is a Life of Aird by Jardine Wallace prefixed to the fifth edition of his works (1858). Many of Aird's letters to George Gilfillan have been printed in Watson's *Memoir of Gilfillan* (1892). The centenary of his birth was observed at Bowden and at Dumfries, where a portrait bust was erected.

**Charles Neaves** (1800-76), as Lord Neaves, maintained on the Scottish Bench the old alliance between law and literature. The son of a Forfar lawyer, he studied at Edinburgh, and rose through various professional appointments to be Lord Cockburn's successor as one of the judges of the Court of Session. He was a constant contributor to *Blackwood* in prose and verse, and some of his wittiest and most satirical poems, republished in *Songs and Verses, Social and Scientific* (1868), make good-humoured fun of Darwinism, Teetotalism, 'Stuart Mill on Mind and Matter,' and innumerable other questions of larger or smaller import. He also contributed articles on philosophical science, and published a volume on the Greek anthology, illustrated with verse translations

**Henry Cockburn** (1779-1854), as a Scottish judge called Lord Cockburn, was born perhaps at Cockpen, but more probably in the Parliament Close of old Edinburgh. He entered the High School in 1787, and the University of Edinburgh in 1793. 'We were kept,' he says, 'about nine years at two dead languages, which we did not learn.' But Dugald Stewart's lectures 'were like the opening of the heavens,' and a debating club brought him in contact with Jeffrey, Horner, and Brougham, from whom he imbibed Whig opinions. He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1800, and in 1807 his uncle, the all powerful Lord Melville, appointed him an advocate depute—a non-political post, from which, on political grounds, he 'had the honour of being dismissed' in 1810. He rose, however, to share with Jeffrey the leadership of the Bar, and with Jeffrey was counsel for three prisoners charged with sedition (1817-19). A zealous supporter, by pen as well as by tongue, of parliamentary reform, he became Solicitor-General for Scotland under the Grey Ministry in 1830, had the chief hand in drafting the Scottish

Reform Bill, in 1834, was made, as Lord Cockburn, a judge of the Court of Session, and in 1837 a lord of justiciary. He died at Bonally Tower, his beautiful home at the base of the Pentlands since his marriage in 1811, and was buried near Jeffrey in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh. He contributed articles—on legal subjects mainly—to the *Edinburgh Review*, and was author of the admirable *Life of Jeffrey* (1852), and of four posthumous works—*Memorials of his Time* (1856), *Journal, 1831-44* (2 vols. 1874), *Circuit Journeys* (1888), and *Trials for Sedition in Scotland* (2 vols. 1888). The *Memorials* has from the first been accepted as the most authentic, vivid, genial, and entertaining account of Edinburgh life, manners, and personages in the early nineteenth century.

#### Edinburgh Society

There was far more coarseness in the formal age than in the free one. Two vices especially, which have been long banished from respectable society, were very prevalent, if not universal, among the whole upper ranks—swearing and drunkenness. Nothing was more common than for gentlemen who had dined with ladies, and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk. To get drunk in a tavern seemed to be considered as a natural, if not an intended, consequence of going to one. Swearing was thought the right, and the mark, of a gentleman. And, tried by this test, nobody who had not seen them could now be made to believe how many gentlemen there were. Not that people were worse tempered than than now. They were only coarser in their manners, and had got into a bad style of admonition and dissent. The naval chaplain justified his cursing the sailors because it made them listen to him, and Braxfield [the Scottish judge] apologised to a lady whom he damned at whist for bad play by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife. This odious practice was applied with particular offensiveness by those in authority towards their inferiors. In the army it was universal by officers towards soldiers, and far more frequent than is now credible by masters towards servants.

The prevailing dinner was about three o'clock. Two o'clock was quite common, if there was no company. Hence it was no great deviation from their usual custom for a family to dine on Sundays 'between sermons'—that is, between one and two. The hour in time, but not without groans and predictions, became four, at which it stuck for several years. Then it got to five, which, however, was thought positively revolutionary, and four was long and gallantly adhered to by the haters of change as 'the good old hour.' At last even they were obliged to give in, but they only yielded inch by inch, and made a desperate stand at half past four. Even five, however, triumphed, and continued the average polite hour from (I think) about 1806 or 1807 till about 1820. Six has at last prevailed, and half an hour later is not unusual. As yet this is the furthest stretch of London imitation, except in country houses devoted to grouse or deer.

The procession from the drawing room to the dining-room was formerly arranged on a different principle from what it is now. There was no such alarming proceeding as that of each gentleman approaching a lady, and the two hooking together. This would have excited

as much horror as the waltz at first did, which never showed itself without denunciations of Continental manners by correct gentlemen and worthy mothers and aunts. All the ladies first went off by themselves in a regular row according to the ordinary rules of precedence. Then the gentlemen moved off in single file, so that when they reached the dining room the ladies were all there, lingering about the backs of the chairs till they could see what their fate was to be. Then began the selection of partners, the leaders of the male line having the advantage of priority, and of course the magnates had an affinity for each other.

The dinners themselves were much the same as at present. Any difference is in a more liberal adoption of the cookery of France. Healths and toasts were

poetical. The business of the day is over, and its still fresh events interest. It is chiefly intimate associates that are drawn together at that familiar hour, of which night deepens the sociality. If there be any fun or heart or spirit in a man at all, it is then, if ever, that it will appear. So far as I have seen social life, its brightest sunshine has been on the last repast of the day.

As to the comparative religiousness of the present and the preceding generation, any such comparison is very difficult to be made. Religion is certainly more the fashion than it used to be. There is more said about it, there has been a great rise, and consequently a great competition, of sects, and the general mass of the religious public has been enlarged. On the other hand, if we are to believe one half of what some religious persons themselves assure us, religion is now almost extinct. My opinion is that the balance is in favour of the present time. And I am certain that it would be much more so if the modern dictators would only accept of that as religion which was considered to be so by their devout fathers.

(From the *Memorials*)

**Dean Ramsay**, unofficially Edward Bannerman Burnett Ramsay (1793–1872), was born in Aberdeen, the fourth son of Alexander Burnett, Sheriff of Kincardineshire, who in 1806, succeeding to an uncle's estates, took the surname Ramsay, and was created a baronet. Educated at Durham and St John's College, Cambridge, he held two Somerset curacies 1816–24, and then removed to Edinburgh. In 1830 he became incumbent of St John's, in 1846 dean also of his diocese. The book with which his name will be always identified is the delightful *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character* (1857, 22nd ed., with Memoir by Cosmo Innes, 1874). It forms a curious record of old times and manners fast disappearing, it furnishes a direct reply to jests such as those of Sydney Smith and Charles Lamb to the effect that the Scottish people have no humour, and, next perhaps to the Waverley Novels, has done more than any one book to make Scottish customs, phrases, and traits of character familiar to Englishmen at home and abroad. Despite of his association with what is practically the national jest-book, Dean Ramsay was an energetic, revered, and beloved clergyman, as much esteemed by Presbyterians as in his own communion, and he wrote a Life of the great Presbyterian preacher Dr Chalmers, as well as books on *Faults in Christian Believers*, *Pulpit Table-talk*, and *The Christian Life*.

#### Scottish Nationality

There is no mistaking the national attachment so strong in the Scottish character. Men return after long absence in this respect unchanged, whilst absent, Scotch men never forget their native home. In all varieties of lands and climates their hearts ever turn towards the 'land o' cakes and brither Scots'. Scottish festivals are kept with Scottish feeling on 'Greenland's icy moun'tuns' or 'India's coral strand'. I received an amusing account of an ebullition of this patriotic feeling from my late noble friend the Marquis of Lothian, who met with it when travelling in India. He happened to



HENRY COCKBURN  
After the Portrait by Raeburn.

special torments—oppressions which cannot now be conceived. Every glass during dinner required to be dedicated to the health of some one. This prudential nuisance was horrible, but it was nothing to what followed. For after dinner, and before the ladies retired, there generally began what were called 'rounds' of toasts, and, worst of all, there were 'sentiments'. These were short epigrammatic sentences expressive of moral feeling, and virtues, and were thought refined and elegant productions. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his or for her sentiment, when this or something similar was committed. 'May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning,' or 'May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age,' or 'Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds,' &c.

Early dinners begat suppers. But suppers are so delightful that they have survived long after dinners have become late. Indeed, this has immemorially been a favourite Edinburgh repast. How many are the reasons, how strong the associations, that inspire the last of the day's friendly meetings! Supper is cheaper than dinner, shorter, less ceremonious, and more

arrive at a station upon the eve of St Andrew's Day, and received an invitation to join a Scottish dinner party in commemoration of old Scotland. There was a great deal of Scottish enthusiasm. There were seven sheep heads (singed) down the table, and Lord Lothian told me that after dinner he sang with great applause 'The Laird o' Cockpen.'

Love of country must draw forth good feeling in men's minds, as it will tend to make them cherish a desire for its welfare and improvement. To claim kindred with the honourable and high minded, is in some degree allied with them, must imply at least an appreciation of great and good qualities. Whatever, then, supplies men with a motive for following upright and noble conduct—whatever advances in them a kindly benevolence towards fellow countrymen in distress, will always exercise a beneficial effect upon the hearts and intellects of a Christian people, and these objects are, I think, all more or less fostered and encouraged under the influence of that patriotic spirit which identifies national honour and national happiness with its own.

I desire to preserve peculiarities which I think should be recorded, because they are national, and because they are reminiscences of genuine Scottish life. No doubt these peculiarities have been deeply tinged with the quaint and quiet humour which is more strictly characteristic of our countrymen than their wit. And, as exponents of that humour, our stories may often have excited some harmless merriment in those who have appreciated the real fun of the dry Scottish character. That, I trust, is no offence. I should never be sorry to think that, within the 'limits of becoming mirth,' I had contributed, in however small a degree, to the entertainment and recreation of my countrymen. I am convinced that every one, whether clergyman or layman, who adds something to the innocent enjoyment of human life has joined in a good work, insomuch as he has diminished the inducement to vicious indulgence. God knows there is enough of sin and of sorrow in the world to make sad the heart of every Christian man.

(From the Preface to the Reminiscences.)

**Robert Carruthers** (1799–1878), one of the authors of the first edition of this work, was a Dumfriesshire farmer's son, and was apprenticed to a bookseller in Dumfries, the town where he was born, but after his apprenticeship he became a teacher at Huntingdon, and for the corporation wrote a *History of Huntingdon* (1824). He had also published a selection from Milton's prose when in 1828 he was appointed editor of the *Inverness Courier*, and showed how liberal principles, northern news, and local interests might be satisfactorily dealt with and yet leave room for a long and frequent series of articles of literary, antiquarian, and social importance, he 'brought out' Hugh Miller in his columns. In 1853 Carruthers issued his principal book—an edition of Pope's works, with a fuller Life than had yet appeared. A new edition of the Life, issued in 1857, incorporated Dilke's discoveries and corrections, and remained the standard one till the publication of that by Mr Courthope in the great edition begun by Mr Elwin (1871–89). Dr Robert

Chambers and Mr Carruthers were between them responsible for the first edition of this *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, planned and edited by Dr Robert Chambers, and published in 1842–44. Carruthers, who was specially entrusted with the articles on the poets in the first edition, took entire charge of the revised editions in 1858 and 1876, and many of the articles in the present new edition are based on his. For the same publishers Carruthers edited a 'Household' Shakspeare (1861–63). He contributed to *Chambers's Journal*, the *North British Review*, and the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and he wrote Lives of Falconer, Gray, and James Montgomery for editions of their poetry. His scholarly work earned him an Edinburgh LL.D. in 1871.

**William and Robert Chambers**, the publishers of this work, were the sons of a Peebles cotton manufacturer, whose commercial unsuccess early threw the boys on their own resources. William, the elder brother, had keen business instincts, and was incidentally also a writer of books, Robert, who became also a publisher, had strong literary impulses, varied intellectual sympathies and accomplishments, and by his strenuous life-work proved a pioneer in more than one department of research.

William Chambers (1800–83) was in 1814 aprenticed to a bookseller in Edinburgh, and in 1819 started business for himself, to bookselling afterwards adding printing. From childhood he was an industrious reader. Between 1825 and 1830 he wrote the *Book of Scotland*, and, in conjunction with his brother Robert, a *Gazetteer of Scotland*. In 1832 he started *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, six weeks in advance of the *Penny Magazine* published by Charles Knight for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and soon thereafter he united with Robert in founding the business of W & R Chambers, the best known of whose many publications are besides the *Journal* and a numerous series of educational works, a *Miscellany* (20 vols.), *Papers for the People* (12 vols.), the *Information for the People* (2 vols. 1833, new editions in 1857, &c.), the *Cyclopædia of English Literature* (2 vols. 1842–44, new ed. 1901–3), and *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, 'a dictionary of universal knowledge' (10 vols. 1859–68, new ed. 1888–92). Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1865–69, he was associated with important civic improvements and he carried out at his own cost a restoration of St Giles' Cathedral. He was made LL.D. of Edinburgh and just before his death had been offered a baronetcy. Besides minor contributions to the *Journal*, he wrote about a dozen separate works, of which a *History of Peeblesshire* (1864) and an autobiographical *Memoir* of his brother and himself (1872) were the most important. In receiving from his hands the freedom of the city of Edinburgh in 1867, Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr Disraeli) said, after speaking of the promotion of sound literature, 'I do not think that

the name of Chambers will ever be mentioned in the future without a sentiment of gratitude'

Robert Chambers (1802-71), after an education at the local Peebles schools, began business as a bookseller in Edinburgh in 1818, but found time for extensive study and a great deal of miscellaneous writing. In 1824 he produced the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, a work in which Sir Walter Scott took a lively interest, assisting its young author with valuable memoranda, and between 1822 and 1834 he had written some twenty-five volumes. The success of the *Journal* was materially promoted by his essays, his wide and varied interests, and his literary insight. In 1844 he published anonymously the *Vestiges of Creation*, a then revolutionary and startling work, which holds an important place in the history of evolution between Lamarck and Darwin, it prepared the way for the *Origin of Species*, and for fifteen years stimulated speculation in Britain and bore the brunt of orthodox criticism. The authorship, ascribed to him in the *Athenaeum* of 2nd December 1854, was first announced in Mr Ireland's introduction to the twelfth edition (1884). In the 'Historical Introduction' prefixed to the later editions of the *Origin of Species*, Darwin says of the *Vestiges* 'The work, from its powerful and brilliant style, though displaying in the earlier editions little accurate knowledge and a great want of scientific caution, immediately had a very wide circulation. In my opinion it has done excellent service in this country in calling attention to the subject, in removing prejudice, and in thus preparing the ground for the reception of analogous views.' By his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* (1847) he gave an impulse to the study of Scottish folklore. His *History of the Rebellions in Scotland*, praised by Scott in his *Journal* as a clever book and a really lively work, and the *Domestic Annals of Scotland* (3 vols 1859-61) were serious contributions to history, as his *Ancient Sea Margins* (1848) was to the geology of Scotland. His *Life of Smollett* (1867) had the good fortune to please Carlyle greatly, and to be pronounced by him 'vastly superior to anything that had ever been written about him before'. In 1829 he published a collection of *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, and he wrote a startling dissertation on Scottish ballads which suggested that very many of them were of a recent origin as Lady Elizabeth Wardlaw's *Hardyknute* (see Vol II p 312). He made further a collection of the *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns* (1862), *The Life and Works of Robert Burns* (4 vols 1851, new ed by W Wallace, 1896) became practically the standard work on the subject, the poems and letters being arranged throughout the life in approximately chronological order, and among his works were also a *Life of James I*, a *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, and *The Book of Days* (2 vols 1863)—his last undertaking. He spent his last years in St Andrews, whose university had made him LL.D.

Out of a brief *History of the English Language and Literature* for senior pupils in schools, written by Dr Chambers in 1835, sprang the idea of this *Cyclopaedia of English Literature*, which, as has been said in the preface in the first volume of this edition, was planned by Dr Chambers in 1841, carried through mainly with the assistance of Dr Carruthers—who was specially charged with the poets—and published in parts between the end of 1842 and the later months of 1843 (complete in two volumes in 1844). It was the first work of the kind on such a comprehensive plan. His essays contributed to the *Journal* (some of which were re-published in volumes) probably endeared Dr Robert Chambers to a larger circle of readers than his separately published works, many of which are not here enumerated. Dr Chambers was not merely a conscientious, sympathetic, and versatile writer, but had an exceptional gift of popularity in the best sense of the word, to which a large measure of kindly and spontaneous native humour greatly contributed.

#### From 'The English Girl.'

Her favourite seat is under a laburnum, which seems to be showering a new birth of beauty upon her head. There she sits in the quiet of nature, thinking thoughts as beautiful as flowers, with feelings as gentle as the gales which fan them. She knows no evil, and therefore she does none. Untouched by earthly experiences, she is perfectly happy—and the happy are good. Affection remains in her as a treasure, hereafter to be brought into full use. As yet she only spends a small share of the interest of her heart's wealth upon the objects around her, the principal will, on some future and timely day, be given to one worthy, I hope, to possess a thing so valuable. Meanwhile, she loves as a daughter and a sister may do. Every morning and evening she comes to her parents with her pure and unharmed kiss, nor, when some cheerful brother returns from college or from counting house to enliven home for a brief space, is the same salutation wanting to assure him of the continuance of her most sweet regards. Often, too, she is found intertwining her loveliness with that of her sisters—arm clasping waist, and neck crossing neck, and bosom pressed to bosom—till all seems one inextricable knot of beauty. No jealousy, no guile, no envy—no more than what possesses a bunch of lilies growing from the same stem. She has some spire fondness, moreover, for a variety of pets in the lower orders of creation. There are chickens which will leave the richest morsels at the sound of her voice, and little dogs which will give up yelping, even at the most provoking antagonists, if she only desires them. Her chief favourite, however, is a lamb, which follows her wherever she goes, a heaven sent emblem of herself. To see her fondling this spotless creature on the green—innocence reposing upon innocence—you might suppose the golden age had returned, and that there was to be no more wickedness seen on earth.

#### From 'The Man who Sang when Asked'

Our friend was what is called a good but not a brilliant or perfect singer. He had a stout gentlemanly voice, calculated to be of great service as a bass in a trio

or duet, but not by any means a fine voice. Nevertheless he sang with so much spirit and appropriate expression that in general his performances were much admired, not to speak of the additional approbation which he always secured by his being so willing to contribute to the amusement of the company. Smith had just one fault, as far as singing was concerned. When once he was set agoing there was no getting him to stop. When one of his songs was done, it would perhaps become the subject of conversation. 'Capital song that—first rate old fellow Dibdin' 'Yes, sir, but did you ever hear his "Tom Bowling"?—that is better still.' And then, without further preface, he would commence—

'Here a sheer hulk.'

and so forth, after which another could be tacked as slightly on to that, and another to that again, till you could almost echo his words, and wish that 'death had brought him to'. Smith estimated the pleasantness of a party, the hospitality of the landlord and landlady, and the worldly worth and amiability of the whole company by the number of songs he was asked or permitted to sing. 'A deuced nice affair we had last night at Atherton's. I sang two and twenty of my very best. Though I would have got in the twenty-third, but an old jade in a pink cap broke us up at only twenty-five minutes past twelve, just as I was about to begin.' It was told of Smith that he once stuck a song for want of the words (a most astonishing occurrence), and was so overwhelmed with shame on the occasion as to leave the room abruptly and walk away home. He had gone more than a mile on his way when he suddenly recollects the missing stanza. Back he turned, crying with the transport of Archimedes himself, 'I have it, I have it.' Re-entering the room, he found the company just on their feet to depart. 'Stop, stop,' he cried, in the tone of a man arresting an execution with a reprieve, 'stop, here it is!' And though almost breathless, he immediately resumed the song at the exact point where he had left off, with all the proper gesticulation and expression, as if no hiatus had taken place.

See the above-mentioned *Memoir of William and Robert Chambers* (1872, 13th ed., with supplementary chapter 1884).

**Sir Charles Lyell** (1797–1875) was the eldest son of the mycologist and Dante student, Charles Lyell (1767–1849) of Kinnordy in Forfarshire, and, brought up in the New Forest and educated at Ringwood, Salisbury, and Midhurst, he was in 1816 sent to Exeter College, Oxford. At Oxford in 1819 he attended the lectures of Buckland, and acquired a taste for the science he afterwards did so much to promote. Having taken his degree in 1819, he studied law and was called to the Bar, but devoting himself to geology, made European tours in 1824 and 1828–30, and published the results in the *Transactions of the Geological Society* and elsewhere. His *Principles of Geology* (1830–33) may be ranked next after Darwin's *Origin of Species* among the books which exercised the most powerful influence on scientific thought in the nineteenth century, strenuously denying the necessity of stupendous convulsions, and insisting that the greatest geological changes might have been produced by forces still at work. The *Elements of Geology* (1838) continued the same

argument. It was subsequently divided into two works, *The Principles* (12th ed. 1876) and *The Elements of Geology*, and a great part of Lyell's life-work consisted in supplementing and supporting by evidence his main thesis, and so maintaining and developing the contentions of his predecessors Hutton and Playfair. *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man* (1863) startled the public by its unbiased attitude towards Darwin, at this time still regarded as a revolutionary and a heretic. Lyell also published *Travels in North America* (1845) and *A Second Visit to the United States* (1849). In 1832–33 he was Professor of Geology at King's College, London. Repeatedly President of the Geological Society, and in 1864 President of the British Association, he was knighted in 1848, and created a baronet in 1864. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. A heroic example of Lyell's open-mindedness was given, as Sir Joseph Hooker said, by his frank acceptance of Darwin's doctrine of natural selection, after nine editions of his own *Principles* had carried his name and fame over the civilised world. He had done much to prepare the way for Darwin, but had till the production of the *Origin of Species* maintained a doctrine of special creations. He now abandoned, 'late in life, a theory which he had for forty years regarded as one of the foundation-stones of a work that had given him the highest position attainable among contemporary scientific writers.' The eminent men whose memorial secured for Lyell a place in Westminster Abbey were agreed that for twenty-five years he was the most prominent geologist in the world, equally eminent for the extent of his labours and the breadth of his philosophical views, and he possessed the gift, often denied to great scientific thinkers, of a luminous, effective, and simple style.

#### Lyell and Darwin

MY DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for your kindness in sending me a copy of your important work on the *History of Creation*, and especially for the chapter entitled 'On Lyell and Darwin.' Most of the zoologists forgot that anything was written between the time of Lamarck and the publication of our friend's *Origin of Species*.

I am therefore obliged to you for pointing out how clearly I advocated a law of continuity even in the organic world, so far as possible without adopting Lamarck's theory of transmutation. I believe that mine was the first work (published in January 1832) in which any attempt had been made to prove that while the causes now in action continue to produce unceasing variations in the climate and physical geography of the globe, and endless migration of species, there must be a perpetual dying out of animals and plants, not suddenly and by whole group at once, but one after another. I contended that this succession of species was now going on, and always had been, that there was a constant struggle for existence, as De Candolle had pointed out, and that in the battle for life some were always increasing their numbers at the expense of others, some advancing, others becoming exterminated.

But while I taught that as often as certain forms of animals and plants disappeared, for reasons quite intelligible to us, others took their place by virtue of a causation which was beyond our comprehension, it remained for Darwin to accumulate proof that there is no break between the incoming and the outgoing species, that they are the work of evolution, and not of special creation.

It was natural, as you remark, that Cuvier's doctrine of sudden revolutions in the animate and the inanimate world should lead not only to the doctrine of catastrophes, such as Elie de Beaumont's sudden formation of mountain chains, but to a similar creed in regard to the organic world. A D'Orbigny gave us twenty seven stages or groups of living beings, all the species in each of which were so distinct that none of them passed from one to the other stage. Agassiz still inclined to the same notion, the sudden annihilation of one set of inhabitants of the globe, and the coming upon the stage in the next geological period of a perfectly distinct set. I had certainly prepared the way in this country, in six editions of my work before the *Testimony of Creation* appeared in 1842, for the reception of Darwin's gradual and insensible evolution of species, and I am very glad that you noticed this, and also the influence of Cuvier's work, which in an English dress, translated by Professor Jamieson, went through almost as many editions in this country as in France, and exercised great authority long after my *Principles* began to be popular.

(From a letter to Haeckel in 1868.)

#### Mansel on the Limits of Religious Thought

Have you looked at Mansel's 'Bampton Lectures' on the 'Limits of Religious Thought'? There were many fruitless discussions among the dons of Oxford how to force the young men by various puns and penalties to attend the University church, which was nearly empty, but there were no precedents for such proceedings. At last some original thinker suggested that possibly if they named some good preacher it might remedy the evil. So they made inquiries for some young men of ability, and found this Mansel, who forthwith filled St Mary's to overflowing, and when the lectures were printed they soon reached a second edition. A friend of mine, Huxley, who will soon take rank as one of the first naturalists we have ever produced, begged me to read these sermons as first rate, 'although, regarding the author as a Churchman, you will probably compare him, as I did, to the drunken fellow in Hogarth's "Contested Election," who is sawing through the signpost of the other party's public house, forgetting that he is sitting at the outer end of it. But read them as a piece of clear and unanswerable reasoning.' Soon after I had seen them, I was recommended by Sir Edward Ryan to read a powerful article in the last *National*, in answer to Mansel, by Martineau, and certainly it is worth reading, and shows among other things, in an episode devoted to Butler's *Analogy*, how much more comfortable and consolatory is the system of creation, or the divine dispensation, when viewed from a Unitarian than from an orthodox point of view. At length, after expending much admiration and adulation, on their new defender of the faith, the Oxonians have become alarmed, and Milman told me that one of them had written to Hampden, 'You are avenged,' while Dr Jeune had exclaimed, 'To think that I should have lived to hear

Atheism preached from the University pulpit, and the member for Oxford recommend the worship of Jupiter!'

You will understand, I dare say, the last hit better than me, for I have not read Gladstone's Homeric lucubrations.

(From a letter to George Ticknor.)

See Lyell's *Life, Letters, and Journals* (1881), and Professor Johnsey's *Charles Lyell and Geology* (1895).

**Sir Richard Owen** (1804-92) came from Lancaster to study medicine at Edinburgh, and continued his professional preparation at St Bartholomew's, became curitor in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, where he produced a marvellous series of descriptive catalogues, and lectured as Professor of Comparative Anatomy at Bartholomew's (for two years) and at the College of Surgeons. Meanwhile he helped to give new life to the Zoological Society of London. In 1836 he became superintendent of the natural history department of the British Museum, but continued to teach at the Royal Institution and elsewhere. FRS, President of the British Association (1857), Associate of the French Institute, CB, KCB (1883), and holder of scientific medals, degrees, and honorary titles, from many nations, he gained the immortality of a true worker, his anatomical and paleontological researches number nearly four hundred, and deal with almost every class of animals from sponge to man. He greatly advanced morphological inquiry by his clear distinction between analogy and homology, and by his concrete studies on the nature of limbs, on the composition of the skull, and on other problems of vertebrate morphology, while his essay on *Parthenogenesis* was a pioneer work. A pre-Darwinian, he maintained a cautious attitude to detailed evolutionist theories. There is a Life of him by his grandson (1894).

**Earl Russell** (1792-1878), better known to the English people as Lord John Russell, was a younger son of the sixth Duke of Bedford and gained distinction after his entrance into the House of Commons as the champion of parliamentary reform in 1819. As a member of Earl Grey's Government he moved the introduction of the first Reform Bill in 1831, and was thenceforth one of the leaders of the Liberal party, holding the office of Prime Minister in two administrations, and being raised to the House of Lords in 1865. He dabbled for a while in the belles-lettres, producing a tale entitled *The Nun of Arouca*, a tragedy on Don Carlos, and a translation of part of the *Odyssey*, but most of his works were more in the statesman's way. The list of them includes a *Life of William Russell* (1819), an *Essay on the English Constitution* (1821), *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe* (1824), *The Life and Times of Fox* (1859-67), editions of the memoirs and letters of Tom Moore the poet, and of the correspondence of the fourth Duke of Bedford, and a volume of *Recollections and Suggestions*, published in 1875 after his retirement from public life. From the last of these we give the extract which follows.

### A Scene in Parliament in 1831.

Upon this event [the defeat of the first Reform Bill] it became the duty of Lord Grey and his colleagues to consider seriously their position. They had brought forward a great measure affecting the constitution of the country and the course of legislation for generations to come. They could neither tamely abandon their situation nor allow their measure to be snatched away, and rest contented with the fragment of a plan, the whole of which had been enthusiastically accepted by the country. It was manifest that the existing House of Commons would endeavour to destroy in detail that which they had sanctioned in the bulk. It was evident that the country was ready to follow Lord Grey, and to adopt his measure as a satisfactory settlement of a question which, since 1780, had always been in the minds of Liberal politicians, and which was now rooted in the heart of the people.

Lord Grey therefore prepared the King for the decision to which the Cabinet arrived, to advise His Majesty to have recourse to an immediate dissolution of Parliament. The King, though averse to the adoption of such a proceeding little more than six months after the general election, was disposed at this time to trust implicitly to Lord Grey, and I am inclined to believe the popular story that when it suddenly appeared necessary, in order to prevent remonstrance from the House of Lords, that the King should appear in person to dissolve Parliament, and some trifling difficulty of plaiting the horses' manes in time was interposed as an objection, the King said at once, 'Then I'll go down to Parliament in a hackney coach.' Had such been the spirit of Louis XVI he might have been the leader instead of the victim of the French Revolution.

The scenes which occurred in the two Houses of Parliament, so far as I was a witness of them, were singular and unprecedented. Before the King arrived the House of Commons was assembled, and Sir Robert Peel and Sir Francis Burdett rose at the same time to address the House. Lord Althorp, amid the confusion and clamour of contending parties, following the precedent of Mr Fox, moved that Sir Francis Burdett be now heard. Sir Robert Peel, on the other hand, imitating a precedent of Lord North, said, 'And I rise to speak to that motion.' But instead of saying a few words, as Lord North had done, to put an end to all further debate, Sir Robert Peel quite lost his temper, and in tones of the most violent indignation attacked the impending dissolution. As he went on the lower guns began to fire, to announce the King's arrival, and as each discharge was heard a loud cheer from the Government side interrupted Sir Robert Peel's declamation. Sir Henry Hardinge was heard to exclaim, 'The next time those guns are fired they will be shotted!' Presently we were all summoned to the House of Lords, where the King's presence had put a stop to a violent and unseemly discussion. The King in his speech announced the dissolution and retired to unrobe. The scene that followed was one of great excitement and confusion. As I was standing at the bar Lord Lyndhurst came up to me and said, 'Have you considered the state of Ireland? Do not you expect an insurrection?' or words to that effect. It so happened that in going into the House of Commons I had met O'Connell in the lobby. I asked him, 'Will Ireland be quiet during the general election?' and he

answered me, 'Perfectly quiet.' He did not answer for more than he was able to perform. But of course I said nothing of this to Lord Lyndhurst, and left him to indulge his anger and his gloomy foreboding.

**Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville (1794-1865)**, who comes near being the St Simon of the early Victorian age, was a descendant of the fifth Lord Warwick, and of kin, therefore, to Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, the Elizabethan poet and dramatist. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he became successively page to George III, private secretary to Earl Borthurst, and secretary of Jamaica—the last appointment a comfortable sinecure, which he enjoyed at home. In 1821 he was made Clerk of the Privy Council, and held the post for thirty eight years, sacrificing the chances of political distinction which his connections and abilities had promised him, but using his opportunities for the composition of a work which ranks among the most important of English historical memoirs. His *Journal of the Reigns of King George IV, King William IV, and Queen Victoria*, edited by Henry Reeve of the *Edinburgh Review*, and published posthumously in 1874-87, covers the forty years between 1820 and 1860, which closed with his retirement from office. Greville's official position had brought him in touch with politicians of both parties, and as a man of the world he was familiar alike on the racecourse and in the drawing-room. These advantages, combined with a native keenness of observation, a cultured versatility, and the accomplishment of an easy and gentleman-like style, enabled him to enrich our literature with a singularly valuable picture of the politics and society of his time.

### Queen Victoria in 1837

*August 30th*—All that I hear of the young Queen leads to the conclusion that she will some day play a conspicuous part, and that she has a great deal of character. It is clear enough that she had long been silently preparing herself, and had been prepared by those about her (and very properly), for the situation to which she was destined. The impressions she has made continue to be favourable, and particularly upon Melbourne, who has a thousand times greater opportunities of knowing what her disposition and her capacity are than any other person, and who is not a man to be easily captivated or dazzled by any superficial accomplishments or mere graces of manner, or even by personal favour. Melbourne thinks highly of her sense, discretion, and good feeling, but what seem to distinguish her above every thing are caution and prudence, the former to a degree which is almost unnatural in one so young and unpleasing, because it suppresses the youthful impulses which are so graceful and attractive.

On the morning of the King's death, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrived at Kensington at five o'clock, and immediately desired to see 'the Queen'. They were ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes the door opened and she came in wrapped in a dressing gown and with slippers on her naked feet. Conyngham in a few words told her their errand, and as

soon as he uttered the words 'Your Majesty,' she instantly put out her hand to him, intimating that he was to kiss hands before he proceeded. He dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She presented her hand to the Archbishop, who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so, addressed to her a sort of pastoral charge, which she received graciously and then retired. She lost no time in giving notice to Conroy of her intentions with regard to him, she saw him, and desired him to name the reward he expected for his services to her parents. He asked for the Red Riband, an Irish peerage, and a pension of £3000 a year. She replied that the two first rested with her Ministers, and she could not engage for them, but that the pension he should have. It is not easy to ascertain the exact cause of her antipathy to him, but it has probably grown with her growth, and results from divers causes. The person in the world she loves best is the Baroness Lehzen, and Lehzen and Conroy were enemies. There was formerly a Baroness Spaeth at Kensington, lady in waiting to the Duchess, and Lehzen and Spaeth were intimate friends. Conroy quarrelled with the latter and got her dismissed, and this Lehzen never forgave. She may have instilled into the Princess a dislike and bad opinion of Conroy, and the evidence of these sentiments, which probably escaped neither the Duchess nor him, may have influenced their conduct towards her, for, strange as it is, there is good reason to believe that she thinks she has been ill used by both of them for some years past. Her manner to the Duchess is, however, irreproachable, and they appear to be on cordial and affectionate terms. Madame de Lehzen is the only person who is constantly with her. When any of the Ministers come to see her, the Baroness retires at one door as they enter the other, and the audience over, she returns to the Queen. It has been remarked that when applications are made to Her Majesty, she seldom or never gives an immediate answer, but says she will consider of it, and it is supposed that she does this because she consults Melbourne about everything, and waits to have her answer suggested by him. He says, however, that such is her habit even with him, and that when he talks to her upon any subject upon which an opinion is expected from her, she tells him she will think it over, and let him know her sentiments the next day.

The dry she went down to visit the Queen Dowager at Windsor, to Melbourne's great surprise she said to him that as the flag on the Round Tower was half mast high, and they might perhaps think it necessary to elevate it upon her arrival, it would be better to send orders beforehand not to do so. He had never thought of the flag, or knew anything about it, but it showed her knowledge of forms and her attention to trifles. Her manner to Queen Adelaide was extremely kind and affectionate, and they were both greatly affected at meeting. The Queen Dowager said to her that the only favour she had to ask of her was to provide for the retirement, with their pensions, of the personal attendants of the late King, Whiting and Bachelor, who had likewise been the attendants of George IV., to which she replied that it should be attended to, but she could not give any promise on the subject.

She is upon terms of the greatest cordiality with Lord Melbourne, and very naturally. Everything is new and delightful to her. She is surrounded with the most exciting and interesting enjoyments her occupations,

her pleasures, her business, her Court, all present an unceasing round of gratifications. With all her prudence and discretion she has great animal spirits, and enters into the magnificent novelties of her position with the zest and curiosity of a child.

#### Macaulay's Conversation.

*January 21st*—I dined with Lady Holland yesterday. Everything there is exactly the same as it used to be, excepting only the person of Lord Holland, who seems to be pretty well forgotten. The same talk went merrily round, the laugh rang loudly and frequently, and, but for the black and the mob cap of the lady, one might have fancied he had never lived or had died half a century ago. Such are, however, affections and friendships, and such is the world. Macaulay dined there, and I never was more struck than upon this occasion by the inexhaustible variety and extent of his information. He is not so agreeable as such powers and resources ought to make any man, because the vessel out of which it is all poured forth is so ungraceful and uncouth, his voice unmusical and monotonous, his face not merely unexpressive but positively heavy and dull, no fire in his eye, no intelligence playing round his mouth, nothing which bespeaks the genius and learning stored within, and which burst out with such extraordinary force. It is impossible to mention any book in any language with which he is not familiar, to touch upon any subject, whether relating to persons or things, on which he does not know every thing that is to be known. And if he could tread less heavily on the ground, if he could touch the subjects he handles with a lighter hand, if he knew when to stop as well as he knows what to say, his talk would be as attractive as it is wonderful. What Henry Taylor said of him is epigrammatic and true, 'that his memory has swamped his mind,' and though I do not think, as some people say, that his own opinions are completely suppressed by the load of his learning so that you know nothing of his mind, it appears to me true that there is less of originality in him, less exhibition of his own character, than there probably would be if he was less abundantly stored with the riches of the minds of others. We had yesterday a party well composed for talk, for there were listeners of intelligence, and a good specimen of the sort of society of this house—Macaulay, Melbourne, Morpeth, Duncannon, Baron Rolfe, Allen and Lady Holland, and John Russell came in the evening. I wish that a shorthand writer could have been there to take down all the conversation, or that I could have carried it away in my head, because it was curious in itself, and curiously illustrative of the characters of the performers. Before dinner some mention was made of the portraits of the Speakers in the Speaker's House, and I asked how far they went back. Macaulay said he was not sure, but certainly as far as Sir Thomas More. 'Sir Thomas More?' said Lady Holland. 'I did not know he had been Speaker.' 'Oh, yes,' said Macaulay, 'don't you remember when Cardinal Wolsey came down to the House of Commons and More was in the chair?' and then he told the whole of that well known transaction, and all More had said. At dinner, amongst a variety of persons and subjects, principally ecclesiastical, which were discussed—for Melbourne loves all sorts of theological talk—we got upon India and Indian men of eminence, proceeding from Gleig's *Life of Warren Hastings*, which Macaulay said was the worst book

that ever was written, and then the name of Sir Thomas Munro came uppermost. Lady Holland did not know why Sir Thomas Munro was so distinguished, when Macaulay explained all that he had ever said, done, written, or thought, and vindicated his claim to the title of a great man, till Lady Holland got bored with Sir Thomas, told Macaulay she had had enough of him, and would have no more. This would have dashed and silenced an ordinary talker, but to Macaulay it was no more than replacing a book on its shelf, and he was as ready as ever to open on any other topic. It would be impossible to follow and describe the various mazes of conversation, all of which he threaded with an ease that was always astonishing and instructive, and generally interesting and amusing. When we went upstairs we got upon the Father of the Church. Allen asked Macaulay if he had read much of the Fathers. He said, not a great deal. He had read Chrysostom when he was in India, that is, he had turned over the leaves and for a few months had read him for two or three hours every morning before breakfast, and he had read some of Athanasius. 'I remember a sermon,' he said, 'of Chrysostom's in praise of the Bishop of Antioch,' and then he proceeded to give us the substance of this sermon till Lady Holland got tired of the Fathers, again put her extinguisher on Chrysostom as she had done on Munro, and with a sort of dension, and as if to have the pleasure of puzzling Macaulay, she turned to him and said, 'Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a doll? When were dolls first mentioned in history?' Macaulay was, however, just as much up to the dolls as he was to the Fathers, and instantly replied that the Roman children had their dolls, which they offered up to Venus when they grew older, and quoted Persius for

'Veneri donatae a virgine puppe,'

and I have not the least doubt, if he had been allowed to proceed, he would have told us who was the Chenevix of ancient Rome, and the name of the first baby that ever handled a doll.

The conversation then ran upon Milman's *History of Christianity*, which Melbourne praised, the religious opinions of Locke, of Milman himself, the opinion of the world thereupon, and so on to Strauss's book, and his mythical system, and what he meant by mythical. Macaulay began illustrating and explaining the meaning of a *myth* by examples from remote antiquity, when I observed that in order to explain the meaning of 'mythical' it was not necessary to go so far back, that, for instance, we might take the case of Wm. Huntington, S.S. that the account of his life was historical, but the story of his praying to God for a new pair of leather breeches and finding them under a hedge was mythical. Now, I had just a general superficial recollection of this story in Huntington's *Life*, but my farthing rushlight was instantly extinguished by the blaze of Macaulay's all grasping and all retaining memory, for he at once came in with the whole minute account of this transaction how Huntington had prayed, what he had found, and where, and all he had said to the tailor by whom this miraculous nether garment was made.

Sir Thomas Munro soldier and K.C.B. was Governor of Madras from 1819 to his death in 1827. William Huntington, S.S. (i.e. 'Sinner Saved') from tramp and coalheaver became an eccentric preacher and prophet of rather dubious ways, who published some twenty volumes of sermons, epistles, and controversial tracts, often largely autobiographical and recording many divine interpositions on his own behalf.

125

**Sir John Gardner Wilkinson** (1797-1875) took a prominent part in the study of Egyptian antiquities. Son of the rector of Hardendale in Westmorland, he studied at Exeter College, Oxford. In 1821 he went to Egypt, practically made (1821-33) a survey of the country, and brought back large collections of inscriptions and objects of great archeological value. In 1828 he published *Materia Hieroglyphica*, and in 1830-35 two works on the topography of Thebes. But his great work is his *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians* (6 vols. 1837-41, new ed. by Birch, 1879, abridged ed. 1854). About nine hundred woodcuts illustrate this history, taken chiefly from the paintings in the Egyptian tombs, the earliest elaborate illustrations of the manners and customs of any nation. Wilkinson gathered together and systematised a vast mass of information drawn from ancient writers and the researches of the new school of Egyptologists, he corrected and expanded the work of his predecessors, and brought to light many new facts. And the literary gift with which he expounded the whole subject and made it accessible and attractive to a wide circle of readers gives him an eminent and permanent place in an international series which includes Erman, Brugsch, Maspero, and Flinders Petrie. He insisted, as was natural, that 'the influence which Egypt had in early times on Greece gives to every inquiry respecting it an additional interest, and the frequent mention of the Egyptians in the Bible connects them with the Hebrew records, of which many satisfactory illustrations occur in the sculptures of Pharaonic times.' Knighted in 1839, he made four subsequent visits to Egypt, travelled in Dalmatia, Sicily, Turkey, and Syria, wrote books on Dalmatia and Egyptian architecture and a guide-book to Egypt, and helped Rawlinson with the Egyptian part of his *Herodotus*.

#### An Ancient Egyptian Repast.

While the guests were entertained with music and the dance, dinner was prepared, but as it consisted of a considerable number of dishes, and the meat was killed for the occasion, as at the present day in Eastern and tropical climates, some time elapsed before it was put upon the table. An ox, kid, wild goat, gazelle, or an oryx, and a quantity of geese, ducks, teal, quails, and other birds, were generally selected, but mutton was excluded from a Theban table. Sheep were not killed for the altar or the table, but they abounded in Egypt, and even at Thebes, and large flocks were kept for their wool, particularly in the neighbourhood of Memphis. Sometimes a flock consisted of more than two thousand, and in a tomb below the Pyramids, dating upwards of four thousand years ago, nine hundred and seventy-four rams are brought to be registered by his scribes, as part of the stock of the deceased, implying an equal number of ewes, independent of lambs.

Beef and goose constituted the principal part of the animal food throughout Egypt, and by a prudent foresight in a country possessing neither extensive pasture lands nor great abundance of cattle, the cow was held sacred, and consequently forbidden to be eaten. Thus

the risk of exhausting the stock was prevented, and a constant supply of oxen was kept for the table, and for agricultural purposes. A similar fear of diminishing the number of sheep, so valuable for their wool, led to a preference for such meats as beef and goose, though they were much less light and wholesome than mutton.

A considerable quantity of meat was served up at those repasts, to which strangers were invited, as among people of the East at the present day. An endless succession of vegetables was also required on all occasions, and when dining in private, dishes composed chiefly of them were in greater request than joints even at the tables of the rich, and consequently the Istrichites, who, by their long residence there, had acquired similar habits, regretted them equally with the meat and fish of Egypt (Num. xi. 4, 5).

Their mode of dining was very similar to that now adopted in Cairo and throughout the East, each person sitting round a table, and dipping his bread into a dish placed in the centre, removed on a sign given by the host, and succeeded by others, whose rotation depends on established rule, and whose number is predetermined according to the size of the party or the quality of the guests.

As is the custom in Egypt and other hot climates at the present day, they cooked the meat as soon as killed, with the same view of having it tender which makes Northern people keep it until decomposition is begun, and this explains the order of Joseph to 'slay and make ready' for his brethren to dine with him the same day at noon. As soon, therefore, as this had been done and the joints were all ready, the kitchen presented an animated scene, and the cooks were busy in their different departments. Other servants took charge of the pastry which the bakers or confectioners had made for the dinner-table, and this department appears even more varied than that of the cook.

That dinner was served up at midday may be inferred from the invitation given by Joseph to his brethren, but it is probable that, like the Romans, they also ate supper in the evening, as is still the custom in the East. The table was much the same as that of the present day in Egypt—a small stool supporting a round tray, on which the dishes are placed, but it differed from this in having its circular summit fixed on a pillar, or leg which was often in the form of a man, generally a captive, who supported the slab upon his head, the whole being of stone or some hard wood. On this the dishes were placed, together with loaves of bread. It was not generally covered with any linen, but, like the Greek table, was washed with a sponge or napkin after the dishes were removed. One or two guests generally sat at a table, though, from the mention of persons seated in rows according to rank, it has been supposed the tables were occasionally of a long shape, as may have been the case when the brethren of Joseph 'sat before him, the first born according to his youth'—Joseph eating alone at another table where 'they set on for him by himself'. But even if round, they might still sit according to rank, one place being always the post of honour, even at the present day, at the round table of Egypt.

The guests sat on the ground, or on stools and chairs, and, having neither knives and forks nor any substitute for them answering to the chopsticks of the Chinese, they ate with their fingers, like the modern Asiatics, and invariably with the right hand, nor did the Jews

(1 Sam. ii. 14) and Ltruscian, though they had forks for other purposes, use any at table. Spoons were introduced when required for soup or other liquids. The Egyptian spoons are of various forms and sizes. They were principally of ivory, bone, wood, or bronze, and other metals, many were ornamented with the lotos flower.

The Egyptians dined after a well as before dinner, an inviolable custom throughout the East, among the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, and others. It was also a custom of the Egyptians, during or after their repasts, to introduce a wooden image of Osiris from one foot and a half to three feet in height, in the form of a human mummy, standing erect or lying on a bier, and to show it to each of the guests, warning him of his mortality and the transitory nature of human pleasures. He was reminded that some day he would be like the figure, that men ought to 'lose one another, and leave the evils which tend to make them consider life but often in reality it is too short, and while enjoying the blessings of this world, to bear in mind that their existence was precarious, and that death which all ought to be prepared to meet, must eventually close their earthly career. Thus, while the fun is here permitted, and even encouraged, to indulge in conviviality, the place res of the table and the mirth congenial to their lively disposition, they were exhorted to pass a certain degree of restraint upon their conduct, and though this warning was presented by other people and used as an incentive to prevent excesses, it was perfectly consonant with the idea of the Egyptians to be reminded that this life is only a lodging or inn on their way, and that their existence here was a preparation for a future state.

After dinner music and singing were resorted, lured men and women displayed feats of agility. The most usual games within door were ball and even, morat and draught. The game of morat was common in ancient as well as modern times, and was played by two parties, who each simultaneously threw out the stones of one hand, while one party guessed the sum of both. They were said in Latin *mure distri*, and this game was common among the lower order of Italians about four thousand years ago in the reigns of the Ostrogoths.

**Richard Ford** (1795–1858), who has the credit of making a practical guide book to Italy and literary as a book of travels, was the son of a Sussex M.P., he passed from Winchester to Trinity College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar, but never practised. He spent 1830–34 in riding tours in Spain, and in 1845 published his delightful *Handbook for Travellers in Spain*. His *Gatherings from Spain* (1846) is mainly made up of matter crowded out of the second edition of the *Handbook* the first having been found rather too encyclopedic. But the two divisions were again combined in 1855, not without abridgment. Ford wrote largely for the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and the other reviews. His famous article on Velázquez in the *Peninsular Encyclopædia* did more than any other thing to make the great Spanish artist known to Englishmen, and he followed up this by many articles on other Spanish artists and on Spanish art and architecture. He was himself an accomplished artist and picture-lover.

**Baden Powell** (1796-1862), born in London, studied at Oriel College, Oxford, and in 1821 became vicar of Plumstead, in 1824 F.R.S., and in 1827 Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford. He published a history of natural philosophy, treatises on the calculus, optics, and the undulatory theory of light, but was best known by his 'Evidences of Christianity' in *Essays and Reviews*, and by other theological works then thought dangerously 'liberal'—*On the Plurality of Worlds* (1826), *Christianity without Judaism* (1857), *Natural and Divine Truth* (1857), and *The Order of Nature* (1859). The famous soldier, the defender of Mysore, was one of his sons.

**George Robert Gleig** (1796-1888) was the son of the Bishop of Brechin, but was born at Stirling. Having entered the army, he served in Spain and in America. He took orders in 1820, and became chaplain general of the army (1844) and inspector general of military schools (1846). *The Subaltern* (1825), founded on incidents of the Peninsular war, is the best known of his many novels, besides, he wrote several volumes of military history and biography, including narratives of the campaigns of New Orleans and Waterloo, a Life of Wellington, and a Life of Warren Hastings, which Macaulay pronounced (in superlatives, see above on page 320) 'the worst book that ever was written'.

**Alfred Alexander Watts** (1797-1864), a Londoner born, was an usher at Fulham and elsewhere, and a conspicuous editor at Leeds and Manchester, he contributed to many periodicals, and founded the *United Service Gazette* (1833), and made a hit by his annual, the *Literary Souvenir* (1824-37), the prototype of innumerable annuals and pocket books, which collapsed finally owing to witty but libellous critiques by Maginn. Later he (unsuccessfully) tried to float various Conservative newspapers, and was ruined financially, whereupon he accepted a small post in the inland revenue office, and ultimately enjoyed a civil list pension. One piece alone in his several volumes of poetry (collected as *Songs of the Heart* in 1850) is universally remembered—the illiterate *jen a'estrut*, 'An Austrian army misfully arrived,' &c. He wrote some miscellaneous prose also. In 1856 he edited the first issue of *Men of the Time*. There is a Life by his son (1844).

**John Moultrie** (1797-1874), a minor poet in youth associated with Peacock, Macaulay, and others in the *Tartar* and *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, was born in London of Scotch American ancestry, from Lyon passed to Trinity College Cambridge, and was rector of Rugby from 1828. An amiable and accomplished man, a writer of graceful and mediative verse he published *His Country's Glory and other Poems* (1857), the principal poems written long before. See *Diary of His Life*, in *the Times* 1843, and a volume of sermons preached in his church at Langbe-

'Godwin,' one of his earliest things, was praised by Croker and Wordsworth and admired by Peacock and Tennyson. Many of his later poems—some of them included in *Altars, Hearts and Graves* (1854)—were admittedly tedious. He wrote 'Tracts' against the errors of Popery, and many hymns. To his intimate friend Dr Arnold, and to Macaulay he dedicated some of his best sonnets. An edition of his poems appeared in 1876, with a Memoir by Derwent Coleridge. His son Gerald (1829-85), for some time master of Shrewsbury School, wrote also several collections of hymns and devotional poems.

#### My Brother's Grave

Beneath the chancel's hallowed stone,  
    Lapsed to every rustic tread  
To few save rustic mourners I know  
    My brother, is thy lowly bed  
I few wretches upon the rough stone graven,  
    Thy name, thy birth thy youth declare  
Thy innocence, thy hopes of heaven,  
    In simplest phrase recorded there  
No scutcheons shone, no banners wave,  
    In mockers o'er my brother's grave

The place is silent—rarely sound  
Is heard thro' the ancient walls around,  
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet,  
Discoursing in the public street  
Nor hum of business dull and loud,  
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,  
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpets swell  
From neighbouring fort or citadel—  
No sound of human toil or strife  
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life,  
Nor break's the silence still and deep,  
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,  
Art laid in that untroubled sleep  
The living ev' hath never known,  
The lonely sexton's footstep falls  
In dismal echo on the walls,  
As lowly prays through the aisle,  
He sweeps the unholy on the floor  
And cobwebs which mu't not delude

Those windows o' the Sabbath day  
And, passing through the central nave,  
Treads lightly on my brother's grave

But when the sweet tones Sabbath day,  
    Pouring its music on the breezes,  
Proclaim the well known holy time  
    Of prayer, and thanksgiving, and benediction;  
When rustic crowds devoutly meet  
    And lip, and heart to God are given  
And so as em'ly of living souls  
    Of earthly all in the bright heaven  
What voice of celestial song  
    Is heard above the land of clay  
What form in purest air is gay,  
    Bedecked in robes of grace  
What looks most well beloved  
    In holiness and purity  
Full well I know the voice of love  
    As if a voice of a child said  
The strongest arm is girded in love,  
    My heart made glad in taste,

That sire, who thy existence gave,  
Now stands beside thy lowly grave  
My brother, these were happy days,  
When thou and I were children yet,  
How fondly memory still surveys  
Those scenes the heart can ne'er forget!

My soul was then, as thine is now,  
Unstained by sin, unstung by pun,  
Peace smiled on each unclouded brow—

*Mine* ne'er will be so calm again  
How blithely then we hauled the ray  
Which ushered in the Sabbath day!  
How lightly then our footsteps trod  
Yon pathway to the house of God!  
For souls, in which no dark offence  
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,  
Best meet the pure and hallowed shrine,  
Which guiltier bosoms own divine

And years have passed, and thou art now  
Forgotten in thy silent tomb,  
And cheerful is my mother's brow,  
My father's eye has lost its gloom,  
And years have passed, and death has laid  
Another victim by thy side,  
With thee he rooms, an infant shade,  
But not more pure than thou he died  
Blest are ye both! your ashes rest  
Beside the spot ye loved the best,  
And that dear home which saw your birth  
O'erlooks you in your bed of earth  
But who can tell what blissful shore  
Your angel spirit wanders o'er?  
And who can tell what raptures high  
Now bless your immortality?

**Alexander Dyce** (1798–1869), critic, born at Edinburgh, was educated at the High School there, graduated from Exeter College, Oxford, and took orders, but in 1825 settled in London as a man of letters. With rare learning and sagacity he edited Peele (1828–39), Webster (1830, new ed 1857), Greene (1831), Shirley (1833), Middleton (1840), Beaumont and Fletcher (1843–46), Marlowe (1850, new ed 1861), Shakespeare (1857, new ed 1864–67), &c., besides writing *Recollections of the Table talk of Samuel Rogers* (1856).

**Mary Martha Sherwood** (1775–1851), daughter of Dr Butt, chaplain to George III, was born at Stansford, Worcestershire, was carefully trained at the Abbey School in Reading, and before she was twenty-three had got fifty pounds for two stories (published 1798). In 1803 she married her cousin, Captain Henry Sherwood, and sailed for India, where they spent some twenty years, keenly interested in mission work and charities. And there she wrote *Little Henry and his Bearer*, like all her work strongly didactic and earnestly evangelical, which nevertheless had a success comparable to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, passed through a hundred editions, and was translated into all manner of tongues, European and Asiatic. Their last years husband and wife spent in England, studying Hebrew with a view to writing concordances

and Bible dictionaries. *The Nun* and *The Lady of the Manor* were amongst Mrs Sherwood's longer tales—professedly religious and moral novels, but at times closely resembling sermons. Better remembered is *The Little Woodman*, *The Fairchild Family* (Part I 1818), described on its title page as 'The Child's Manual, being a collection of stories calculated to show the importance and effects of a religious education,' had a second part added in 1842, a third in 1847, and, spite of its somewhat formidable sub title, was frequently reprinted down to the end of the century, and again in 1902. *The Indian Pilgrim*, reprinted in the twentieth century, like several of Mrs Sherwood's works (in all, including tracts, nearly a hundred in number), was a sort of Indian adaptation of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. There is a Life of her by her daughter, Mrs Kelly (1854).

**Louisa Stuart Costello** (1799–1877), daughter of an Irish army captain born in the barony of Costello, County Mayo, went with her widowed mother to Paris in 1814, and there and subsequently in London defrayed the family expenses by her skilful work as a miniature-painter. From time to time she published collections of poems, the first, in 1815, being *The Maid of the Cyprus Isle, and other Poems*. In 1835, with the help of her brother Dudley (1803–65), a journalist, she published *Specimens of the Early Poetry of France*. But it was her bright descriptions of travel in Auvergne, Béarn and the Pyrenees, North Wales, Venice, and the Tyrol that made her really popular. Her half dozen semi-historical novels on Catherine de' Medici, Mary of Burgundy, and Anne of Brittany were much read in their day. In 1852 she had a civil list pension bestowed on her.

**Sir Henry Taylor** (1800–86) was the son of a gentleman farmer of unusual culture at Bishop Middleham in Durham. At fourteen he went to sea as midshipman, rejoiced to obtain his discharge after nine miserable months, and two years later obtained a clerkship in the Storekeeper General's Department. After four years' service, including a few months in Barbadoes, he lost his post in consequence of some official rearrangements, and returned to his father's house, Witton Hall, to spend two years of uninterrupted quiet and study. He began to write for the *Quarterly*, and in 1823 settled in London, having been appointed through Sir Henry Holland's influence to a clerkship in the Colonial Office. Here he laboured for forty-eight years under as many as twenty-six Secretaries of State, retiring only in 1872. He declined in 1847 the post of permanent under-secretary in succession to Sir James Stephen, and in 1869 was made KCMG. His services to the republic of letters Oxford had in 1862 recognised by giving him a DCL. His last days were spent at Bourne mouth, and there he ended a long and happy life.

Taylor wrote four tragedies in 'the Shakespearian manner' *Isaac Comnenus* (1827), *Philip van*

*Artevelde* (1834—an immediate success), *Edwin the Fair* (1842), and *St Clement's Eve* (1862), and one romantic comedy, *The Virgin Widow*, afterwards renamed *A Sicilian Summer*. In 1845 he published a small volume of lyrical poetry, and in 1847 *The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems*. His work in prose embraced *The Statesman* (1836), a collection of Baconian discourses on official life and the methods of managing men, for which, as he himself said, 'Pragmatic Precepts' would have been a better title, *Notes from Life* (1847)—one of its essays, 'The Life Poetic,' mainly a eulogy of Southey, and *Notes from Books* (1849), half made up of two articles on Wordsworth. Last came, in 1885, his interesting *Autobiography*, admirably written, full of genial observation, and not marred by the pardonable egotism of age, experience, and universal popularity.

Southey said Taylor was the only one of a generation younger than his own that he had taken into his heart of hearts. He was a magnificent-looking man, a most perfect and kindly gentleman, and every way a man of distinction, said Lord Coleridge, who, however, lamented that if Taylor 'gave you a thought or a memory worth having, it was in a prodigious number of words, not poured out but dropped down deliberately one by one.' This has some relevance also to a good deal of his literary work. Professor Palgrave, commenting on the plays, said 'There is so much in them that one wonders all the time what one thing is wanting.' A comparison with Joanna Baillie's plays was more than once suggested. Of the *Statesman*, dealing, as Taylor put it, with such topics as experience rather than inventive meditation had suggested to him, Maginn profanely (and unfairly) said it was 'the art of official humbug systematically digested and familiarly explained.' Taylor's name is most closely associated with his *Philip van Artevelde*, a play in two parts, which he himself spoke of as a historical romance cast in a dramatic and rhythmical form. The subject—the story of the two Van Arteveldes, father and son, 'citizens of revolted Ghent, each of whom swayed for a season almost the whole power of Flanders against their legitimate prince, and each of whom paid the penalty of ambition by an untimely and violent death'—was suggested by Southey. The first extract deals with the death of one of the captains of Ghent.

#### The Death of Launoy

*Second Dean* Beside Nivelle the Earl and Launoy met,  
Six thousand voices shouted with the last [Blancs!]  
'Ghent, the good town! Ghent and the Chaperons  
But from that force thrice told there came the cry  
Of 'Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard!'  
So then the battle joined, and they of Ghent  
Gave back and opened after three hours' fight,  
And hardly flying had they gained Nivelle,  
When the earl's vanguard came upon their rear  
Ere they could close the gate, and entered with them  
Then all were slain save Launoy and his guard,

Who, barricaded in the minster tower,  
Made desperate resistance, whereupon  
The earl waxed wrothful, and bade sir the church  
*First Burgher* Say'st thou? Oh, sacrilege accursed!  
Was't done?

*Second Dean* 'Twas done—and presently was heard  
And after that the rushing of the flames! [a yell,  
Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud  
'A ransom!' and held up his coat to sight  
With florins filled, but they without but laughed  
And mocked him, saying, 'Come amongst us, John,  
And we will give thee welcome, make a leap—  
Come out at window, John.' With that the flames  
Rose up and reached him, and he drew his sword,  
Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,



SIR HENRY TAYLOR

From a Photograph by W J Hawker Bournemouth.

And shouting, 'Ghent, ye slaves!' leapt freely forth,  
When they below received him on their spears.  
And so died John of Launoy

*First Burgher* A brave end  
'Tis certain we must now make peace by times,  
The city will be starved else.—Will be, said I?  
Starvation is upon us

*Van Artevelde* I never looked that he should live so  
He was a man of that unsleeping spirit, [long  
He seemed to live by miracle his food  
Was glory, which was poison to his mind  
And peril to his body He was one  
Of many thousand such that die betimes,  
Whose story is a fragment, known to few  
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,  
And he's a prodigy Compute the chances,  
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times,  
Who wins the race of glory, but than him  
A thousand men more gloriously endowed

Have fallen upon the course, a thousand others  
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,  
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them, to whom add  
A smaller tally, of the singular few,  
Who, grafted with predominating powers,  
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.  
The world knows nothing of its greatest men

*Father John* Had Launov lived, he might have passed  
But not by conquests in the Prince of Bruges [for great,  
The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all  
Which makes the wonder of the many Still  
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds  
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame

There'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for him

*Van Artevelde* They will be dim, and then be bright  
All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion, [again  
And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns  
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,  
And lightly is death mourned a dusk star blinks  
As fleets the ract, but look again, and lo !  
In a wide solitude of wintry sky  
Twinkles the reilluminated star,  
And all is out of sight that smirched the ray  
We have no time to mourn

*Father John* The worse for us !  
He that hie's time to mourn lacks time to mend  
Eternity mourns that 'tis an ill cure  
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them  
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,  
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,  
Nor aught that dignifies humanity  
Yet such the barrenness of busy life !  
From shelf to shelf Ambition climbers up,  
To reach the miked'st pinnacle of all,  
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,  
Reposes self included at the base  
But this thou know'st (From *Philip van Artevelde*, Part I.)

#### The Lay of Elena

A bark is hunched on Como's lake,  
A maiden sits a'list,  
A little sail is loosed to take  
The night wind's breath, and waft  
The maiden and her bark away,  
Across the lake and up the bay  
And what doth there that lady fair  
Upon the wavelet tossed ?  
Before her shines the evening star,  
Behind her in the woods afar  
The castle lights are lost

It was not for the forms—though fair,  
Though grand they were beyond compare—  
It was not only for the forms  
Of hills in sunshine or in storms,  
Or only unrestrained to look  
On wood and lake, that she forsook

By day or night

Her home, and far

Wandered by light

Of sun or star

It was to feel her fancy free,

Free in a world without an end,

With ears to hear, and eyes to see,

And heart to apprehend

It was to leave the earth behind,

And rose with liberated mind,

As fancy led, or choice or chance,  
Through wilder'd regions of romance

Be it avowed, when all is said,  
She trod the path the many tread  
She loved too soon in life, her dawn  
Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn  
A sure prognostic that the day  
Will not unclouded pass away  
Too young she loved, and he on whom  
Her first love lighted, in the bloom  
Of boyhood was, and so was graced  
With all that earliest runs to waste  
Intelligent, loquacious, mild,  
Yet gay and sportive as a child,  
With feelings light and quick, that came  
And went like flickerings of flame,  
A soft demeanour, and a mind  
Bright and abundant in its kind,  
That, playing on the surface, made  
A rapid change of light and shade,  
Or, if a darker hour perforce  
At times o'ertook him in his course,  
Still, sparkling thick like glow worms, showed  
Life was to him a summer's road—  
Such was the youth to whom a love  
For grace and beauty far above  
Their due deserts betray'd a heart  
Which might have else performed a prouder part

First love the world is wont to call  
The passion which was now her all  
So be it called, but be it known  
The feeling which possessed her now  
Was novel in degree alone,  
Love early mark'd her for his own,  
Soon as the winds of heaven had blown  
Upon her, had the seed been sown  
In soil which needed not the plough,  
And passion with her growth had grown,  
And strengthened with her strength, and how  
Could love be new, unless in name,  
Degree, and singleness of aim ?  
A tenderness had fill'd her mind  
Pervasive, viewless, undefined,  
As keeps the subtle fluid oft  
In secret, gathering in the soft  
And sultry air, till felt at length,  
In all its desolating strength—  
So silent, so devoid of dread,  
Her objectless affections spread,  
Not wholly unemployed, but squandered  
At large where'er her fancy wandered—  
Till one attraction, one desire  
Concentred all the scattered fire,  
It broke, it burst, it blazed a'main,  
It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,  
O'er earth below and heaven above—  
And then it took the name of love.

(From *Philip van Artevelde*, Part I.)

A collected edition of Taylor's works appeared in five volumes in 1872. The *Autobiography* (2 vols. 1885) contains a fine series of pen portraits of such contemporaries as Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Sydney Smith, Mill, Sir James Stephen, Spedding, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Aubrey de Vere. It was supplemented by his only less delightful *Correspondence* (1882), a selection of two hundred and two letters edited by Professor Dowden, including also letters to Taylor from Wordsworth, Southey, Stephen, Mrs Norton, Macaulay, Spedding, Tennyson, Aubrey de Vere, Gladstone, Dr John Brown, and Swinburne.

**Leitch Ritchie** (1800-65) came from Greenock to a Glasgow merchant's office, and at eighteen began writing for the magazines. By 1820 he had fairly begun in London his literary life as a diligent compiler, editor, and author, writing books of travel, editing a library of romance, preparing the text for books of pictures (such as Turner's *Liber Fluviorum*), and contributing to innumerable magazines. In his later years he edited *Chambers's Journal* and did other work for its publishers. Of his original novels the most important were *Schinderhannes*, *The Robber of the Rhine*, *The Magician*, and *Wearfoot Common*.

**Edward William Lane** (1801-76), Arabic scholar, the son of a clergyman in Hereford, began life as an engraver, but delicate health took him to Egypt, and he became one of the most accomplished Orientalists of his time, who did probably more than any contemporary to interest Britain and Europe in the Arabic and Moslem East. The result of his first (1825-28) and second (1833-35) visits to Egypt was his *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians* (1836, 5th ed. 1871, reprints in 1890, 1894, &c.), still a standard authority. This was followed by the annotated translation of the *Thousand and One Nights* (1838-40), really the first accurate rendering, and by *Selections from the Koran* (1843). Lane's third visit to Egypt (1842-49) was devoted to laborious preparation for the great work of his life, the *Arabic Lexicon* (5 vols. 1863-74), completed (1876-90) by his grand-nephew, Professor Stanley Lane Poole, who also wrote his Life (1877).

**Abraham Hayward** (1802-84), of an old Wiltshire house, was articled to a country lawyer, but entered himself at the Inner Temple in 1824, and was called to the Bar in 1832. He founded and edited the *Law Magazine*, and was made a QC in 1845. In 1833 he published his prose translation of the first part of *Faust*, and soon became a busy contributor to the newspapers and magazines, especially the *Quarterly*. His tongue was sharp, his temper was not improved by his missing the professional success he aimed at, and his later years were devoted to literature and social relations. He was rather a marvellously well informed man and an admirable teller of anecdotes than a brilliant talker, but his stories and good sayings, his whist-playing, and his genial and artistic interest in 'the art of dining' delighted society almost down to his death. Many of his best articles were reprinted in his *Biographical and Critical Essays* (1858-73) and *Eminent Statesmen and Writers* (1880). Other books, besides many legal ones, were on whist, on Junius, and on Goethe, *Lives of George Selwyn and Lord Chesterfield*, an edition of Mrs Piozzi's autobiography, letters and literary remins., an edition of *The Diaries of a Lady of Quality*, and his famous *Art of Dining*. His *Selected Essays* appeared in 1878, his *Select Correspondence* in 1886.

**George Payne Rainsford James** (1801-60), the son of a well known London physician, was educated at Putney and in France, and by seventeen had written some Eastern tales which found favour with Washington Irving. He soon thereafter began to write romances, and became one of the most prolific and popular novelists of the period, in all he produced something like a hundred novels and other works, and many of the romances, mostly of historical type and after the style of Scott, have been frequently reprinted. He was British consul at Richmond, Virginia, from 1852 till 1856, and then at Venice until his death. 'G. P. R. James's' best stories were among the earliest—*Richlieu* (1829) and *Henry Masterton* (1832). Among the others may be mentioned, *Philip Augustus* (1831), *Mary of Burgundy* (1833), *Dawles* (1833), *The Man at Arms* (1840), *Count de Léon* (1841), *Agincourt* (1844), *The Smugglers* (1845). A few poems from his pen are of no importance. He also undertook a good deal of historical work, and published a *Life of the Black Prince* (1836), *Lives of Eminent Foreign Statesmen* (1838-40), *Life and Times of Louis XIV* (1838), and *Dark Scenes of History*. William IV appointed him historiographer royal, and he produced a *History of the United States Boundary Question* (1839), a disquisition on the Corn Laws (1841), and several other works bearing on political questions. Though his specifically literary talent was not great and his style was melodramatic and grandiloquent, he had an indisputable faculty for ready and picturesque writing, and of so employing historical incidents as to make his romances eminently attractive, especially to young people. He may be classed as a hybrid—a productive hybrid—between Dumas and Mrs Ann Radcliffe. Leigh Hunt writes kindly of him, and Sir Archibald Alison could 'revert with pleasure to his varied compositions,' which even yet may be safely recommended to the 'young person.' But the 'two horsemen' who so frequently opened his novels will be remembered best, if not indeed solely, by Thackeray's parody, *Barbazur*.

#### An Opening

On the morning of the 24th day of March 1520 a traveller was seen riding in the small rugged cross road which, traversing the eastern part of Kent, formed the immediate communication between Wye and Canterbury. The rider was a man of about five or six and twenty, perhaps not so old, but the hardy, exposed life which had dyed his florid cheek with a tinge of deep brown had given also to his figure that look of sci, mature strength which is not usually concomitant with youth. But strength with him had nothing of ungracefulness, for the very vigour of his limbs gave them ease of motion. Yet there was something more in his aspect and in his carriage than can rightly be attributed to the grace induced by habits of martial exercise, or to the dignity derived from consciousness of skill or valour. There was that sort of innate nobility of look which we are often weakly inclined to combine in our minds with nobility of station, and that peculiar sort of grace which is a gift not an acquirement. In those days, when, as old

Holmshed assures us, it was not safe to ride unarmed, even upon the most frequented road, a small bridle path, such as that which the traveller pursued, was not likely to afford much greater security. However, he did not appear to have furnished himself with more than the complement of offensive arms usually worn by every one above the rank of a simple yeoman—namely, the long straight double edged sword, which, thrust through a broad buff belt, hung perpendicularly down his thigh, with the hilt shaped in form of a cross, without any further guard for the hand, while in the girdle appeared a small dagger, which served also as a knife added to these was a dag or pistol, which, though small, considering the dimensions of the arms then used, would have caused any horse pistol of the present day to blush at its own insignificance. In point of defensive armour he carried none, except a steel cap, which hung at his saddle bow, while its place on his head was supplied by a Genoa bonnet of black velvet, round which his rich chestnut hair curled in thick profusion. Very different, however, were his mental sensations, if one might believe the knitted look of thought that sat upon his full broad brow, and the lines that early care seemed to have busily traced upon the cheek of youth. Deep meditation, at all events, was the companion of his way, for, confident in the surefootedness of his steed, he took no care to hold his bridle in hand, but suffered himself to be borne forward almost unconsciously, fixing his gaze upon the line of light that hung above the edge of the hill before him, as if there he spied some object of deep interest, yet, at the same time, with that fixed intensity which told that, whilst the eye thus occupied itself, the mind was far otherwise employed.

(From *Darnley*)

#### A Mélée

In an instant Sir Osborne's visor was down, his spear was in the rest, and his horse in full gallop. 'Darnley! Darnley!' shouted he, with a voice that made the welkin ring. 'Darnley to the rescue! Traitor of Shoenvelt, turn to your death!'

'Darnley! Darnley!' shouted Longpole, following his lord.

'St George for Darnley! Down with the traitors!'

The shout was not lost upon either Shoenvelt or the traveller. The one instantly turned, with several of his men, to attack the knight, the other, seeing unexpected aid at hand, fell back towards Darnley, and with admirable skill and courage, defended himself with nothing but his sword against the lances of the marauders, who—their object being more to take him living than to kill him—lost the advantage which they would have otherwise had by his want of armour.

Like a wild beast, raging with hatred and fury, Shoenvelt charged towards the knight, his lance quivering in his hand with the angry force of his grasp. On, on, bore Sir Osborne at full speed towards him, his bridle in his left hand, his shield upon his breast, his lance firmly fixed in the rest, and levelled in such manner as to avoid its breaking. In a moment they met. Shoenvelt's spear struck Sir Osborne's shield, and, aimed firmly and well, partially traversed the iron, but the knight, throwing back his left arm with vast force, snapped the head of the lance in twain. In the meanwhile his own spear, charged at the marauder's throat with unerring exactness, passed clean through the gorget piece and the upper rim of the corslet, and came bloody out at the back. You

might have heard the iron plates and bones crack as the lance rent its way through. Down went Shoenvelt, horse and man borne over by the force of the knight's course. 'Darnley, Darnley!' shouted Sir Osborne, casting from him the spear which he could not disengage from the marauder's neck, and drawing his sword. 'Darnley, Darnley! to the rescue! Now, Wilsten, now!' And turning, he galloped up to where the traveller, with Longpole and Frederick by his side, firmly maintained his ground against the adventurers.

(From *Darnley*)

**Douglas Jerrold** (in full, Douglas William Jerrold, 1803-57) was a Londoner born, youngest son of an actor who was from 1807 lessee of the theatre at Sheerness. Even as a child he began to manifest a voracious appetite for books, in 1809 he was at school in Sheerness, in 1813 he went on board the *Nanny* gurdship as a mid shipman, not a little proud of his uniform. At the close of the war his ship was paid off, and in 1816, settled with the rest of the family in London, the eager book loving boy started life anew as a printer's apprentice. He was diligent in business, but seized every moment of his leisure time for self instruction. In 1819, a compositor on the *Sunday Monitor*, he had been to see *Der Freischütz*, and, having written a criticism on it, dropped it into his employer's letter-box. Next morning he had his own copy handed to him to set up, with an editorial note to the anonymous correspondent requesting further contributions. Jerrold was not yet surely launched on literature. His capacity for study was enormous, and his perseverance indefatigable, night and morning he worked at Latin, French, and Italian, besides getting through a vast amount of English reading, and ere long he was dramatic critic, as well as compositor, on the *Monitor*. Before his marriage in 1824 he had made a start as a dramatist, four of his pieces had been produced, the first of which, *More Frightened than Hurt* (written when its author was about fifteen), came out in 1821. In 1825 he was engaged at a weekly salary to write dramas, farces, and other 'entertainments' for the Coburg Theatre. Four years later he was engaged at five pounds a week in a like capacity at the Surrey Theatre, where in 1829 *Black eyed Susan* was acted for the first time. From this date up to 1854, when *The Heart of Gold* came out at the Princess's Theatre, a long series of plays (including *Bubbles of the Day*, 1841, and *Retired from Business*, 1851) was produced, every one of them characterised by Jerrold's sprightly style and sparkling dialogue. His contributions to periodical literature began soon after he commenced life in London, with occasional verses and sketches in the various magazines of the day, as his position became more assured he contributed to the *Monthly*, the *New Monthly*, the *Athenaeum*, *Blackwood*, and other periodicals. To *Punch* he was a constant and important contributor from its second number in 1841 up to the time of his death. Between 1843 and 1848 he edited one after another two magazines

and a weekly paper of his own, and in these and in *Punch* much of his best work appeared. In politics a Liberal, in 1852 he accepted the editorship of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, 'he found it in the street, and annexed it to literature.' For his peculiar kind of wit, for his 'flashing insight,' Jerrold stands alone. The conversations in his novels are perhaps too witty, too much like dramatic dialogue. The incidents and characters in his plays are well managed and arranged for dramatic effect, but lack breadth and simplicity. In social conversation Jerrold was brilliant and unique, and from keen sarcasm could pass lightly to touching pathos. As a journalist he was a zealous advocate of reform, a passionate hater of cant, given to speaking at times unadvisedly with his pen as with his lips, and nowise inflexible, but an honest man and a generous friend. His humour was spontaneous and overflowing, if some of his fun was farther fetched, he was a genial wit rather than an intentional satirist, though it must be admitted that some of his brightest sayings seem acrid and rude, if not cruel. But, as has been justly said, 'there are men who can and do say the sharpest things without wounding. The look, the manner, the twinkle in the eye, the known character of the man—these turn bitterness to merry banter in the very utterance.' A collected edition of Jerrold's works, in eight volumes, was published during his lifetime, it contains his principal writings, *St Giles and St James*, *A Man made of Money*, *The Story of a Feather*, *Cakes and Ale*, *Punch's Letters to his Son*, *Punch's Complete Letter-writer*, *Chronicles of Clover-nook*, and the imminently funny and enormously popular *Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, and fewer than half of Jerrold's dramatic works. It is said that he tired of making professional fun confessedly he would greatly have preferred to see one of his more considerable stories, or of his most successful plays, accounted his masterpiece rather than *Mrs Caudle*.

#### Fancy Fair for Painting St Paul's

*Sir Phenix Clearcake* I come with a petition to you—a petition not parliamentary but charitable. We propose, my lord, a fancy fair in Guildhall, its object so benevolent, and more than that, so respectable.

*Lord Skindeep* Benevolence and respectability! Of course, I'm with you. Well, the precise object?

*Sir P* It is to remove a stain—a very great stain—from the city, to give an air of maiden beauty to a most venerable institution, to exercise a renovating taste at a most inconsiderable outlay, to call up, as it were, the snowy beauty of Greece in the coil smoke atmosphere of London, in a word, my lord—but is yet 'tis a profound secret—it is to paint St Paul's! To give it a virgin outside—to make it so truly respectable.

*Lord Skin* A gigantic effort!

*Sir P* The fancy fair will be on a most comprehensive and philanthropic scale. Every alderman takes a stall, and to give you an idea of the enthusiasm of the city—

but this also is a secret—the Lady Mayoress has been up three nights making pincushions.

*Lord Skin* But you don't want me to take a stall—to sell pincushions?

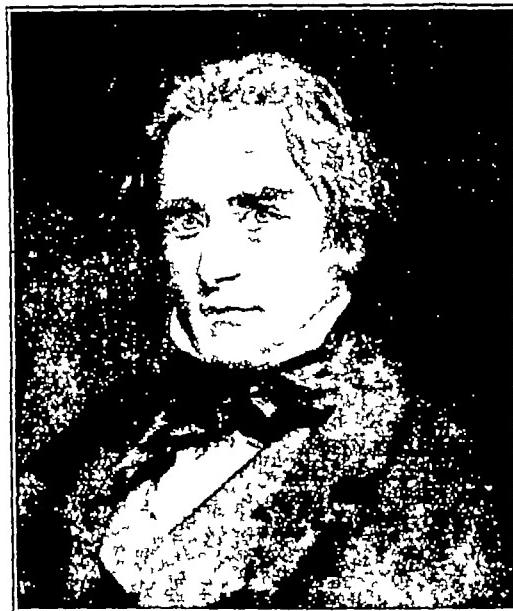
*Sir P* Certainly not, my lord. And yet your philanthropic speeches in the House, my lord, convince me that, to obtain a certain good, you would sell anything.

*Lord Skin* Well, well, command me in any way, benevolence is my foible.

(From *Bubbles of the Day*—a drama.)

#### Brilliant Speculative Companies

*Captain Smoke* We are about to start a company to take on lease Mount Vesuvius for the manufacture of lucifer matches.



DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD

From the Portrait by Sir Daniel Macnee P R S A, in the National Portrait Gallery

*Sir P* A stupendous speculation! I should say that, when its countless advantages are duly numbered, it will be found a certain wheel of fortune to the enlightened capitalist.

*Smoke* Now, sir, if you would but take the chair at the first meeting—*(Aside to Chatham)* We shall make it all right about the shares—if you would but speak for two or three hours on the social improvement conferred by the lucifer match, with the monopoly of sulphur secured to the company—a monopoly which will suffer no man, woman, or child to strike a light without our permission.

*Chatham* Truly, sir, in such a cause, to such an auditory—I fear my eloquence.

*Smoke* Sir, if you would speak well anywhere, there's nothing like first grinding your eloquence on a mixed meeting. Depend on't, if you can only manage a little humbug with a mob, it gives you great confidence for another place.

*Lord Skin* Smoke, never say humbug, it's coarse.

*Sir P* And not respectable.

*Smoke* Pardon me, my lord it was correct. But the fact is, humbug has received such high patronage that now it's quite classic.

*Chat* But why not embalm his lordship in the Lucifer question?

*Smoke* I can't. I have his lordship in three companies already. Three. First, there's a company—half a million capital—for extracting civet from assafida. The second is a company for a trip all round the world. We propose to hire a three-decker of the Lords of the Admiralty, and fit her up with every recommendation for families. We've already advertised for wet nurseries and muds of all work.

*Sir P* A magnificent project! And then the fitting up will be so respectable. A delightful billiard table in the ward room, with, for the humbler chase, skittles on the oilcloth. Swings and archery for the ladies, trap ball and cricket for the children, whilst the marine sportsman will find the stock of galls unlimited. We expect a quadrille band is engaged, and—

*Smoke* For the convenience of lovers, the ship will carry a parson.

*Chat* And the object?

*Smoke* Pleasure and education. At every new country we shall drop anchor for at least a week, that the children may go to school and learn the language. The trip must answer. It will occupy only three years, and we've forgotten nothing to make it delightful—nothing, from hot rolls to cork jackets.

*Brown* And now, sir, the third venture?

*Smoke* That, sir, is a company to buy the Serpentine River for a Grand Junction Temperance Cemetery.

*Brown* What's so many water graves?

*Smoke* Yes, sir, with floating tombstones. Here's the propositus. I look here surrounded by a hyacinth—the very emblem of temperance—a hyacinth flowering in the limpid flood. Now, if you don't feel equal to the lucifers—I know his lordship's goodness—he'll give you up the cemetery. (*Aside to Chatham*) A family vault as a bonus to the chairman.)

*Sir P* What a beautiful subject for a speech! Water lilies and aquatic plants gemming the translucent crystal, shells of rainbow brightness, a constant supply of gold and silver fish, with the right of angling secured to shareholders. The extent of the river being necessarily limited, will render living there so select, so very respectable.

(From *Bubbles of the Day*)

#### Time's Changes.

*Florentine*. O sir, the magic of five long years! We paint Time with glass and scythe—should he not carry harlequin's own? and? for, oh, indeed Time's changes!

*Clarence* Are they, in truth, so very great?

*Flor* Greater than harlequin's, but then Time works them with so grave a face that even the hearts he alters doubt the change, though often turned from very flesh to stone.

*Clar* Time has his bounteous changes too, and sometimes to the sweetest bud will give an unimagined beauty in the flower.

(From *Time Works Wonders*)

#### Retirement.

*Tackle* Kitty, see what you'll get by waiting! I'll grow you such a garland for your wedding.

*Kitty* A garland, indeed! A daisy to day is worth a rose bush to morrow.

*Puffins* But, Mr Penny wife, I trust you are now, in every sense, once and for ever, retired from him.

*Gunn* No, in every sense, who is? Life has its duties ever none easier, better, than a manly discharge of false distinction, made by ignorance, maintained by weakness. Let him, from the activities of life, we live yet our daily task—the mere chance of impulsive thoughts and gentle dreams. When, following those already passed, we rest beneath the shadow of sombre disengaged spirit, then, and then only, may it be said of us we rest from 'using.'

(From *Future Life in England*)

#### Winter in London.

The streets were empty. People could not drive at all who had the shelter of a roof to their home—or in the north east blast seemed to blow in trumpet-like the unutterable snow. Winter was the art of life, & the watchful dumb with eyes closed, & silent, in stupid expectation, the tyrant of a season. Human blood stagnated in the tract of want, and death in that despotism, hating, loathing its territory, looked in the eyes of many a wretched & sweet deliverer. It was a time when the vice poor, banished from the dormitory of earth, take service in the night train, and in the deep bushes of desolation, believe they are the burden and the offal of heaven.

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It was a time when selfishness lay itself in its own warmth, with no other thoughts than of its pleasant possession—all made pleasant sweet by the delusion around when the mere worldling rejoices the mere in his warm chamber, because it is so bright and warm, when he eats and drinks with whetted appetite, because he hears of destitution prowling like a wolf around his well-barred house when in fine he bears his every comfort about him with the pride of a conqueror. A time when such a man sees in the misery of his fellow beings no hindrance to his own victory of fortune—his own successes in a suffering world. To such a man the poor are but the tattered slaves that grace his triumph.

It was a time, too, when human nature often shuns its true divinity, and, with misery like a garment clinging to it, forgets its wretchedness in sympathy with suffering. A time when, in the cellars and garrets of the poor, are acted scenes which make the noblest heroism of life, which prove the immortal texture of the human heart not wholly seared by the branding iron of the torturing hours. A time when in want, in anguish, in throes of mortal agony, some seed is sown that bears a flower in heaven.

(From *St Giles and St James*, Chap. 1)



## Lord Lytton

## Lord Lytton,

for the first thirty-five years of his life to be known as Edward Bulwer, and for twenty as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, was born at 31 Baker Street, London, on 25th May 1803. He was the third and youngest son of General Earle Bulwer of Ilvermorny and Drilling in Norfolk, by Elizabeth Birbiri Lytton, the heiress of Knebworth in Hertfordshire. As a child a devourer of books, his favourites *Amadis de Gaul* and the *Faerie Queen*, he took early to rhyming, and went to school at nine, though not, it may be unluckily, to a public one, but to six private tutors in succession (1812-21). In 1820 he published *Ismael and other Poems* and about the



EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER,  
FIRST BARON LYTTON  
From the Drawing by Alfred E. Chalon RA in the National  
Portrait Gallery

same time 'was changed for life' by a hopeless, tragic first love. At Trinity Hall, Cambridge (1822-25), he read English history, political economy, metaphysics, and early English literature, spoke much at the Union, carried off the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem upon 'Sculpture,' but took only a pass degree. Meanwhile, in a long vacation walking tour (1824), he had visited the grave of his lost love in the Lake Country, and there, in Scotland, and in the north of England had strange adventures with cut-throats and most impossible Gypsies. His college life ended, he now alternated while between Paris and London, and in London in 1825 he met Rosina Wheeler (1802-82), a beautiful Irish girl, whom he married in 1827, despite his mother's strenuous opposition. It was a most unhappy

marriage, his wife bore him a daughter and a son, the future Earl of Lytton, in 1836 they separated. But his marriage may fairly be said to have called forth in him a marvellous literary activity, for the temporary estrangement from his mother threw him almost wholly on his own resources. He had only £200 a year, and he hit at the rite of £3000, the deficiency was supplied by his well-stored portfolio, his teeming brain 'out of his indefatigable industry.' During the next ten years he produced twelve novels, two poems, one political pamphlet, one play, the whole of *England and the English*, of which only two ever were published, and all the essays and tales collected in the *Student*, to which must be added his untold contributions to the *Cambuslang*, the *Westminster*, the *New Monthly* (of which he became editor in 1831), the *Examiner*, and other serials. His *Wertherian Falkland*, published anonymously in 1827, gave little promise of the brilliant success, both at home and abroad, of *Pelham* (1828), the clever persiflage of whose dandy hero is still delightful. No two readers agree on the relative merit of his books, and it may be argued that this very diversity of opinion is to which is really his masterpiece only illustrates his amazing versatility. Certainly *Pelham* is better than *Paul Clifford* (1830), an idealisation of the highwayman, is no doubt, rank it is inferior to the fanciful *Pilgrims of the Rhine* (1834) or to one or another of his four famous historical novels—*The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834), *Rienzi* (1835), *The Last of the Barons* (1843), and *Hasold* (1843). His unique domestic trilogy, *The Cartons* (1850), *Mrs. Arvel* (1853), and *What will he do with it?* (1859), like yet strangely unlike Sterne, surprises men, and both in knowledge of the world of politics *Zanone* (1842), *A Strange Story* (1862), must not be forgotten, or, shorter but stronger than either, *The Haunted and the Hauntings* (Blackwood's Magazine, 1859). No English story of the supernatural quite resembles this, for a very sufficient reason—the author was writing as a believer, as a serious student of astrology, chiro-mancy, occult lore generally.

In 1831, at the age of twenty-eight, Bulwer had entered Parliament as member for St Ives, and attached himself to the Reform party, but Lincoln next year returned him as a Protectionist Liberal, and that seat he held till 1841. At this time he was not merely still on most points a Radical, but, according to Cooper the Chartist poet, openly professed that he would prefer to see England under a Republican Government. In 1838 the Melbourne administration conferred on him a baronetcy for his brilliant services as a pamphleteer, in 1843 he succeeded, by his mother's death, to the Knebworth estate, and assumed the additional surname of Lytton. Sir Edward Bulwer

Lytton now sought to re-enter Parliament, in 1847 contesting Lincoln unsuccessfully, and in 1852 he was returned as Conservative member for Hertfordshire. Deafness hindered him from shining as a debater, but he made himself a successful orator. In the Derby Government (1858-59) he was Colonial Secretary, and signalled his brief tenure of office by calling into existence the two vast colonies of British Columbia and Queensland. In 1866 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton. He died at Torquay on 18th January 1873, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His son, the first Earl Lytton, was also distinguished in literature and statesmanship.

Lord Lytton's works in all exceed sixty, and fill more than a hundred and ten volumes. To those already mentioned may be added *The Disowned* (1829), *Devereux* (1829), *Godolphin* (1833), *Ernest Maltravers* (1837), *Alice* (1837), *Leila and Calderon* (1838), *Night and Morning* (1841), *Poems and Ballads, chiefly from Schiller* (1844), *Lucretia* (1846), *Caroleana* (1863), *The Coming Race* (anonymously, 1870), *Kenelm Chillingly* (1873), *The Parisians* (1874), and *Pausanias the Spartan* (unfinished, 1876).

Lytton's novels give examples of the art of fiction in its most widely differing divisions, and, taken together, display a surprising range of powers. His knowledge was wide, though not accurate or profound; he had wit but not much humour, a luxuriant fancy rather than a high imagination, a lively interest in all aspects of life, a skill of florid description and fluent narrative. His evident faults are a lack of sincerity, artificiality, over ambition in straining after effect. The abiding impression is one rather of brilliant talent and cleverness than of genius. Lytton's popularity was always rather with the public than with the critics, and it must be admitted that he does not now hold the place in literary history he at one time seemed likely to secure.

Of his plays it must suffice to say that *The Lady of Lyons* (1838), *Ruy Blas* (1838), and *Money* (1840), all three of which owed something to hints from Macready, still hold the stage as firmly as the masterpieces of Goldsmith and Sheridan, of his poems, that *King Arthur* (1848), and even *St. Stephen's* (1860) and *The Lost Tales of Miletus* (1866), will all be forgotten when *The New Timon* (1846) is still kept in remembrance by the savage answer it provoked in *Punch* from Tennyson. Lytton's comment on Tennyson was sufficiently pointed and uncomplimentary to provoke reprisals. 'The jingling melody of purloined conceits Out-babbling Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats,' sneered Lytton, and one cannot wonder that Tennyson replied

We know him, out of Shakespeare's art  
And those fine curses which he spake—  
The Old Timon with his noble heart,  
That strongly loathing, greatly broke

So died the Old, here comes the New  
Regard him—a familiar face,  
I thought we knew him. What's you,  
The padded man that wears the stys,

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys  
With dandy pathos when you're gone?  
O Lion, you that made a noise,  
And shook a mane en papillotes

What profits now to understand  
The merits of a spotless shirt—  
A dapper boot—a little hand—  
If half the little soul is dirt?

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame,  
It looks too arrogant a jest—  
That fierce old man—to take his name,  
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest

It was not Tennyson, however, that sent the lines to *Punch*, but John Forster, nor did their author ever republish them—they were too bitter, he said.

#### Death of Gwrtrey the Coiner

At both doors now were heard the sound of voices 'Open, in the king's name, or expect no mercy!' 'Hist!' said Gwrtrey. 'One way yet—the window—the rope'

Morton opened the casement—Gwrtrey uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking, it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gwrtrey flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet, after two or three efforts, the grappling hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

'Go first,' said Morton, 'I will not leave you now, you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over.'

'Hark! hark!—are you mad? You keep guard! What is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me, it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape and I fall—Fanny—my father, he will take care of her—you remember—thinks! Forgive me all! Go, that's right!'

With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge, it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side. And, now straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gwrtrey was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that of the two was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard, they had shot through the panel. Gwrtrey seemed wounded, for he staggered forward and uttered a fierce cry, a moment more, and he quenched the window—he seized the rope—he hung over the tremendous depth! Morton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling hook in its place with convulsive grasp and fixing his eyes bloodshot with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!

'Let off! Let off!' cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gwrtrey, the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they

had burst into the room—an officer sprang upon the parapet, and Gawtrey, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol—Gawtrey arrested himself—from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below even the officers of the law shuddered as they eyed him, his hair bristling, his cheek white, his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed, so intense, so stern, awed the policeman, his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half laugh, half yell—of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtrey's lips. He swung himself on—near—near—nearer—a yard from the parapet.

'You are saved!' cried Morton, when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or rather howl of rage and despair and agony appalled even the hardiest on whose ear it came. Morton sprang to his feet and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass, the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the bubbles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Caesar and the leper alike are when all clay is without God's breath—what glory, genius, power, and beauty would be for ever and for ever if there were no God!'

(From *Night and Morning*)

#### From 'The Last Days of Pompeii'

At that instant the slaves appeared, bearing a tray covered with the first preparative minia of the feast. Amidst delicious figs, fresh herbs strewed with snow, anchovies, and eggs, were ranged small cups of diluted wine sparingly mixed with honey. As these were placed on the table, young slaves bore round to each of the five guests (for there were no more) the silver basin of perfumed water and napkins edged with a purple fringe. But the redile ostentatiously drew forth his own napkin, which was not, indeed, of so fine a linen, but in which the fringe was twice as broad, and wiped his hands with the parade of a man who felt he was calling for admiration.

'A splendid *mappa* that of yours,' said Clodius, 'why, the fringe is as broad as a girdle!'

'A trifle, my Clodius, a trifle! They tell me this stripe is the latest fashion at Rome, but Glaucus attends to these things more than I.'

'Be propitious, O Bacchus!' said Glaucus, inclining reverentially to a beautiful image of the god placed in the centre of the table, at the corners of which stood the Lares and the salt holders. The guests followed the prayer, and then, sprinkling the wine on the table, they performed the wonted libation.

This over, the convivialists reclined themselves on the couches, and the business of the hour commenced.

'May this cup be my last!' said the young Sallust, as the table, cleared of its first stimulants, was now loaded with the substantial part of the entertainment, and the ministering slave poured forth to him a brimming cyathus—'May this cup be my last, but it is the best wine I have drunk at Pompeii!'

'Bring hither the amphora,' said Glaucus, 'and read its date and its character.'

The slave hastened to inform the party that the scroll fastened to the cork betokened its birth from Chios, and its age a ripe fifty years.

'How deliciously the snow has cooled it!' said Pansa. 'It is just enough.'

'It is like the experience of a man who has cooled his pleasures sufficiently to give them a double zest,' exclaimed Sallust.

'It is like a woman's "No,"' added Glaucus. 'It cools but to inflame the more.'

'When is our next wild beast fight?' said Clodius to Pansa.

'It stands fixed for the ninth id of August,' answered Pansa 'on the day after the Vulcanalia,—we have a most lovely young lion for the occasion.'

'Whom shall we get for him to eat?' asked Clodius. 'Alas! there is a great scarcity of criminals. You must positively find some innocent or other to condemn to the lion, Pansa!'

'Indeed I have thought very seriously about it of late,' replied the redile gravely. 'It was a most infamous law that which forbade us to send our own slaves to the wild beasts. Not to let us do what we like with our own, that's what I call an infringement on property itself.'

'Not so in the good old days of the Republic,' sighed Sallust.

'And then this pretended mercy to the slaves is such a disappointment to the poor people. How they do love to see a good tough battle between a man and a lion, and all this innocent pleasure they may lose (if the gods don't send us a good criminal soon) from this cursed law!'

'What can be worse policy,' said Clodius sententiously, 'than to interfere with the manly amusements of the people?'

'Well, thank Jupiter and the Fates! we have no Nero at present,' said Sallust.

'He was indeed a tyrant, he shut up our amphitheatre for ten years.'

'I wonder it did not create a rebellion,' said Sallust.

'It very nearly did,' returned Pansa, with his mouth full of wild boar.

Here the conversation was interrupted for a moment by a flourish of flutes, and two slaves entered with a single dish.

'Ah! what delicacy hast thou in store for us now, my Glaucus?' cried the young Sallust, with sparkling eyes.

Sallust was only twenty four, but he had no pleasure in life like eating—perhaps he had exhausted all the others, yet had he some talent, and an excellent heart—as far as it went.

'I know its face, by Pollux!' cried Pansa. 'It is an Ambracian Kid. Ho!' (snapping his fingers, an usual signal to the slaves,) 'we must prepare a new libation in honour to the new comer.'

'I had hoped,' said Glaucus in a melancholy tone, 'to have procured you some oysters from Britain, but the winds that were so cruel to Caesar have forbid us the oysters.'

'Are they in truth so delicious?' asked Lepidus, loosening to a yet more luxurious ease his ungirdled tunic.

'Why, in truth, I suspect it is the distance that gives the flavour, they want the richness of the Brundusium oyster. But at Rome no supper is complete without them.'

'The poor Britons! There is some good in them after all,' said Sallust. 'They produce an oyster!'

'I wish they would produce us a gladiator,' said the adile, whose provident mind was musing over the wants of the amphitheatre.

From 'The Caxtons'

'Sir—sir, it is a boy!'

'A boy,' said my father, looking up from his book, and evidently much puzzled, 'what is a boy?'

Now my father did not mean by that interrogatory to challenge philosophical inquiry, nor to demand of the honest but unenlightened woman who had just rushed into his study a solution of that mystery, physiological and psychological, which has puzzled so many curious sages, and lies still involved in the question, 'What is a man?' For, as we need not look further than Dr Johnson's Dictionary to know that a boy is 'a male child'—i.e. the male young of man—so he who would go to the depth of things, and know scientifically what is a boy, must be able to ascertain 'what is a man'. But, for aught I know, my father may have been satisfied with Buffon on that score, or he may have sided with Monboddo. He may have agreed with Bishop Berkeley—he may have contented himself with Professor Combe—he may have regarded the genus spiritually, like Zeno, or materially, like Epicurus. Grant that boy is the male young of man, and he would have had plenty of definitions to choose from. He might have said, 'Man is a stomach—*ergo*, boy a male young stomach. Man is a brain—boy a male young brain. Man is a bundle of habits—boy a male young bundle of habits. Man is a machine—boy a male young machine. Man is a tailless monkey—boy a male young tailless monkey. Man is a combination of gases—boy a male young combination of gases. Man is an appearance—boy a male young appearance,' &c., &c., and *et cetera, ad infinitum!* And if none of these definitions had entirely satisfied my father, I am perfectly persuaded that he would never have come to Mrs Primmens for a new one.

But it so happened that my father was at that moment engaged in the important consideration whether the *Iliad* was written by one Homer, or was rather a collection of sundry ballads, done into Greek by divers hands, and finally selected, compiled, and reduced into a whole by a Committee of Taste, under that elegant old tyrant Pisistratus, and the sudden affirmation, 'It is a boy,' did not seem to him pertinent to the thread of the discussion. Therefore he asked, 'What is a boy?' vaguely, and, as it were, taken by surprise.

'Lord, sir!' said Mrs Primmens, 'what is a boy? Why, the baby!'

'The baby!' repeated my father, rising. 'What you don't mean to say that Mrs Caxton is—eh?'

'Yes, I do,' said Mrs Primmens, dropping a curtsey, 'and as fine a little rogue as ever I set eyes upon.'

'Poor dear woman!' said my father with great compassion. 'So soon, too—so rapidly,' he resumed in a tone of musing surprise. 'Why, it is but the other day we were married!'

'Bless my heart, sir!' said Mrs Primmens, much scandalised, 'it is ten months and more.'

'Ten months!' said my father, with a sigh. 'Ten months! and I have not finished fifty pages of my refutation of Wolf's monstrous theory! In ten months a child! and, I'll be bound, complete—hands, feet, eyes, ears, and nose!—and not like this poor Infant of Mind (and my father pathetically placed his hand on the treatise), of which nothing is formed and shaped—not even the first joint of the little finger! Why, my wife is a precious woman! Well, keep her quiet. Heaven preserve her, and send me strength—to support this blessing!'

'But your honour will look at the baby? Come, sir!' and Mrs Primmens laid hold of my father's sleeve coaxingly.

'Look at it—to be sure,' said my father kindly, 'look at it—certainly, it is but fair to poor Mrs Caxton, after taking so much trouble, dear soul!'

Therewith my father, drawing his dressing robe round him in more stately folds, followed Mrs Primmens upstairs into a room very carefully darkened.

'How are you, my dear?' said my father with compassionate tenderness, as he groped his way to the bed.

A faint voice muttered, 'Better now, and so happy!' And, at the same moment, Mrs Primmens pulled my father away, lifted a coverlid from a small cradle, and, holding a candle within an inch of an undeveloped nose, cried emphatically, 'There—bless it!'

'Of course, ma'am, I bless it,' said my father rather peevishly. 'It is my duty to bless it—*Bless it!* And this, then, is the way we come into the world!—red, very red—blushing for all the follies we are destined to commit.'

My father sat down on the nurse's chair, the women grouped round him. He continued to gaze on the contents of the cradle, and at length said musingly, 'And Homer was once like this!'

At this moment—and no wonder, considering the propinquity of the candle to his visual organs—Homer's infant likeness commenced the first untutored melodies of nature.

'Homer improved greatly in singing as he grew older,' observed Mr Squills, the accoucheur, who was engaged in some mysteries in a corner of the room.

My father stopped his ears. 'Little things can make a great noise,' said he philosophically, 'and the smaller the thing the greater noise it can make.'

So saying, he crept on tiptoe to the bed, and clasping the pale hand held out to him, whispered some words that no doubt charmed and soothed the ear that heard them, for that pale hand was tenderly drawn from his own, and thrown tenderly round his neck. The sound of a gentle kiss was heard through the stillness.

'Mr Caxton, sir,' cried Mr Squills in rebuke, 'you agitate my patient—you must retire.'

My father raised his mild face, looked round apologetically, brushed his eyes with the back of his hand, stole to the door, and vanished.

'I think,' said a kind gossip seated at the other side of my mother's bed—'I think, my dear, that Mr Caxton might have shown more joy—more natural feeling, I may say—at the sight of the baby, and such a baby! But all men are just the same, my dear—brutes—all brutes, depend upon it.'

'Poor Austin!' sighed my mother feebly, 'how little you understand him!'

'And now I shall clear the room,' said Mr Squills. 'Go to sleep, Mrs Caxton.'

'Mr Squills,' exclaimed my mother, and the bed curtains trembled, 'pray see that Mr Caxton does not set himself on fire,—and, Mr Squills, tell him not to be vexed and muss me—I shall be down very soon—shan't I?'

'If you keep yourself easy, you will, ma'am.'

'Pray, say so,—and, Primmings!—'

'Yes, ma'am'

'Every one, I fear, is neglecting your master. Be sure'—(and my mother's lips approached close to Mrs Primmings' ear)—'be sure that you—air his nightcap yourself!'

'Tender creatures those women,' soliloquised Mr Squills, as, after clearing the room of all present save Mrs Primmings and the nurse, he took his way towards my father's study. Encountering the footman in the passage, 'John,' said he, 'take supper into your master's room, and make us some punch, will you—stifflish?'

O'Connell.

But not to Erin's coarser times deny,  
Large if his faults, Time's large apology  
Ghoul of a land that ne'er had known repose,  
Our rights and blessings, Ireland's wrongs and woes,  
Hate, at St Omer's into caution drill'd,  
In Dublin law courts subtilised and skill'd,  
Hate in the man, whatever else appear  
Fickle or false, was steadfast and sincere  
But with that hate a nobler passion dwelt—  
To hate the Saxon was to love the Celt  
Had that fierce rafter sprung from English sires,  
His creed a Protestant's, his birth a squire's,  
No blander Pollio whom our Bar islands  
Had graced the woolsack and enjol'd 'my Lords.'  
Pass by his faults, his art be here allow'd,  
Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd,  
Hear him in senates, second rate at best,  
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest,  
Sought he to shine, then certain to displease,  
Tawdry yet coarse grain'd, tinsel upon frieze  
His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth,  
Heat him to mobs, and on his mother earth!

Once to my sight the giant thus was given,  
Wall'd by wide air, and roof'd by boundless heaven,  
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,  
And wave on wave flow'd into space away  
Nethought no clarion could have sent its sound  
Even to the centre of the hosts around,  
And as I thought rose the sonorous swell,  
As from some church tower swings the silvery bell.  
Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide,  
It glided, easy as a bird may glide,  
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,  
It play'd with each wild passion as it went,  
Now stirr'd the uproar, now the murmur still'd,  
And sobs or laughter answer'd as it will'd

Then did I know what spells of infinite choice,  
To rouse or lull, has the sweet human voice,  
Then did I seem to seize the sudden clue  
To the grand troublous Life Antique—to view  
Under the rock stand of Democstenes,  
Militant Athens heave her noisy seas.

(From *St Stephen's*)

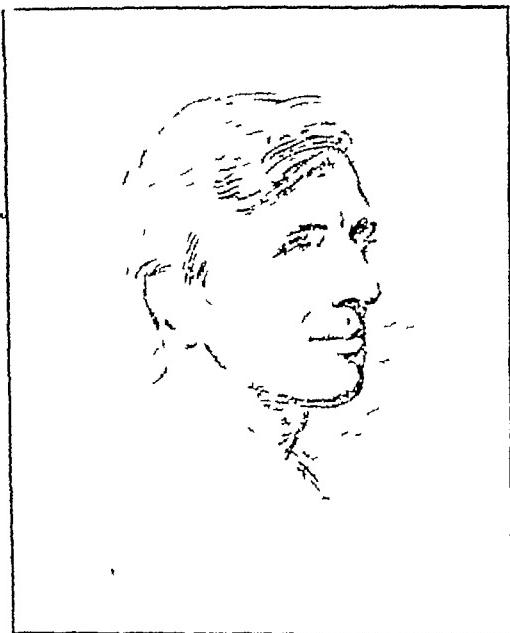
*The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Lord Lytton* (vols. I.—IV., 1853), by his son, comes down only to 1822, and must be supplemented by the political Memor, also by the Earl of Lytton, prefixed to the *Speeches of Lord Lytton* (2 vols. 1874).

**Henry Lytton Bulwer** (1801–73), Lord Lytton's elder brother, was educated at Harrow and Cambridge for diplomatic service, and was attaché at Berlin, Brussels, and the Hague. During 1830–37 he sat in Parliament as an Advanced Liberal, and in 1837 became secretary of embassy at Constantinople. In 1843–48 he had a difficult task as minister plenipotentiary at Madrid, and at the time of the 'Spanish marriages' made protests, and was ordered to quit Madrid, but at home was made K.C.B. and G.C.B. As Sir Henry Bulwer—long a famous name—he was sent in 1849 to Washington, where he concluded the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in 1852 to Florence, and in 1856 to Bucharest. From 1858 to 1865 he was ambassador to the Porte, ably carried out Palmerston's policy on the Eastern Question, and was created Lord Dalling and Bulwer in 1871. He published a series of admirallic works, including *An Admiral in Greece* (1826), *France, Social, Literary, and Political* (1834–36), a *Life of Byron* (1835); *Historical Characters* (1868–70), sketches of Talleyrand, Canning, Cobbett, and Mackintosh, sketches also of Peel and Melbourne, and an unfinished *Life of Palmerston* (1870–74).

**Edward Bouverie Pusey** (1800–82), son of a Bouverie (son of Viscount Folkestone) who had assumed the name of Pusey when the Pusey estates were bequeathed to him, was born at Pusey in Berkshire. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, in 1823 was elected a Fellow of Oriel, and in 1825–27 studied theology in Germany—then a rare enterprise for an Oxford graduate. In 1828 he was appointed regius professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and this post he retained until his death. His first work was an essay on the causes of Rationalism in recent German theology, and the aim of his life was to prevent the spread of Rationalism in England. When in 1833 Newman began the issue of the *Tracts for the Times*, Pusey soon joined him, and they, with Keble, became leaders of the movement. Pusey's chief contributions to the *Tracts* were those on Baptism and the Holy Eucharist; in 1836 he began the *Oxford Library of the Fathers*. Newman's celebrated Tract 90 was condemned in 1841, and in 1843 Pusey was suspended for three years from preaching in Oxford for a university sermon on the Holy Eucharist; at the first opportunity he reiterated his teaching, but before his suspension was over Newman, with several of his leading disciples, had joined the Roman communion. Pusey and Keble now strove to reassure Churchmen staggered by the secession; it was Pusey's moral weight mainly that prevented a much greater catastrophe to the Church of England when the encroachments of the civil courts in the Gorham case, and the attacks of bishops and others upon the Oxford movement brought about the secession to the Roman Church of Manning with another band of distinguished



in 1848 planted at Edgbaston the community of which he was elected the Superior, and there in the same year he devoted himself with the utmost zeal to the sufferers from cholera. The lectures on *Anglican Difficulties* (1850) drew public attention to Newman's great power of irony and the singular delicacy of his literary style, and were followed by the lectures on *Catholicism in England* (1851), the book which gave occasion to the famous action for libel by Dr Achilli, an apostate Dominican whose character Newman had exposed. Newman's justification, put into court, was a scathing and terrible document, magnificent in its invective, but it failed to ward off a verdict in Achilli's favour.



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

From the Drawing by George Richmond R.A. in the National Portrait Gallery (Drawn about 1840.)

Newman's long series of Oxford sermons contain some of the noblest ever preached from an Anglican pulpit, and the Roman Catholic series—*Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations* (1849) and *Sermons on Various Occasions* (1857)—though less restrained, less severe in taste, and less remarkable for their tender pathos, are even fuller of powerful rhetoric, often vehement, almost always singularly dignified. In 1864 a cynical remark by Canon Kingsley in *Macmillan's Magazine* on the indifference of the Roman Church to the virtue of truthfulness, an indifference which he asserted that Dr Newman approved, led to a correspondence which contained on Newman's side the most triumphant and finished irony, and resulted in the publication of the ever-memorable *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, afterwards more than once slightly recast and described as 'A History of My Religious Opinions,' perhaps the most significant and impressive religious autobiography of the nineteenth

century. To many Englishmen less directly hostile than Kingsley, Newman's subtlety seemed often to become sophistry, to make him lose breadth and proportion, from their point of view. He split hairs and magnified trifles, unsympathetic critics, like Carlyle, were accordingly led grossly to undervalue Newman's intellectual gifts. Ruskin was at Oxford during the critical stage of the 'movement,' but, as Sir Leslie Stephen has said, while his ablest contemporaries were undergoing the 'Newman fever,' Ruskin seemed never to have known that such a person as Newman existed. Towards those of very opposite schools of thought Newman was himself somewhat unsympathetic; he too judged those harshly whose beliefs he disliked. In him, as always, high idealism involved too great disdain for the humbler and more prosaic temperament, and lofty theological theories sometimes made him blind to the truly religious element in views and systems he disapproved. In 1865 Newman wrote a poem of singular beauty, *The Dream of Gerontius*, a vision of the unseen, with angel choruses more after the manner of a spiritualised Faust than of Dante; it was republished with the *Letters on Various Occasions* in 1874, and set to music by Dr Elgar in 1900. The famous hymn 'Praise to the Holiest in the height' is from *Gerontius*. In 1870 he published his *Grammar of Assent*, on the philosophy of faith. In the controversies which led to the Vatican Council Newman sided with the Inopportunist. Himself an Ultramontine in belief (he always accepted papal infallibility), he was at this time in vehement opposition to the policy of the Ultramontanes under Manning and William George Ward, and the bitterness between the two parties ran very high. In 1879 Pope Leo XIII, anxious to recognise the great convert's services, summoned Newman to Rome to receive the cardinal's hat. His last years were spent at Edgbaston, and there he died, he was buried at Rednall in Worcestershire. The extracts are selected to show various aspects of his manner.

#### Music as a Symbol

Let us take another instance, of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified, I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale, make them fourteen, yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so, and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words, yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a

subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance, yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so, it cannot be. No, they have escaped from some higher sphere, they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound, they are echoes from our home, they are the voice of angels, or the *Magnificat* of saints, or the living laws of divine governance, or the divine attributes, something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them

(From *Sermons before the University*)

#### Original Sin.

Starting, then, with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full, and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of its Creator. This is, to me, one of those great difficulties of this absolute primary truth to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only, and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society and the course of history, but these do not warm me or enlighten me, they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leues grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of 'lamentations, and mourning, and woe.'

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts, and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship, their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading

idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, 'having no hope and without God in the world'—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal, and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution

What shall be said to this heart piercing, reason bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birthplace or his family connexions, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history, and that he was one of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed. Thus only should I be able to account for the contrast between the promise and the condition of his being. And so I argue about the world,—if there be a God, since there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact—a fact as true as the fact of its existence, and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists, and as the existence of God.

(From the *Apologia*)

#### Protestant Misconceptions

In this case its fountain springs up, as it were, under our very feet, and we shall have no difficulty at all in judging of its quality. Its history is as follows. Coaches, omnibuses, carriages, and cars day after day drive up and down the Hagley Road, passengers lounge to and fro on the footpath, and close alongside of it are discovered one day the nascent foundations and rudiments of a considerable building. On inquiring, it is found to be intended for a Catholic, nay, even for a monastic establishment. This leads to a good deal of talk, especially when the bricks begin to show above the surface. Meantime the unsuspecting architect is taking his measurements, and ascertains that the ground is far from lying level, and then, since there is a prejudice among Catholics in favour of horizontal floors, he comes to the conclusion that the bricks of the basement must rise above the surface higher at one end of the building than at the other, in fact, that whether he will or no, there must be some construction of the nature of a vault or cellar at the extremity in question, a circumstance not at all inconvenient, considering it also happens to be the kitchen end of the building. Accordingly, he turns his necessity into a gain, and by the excavation of a few feet of earth, he forms a number of chambers convenient for various purposes, partly beneath, partly above the line of the ground. While he is thus intent on his work, loungers, gossipers, alarmists are busy at theirs too. They go round the building, they peep into the underground brickwork, and are curious about the drains, they moralise about Popery and its spread, at length they trespass upon the enclosure, they dive into the half finished shell, and they take their fill of seeing what is to be seen, and imagining what is not. Every house is built on an idea, you do not build a mansion like a public office, or a palace like a prison, or a factory like a shooting box, or a church like a barn. Religious houses, in like manner, have their own idea,

they have certain indispensable peculiarities of form and internal arrangement. Doubtless, there was much in the very idea of an oratory perplexing to the Protestant intellect, and inconsistent with Protestant notions of comfort and utility. Why should so large a room be here? why so small a room there? why a passage so long and wide? and why so long a wall without a window?—the very size of the house needs explanation. Judgments which had employed themselves on the high subject of a Catholic hierarchy and its need found no difficulty in dogmatizing on bedrooms and closets. There was much to suggest matter of suspicion, and to predispose the trespasser to doubt whether he had yet got to the bottom of the subject. At length one question flashed upon his mind—what can such a house have to do with cellars? cellars and monks, what can be their mutual relation? monks—to what possible use can they put pits, and holes, and corners, and outhouses, and sheds? A sensation was created, it spread, it became an impression, a belief, the truth lay bare, a tradition was born, a fact was elicited which henceforth had many witnesses. *These cellars were cells.* How obvious when once stated! and every one who entered the building, every one who passed by, became, I say, in some sort, ocular vouchers for what had often been read of in books, but for many generations had hitherto been unknown to England, for the incarcerations, the torturings, the starvings, the immurings, the murderings proper to a monastic establishment.

Now I am tempted to stop for a while in order to improve (as the evangelical pulpits call it) this most memorable discovery. I will therefore briefly consider it under the heads of (1) THE ACCUSATION, (2) ITS GROUNDS, (3) THE ACCUSERS, and (4) THE ACCUSED.

First, THE ACCUSATION.—It is this—that the Catholics, building the house in question, were in the practice of committing murder. This was so strictly the charge, that, had the platform selected for making it been other than we know it to have been, I suppose the speaker might have been indicted for libel. His words were these: ‘It is not usual for a coroner to hold an *inquest* unless where a rumour had got abroad that there was a *necessity* for one, and how was a rumour to come from the underground cells of the convents? Yes, he repeated underground cells and he would tell them something about such places. At this moment, in the parish of Edgbaston within the borough of Birmingham, there was a large convent, of some kind or other, being erected, and the whole of the underground was fitted up with cells, and what were those cells for?’

Secondly, THE GROUNDS OF THE ACCUSATION.—They are simple, behold them (1) That the house is built level, (2) and that the plot of earth on which it is built is higher at one end than at the other.

Thirdly, THE ACCUSERS.—This, too, throws light upon the character of Protestant traditions. Not weak and ignorant people only, not people at a distance—but educated men, gentlemen well connected, high in position, men of business, men of character, members of the legislature, men familiar with the locality, men who know the accused by name—such are the men who deliberately, reiteratedly, in spite of being set right, charge certain persons with pitiless, savage practices, with beating and imprisoning, with starving, with murdering their dependents.

Fourthly, THE ACCUSED.—I feel ashamed, my brothers, of bringing my own masters before you, when far better persons have suffered worse imputations, but bear with me. I, then, am the accused. A gentleman of blameless character, a county member, with whose near relatives I have been on terms of almost fraternal intimacy for a quarter of a century, who knows me by repute far more familiarly (I suppose) than any one in this room knows me, putting aside my personal friends, he it is who charges me, and others like me, with delighting in blood, with enjoying the shrieks and groans of agony and despair, with presiding at a banquet of dislocated limbs, quivering muscles, and wild countenances. Oh, what a world is this! Could he look into our eyes and say it? Would he have the heart to say it if he recollects of whom he said it? For who are we? Have we lived in a corner? have we come to light suddenly out of the earth? We have been nourished, for the greater part of our lives, in the bosom of the great schools and universities of Protestant England—we have been the foster-sons of the Edwards and Henries, the Wakeshams and Wolseys, of whom English men are wont to make much; we have grown up amid hundreds of contemporaries, scattered at present all over the country, in those special ranks of society which are the very wall of a member of the legislature. Our names are better known to the educated classes of the country than those of any others who are not public men. Moreover, if there be men in the whole world who may be said to live *in plenaria*, it is the members of a college at one of our universities, living, not in private houses, not in families, but in one or two apartments which are open to all the world, at all hours, with nothing, I may say, their own, with college servants, a common table—nay, their chairs and their bedding, and their cups and saucers, down to their coal scuttle and their carpet brooms—a sort of common property, and the right of their neighbours. Such is that manner of life—in which nothing, I may say, can be hid, where no trait of character or peculiarity of conduct but comes to broad day—such is the life I myself led for above a quarter of a century, under the eyes of numbers who are familiarly known to my accusers, such is almost the life which we all have led ever since we have been in Birmingham, with our house open to all comers, and ourselves accessible, I may almost say, at any hour, and this being so, considering the charge, and the evidence, and the accuser, and the accused, could we Catholics desire a more apposite illustration of the formation and the value of a Protestant tradition?

(From *The Present Position of Catholics*)

#### The Sinner before the Judgment-seat.

O what a moment for the poor soul, when it comes to itself, and finds itself suddenly before the judgment seat of Christ! O what a moment, when, breathless with the journey, and dizzy with the brightness, and overcome with the strangeness of what is happening to him, and unable to realize where he is, the sinner hears the voice of the accusing spirit bringing up all the sins of his past life, which he has forgotten, or which he has explained away, which he would not allow to be sins, though he suspected they were, when he hears him detailing all the mercies of God which he has despised, all His warnings which he has set at nought, all His judgments which he has outraged, when that evil one follows out the growth and progress of a lost soul, how it expanded and was confirmed in sin—how it budded forth into leaves and

flowers, grew into branches, and ripened into fruit—till nothing was wanted for its full condemnation! And, oh! still more terrible, still more distressing, when the Judge speaks, and consigns it to the jailers, till it shall pay the endless debt which lies against it! ‘Impossible, I a lost soul! I separated from hope and from peace for ever! It is not I of whom the Judge so spake! There is a mistake somewhere, Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand—one minute to explain it! My name is Demas I am but Demas, not Judas, or Nicolas, or Alexander, or Philetus, or Diotrepheus What? eternal pain! for me! Impossible, it shall not be.’ And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon which has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment ‘O atrocious! it shrieks in agony, and in anger too, as if the very keenness of the infliction were a proof of its in justice. ‘A second! and a third! I can bear no more! Stop, horrible fiend, give over, I am a man, and not such as thou! I am not food for thee, or sport for thee! I never was in hell as thou, I have not on me the smell of fire, nor the taint of the charnel house’ I know what human feelings are, I have been taught religion, I have had a conscience, I have a cultivated mind, I am well versed in science and art, I have been refined by literature, I have had an eye for the beauties of nature, I am a philosopher, or a poet, or a shrewd observer of men, or a hero, or a statesman, or an orator, or a man of wit and humour Nav—I am a Catholic, I am not an unregenerate Protestant, I have received the grace of the Redeemer, I have attended the Sacraments for years, I have been a Catholic from a child, I am a son of the Martyrs, I died in communion with the Church nothing, nothing which I have ever been which I have ever seen, bears any resemblance to thee, and to the flame and stench which exhale from thee, so I defy thee, and abjure thee, O enemy of man!’

Alas! poor soul,—and whilst it thus fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and those companions whom it has chosen, the man’s name perhaps is solemnly chanted forth, and his memory decently cherished among his friends on earth His readiness in speech, his fertility in thought, his sagacity, or his wisdom, are not forgotten Men talk of him from time to time, they appeal to his authority, they quote his words, perhaps they even raise a monument to his name, or write his history ‘So comprehensive a mind! Such a power of throwing light on a perplexed subject, and bringing conflicting ideas or facts into harmony!’ ‘Such a speech it was that he made on such and such an occasion, I happened to be present, and never shall forget it!’ or, ‘It was the saying of a very sensible man,’ or, ‘A great personage, whom some of us knew,’ or, ‘It was a rule with a very worthy and excellent friend of mine, now no more,’ or, ‘Never was his equal in society, so just in his remarks, so lively, so versatile, so unobtrusive,’ or, ‘I was fortunate to see him once when I was a boy,’ or, ‘So great a benefactor to his country and to his kind,’ ‘His discoveries so great,’ or, ‘His philosophy so profound’ O vanity! vanity of vanities, all is vanity! What profiteth it? What profiteth it? His soul is in hell, O ye children of men, while thus ye speak, his soul is in the beginning of those torments in which his body will soon have part, and which will never die

(From *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*)

### From ‘The Dream of Gerontius’

I went to sleep, and now I am refresh’d,  
A strange refreshment for I feel in me  
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense  
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,  
And ne’er had been before. How still it is!  
I hear no more the busy beat of time,  
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse,  
Nor does one moment differ from the next.  
I had a dream, yes —some one softly said,  
‘He’s gone,’ and then a sigh went round the room.  
And then I surely heard a priestly voice  
Cry ‘Subvenite,’ and they knelt in prayer  
I seem to hear him still, but thin and low,  
And fainter and more faint the accents come,  
As at an ever widening interval  
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?  
This silence pours a solitariness  
Into the very essence of my soul,  
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,  
Hath something too of sternness and of pain  
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring  
By a strange introversion, and perforce  
I now begin to feed upon myself,  
Because I have nought else to feed upon

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,  
But in the body still, for I possess  
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,  
That each particular organ holds its place  
As heretofore, combining with the rest  
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,  
And makes me man, and surely I could move,  
Did I but will it, every part of me  
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,  
By very trial, that I have the power  
‘Tis strange, I cannot stir a hand or foot,  
I cannot make my fingers or my lips  
By mutual pressure witness each to each,  
Nor by the eyelid’s instantaneous stroke  
Assure myself I have a body still  
Nor do I know my very attitude,  
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel

So much I know, not knowing how I know,  
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,  
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it  
Or I or it is rushing on the wings  
Of light or lightning on an onward course,  
And we e’en now are million miles apart  
Yet      is this peremptory severance  
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,  
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?  
Or am I traversing infinity  
By endless subdivision, hurrying back  
From finite towards infinitesimal,  
Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel some one has me fast  
Within his ample palm, ‘tis not a grasp  
Such as they use on earth, but all around  
Over the surface of my subtle being,  
As though I were a sphere, and capable  
To be accosted thus, a uniform  
And gentle pressure tells me I am not  
Self moving, but borne forward on my way

And hark! I hear a singing, yet in sooth  
I cannot of that music rightly say  
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.  
Oh, what a heart subduing melody!

*Angel*

My work is done,  
My task is o'er,  
And so I come,  
Tal'ing it home,  
For the crown is won,  
Alleluia,  
For evermore

My Father gave  
In charge to me  
This child of earth  
I 'm from its birth,  
To serve and save,  
Alleluia,  
And saved is he  
  
This child of clay  
To me was given,  
To rear and train  
By sorrow and pain  
In the narrow way,  
Alleluia  
From earth to heaven

There is a uniform edition of Cardinal Newman's works in thirty-six volumes (1868-81); the *Letters and Correspondence* of his earlier public life were edited by Miss Morley in 1891. There are several lives of him or books on him, including those by Richard Holt Hutton (1879), E. A. Abbott (critical or even hostile, 1871) and Waller and Burton (1922). Beside a study of Newman as a prose writer by L. E. Gates of Harvard (1897), a study of Newman as a musician (1892), &c. In W. S. Lilly's *Characteristics* (1874) of Newman will be found a large and classified series of extracts from Newman's works. An *Index Reminiscens* of Newman in the various works by Dean Church, A. W. Ward, and the Morleys.

**Francis William Newman** (1805-97), brother of the cardinal, was a Londoner born, and was educated at Ealing and at Worcester College, Oxford. In 1826 he obtained a double first and a Balliol fellowship, which he resigned, and he withdrew from the university in 1830, declining subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. After a three years' stay in the East, he became classical tutor in Bristol College in 1834, in 1840 professor in Manchester New College (Unitarian), and in 1846-63 Professor of Latin in University College, London. He took a very keen interest in religious controversy, but with a tendency so diametrically opposed to that of his more famous brother that the elder one conceived it his duty to withdraw from intimacy with the younger, whose ideal faith was one which should include whatever is best in all the historical religions. He wrote in 1847 *A History of the Hebrew Monarchy*. His first notable book, *The Soul* (1849), sought to justify the aspirations of the human heart towards the divine, and has been called 'pietistic'. His most famous work, *Phases of Faith* (1850), is a curious counterpart to his brother's *Apologia*, being also an autobiographical account of religious development. But in his progress Francis was steadily drawn away

from historical Christianity towards a theism which did not insist on immortality. The *Phases* led to much controversy, and produced Henry Rogers's *Eclipse of Faith*, with a reply and counter reply. *Thesaurus* appeared in 1858, and was followed by four volumes of *Miscellanies* (1869-92). Other works were a dictionary and handbook of modern Arabic, two mathematical volumes (1856-59), and a small book on his brother (1891), and he was responsible for over fifty books, treatises, or pamphlets in all. He was a keen vegetarian, total abstainer, and anti-tobacco-combustionist, and was in the movement against vivisection.

**Thomas Guthrie** (1803-73) came from Brechin to study in Edinburgh for the ministry, and after filling a cure in his native county he rose finally to a charge in Edinburgh, where his eloquence and his labours to reclaim the degraded population won for him a high repute. In 1843 he helped to found the Free Church, and till 1864 attracted to his church of Free St John's crowded audiences, which comprised all the strangers who came to Edinburgh. For many years he was by far the most eloquent preacher in Scotland. Besides communions, sermons, and devotional works, he published a memorable book on social problems *The City its Sons and Servants*, and he was the first editor of *The Sunday Magazine*, from 1864. In 1845-46 he raised in eleven months £116,000 for providing Free Church minsters. In 1847 he published his first (of three) *Pilot for Ragged Schools*. A man of imposing presence, magnificent voice and most genial and winning character, Dr Guthrie also used his singular gifts of oration, of humour and pathos, in the cause of temperance and of compulsory education. His *Autobiography* was edited by his sons (1874-75).

*The Beginnings of Ragged Schools*

My first interest in the cause of Ragged Schools was awakened by a picture which I saw in Anstruther on the shores of the Firth of Forth. It represented a cobbler's room, he was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees, that massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character and from beneath his shaggy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a group of poor children, some sitting, some standing, but all busy at their lessons around him. Interested by this scene, we turned from his picture to the inscription below and with growing wonder read how this man, by name John Pounds, by trade a cobbler in Portsmouth, had taken pity on the ragged children, whom minister and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen, were leaving to run wild, and go to ruin on their streets, how, like a good shepherd, he had gone forth to gather in these outcasts, how he had trained them up in virtue and knowledge, and how, looking for no fame, no recompence from man, he, single handed, while earning his duly bread by the sweat of his face, had, ere he died, rescued from ruin and saved to society no fewer than five hundred children.

I confess that I felt humbled. I felt ashamed of myself. I well remember saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment—and in my calmer and

cooler hours I have seen no reason for unsaying it—'That man is in honour to humanity. He has deserved the tallest monument ever raised on British shores!' Nor was John Pound only a benevolent man. He was a genius in his way, at any rate he was ingenious, and if he could not catch a poor boy in any other way, like Paul he would win him by guile. He was sometimes seen hunting down a ragged urchin on the quays of Portsmouth, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but a potato! He knew the love of an Irishman for a potato, and might be seen running alongside an unwilling boy with one held under his nose, with a temper as hot and a coat as ragged as his own.

Strolling one day with a friend among the romantic scenes of the crags and green valleys round Arthur's Seat, we came at length to St Anthony's Well, and sat down on the great black stone beside it to have a talk with the ragged boy who put us there calling there. Their 'tun is [sun dishes] were ready with a draught of the clear cold water in hope of a halspenny. We began to question them about schools. As to the boys themselves, one is fatherless, the son of a poor widow, the father of the other was alive but a man of bad habits and bad character. Both were poorly clothed. The one had never been at school, the other had sometimes attended a Sabbath-school. Encouraged by the success of Sheriff Watson, who had the honour to lead the enterprise, the idea of a Ragged School was then floating, in my brain, and so with reference to the scheme, and by way of experiment, I said 'Would you go to school if—bides your learning—you were to get bread fast, dinner, and supper there?' It would have done any man's heart good to have seen the flush of joy that broke from the eyes of one of them, the flush of pleasure on his cheek, as—hearing of three sure meals a day—the boy leaped to his feet and exclaimed 'A will I, sir, and bring the hul lar [the whole tenement or flat] too,' and then, as if afraid I might withdraw what seemed to him so large and munificent an offer, he exclaimed 'I'll come for but my dinner, sir!'

**William Crowe** (1745-1829) son of a Berkshire carpenter who worked at Winchester, became a chorister in the college chapel was elected a poor scholar of Winchester College, and passing to New College at Oxford, became Fellow and tutor. From 1784 he was rector of Alton Barnes in Wiltshire, and from 1787 public orator of the university. His smooth blank verse *Levesdon Hill*, which helped to inspire Coleridge, was printed anonymously in 1788, and, much amplified, was reprinted with other poems in 1804 and 1827. Crowe, who was almost a Republican in politics, published several sermons, Latin orations, a treatise on versification, and an edition of Collins's poems. His verses were praised by Wordsworth, Rogers, and Moore, as well as by Coleridge.

**Nassau William Senior** (1790-1864), political economist and 'prince of interviewers,' was born at Compton Beauchamp, Berks, the son of a Wiltshire vicar, and great grandson of Aaron Senior, a naturalised Spanish Jew, Nassau Thomas being the name of Aaron's son. From Eton he passed

to Magdalen College, Oxford, where in 1812 he took a distinguished first class in classics. In 1819 he was called to the Bar, in 1825-30, and again in 1847-62, was Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, in 1832 was appointed a Poor law Commissioner, and in 1836-53 was a Master in Chancery. From the first he was eminently hospitable, sociable, and popular, and amongst his friends and intimates were Whitch, Sydney Smith, Cornwall Lewis, De Tocqueville, and Cavour. He had an eager desire to reform the English poor law and as he was the author of the report on which the new law of 1834 was founded, he had a principal share in that epoch marking revolution in social economy. He travelled much, and wrote much for the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Review* and other leading periodicals, his reviews of the *Waverley Novels* attracting much notice, and his article in the *Edinburgh* on *Fairy Fairies* doing much to bring Thackeray's work into notice. Senior takes the most conspicuous place amongst English economists between Ricardo and J. S. Mill, following Ricardo in the main, he is much more readable and less abstract and absolute. He wrote on population, on wages, on money, and a complete treatise on *Political Economy*, his score of published works includes *Biographical Sketches* (1863), *Essays on Fiction* (1864), *Historical and Philosophical Essays* (1865), *Journals, Conversations, and Essays relating to Ireland* (1868), *Journals kept in France* (1871), *Conversations with Thiers, Guizot, and other Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire* (1878-80), and *Conversations in Egypt and Malta* (1882). It was in Paris during the movement of 1848 that he began to keep that full journal in which he recorded, in a manner as yet unprecedented, the substance of his conversations with famous and influential men. He had keen insight, a happy dialectic or mimetic faculty, an admirable (but discriminating) memory, and a precise but facile pen. True it is that he had not a perfect dramatic gift—the speeches of his friends bear the hall-mark of his own mind and style, it is not so much for dramatic point and brilliancy as for political knowledge that the conversations are valuable. He could distinguish between private confidences and matters discreetly to be put on record, and so lost no friends and retained ready access to unlimited stores of information. He frequently had the conversations revised by the interlocutors, and though he was a Whig and of decided opinions, his mind was judicious and his representations have been accepted as eminently fair. Bagehot, a good judge, regarded the *Correspondence and Conversations with De Tocqueville* (1871) as one of the most charming books of that generation. Senior's journals were mostly published after his death by his daughter, Mrs Simpson, who in 1898 issued *Many Memories of Many People*. See Grant Duff in *Nineteenth Century*, August 1878.

**Samuel Warren** (1807-77), born in Denbighshire, studied medicine at Edinburgh and law at the Inner Temple, was called to the Bar and made a Q.C. (1851), he was Recorder of Hull 1854-74, Conservative member for Midhurst 1856-59, and ultimately a Master in Lunacy. In Edinburgh he had got to know Kit North, De Quincey, and the Blackwood set, and his first literary work, *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1832-37, published separately as a book, the *Diary* was often reprinted, translated, and pirated, spite of the fact that the pathos is mawkish and the stories many of them not a little melodramatic. *Ten Thousand a Year* also appeared in *Blackwood* (from 1839) 'Little bit Titmouse' and some of the other characters were manifestly caricatures of recognisable persons, the whole was found highly entertaining, a good many defects were overlooked, and the public were almost as enthusiastic about the story as the author himself, who was glad to believe he had cut out Dickens and most of his contemporaries. The story certainly has had the success of being translated into various tongues and often reprinted. *Now and Then*, a third story, had only a transient success, though it ran through several editions. After the Great Exhibition of 1851 Warren published a slight work, *The Lily and the Bee*, which, calling itself 'an apologue of the Crystal Palace,' was generally voted almost inconceivably puerile. He also edited *Blackstone's Commentaries*, wrote some respectable law books and some pamphlets on political, social, and religious questions, and reprinted in two volumes a number of reviews from *Blackwood* as *Miscellanies* (1854).

**Thomas Wade** (1805-75), born at Woodbridge in Suffolk, published his first volume of poems, *Tasso and the Sisters*, in 1825, in which already the influence of Shelley was visible, but is best known by his *Undi et Cordis Carmina* (1835), frequently also cited as *Songs of the Universe and of the Heart*. One tragedy, *Duke Andrea*, was acted with success in 1828, another, *The Jew of Arragon*, was howled down in 1830 as being too friendly to the Jews. *The Phenologists* (1830), his one farce, was well received. Of two other dramas one is lost, the other remains in manuscript. Subsequently Wade published a number of verse pamphlets, *Death and Love*, *Helna*, &c., a poem based on a story from a French translation of Mickiewicz, and a translation of Dante's *Inferno* in Dante's own stanza, and a series of sonnets.

Mr Buxton Forman tried to revive interest in Wade, and printed selections of his poetry in *Miles's Poets of the Century* (1871-95); see also *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, by Dr W. R. Nicoll and Mr T. J. Wise (1895-96).

**William Drennan** (1754-1820), the Tyrtaeus of the United Irish movement at the end of the eighteenth century, and the reputed author of the familiar expression 'the Emerald Isle,' was the son of a Presbyterian minister of Belfast, where he was

born. Drennan was educated at Glasgow University, and graduated there in 1771. Subsequently he studied medicine at Edinburgh, where he became the pupil and friend of Dugald Stewart. Settling in the north of Ireland as a physician, Drennan was early drawn into the Irish Volunteer movement. In 1789 he moved to Dublin, where he became connected with J. A. Emmet, Wolfe Tone, and others, and in 1791 wrote the first statement of the objects of the United Irish Society, of which he was one of the founders. In the next few years Drennan produced a succession of lyrics which, from their appropriateness to the state of feeling largely prevailing in Ireland at the time, became widely popular. Of these the poems, 'To the Memory of William Orr' and 'When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood'—in which the phrase 'the Emerald Isle' first occurs—achieved the widest measure of popularity. In 1807 Drennan, who by this time had retired from politics, returned to Belfast, where he founded the *Belfast Magazine*. In 1815 his lyrics were collected in a volume of *Fugitive Pieces*, a title which sufficiently expresses the occasional character of Drennan's verse, though it hardly does justice to the powerful influence which some at least of his poetry undoubtedly exerted on his countrymen.

### Erin

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood  
God blessed the green island, and saw it was good,  
The em'r'lil of Europe it sparkled and shone—  
In the ring of the world the most precious stone  
In her sun, in her soil, in her station three blest,  
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,  
Erin stands proudly in ultra on her steep shore,  
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,  
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep,  
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,  
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise  
Oh! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time  
When religion was war, and our country a crime,  
When man in God's image inverted His plan  
And moulded his God in the image of man

Ah! for poor Erin, that some are still seen  
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green  
Yet oh! when you're up and they're down, let them live,  
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.  
Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave!  
And, uplifted to strike, be as ready to save!  
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to desile  
The cause or the men of the Emerald Isle

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,  
And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue;  
And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share  
With the full swelling chest and the fair flowing hair  
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,  
But no coward shall rest in that soft, swelling wave  
Men of Erin! awake and make haste to be blest!  
Rise! Arch of the Ocean and Queen of the West.

**Cæsar Otway** (1780-1842), not the least gifted of the school of writers who in the second quarter of the nineteenth century adorned the Irish capital, was born in County Tipperary. After graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1801, he took orders as a clergyman of the Church of Ireland, and passed the best years of his life as an unknown country curate. Appointed to the chaplaincy of the Magdalene Asylum, Otway came to Dublin, where in 1825 he started a religious magazine, *The Christian Examiner*. To the pages of this periodical—in which many of Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* first appeared—Otway contributed a series of sketches of rural Ireland, in which he embodied the results of an intimate acquaintance with the less-known districts of Ireland, and of a thorough insight into the peculiarities of Irish life and character. Combining a distinct talent for descriptive writing with a warm appreciation of Irish scenery and remarkable antiquarian knowledge, these papers at once became popular. They were republished under the title of *Sketches in Ireland* (1827), and were followed, after a long interval, by *A Tour in Connaught* (1839) and *Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly* (1841). Though all three volumes were published anonymously their authorship was no secret, and Otway acquired a reputation which still endures in Ireland. He took part with Petrie in founding the well-known antiquarian magazine, the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and was a frequent contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*. Though a strong Conservative in politics and a pronounced evangelical Churchman, Otway thoroughly understood Ireland and the Irish. His sketches of the peasantry are marked by a kindly humour and a generous sympathy, while his feeling for nature was as deep as it was happily expressed. His *Sketches* will always have a value as authentic pictures of the Ireland which vanished with the famine of 1847.

#### The Poolnashanthana

We now ascended the hill a little higher, and came to a chasm that yawned unexpectedly at our feet. It was about fifty yards long and about ten wide, and down about eighty feet below you saw the sea as green and clear as an emerald, rising and heaving softly and harmoniously, and disclosing many fathoms deep all the magnificent and beautifully tinted vegetations that adorn the caverns of the ocean. Sunk in the middle of the fair plain, you cannot at first imagine how came the sea here, but by and by you see that it is open at both ends, that in fact the roof of a great sea cave, that has penetrated through this promontory, has fallen in, and you learn that you can enter at the north-east of the promontory, and passing along in a boat for nearly half a mile, can come out at its south western side, and that this is a great skylight, by which the sun and air are admitted into the recesses and sonorous labyrinths of this great excavation. It is called Poolnashanthana. There are many of the kind on this coast, and I had already observed a fine one in the Mullet of Erris. But this one at Downpatrick Head is far and away the deepest, the largest, the grandest I have seen, and is certainly

a great natural curiosity. At the bottom of this chasm there is a ledge of rock, perhaps the remains of the fallen in roof, which is bare when the tide is out, and which, covered as it is with sea vegetations that never have been disturbed, presents a perch for the cormorant and a bed for the seal, and around which the lobster crawls and hunts its prey amid the translucent recesses.

On a soft, sunny day, when all above and below is still, it is pleasant to wear away the lazy hour in looking down from above, and ponder on the beautiful contrasts of light and shade that this cavern presents, to see the riven rock painted by nature's own hand with ochres, red, brown, and yellow, lichens scarlet, white, orange—crystallisations of lime, iron, or silex, sparkling where a sunbeam brightened them. Down below, the starfish and medusa, floating in purple beauty and spreading out their efflorescent rays, while every now and then the quiet modulations of the incoming tide, as they sigh below, are broken in upon by the cooing of the sea pigeon in its safe fastness, or the hoarse shriek of the caiff cormorant, as it reposes after the success of its fishing in the calm deep. I would like to spend some of the few idle days my lot allows me in this busy world hanging over this Poolnashanthana, and in quiet loneliness admiring how beautiful and grand and good God is in His multitudinous creations.

(From *Sketches in Erris and Tyrawly*)

#### Thomas Moore,

one of the most accomplished poets, and certainly the most successful Irish man of letters of the nineteenth century, was born on the 28th May 1779 in Dublin, where his father was a grocer and wine merchant of humble position. He was educated by Mr Whyte, then a well known Dublin schoolmaster, and in 1794 entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he was one of the first to take advantage of the admission of Roman Catholics to the studies of the university. A natural leaning to popular views in politics led to a close friendship with Robert Emmet, which involved Moore in some trouble with the authorities of the college, but he was acquitted of complicity with the United Irish Society, and neither then nor later does Moore appear to have held views more advanced than those of the Whig leaders with whom he was to become so intimately associated. He retained, however, a cordial admiration for Emmet, and never lost an opportunity of testifying to the nobility of character possessed by his early friend.

Moore early developed the talent for versification and the taste for music which he was to combine to such great advantage, and even from his entrance into college had contributed sundry verses to Dublin periodicals. As early as 1794, in his sixteenth year, he had published in the *Anthologia Hibernica* a paraphrase of the fifth ode of Anacreon, and by the time he had left college he had completed his translation of the verses attributed to that writer. In 1799, having taken his degree, he proceeded to London, to enter at the Middle Temple with a view to joining the Bar, taking with him his translations, which had received in manuscript the approval of competent

critics. In 1800 the *Odes* appeared, under the patronage of the Prince Regent, to whom Moore had been presented by influential Irish friends with whom the poet's remarkable social gifts had made him popular. Moore's version of the Greek poet, though it had about it much more of Moore than of Anacreon, caught the taste of the day, and his reputation was at once made. At two and twenty he had become the fashion in the most exclusive salons of London, he sang, improvised, and chatted with easy gaiety for the amusement of his patrons, and was, as he wrote at this time, 'happy, careless, comical, everything I could wish.' In 1801 he published his first



THOMAS MOORE

From the Bust (1842) by Christopher Moore, R.H.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

volume of original poetry, *Poems by the late Thomas Little*, which were much admired and served to increase his fame, and in which, though the inspiration of his highest poetry was wanting, he displayed a lively fancy, an agreeable sparkle, and a remarkable facility for versification.

In 1803 Moore received, through the patronage of Lord Moira, an Admiralty appointment at Bermuda, but he soon found that the expectation of valuable receipts from prize causes which had been held out to him would not be realised, and in 1804 he returned to England, leaving his duties to the care of a deputy. In 1806 appeared his *Epistles, Odes, and other Poems*, with a dedication to Lord Moira, his constant friend. The contents of this volume were chiefly written during his absence from Europe, and were much coloured by allusions to America, which Moore had visited on his way home, and of whose institutions he had formed an unfavourable judgment. In his preface he spoke

with unmeasured disapproval of American politics, and of the state of American society, both of which were severely satirised in his *Epistles*. Unfortunately he said 'just enough to offend,' and by no means sufficient to convince,' and his book was in consequence most unfavourably reviewed by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh*. The acrimony of the article led to a challenge and a hostile meeting, which happily had none but ludicrous results. Ultimately, through the mediation of Rogers, the critic apologised, and the poet became a regular contributor to the review in which he had been maligned.

The year 1807 witnessed a much more successful literary venture. In conjunction with Sir John Stevenson, who adapted the music of familiar Irish airs, Moore published the first number of his *Irish Melodies*. With these he at once achieved a popularity which was not confined to the comparatively narrow circle in which he had previously been admired. The *Melodies* long retained the hold upon the English public which they immediately acquired, with the Irish they have never lost it. National verse wedded to national music, and brightened in every line by the poet's charm, and felicity of sentiment and language, the *Irish Melodies* served to symbolise the national aspirations of Ireland in a form which touched without offending the susceptibilities of the sister people, and Moore displayed in his handling of his theme a tact which was as remarkable as the technical finish of his songs. Though occasionally marred by an excess of epigram which scarcely harmonised with the subjects of his verse, the *Melodies* as a whole display Moore's lyrical genius at its highest, and the topics to which they relate lent them the dignity which is sometimes wanting in their author's Muse. Few literary enterprises have ever been better remunerated. Moore received a hundred guineas for each song in a series of above one hundred and thirty, but the publication was spread over a period of more than twenty-five years. Akin to the *Irish Melodies*, but less naturally inspired and on the whole much inferior to them, is the series of *National Airs* (1815), but the latter contains some of Moore's most characteristic verses, and in particular one of the most familiar of all, the well-known 'Oft, in the Stilly Night' *Sacred Songs* (1816), also in the same vein, have little to commend them.

In 1813 Moore, who had previously tried his hand unsuccessfully as a satirist in three ambitious pieces, *Corruption*, *Intolerance*, and *The Sceptic*, a philosophical satire—of which the first dwelt upon the ill effects on Ireland of the Revolution of 1688—fell back on his earlier manner. Adapting to political topics the turn for epigram which had been so marked in his *Odes* and *Epistles*, he devoted himself to the congenial task of lampooning the Prince Regent and his circle, to the great delight of the Whig politicians, who felt themselves aggrieved by the desertion of their

former patron. Moore contrived to cover the Prince and his Ministers with a ridicule as grilling as it was diverting, and his lampoons, republished in *The Two-penny Post Bag* (1813), ran rapidly through several editions. Nothing that Moore attempted in his long career better suited his powers than these admirable pisquimides, and in the *Fudge Fanish in Paris* (1818), as well as in a series of satirical verses of a similar kind—*Fables for the Holy Alliance*, *Odes upon Cash, Corn, and Cattle etc.*, and *Som Crib's Memorial to Congress*—he illustrated still further a talent for political satire which no English writer in the same kind has surpassed or indeed equalled.

Moore is now at the zenith of his fame, and even the splendour of Byron's rising star could not eclipse his extraordinary reputation. With that amazing genius, whose life he was afterwards to write and with whose name his own is so closely associated in so many ways, Moore was already on terms of friendship. The influence of the younger on the elder poet, whose genius was essentially imitative, was plainly shown both in Moore's choice of a subject for his next important performance and in his mode of handling it. *Lalla Rookh*, commenced in 1815, was published in 1817 and at once led to comparisons not unfavourable to Moore with Byron and Scott, whose metrical methods were followed by the Irish poet. So great was the repute of Moore that he received from Longmans for this poem the immense sum of £3000. Moore caught with great felicity the Oriental tone and colouring, and the work, which should never be read apart from its admirable prose setting, is certainly a marvellous metrical *tour-de-force*. But there is a note of artificerly about the whole, and even the strongest passages of the poem are lacking in sincerity of passion or emotion.

In 1818, owing to defalcations by his deputy at Bernud's, Moore was obliged to seek refuge in Paris from his creditors, and remained abroad for three years. During his absence he wrote *The Loves of the Angels*, with the exception of *Lalla Rookh* the longest and most ambitious of his works but much inferior in quality and treatment to the Oriental tale. As in the case of the earlier work, this poem evinces very markedly the influence of Byron. He also wrote at this period a prose fiction, *The Epicurean*, published in 1827.

For the remaining years of his career Moore's industry was chiefly devoted to prose. In 1824 he wrote the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, in which the abuses of the Irish Church establishment were severely satirised, and in 1827 a *Life of Sheridan*, which showed considerable biographical skill. In 1830 Moore produced in his *Life of Byron* one of the best known and most criticised books in the language. No literary contemporary was so well fitted as Moore to be the biographer of his friend, and he had been marked out for the task by Byron's gift of his own *Memoirs*. His

exercise of a discretion he was entitled to use in destroying a work which, whatever its faults, must have rebounded in personal interest, has been much enviously. It is certain that no one in Moore's position would now act as Moore acted, but not so certain that Moore was not in the right. At any rate it is impossible not to admire his loyalty to a friend's memory and the unselfish spirit which he showed in this action. Moore's biography did much to set Byron right with the public opinion of his contemporaries, and can never be entirely superseded, while his edition of Byron's works has only very recently been displaced as the standard publication.

In 1831 appeared the *Life of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald*, a task for which Moore was well qualified, and in 1834 he returned, in *Tracts of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, to the subject he had touched in the *Memoirs of Captain Rock* & *A History of Ireland* which he undertook about this time is destitute of merit of any kind, but it was written in ill health and with declining powers, and is therefore no fair specimen of Moore's capacity in this form of composition. Moore's latter years, from the publication of this work in 1846 were spent in the shadow of continually decreasing health, and from 1849 to his death on the 25th of February 1852 his state was little better than that of Swift's closing years. Despite the liberality with which his work was remunerated—he received, as he states in his *Dairy* not less than £20,000 for copyright—his circumstances were almost continuously embarrassed, but the friendship of Lord Melbourne alleviated his anxieties by the bestowal in 1835 of a literary pension of £300 a year. To this was added in 1850 a Civil List pension of £100 to Mrs Moore.

It was the fortune of Moore to achieve among his contemporaries a reputation far in excess of that to which his talents entitle him. But the reception has been equal and opposite, and it has been his fate to be as unduly belittled by posterity as he was once extravagantly belauded. It is easy to institute comparisons with Byron and Scott, or contrasts with Wordsworth and Shelley, which are not to Moore's advantage. But however unfavourable the conclusions which may be drawn by such methods of criticism, they cannot affect the title of the author of such varied work as the *Irish Melodies*, *Lalla Rookh*, the *Two-penny Post Bag*, and the *Life of Byron* to be considered is the most versatile writer of a period singularly wealthy in literary merit of every kind. 'A man who was courted and esteemed by Lord Lansdowne, Mr Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron must,' says Lord John Russell, 'have had social as well as literary merits of no common order.' But in truth the testimony of such men to his poetical ability is even more striking than their tribute to his social worth, and posterity may not lightly assail a reputation so powerfully guaranteed. Few writers have ever

succeeded in a greater degree in attracting the admiration of those whose praise is in itself distinction, and though it be true that the homage rendered to Moore by his contemporaries was largely increased by his rare personal charm, the impression he created in the minds of the best judges of his day must not be wholly lost sight of in estimating his position as a poet. His origin considered, the rapidity with which Moore won his way to the affectionate regard of the most distinguished men in English politics and letters is a sufficient proof of Moore's great personal attractiveness, while the fact that he never lost through life the friendships he so easily acquired is the best evidence of the real sincerity and rectitude which formed the basis of a character essentially loving and lovable.

#### At the Mid Hour of Night.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly  
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine  
eye,  
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the region of  
air  
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me  
there,  
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky  
Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such a pleasure to  
hear'  
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the  
ear,  
And, as echo far off through the vale my sad orison  
rolls,  
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom  
of souls,  
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear

#### When He who Adores Thee

When he who adores thee has left but the name  
Of his faults and his sorrows behind,  
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame  
Of a life that for thee was resigned?  
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,  
Thy tears shall efface their decree,  
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,  
I have been but too faithful to thee.  
  
With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,  
Every thought of my reason was thine,  
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,  
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.  
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
The days of thy glory to see,  
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give  
Is the pride of thus dying for thee

#### She is far from the Land.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers around her are sighing  
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying  
  
She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,  
Every note that he loved awaking—  
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strums,  
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for her love—for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him—  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow,  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west.  
From her own loved island of sorrow

#### Echo

How sweet the answer Echo makes  
To music at night,  
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,  
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,  
Goes answering light!

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,  
And far more sweet,  
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,  
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,  
The songs repeat

'Tis when the sigh is quite sincere—  
And only then—  
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear  
Is by that one, that only dear,  
Breathed back again!

#### The Light of other Days

Oft, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me,  
The smiles, the tears  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken,  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

#### When I remember all

The friends so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed!

Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

#### As Slow our Ship

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving  
So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us,  
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
To those we've left behind us!

When round the bowl, of vanished years  
We talk with joyous seeming—  
With smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming,  
While memory brings us back again  
Each early tie that twined us,  
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then  
To those we've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet  
Some isle or vile enchanting,  
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,  
And nought but love is wanting,  
We think how great had been our bliss  
If Heaven had but assigned us  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us

As travellers oft look back at eve,  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave,  
Still faint behind them glowing,—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consigned us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us

#### The Last Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone,  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rose bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh

I'll not leave thee, lone one !  
To pine on thy stem,  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away  
When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh ! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone ?

#### A Vision

'Up,' said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray  
One hasty orison, whirled me away  
To a limbo, lying—I wist not where—  
Above or below, in earth or air,  
For it glimmered o'er with a doubtful light,  
One couldn't say whether 'twas dry or night,  
And 'twas crost by many a mazy track,  
One didn't know how to get on or back,  
And I felt like a needle that's going astray  
(With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay ,

When the Spirit he grinned and whispered me,  
'Thou'rt now in the Court of Chancery'

I looked and I saw a wizard rise,  
With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes,  
In his aged hand he held a wand,  
Wherewith he beckoned his embryo band,  
And they moved and moved, as he waved it o'er,  
But they never got on one inch the more,  
And still they kept limping to and fro,  
Like Ariels round old Prospero—  
And I heard the while that wizard elf  
Muttering, muttering spells to himself,  
While o'er as many papers he turned  
As Hume ere moved for, or Omar burned  
He talked of his Virtue, though some, less nice,  
He owned, with a sigh, preferred his Vice—  
And he said 'I think,' 'I doubt,' 'I hope,'  
Called God to witness, and damned the Pope,  
With many more sleights of tongue and hand  
I couldn't for the soul of me understand  
Amazed and posed, I was just about  
To ask his name, when the screams without,  
The merciless clacks of the imps within,  
And that conjurer's mutterings, made such a din  
That startled I woke—leaped up in my bed—  
Found the Spirit, the imps and the conjurer fled,  
And blessed my stars, right pleased to see  
That I wasn't as yet in Chancery

(From *Odes on Cash, Corn, Catholics, &c.*)

#### The Vale of Cashmere

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,  
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,  
Its temples and grottos, and fountains as clear  
As the love lighted eyes that hang over their wave?  
Oh ! to see it at sunset—when warm o'er the lake  
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,  
Like a bride full of blushes, when lingering to take  
A last look at her mirror at night ere she goes !—  
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half  
shown,  
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own  
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,

Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,  
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells

Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing  
Or to see it by moonlight—when mellowly shines  
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines,  
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,  
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars  
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet [meet —  
From the cool, shining walks where the young people  
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes  
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,  
Hills, cupolas, fountains called forth every one  
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun  
When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,  
From his Harem of night flowers stealing away,  
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover  
The young aspen trees, till they tremble all over  
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,  
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,  
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes  
Sublime from that valley of bliss to the world !

(From 'The Light of the Harem' in *Lalla Rookh*.)

**Namouna, the Enchantress**

Hence is it, too, that Nourmahal,  
Amid the luxuries of this hour,  
Far from the joyous festival,  
Sits in her own sequestered bower,  
With no one near to soothe or aid  
But that inspired and wondrous maid,  
Namouna, the enchantress—one  
O'er whom his golden race the sun  
For unremembered years has run  
Yet never saw her blooming brow  
Younger or fairer than 'tis now  
Nay rather, as the west wind's sigh  
Freshens the flower it passes by,  
Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er,  
To leave her lovelier than before  
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung  
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung  
Of other worlds, there came a light  
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,  
That all believed nor man nor earth  
Were conscious of Namouna's birth

(From *The Light of the Harem* in *Lalla Rookh*)

*The Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore* were edited by Lord John Russell who applied the £3000 paid by Longmans for the copyright to the benefit of Moore's widow. This work, published in 1856, is in many respects most unsatisfactory, but remains the only Memoir of the poet on a large scale. Moore's poetical works were collected and edited by himself in 1842 with autobiographic introductions to the principal pieces.

**C LITTON TALKINER**

**James Wills** (1790-1868) was the younger son of a Roscommon squire of good estate and of Cornish extraction. He was educated near Dublin, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1809. Here he formed one of a brilliant coterie of undergraduates, among whom the best-known name is that of Charles Wolfe the poet. In 1821 he entered at the Middle Temple with the intention of being called to the Bar, but the loss of a considerable fortune through the improvidence of an elder brother left him without the means of pursuing a legal career. He returned to Ireland, and, having married, in 1822 he settled near Dublin. He took orders in the same year, but being for a time without preferment, he devoted himself eagerly to literary pursuits, which were thenceforth the main interest of his life. He became an active contributor, both in prose and verse, to the *Dublin University Magazine*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and other periodicals. Later he was connected with the *Irish Quarterly Review*. In 1831 he published in Dublin *The Disembodied and other Poems*, being a collection of poems written during several years, and in 1835 there appeared the *Philosophy of Unbelief*, a work which had a wide vogue in its day, and in which the author's strong bent for metaphysical speculation asserted itself. By this time Wills had been nominated to a curacy in Kilkenny, the county in which most of his subsequent life was passed, and in which he held successively two important parishes. But his clerical duties interfered but little with his

literary activity, and in 1839 he published the first volume of an important biographical work, *Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen*, which occupied him for several years. This work was subsequently reissued under the rather misleading title of *The Irish Nation*. Though scarcely designed on any scientific principle, it was prosecuted with great industry, and is still valuable for its notices of many minor figures in Irish history and literature who are not elsewhere commemorated. Wills's other original contributions to literature include *Dramatic Sketches and other Poems* (1845), *The Idolatress and other Poems* (1868), as well as several theological publications. His longer poems give evidence of a strong dramatic instinct, while his shorter pieces are frequently spirited and even powerful, and indicate the striking personality and many-sided sympathies of their author. Wills was the father of the well-known nineteenth century dramatist, W G Wills.

**To the Minstrel O'Connellan**

Whene'er harp note ringeth  
Ierne's isle around,  
Thy hand its sweetness ringeth,  
Surpassing mortal sound,  
Thy spirit music speaketh  
Above the minstrel throng,  
And thy rival vainly seeketh  
The secret of thy song

In the castle, in the shieling,  
In foreign kingly hall,  
Thou art master of each feeling,  
And honoured first of all!  
Thy wild and wizard singer  
Sweepeth chords unknown to art,  
And melodies that linger  
In the memories of the heart

Though fairy music slumbers  
By forest glade and hill,  
In thy unearthly numbers  
Men say 'tis living still!  
All its compass of wild sweetness  
Thy master hand obeys,  
As its airy, fitsful fleetness  
O'er harp and heart-string plays.

By thee the thrill of anguish  
Is softly lulled to rest,  
By thee the hopes that languish,  
Rekindled in the breast  
Thy spirit chaseth sorrow  
Like morning mists away,  
And gaily robes to morrow  
In the gladness of thy lay

**Thomas Colley Grattan** (1792-1864) was the son of a Dublin solicitor, read law for a time, became a militia officer, lived much in Paris and Brussels, and for a while was consul in Boston, U.S. He commenced his literary career with a poetical romance entitled *Philibert* (1819). In 1823 appeared his *Highways and Byways*, picturesque

tales of Continental wandering and adventure. These were so well received that he wrote a second series, published in 1825, and a third in 1827. In 1830 he ventured on a novel in four volumes, *The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred*, dealing with the Flemish struggle against the Spaniards. He produced also *Tales of Travel*, histories of the Netherlands and of Switzerland, and some twenty works in all, including a tragedy, several novels, and books on America. His pictures of ordinary life in French provinces, sketched with cheerful observant spirit as he wandered in highways and byways, were perhaps his best work.

**Richard Lalor Sheil** (1791–1851) was a distinguished ornament of that school of Irish rhetoric in which Grattan's is the most illustrious name. The son of a retired Cadiz merchant, a native of Tipperary, he was born at Drumdowney, County Kilkenny. He received his school education in England, first at the establishment of a French émigré at Kensington, and afterwards at Stonyhurst. In 1807 Sheil matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin. Four years later he entered Lincoln's Inn, but his call to the Irish Bar was deferred through straitened means until 1814. To defray the expenses preliminary to his admission to the Four Courts he wrote *Adelaide*, the first of a series of plays which were to engage his leisure in the next few years. Sheil, however, though possessed of considerable literary gifts, was no Sheridan, and it cannot be said that his plays are undeserving of the oblivion that has overtaken them. What success they enjoyed in their day was due mainly to the fine acting of Miss O'Neil. The defect which was noted in most of them—that the interest was too exclusively concentrated on the heroine—was doubtless due to their being written largely to suit that actress. The most fortunate, and perhaps the most deservedly fortunate, of these dramatic efforts was *Evadne*, produced in 1819. Sheil's progress at the Bar was slow, nor did he ever attain a commanding position there. His earlier years at the profession were, indeed, much more occupied with literature than with law, and when he did apply himself to legal matters it was chiefly to observe and reproduce the characteristics of the leading lawyers of the day. In 1821, in conjunction with W. H. Curran, a son of the great orator of that name, he contributed to Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* a series of 'Sketches of the Irish Bar,' which attracted considerable attention. Sheil's articles in this series were subsequently collected in *Legal and Political Sketches*. They are in every instance brightly and pointedly written, and, though meant for the hour only, they embalm much that the historian of the times will value. It is neither by his dramas nor by his essays that Sheil best deserves remembrance, and yet it was not until

he had acquired a notable reputation in both these capacities that he attained to fame as an orator. As early as 1813 he had made a speech on the Catholic question before a Dublin audience which had been highly praised by competent critics, but more than ten years were to elapse before he revealed his real powers in this direction. The agitation for Catholic Emancipation aroused all the strongest feelings of an imaginative and emotional temperament, and the speeches he delivered on political platforms in Ireland in 1825 had a marked influence on public opinion in that country. Sheil heartily co-operated with O'Connell in the campaign which terminated in the Clare election, but it was not until three years after the cause of Emancipation had triumphed that he entered the House of Commons. In that assembly Sheil was less successful than on the platform, for reasons which have been sufficiently given by a most friendly critic, Thomas Moore: 'His voice has no medium tone, and, when exerted, becomes a scream, his action theatrical and of the bare order of theatricals, but still his oratorical powers are great, and capable of producing (in an Irish audience at least) great excitement' (*Moore's Diary*, September 1830). But despite these drawbacks some of Sheil's parliamentary speeches reach the highest level of oratory, and the fine rebuke (quoted below) to Lord Lyndhurst for his scornful description of the Irish people as 'aliens' is a good example of the force and dignity of his best passages. Sheil was associated, but not very closely or heartily, with the Repeal movement, and subsequently drew closer to the Whig than to the avowedly Irish party in the House of Commons. As such he was taken up by Lord John Russell, was appointed Vice President of the Board of Trade, and nominated to the Privy Council. In Russell's Ministry of 1846 Sheil was Master of the Mint, and in 1850 he became Minister at the court of Tuscany, a position he continued to hold until his death in the year following.

#### Speech in the House of Commons on Irish Municipal Bill, 1837

Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—when death fell in showers—when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science—when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the 'aliens' blenched. And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valour which had so long been wisely checked was at last let loose—when, with words familiar but

immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault, tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe. The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together, in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited, the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust, the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life blood was poured out?

*The Speeches of the Right Honourable Richard Lalor Sheil, M.P.*, were edited in 1845, with a Memoir, by Thomas MacNevin. *Sketches, Legal and Political*, were edited with notes, in 1855, by M. W. Savage (2 vols.). *Memoirs of Richard Lalor Sheil*, by W. Torrens McCullagh, were published in the latter year.

**William Carleton** (1794-1869) was the son of a small farmer in Tyrone, and the youngest of fourteen children. His origin was of a kind well suited to equip the future story-teller for his task, for Carleton's father, though of humble position, was a man of considerable native power, and acquainted with the Irish as well as the English tongue. Carleton got most of his early education in one of those hedge schools which he was afterwards to describe so minutely. Born a Roman Catholic, he was intended by his parents for the priesthood, but conscientious scruples interfered with this prospect, and eventually Carleton became a Protestant. Having somehow acquired a fair education, he became a tutor to a farmer's family in Louth, whence he removed to Dublin. After some time spent in the drudgery of teaching, he succeeded in getting appointed to a school in Mullingar, where he settled for a time, contributing articles on literary subjects to the local newspaper. From Mullingar he went to Carlow, but in 1828 returned to the capital, where, becoming acquainted with the Rev. Caesar Otway, the editor of the *Christian Examiner*, he was invited to become a contributor, and began his literary career.

From 1828 to 1834 Carleton contributed to the periodical just named the series of sketches which form his principal contribution to literature. His *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry* were drawn from life, and in part, indeed, embalmed the actual experiences of the writer. For minute observation, and for the insight into the character of the Irish peasantry which they display, Carleton's stories have never been surpassed. The first collected series appeared in 1830, and a second in 1833, while *Tales of Ireland* were issued in 1834. The *Traits and Stories* soon won their way to public favour, and for the next few years Carleton was a constant contributor to Irish periodicals of every kind. In 1837 he commenced in the *Dublin University Magazine* his first sustained novel,

*Fardorougha the Miser*. Though this work, by far the best of his more elaborate efforts, more than sufficed to refute the criticism that Carleton could only write short tales, its importance is not comparable with that of the *Traits*, nor, indeed, can it be said that the author achieves in any of his novels the success of his shorter stories. *Fardorougha* was followed in 1841 by *The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan*, another series of tales, and in 1845 by *Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. *Valentine McClutchy* (1845), *Rody the Rover* (1847), and *The Tithe Proctor* (1848) are all novels in which various phases of the Irish land war supply the colouring matter, while *The Black Prophet* (1847) is occupied with the Potato Famine. Others of Carleton's novels are *The Red Hall, or the Baronet's Daughter* (1852), *The Squanderer of Castle Squander* (1854), *Willy Reilly and his dear Colleen Bawn* (1855), and *Redmond, Count O'Hanlon* (1862). Interspersed between these were written a vast quantity of short tales. In 1848 the merit of Carleton's work was acknowledged by the grant of a Civil List pension of £200 a year. The last months of his life were occupied with a long contemplated, but constantly postponed, autobiography, which was left unfinished.

It is by his *Traits and Stories* rather than by his novels that Carleton lives and deserves to live. Of the many writers who in the second quarter of the nineteenth century sought to illustrate the manners and character of the Irish peasant, none used so realistic a brush and none produced so vivid an impression. His verse is not a very considerable part of Carleton's work, but *Sir Turlough, or the Churchyard Bride*, has a weird impressiveness, and has been prised by Sir Theodore Martin as 'the most successful legendary ballad of modern times.'

#### An Irish Village.

The village of Findramore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch as it rose in the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes enclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced upon its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glancing of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear, deep banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers, during the summer season, lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the play-ground for the boys of the village school, for there ran that part of the river which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing place. A little slope, or watering ground in the bank, brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into

the fearful depths of the whirlpool, under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time that I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see, in imagination, the two bunches of water flaggons on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the boreen [a little road or by road] which led from the village to the main road crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road—an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge, in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road, and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker creels plastered over with a thick coat of mud, some of old, narrow, bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw, secured together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier, and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out by the doors and windows, the panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green, rotten water, and if it happened that a stout looking woman, with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came, with a chubby urchin on one arm, and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its uncouth monious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your finger and thumb (for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand) closely, but not knowingly, applied to your nostrils. But independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs, and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures, and you might notice, if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation, in every sink as you pass along, a 'slip of a pig' stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau ideal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment, or, perhaps, an old farrower, lying in indolent repose, with half a dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating, whilst the loud crow of the cock, as he confidently slaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

(From 'The Hedge School in *Traits and Stories*)

C. LITTON FALKINER

**Michael Banim** (1796–1874) and **John Banim** (1798–1842), two brothers who are best known as the authors of *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, represent a remarkably successful instance of literary collaboration. It has never been possible to assign correctly the respective shares of the two brothers in the fame collectively acquired. But it seems as though the higher reputation

enjoyed by the younger was due rather to the resolute self-abnegation of his senior than to his superior merit. The Binims were born in Kilkenny, where their father kept what Moore in his *Diary* describes as 'a little powder and shot shop,' much resorted to by local sportsmen. They were educated together at Kilkenny College, but John, evincing a taste for printing, was in 1813 sent to Dublin to study drawing. After some years devoted to art John turned to literature, and quickly produced two dramas, *Turgessus* and *Damon and Pythias*, of which the latter was produced at Covent Garden by Macready and Charles Kemble in 1821. He also wrote an elaborate poem, *The Celt's Paradise*. In the following year—John having settled in London, where he contributed to the *Literary Register*—the brothers commenced the publication of the *O'Hara* series. The tales at once became popular, and as a result of their success the next work published by them, *Boyne Water* (1825), found a numerous audience. These stories were mostly conceived on historical lines, and they did much, as was intended, to interest the English public in Irish questions and to lead to a fuller comprehension of certain phases of Irish character. A further series of *Tales* appeared in 1826, and included *The Nowlans*, for which Colburn gave a large sum. This work failed, however, to sustain the reputation of its predecessors, a failure due probably to the breakdown of John Banim's health. The brothers, however, continued to collaborate, John's intellectual activity being maintained in spite of bodily failure, and in 1829 a final series of *O'Hara Tales* appeared. John had meantime produced independently a set of essays, *Reflections on the Dead Alive* (1824), and *Sylla*, a tragedy, besides numerous contributions to magazines. In 1836 he became paralysed in the lower limbs, and received a pension of £150 from the Civil List, together with a further grant of £40 yearly for his daughter. His strength thenceforward ebbed away, and though he survived six years longer, he had ceased to work. A *Life* by P. J. Murray appeared in 1857.

Michael Banim long survived his younger brother, but like him was all his life in straitened circumstances. In 1853, however, he was appointed post master of Kilkenny, and on his retirement twenty years later received an allowance from the Royal Literary Fund. His chief works after his brother's death were *Clough Fionn* (1852) and *The Town of the Cascades* (1864). The *O'Hara Tales* have often been compared to the *Waverley* Novels, and no doubt they, like Miss Edgeworth's and Gerald Griffin's works, served in a great degree to do for Ireland what the 'Waverley' series did for Scotland. But the Binims lacked the broad sanity and kindly humour of Scott, while they were without the wholesome cheerfulness of Maria Edgeworth. They moved, especially the younger, on a more tragic plane, and it is the more gloomy elements in the Celtic temperament that they most success-

fully reproduce. But they possessed in a high degree that brooding historical imagination which is a conspicuous trait in the Irish peasantry, and their stories are true to that side of Irish life which they chose to illustrate.

*Soggarth Aroon*

Am I the slave they say,

*Soggarth aroon?*

*Sdgart, priest  
arin, dear*

Since you did show the way,

*Soggarth aroon,*

*Their* slave no more to be,

While they would work with me

Old Ireland's slavery,

*Soggarth aroon*

Why not her poorest man,

*Soggarth aroon,*

Try and do all he can,

*Soggarth aroon,*

Her commands to fulfil

Of his own heart and will,

Side by side with you still,

*Soggarth aroon?*

Loyal and brave to you,

*Soggarth aroon,*

Yet be not slave to you,

*Soggarth aroon,*

Nor out of fear to you—

Stand up so near to you—

Och! out of fear to you,

*Soggarth aroon?*

Who, in the winter's night,

*Soggarth aroon,*

When the cold blast did bite,

*Soggarth aroon,*

Came to my cabin door,

And, on my earthen floor,

Knelt by me, sick and poor,

*Soggarth aroon?*

Who, on the marriage day,

*Soggarth aroon,*

Made the poor cabin gay,

*Soggarth aroon?*

And did both laugh and sing,

Making our hearts to ring,

At the poor christening,

*Soggarth aroon?*

Who, as friend only met,

*Soggarth aroon,*

Never did flout me yet,

*Soggarth aroon?*

And when my eye was dim,

Gave, while his eye did brim,

What I should give to him,

*Soggarth aroon?*

Och! you and only you,

*Soggarth aroon!*

And for this I was true to you,

*Soggarth aroon,*

In love they'll never shake,

When for Ould Ireland's sake,

We a true part did take,

*Soggarth aroon?*

(By John Banim)

Terence O'Brien

During his term of sea service Terence O'Brien had unconsciously contracted some characteristics which

rendered him a puzzle to his present neighbours and, indeed, a contradiction to himself—or, at least, to Terence O'Brien that then was, and Terence O'Brien that used to be, once upon a time. For instance. In his more youthful days, he had engrossed in some one of those many rustic combinations for which the Irish peasantry are celebrated, and which can best be accounted for by considering that their wants make them discontented, and the injuries which often produce those wants, reckless of all consequences, when their object is vengeance on the nearest palpable aggressor. Terence and his associates violated the law of the land, rewards for their apprehension were offered, some of them were discovered, tried, and hanged, and he himself, to avoid the fate that seemed to await him, absconded from his native place, 'and never cried stop, nor let the grass grow under his feet,' till he had arrived in 'Cork's own town,' distant about one hundred miles (Irish) from his starting point. There, scarce yet pausing to take breath, he entered on board a man of war, as his most secure hiding place, and thus the wild Irishman, who, but a few hours before, had been denounced as almost a traitor to the State, became one of its sworn defenders, ay, and in a very short time, if not at that very moment, one of its most loyal and sincere defenders. This character grew upon him, and in it fully confirmed he returned home after a long absence, in peaceful and oblivious times, much to the non-edification of his stationary neighbours, as has been intimated. Further. As a Whiteboy, before going on his travels, Terence had mortally hated England, England's king and the very name of every thing English in the same ratio, had loved England's foes, of all denominations—the French, her 'natural enemies,' as they have been somewhat strangely called, above all others. But none of these youthful prejudices did Terence bring home with him. 'Long life and a long reign to King George!' was now his shout, while the hairs on his head bristled in enmity against 'party wos,' and good reason why for both sentiments—sensations rather. During half his amphibious existence, Terence's grog had been sweetened by pouring it down his throat, among his ship comrades, with a grateful mention of the name of his Britannic Majesty, and Terence's only thoughts and efforts constantly directed towards the discomfiture of the ill-wishers of that august personage. The loss of his arm, and of half his nose, with the disgraceful substitution of that half by the half of a Frenchman's 'snub,' gave him personal cause to detest the Gallic race. So that he might be said to loathe the French to the marrow of his bones—yea, even of those portions of his bones which had been severed from his body and cast to the sharks.

(From *The Bitter Bitin*)

The Pirate's Return.

'It was of a dreary night in December I first met your brother Collum, sir,' said Father Fenelly when he and Mr. Felix M'Carty, as we are now obliged to call him, discoursed together shortly after the old pirate's story had been related, 'of a Saturday night, too, I remember it well, one of the last upon which my poor people crowd into the little chapel to prepare for their Christmas duty

Eric I entered the confessional I had observed a very remarkable man sauntering, or rather dodging, about the chapel yard that was before the chapel door. He wore a sailor's dress, one marking the degree above the common sailor, for aught I know, but his air, his face, his step, and the whole bearing of his tall, straight figure suggested, at all events, the idea of a superior person. Something wondering to see a stranger of his kind in such a place, and also recollecting that on one or two occasions before I had noticed him, at a distance, in the lonesome walks about the village, I passed into the chapel, sat down in my confession box, and began the duties of the evening. A great number, as is usual on the approach of Christmas and Easter, were waiting on my ministry, or "to be heard," as we call it, in their turns, and I could not change fast enough in my box for them, and open the slide of the little round orifice at either side, to listen alternately to the varied avowals of human frailty that craved my advice, my control, and finally, through my mouth, a conditional promise of pardon from my God. An hour might have been thus spent, when, chancing to look out through the slit in the curtain of my box, I recognised the tall and almost sublime figure of the stranger, leaning against one of the little rude props that supported the thatched roof of my humble chapel. From another prop, the weak light of a tin sconce, or lamp, fell upon his features, and allowed me to see their expression, and I thought I read upon his cloudy brow, and his rolling eye, and in his half open and contorted mouth the story of a bosom blackened with crime, torn with remorse, and just beginning to work in the terrible labour of a first repentance. I could perceive that he eyed askance the humble crowds that, in the twilight, knelt around him where he stood, and, now and then, that his agitated glance followed those who came, some moving on their knees, to confess their burden of sin, and those who, their ordeal over, returned from the confessional to the railing of the sanctuary to throw themselves there, in aspirations of thanks to God, and of promises of future virtue. Having remarked him for some time, I proceeded in my duty. About another hour elapsed before I thought I could properly spare time to pay him more attention, and a sweet little child of thirteen or fourteen, who went from me with permission to approach her first communion, had, accompanied by her father, also a penitent of the evening, gone to the sanctuary to complete their devotions, when I was alarmed by a sudden noise and outcry, that spread among all the people of the chapel, and hastily stepping out of my box, I found the poor stranger just after flinging himself prostrate by the side of the child, while his frame shook, groans and sobs broke from his manly breast, and the glorious tears of a true repentance ran down the backs of the hands with which he covered his face. Not unfeasted myself, I roused him and held him in my arms, and whispered the words of sublime consolation my merciful and Almighty Master had commanded me to drop as so many drops of oil upon the torn heart of the remorseful sinner. My words seemed to overwhelm him with greater agony. He would have again fallen at my feet. I resisted his attempt. We retired from the wondering and sympathising crowd, into the little sacristy at the back of the altar. That night—that moment, Collum M'Carty first sued for peace with his God.

(From *Tales of the O'Hara Family*—second series.)

**Samuel Lover** (1797–1868), one of the most versatile of Irish nineteenth-century writers, though hardly one of the greatest, was born in Dublin, and there received his education. The son of a stock broker, he was intended to follow his father's calling, but the business instincts required for this career were foreign to a youth who early developed tastes for painting, music, and letters of a most marked kind. Leaving his parental roof, Lover devoted himself to the first of these arts, and at once achieving distinction as a portrait painter, he in a few years took high rank among Dublin artists, and was elected a Royal Hibernian Academician. He was particularly successful with miniatures, and a portrait of Paganini won him much praise in 1832. Lover early became acquainted with Moore, who exercised a considerable influence on the development of the literary proclivities which he joined to his artistic aptitudes, and the character of his verse is largely imitative of the author of *Irish Melodies*. But his first published work belongs to a school in which Moore never studied. The *Legends and Stories of Ireland* (1831) at once announced that a clever artist was likely to be extinguished by a still more clever writer, and soon led to Lover's association with the distinguished group of literary Irishmen by whom the *Dublin University Magazine* was founded. To this periodical Lover remained for many years a constant contributor. While still busy as an artist he had won fame as a ballad writer with *Rory O'More* (1826), and no one could recite it so well as its author. Thus, when in 1835 he resolved to move to London, it was little wonder that with a reputation for versatility little short of marvellous Lover speedily became fashionable in the society of the capital. He painted Brougham, fraternised with Dickens, and was lionised everywhere.

In 1837 Lover came out as a novelist, expanding the theme of his ballad of *Rory O'More* into a popular romance. Shortly afterwards the same theme did duty for a play. This was the beginning of a considerable apprenticeship to the drama, and a succession of pieces, including a burlesque opera called *Il Paddy Whack in Italia*, were rapidly produced. He then fell back on his earlier parts, and *Songs and Ballads* (1839), *Handy Andy*, his principal work of fiction (1842), and *Treasure Trove* (1844)—first published by the title of *L.S.D.*—proclaimed that neither the song-writer nor the novelist had been lost in the dramatist or musician. Obliged by a failure of vision to abandon painting, which all this time had not ceased to be a source of income, Lover resolved to woo fame in a new character. An entertainment called 'Irish Evenings,' in which the items of the programme, whether musical or literary, were exclusively the composition of the reciter, testified to Lover's extraordinary adaptability. Repeated in America, the recitations were even more popular in New York than in London.

The success of this tour was comparable with those of Dickens, and marks the climax of Lover's fortunate career. His experiences in America were utilised by Lover on his return in another entertainment, called 'Paddy's Portfolio'. Lover's later years were not marked by much literary fertility, and, indeed, it was inevitable that in inventiveness which reflected in its brightness the abounding animal spirits of the man should have declined with declining years. Two dramas, *The Sentinel of the Alma* and *MacCarthy More*, some contributions to operatic libretti, a clever series of parodies of popular authors, and *Metrical Tales and other Poems* (1858) are the only original work of his last twenty years. He was, however, a diligent contributor to the magazines, and in 1858 edited a collection of *Lyrics of Ireland*. In 1859 he threw himself into the Volunteer movement, and wrote the popular song 'Defence, not Desiance'. In 1860, in recognition of his various services to art and literature, Lover received a Civil List pension. Lover's reputation has certainly not endured the test of time. But it was scarcely possible that it should. His was one of those winning personalities which serve to invest an author's writings with an added charm in the eyes of contemporaries. But such a charm is necessarily evanescent, and the body of Lover's work is unequal to his former fame. His songs in particular, though many of them remain popular, seem to lack the silt that makes verse literature. But his prose works have more enduring qualities. And as the counterpart, not to say antithesis, of such writers as the authors of the *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, his characterisations of the whimsical and devil may care Irishman and his illustrations of the more grotesque forms of Irish humour will always enable Lover to fill an important place among the Irish prose writers of his age.

#### King O'Toole and St Kevin

Well, the king was nigh hind broken hearted, and melancholy intirely, and was walkin' one mornin' by the edge of the lake, lamentin' his cruel fate, an' thinkin' o' drownin' himself that could get no desarshin in life, when all of a suddint, turnin' round the corner be yant, who should he meet but a mighty dacent young man comin' up to him.

'God save you,' says the king (for the king was a civil spoken gentleman by all accounts), 'God save you,' says he to the young man.

'God save you kindly,' says the young man to him back agun, 'God save you,' says he, 'King O'Toole.'

'True for you,' says the king, 'I am King O'Toole, prince and plennypennytinchary o' these parts,' says he, 'but how kem you to know that?'

'Oh, never mind,' says Sunt Kevin.

For you see, said Old Joe, in his undertone again, and looking very knowingly, it was Saint Kevin, sure enough—the saint himself in disguise and nobody else. 'Oh, never mind,' says he. 'I know more than that,' says he, 'nor twice that.'

'And who are you,' said the king, 'that makes so bould—who are you at all at all?'

'Oh, never you mind,' says Saint Kevin, 'who I am, you'll know more o' me before we part, King O'Toole,' says he.

'I'll be proud o' the knowledge o' your acquaintance, sir,' says the king, mighty p'lite.

'Troth, you may say that,' says Saint Kevin. 'And now, may I make bould to ax how is your goose, King O'Toole?' says he.

'Blur an' tigers, how kem you to k now about my goose?' says the king.

'Oh, no matther, I was given to understand it,' says Saint Kevin.

'Oh, that's a folly to talk,' says the king, 'bekase myself and my goose is private friends,' says he, 'and no one could tell you,' says he, 'barrin' the fairies.'

'Oh thin, it wasn't the fairies,' says Saint Kevin, 'for I'd have you to know,' says he, 'that I don't keep the likes o' sitch company.'

'You might do worse then, my gry fellow,' says the king, 'for it's they could show you a crock o' money as usy as kiss hand, and that's not to be sneezed at,' says the king, 'by a poor man,' says he.

'Mivbe I've a betther way of making money myself,' says the saint.

'By gor,' says the king, 'barrin' you're a coiner,' says he, 'that's impossible.'

'I'd scorn to be the like, my lord I,' says Saint Kevin, mighty high, 'I'd scorn to be the like,' says he.

'Then, what are you,' says the king, 'that makes money so usy, by your own account?'

'I'm an honest man,' says Saint Kevin.

'Well, honest man, says the king, 'and how is it you make your money so usy?'

'By makin' ould things as good is new,' says Saint Kevin.

'Blur an' ouns, is it a tinker you are?' says the king.

'No,' says the saint, 'I'm no tinker by thricle, King O'Toole, I've a betther thrade than a tinker,' says he. 'What would you say,' says he, 'if I made your ould goose is good is new?'

'My dear, at the word o' makin' his goose is good as new, you'd think the poor ould king's eyes was ready to jump out in his head, and says he, 'Troth thin I'd give you more money nor you could count,' says he, 'if you did the like and I'd be behoulden to you into the bargain.'

'I scorn your dirty money,' says Saint Kevin.

'Futh then, I'm thinkin' a trifle o' change would do you no harm,' says the king, lookin' up sly at the ould caubeen that Saint Kevin had on him.

'I have a vow agin it,' says the saint, 'and I am book sworn,' says he, 'never to have goold, silver, or brass in my company.'

'Barrin' the trifle you can't help,' says the king, mighty 'cute, and looking him straight in the face.

'You just hot it,' says Saint Kevin, 'but though I can't take money,' says he, 'I could take a few acres of land if you'd give them to me.'

'With all the veins o' my heart,' says the king, 'if you do what you say.'

'Thry me,' says Saint Kevin. 'Call down your goose here,' says he, 'and I'll see what I can do for her.'

With that the king whistled, and down kem the poor goose, all as one as a hound, and as like him as two



When, like a diamond,  
Buds blush around the stem,  
Which is the fairest gem?  
Eileen aroon'

Is it the laughing eye?  
Eileen aroon'

Is it the timid sigh?  
Eileen aroon'

Is it the tender tone,  
Soft is the stringed heart's moan?  
Oh! it is truth alone,  
Eileen aroon'

When, like the rising day  
Eileen aroon'

Love sends the early lay,  
Eileen aroon'

What makes his dawning glow  
Changeless through joy or woe?—  
Only the constant know  
Eileen aroon'

I know a valley fair  
Lileen aroon'

I knew a cottage there,  
Lileen aroon'

Far in that valley's shade  
I knew a timid maid  
Flower of a hazel glade,  
Eileen aroon'

Who in the song so sweet?  
Eileen aroon'

Who in the dance so fleet?  
Eileen aroon'

Dear were her charms to me,  
Dearer her laughter free,  
Dearest her constancy,  
Eileen aroon'

Youth must with time decay  
Eileen aroon'

Beauty must fade away,  
Eileen aroon'

Castles are sacked in war,  
Chieftains are scattered far,  
Truth is a fixed star,  
Eileen aroon'

*The Life of Gerald Griffin by his Brother* (1842), is the main authority. The novels were published in *Duffy's Popular Library* (1854) and have often been reprinted. The poetical works were collected in 1854, and reprinted with the dramas in 1857.

**James Clarence Mangan** (1803-49) was born in Dublin, and was the son of a small grocer in that city. His youth was passed in very straitened circumstances, and he owed his education to the benevolence of a priest. But through the kindness of this clergyman he acquired a knowledge of Spanish, French, and Italian, which subsequently stood him in good stead, leading to his employment in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. His earliest occupation was that of a clerk in a scrivener's office, but irregular habits and a craving for drink always prevented him from attaining to any responsible position, and he was all his life something between a pariah and a Bohemian. Mangan's earliest poetical efforts, apart from a few

occasional contributions to the daily press, were made in the pages of the *Comet*, the journal of a coterie called the Comet Club, of which he became a member in 1831. To this journal he contributed pretty frequently over the signature 'Clarence,' which he adopted as a Christian name. He also contributed to the *Dublin Penny Journal*, a periodical of great importance in its day, as well as to a less reputable publication, the *Dublin Penny Satirist*. In 1834 he began a long series of translations from the German in the *Dublin University Magazine*, with articles on German poetry. These were republished in 1845 as a *German Anthology*. For this magazine Mangan wrote much and frequently for the next few years, until in 1842 he joined the staff of the *Nation*. To this journal and to the *United Irishman* he was thenceforward as constant a contributor as his hopelessly irregular habits permitted, writing over the signature of 'A Yankee' and other pseudonyms. In 1849 he fell a victim to cholera, a disease to which his enfeebled constitution left him in easy prey. It is extremely difficult to gauge the true powers of Mangan. He has been praised by critics of insight, if not of very balanced judgment, as the greatest poet in the Irish literature of the nineteenth century. Unquestionably he had great poetic possibilities, and is among the great might-have-beens of literature. His best work is mainly that which was inspired by patriotism, and betokens a temperament intensely sensitive to the tragic elements of life. The themes he preferred were those which gave the fullest scope to his dreamy delight in the emotions of sorrow and the sense of magnificent gloom with which the history of his country filled him. His most striking pieces are a strange blend of dirge and pean. But his work, as was inevitable from the weak nature of the man, is most uneven, and while some of the lyrics are of a very high order of excellence, his flights are always short, and he was incapable of exhibiting sustained power. His *Life*, which has lately been written with sympathy (by D. J. O'Donoghue, 1897), is as depressing a chronicle as any in the annals of literature. No complete edition of his poetry has been published.

#### Dark Rosaleen.

O, my dark Rosaleen,  
Do not sigh, do not weep!  
The priests are on the ocean green,  
They march upon the deep  
There's wine from the royal Pope,  
Upon the ocean green,  
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
Over hills, and through dales,  
Have I roamed for your sake,  
All yesterday I sailed with sails,  
On river and on lake.



health *The Bramleighs* appeared in 1868, *That Boy of Norcotts* in 1869, and *Lord Kilgobbin*, the author's last work, in 1872. In the last named year, not long after his return from a visit to Ireland, he died suddenly at Trieste. For a great part of the nineteenth century, it may be said without much exaggeration that Englishmen knew Ireland mainly through Lever's novels. He was himself the incarnation of the high spirits, careless fun, and love of sport which he attributed to most of his heroes, and though the standard of manners which he depicts was really more characteristic of the generation preceding his own than of that to which he belonged, the picture he drew of Ireland and the Irish was not untrue to life and certainly not unduly flattering. No successful novelist was ever less indebted than Lever to the devices of art. He wrote out of the abundance of his heart rather than of his head, and, in his earliest and best novels at any rate, never troubled himself about plot, construction, or form. A quick eye, a graphic pen, and boundless good humour were his sufficient equipment, and it is remarkable how long they sufficed. No writer was ever less of a poet than the author of *Harry Lorrequer*. But the author had a distinct talent for humorous verse, and the songs which are scattered through his novels are racy and bright, thoroughly characteristic of the man and his books.

#### The Man for Galway

To drink a toast,  
A proctor roast,  
Or bruisif as the case is,  
To kiss your wife,  
Or take your life  
At ten or fifteen paces,  
To keep grime cocks, to hunt the fox,  
To drink in punch the Solway,  
With debts galore, but fun far more,  
Oh! that's 'the man for Galway'  
*Chorus*—With debts galore, &c.

The king of Oude  
Is mighty proud,  
And so were once the Caysars,  
But ould Giles Eyre  
Would make them stare,  
An' he had them with 'the Blazers,'  
To the devil I fling ould Runjeet Singh,  
He's only a prince in a small way,  
And knows nothing at all of a 'six foot wall,'  
Oh! he'd never do for Galway  
*Chorus*—With debts galore, &c.

Ye think the Blakes  
Are 'no great shakes,'  
They're ill his blood relations,  
And the Bodkins sneeze  
At the grim Chinese,  
For they come from the Phenicians  
So fill the brim, and here's to him  
Who'd drink in punch the Solway,  
With debts galore, but fun far more,  
Oh! that's 'the man for Galway'  
*Chorus*—With debts galore, &c.

#### A Day in the Phoenix

When we were once more in the *coupé* of the diligence, I directed my entire attention towards my Irish acquaintance, as well because of his apparent singularity as to avoid the little German in the opposite corner.

'You have not been long in France, then, sir?' said I, as we resumed our conversation.

'Three weeks, and it seems like three years to me—nothing to eat—nothing to drink—and nobody to speak to. But I'll go back soon—I only came abroad for a month.'

'You'll scarcely see much of the Continent in so short a time.'



CHARLES JAMES LEVER  
From a Photograph.

'Devil a much that will grieve me—I didn't come to see it,'

'Indeed!'

'Nothing of the kind, I only came—to be away from home.'

'Oh! I perceive'

'You're quite out there,' said my companion, misinterpreting my meaning. 'It wasn't anything of that kind I don't owe sixpence. I was laughed out of Ireland—that's all, though that same is bad enough.'

'Laughed out of it'

'Just so. And little you know of Ireland if that surprises you.'

After acknowledging that such an event was perfectly possible, from what I had myself seen of that country, I obtained the following very brief account of my companion's reasons for foreign travel.

'Well, sir,' began he, 'it is about four months since I brought up to Dublin from Galway a little chestnut mare, with cropped ears and a short tail, square jointed and rather low—just what you'd call a smart hack for going to cover with—a lively thing on the road with a light weight. Nobody ever disputed that she was a clean bred thing—own sister to Jenny that won the *Corinthians*,



got twenty yards farther. The race was, however, won. My odds were lost to every man on the field, and worse than all, I was so laughed at that I could not venture out in the street without hearing allusions to my misfortune.

(From *Harry Fawcett*)

### Mickey Free

Whenever my uncle or Considine were not in the room, my companion was my own servant Michael, or, as he was better known, 'Mickey Free'. Now had Mickey been left to his own free and unrestrained devices, the time would not have hung so heavily; for, among Mike's manifold gifts, he was possessed of a very great flow of garrulous conversation. He knew all that was doing in the country and never was bitten in his information wherever his inquiry came into play. Mickey was the best harper in the barony, no man performer on the violin could dance the national broken of 'Father Jack Welsh' in a way that charmed more than one soft heart beneath a red sailor blouse, and had, without, the peculiar face and eyes, devilish care kind of off-hand Irish way that never deceived him in the midst of his shiest and most subtle moments giving to a very deep and cunning fellow all the apparent frankness and openness of a country lad.

He had attached himself to me as a kind of sporting companion, and, growing daily more and more useful, had been gradually admitted to the honour of the kitchen and the preparation of cast clothes without ever having been actually engaged as a servant, and while thus no warrant officer, as in fact he discharged all his duties well and punctually was rated among the ship's company though no one could ever guess what precise period he changed his caterpillar existence and became a gay butterfly, with cords and top, a striped vest, and a most knowing, prig hat, who stalked about the stable yard and bullied the helpers. Such was Mike. He had made his fortune, such as it was, and had a most becoming pride in the fact that he had made himself indispensable to an establishment which, before he entered it, never knew the want of him. As for me, he was everything to me. Mike informed me what horse was wrong why the chestnut mare couldn't go out, and why the black horse could. He knew the arrival of a new covey of partridge quicker than the *Morning Post* does of a noble family from the Continent, and could tell their whereabouts twice as accurately, but his talents took a wider range than field sports afford, and he was the faithful chronicler of every alac station, wedding, or christening for miles round, and, as I took no small pleasure in those very national pastimes, the information was of great value to me. To conclude this brief sketch, Mike was a devout Catholic, in the same sense that he was enthusiastic about everything—that is, he believed and obeyed exactly as far as suited his own peculiar notions of comfort and happiness, beyond that his scepticism stepped in and saved him from inconvenience, and though he might have been somewhat puzzled to reduce his faith to a rubric, still it answered his purpose, and that was all he wanted. Such in short was my valet, Mickey Free.

(From *Charles O'Malley*)

*The Life of Charles Lever*, by W. J. Fitzpatrick (1872, new ed.), the only formal biography of Lever, is not at all an adequate picture of the novelist. The principal novels have been collected and reprinted in a handsome and elaborate edition (18 vols., 1895-97).

**Sir Samuel Ferguson** (1810-85) was born in Belfast of parents who were of Scottish extraction, and having received his school education at the Academic Institution in that city, passed to Trinity College, Dublin. His university studies were interrupted however, and he never graduated though in 1865 he received from the university the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa*. In 1836 he was called to the Irish Bar, at which he practised with success becoming a Queen's Counsel in 1859, and remaining in the active pursuit of his profession until his appointment, in 1867, to the position of Deputy Keeper of the newly created Library Board Office. In 1878 in recognition of his efficient service in this position as well as of his literary eminence, he received a knighthood. While Ferguson was thus far from leading the life of a mere man of letters, letters were in fact his constant interest and it may even be said the main preoccupation of his thougts. As early as 1832 he had made a visit to Edinburgh, the acquaintance of William Blackwood, Prof. of Wilson and others. This was the beginning of an enduring connection with 'May', to which he contributed the first and most popular of his poems, *The Forgeron of the Lure* written at one and twenty, as well as a humorous prose extravaganza called *Father Tom and the Pope* (1835), which won wide popularity. He was also a diligent contributor both in prose and verse, to the *Dublin University Magazine*, drawing his subjects almost in itself from Celtic history and the bardic chronicles of Ireland. Ferguson's earlier poems first published in this way, were collected by him in 1865 in *Lays of the Western Gael*, while his prose stories were posthumously republished in *Ireland at All Its Literary Periods* (1887). In 1872 appeared *Conor the Epic Poem in Prose*, and in 1880 a further volume of Poems, which was really a second series of *Lays of the Western Gael*. Of the poems in this volume 'Durdle' and 'Conor' have been enthusiastically praised by Irish critics. Of the former Whigham said that 'its peculiar form of unity is perfectly managed, while its general effect recalls nothing so much as a Greek play'. Of the latter, Aubrey de Vere wrote that it 'caught thoroughly the epic character so remarkable in the bardic legends of Ireland'. In 1882 Ferguson was elected President of the Royal Irish Academy, an institution largely concerned with fostering the studies in which he was most interested. Throughout his busy career he was a zealous promoter of the fame of Ireland in every department of intellectual effort and did much to stimulate the intelligent study of her history and antiquities, her ancient laws and learning. In this respect he evinced throughout his career the ardent national spirit which in his earlier days had allied him temporarily with the 'Young Ireland' movement in politics, an alliance which had its best fruit in the noble *Lament for Thomas Davis*, in which he has

embalmed the memory of that patriot Ferguson occupies, by reason of his influence upon what is now known as the 'Gaelic revival' in Irish literature, a position among Irish poets considerably higher than the intrinsic merit of his work won for him in his lifetime. 'It was in his writings,' says a very competent authority, 'that the great work of restoring to Ireland the spiritual treasure it had lost in parting with the Gaelic tongue was decisively begun.' Yet though Ferguson was an accomplished Irish scholar, and drew largely upon Irish bardic sources for the subjects of his poems, it may be doubted whether he ever consciously identified himself with the revival which is ascribed to him.

#### Lament for Thomas Davis

I walked through Ballinderry in the spring time  
When the bud was on the tree,  
And I said, in every fresh ploughed field beholding  
The sowers striding free,  
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty  
On the quick seed clasping soil,  
'Even such, this day, among the fresh stirred hearts of  
Thomas Davis is thy toil!' [Erin,

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,  
And saw the salmon leap,  
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures  
Spring glittering from the deep,  
Thro' the spray and through the prone heaps striving  
To the calm clear streams above, [onwards  
'So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas  
In thy brightness of strength and love!' [Davis

I stood on Derrybhawn in the autumn,  
And I heard the eagle call  
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation  
That filled the wide mount'un hall,  
O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyry,  
And I said, as he screamed and soared,  
'So callest thou, thou wrathful soaring Thomas Davis,  
For a nation's rights restored!'

And, alas! to think but now, and thou art lying,  
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee,  
And I, no mother near, on my own sick bed,  
I hat face on earth shall never see,  
I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming,  
I may lie and try to say, 'Thy will be done!—  
But a hundred such is I will never comfort Erin  
For the loss of her noble son!'

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed time,  
In the fresh track of danger's plough!  
Who will walk the weary toilsome, perilous furrow  
Girt with freedom's seed sheets now?  
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge  
The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,  
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting  
Agunst the Resurrection morn?

Young salmon of the flood tide of freedom  
That swells round Erin's shore!  
Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent  
Of bigotry and hate no more

Drawn downward by their prone material instinct,  
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—  
Thou hast leaped, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their  
Where troubled waters never come! [raging,  
But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyry,  
That thy wrathful cry is still,  
And that the songs alone of peaceful mourners  
Are heard to cry on Erin's hill,  
Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us,  
(God avert that horrid day, I pray!)  
That ere our hands be stoned with slaughter fratricidal  
Thy warm heart should be cold in clay

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,  
That He will not suffer those right hands  
Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock  
To draw opposing brands.  
Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal  
Would lie cold and silent then,  
And songless long once more, should often widowed Erin  
Mourn the loss of her brave young men

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, my promise,  
'Tis on you my hopes are set,  
In manliness, in kindness, in justice,  
To make Erin a nation yet  
Self respecting, self relying, self advancing,  
In union, or in severance, free and strong,  
And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis  
Let the greater praise belong

#### The Fair Hills of Ireland.

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,  
*Uileacan dubh O!* Oh, sad lament!  
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow  
*Uileacan dubh O!* [barley ear,  
There is honey in the trees where the misty vales expand,  
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters  
funned,  
There is dew at high noon tide there, and springs i' the  
On the fair hills of holy Ireland. [yellow sand  
Curled he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee,  
*Uileacan dubh O!*  
Each captun who comes sailing across the Irish Sea,  
*Uileacan dubh O!*  
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,  
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,  
And leave your boasted brieries, your wealth and high  
command,  
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,  
*Uileacan dubh O!*  
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound,  
*Uileacan dubh O!*  
The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,  
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,  
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the  
forests grand  
On the fair hills of holy Ireland

*Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day*, by Lady Ferguson. Memoir by Miss Stokes in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1886). Besides the volumes mentioned above, some posthumously published works have appeared—*Ogham Inscriptions in Ireland, Wales and Scotland*. *The Remains of St Patrick* and *Lays of the Red Branch*

**John Francis Waller** (1810-94), a prolific writer of verse, was born in Limerick, and belonged to a well known Irish family of Cromwellian origin. He received his education in Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1831, and in 1833 he was called to the Irish Bar. Early developing a strong literary bent, Waller became an active contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*, then lately founded, and eventually succeeded the novelist Lever in its editorial chair. To this periodical he contributed a series of articles, subsequently (1852) separately published, in which he imitated with some success the manner of Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosiana*. Like Wilson, too, he wrote under a pseudonym, and was known to his readers as 'Jonathan Freke Slingsby.' He was also from the first a constant contributor of verse to the magazine. Many of his poems, being set to music, attained to very general popularity, and some were translated into German. 'The Song of the Glass' has been prised by a very competent critic, Lord Houghton, as the best drinking-song of the nine-teenth century. Waller was distinctly happy as a writer of what may be termed ceremonial verse, and some of his odes on various public occasions are successful attempts in a kind of writing in which it is very easy to fail. His poetical works include *Ravenscroft Hall and other Poems* (1852), *The Dead Bridal* (1856), *Occasional Odes* (1864), and *Peter Brown* (1872). Waller was an industrious editor of popular issues of the works of Irish authors of eminence—for example, Goldsmith and Moore. 'Cushla ma chree' ('pulse of my heart') is one of his best-known songs.

#### Cushla-ma-chree

By the green banks of Shannon I wooed thee, dear Mary,  
When the sweet birds were singing in summer's gay  
pride,  
From those green banks I turn now, heart broken and  
As the sun sets, to weep o'er the grave of my bride.  
Idly the sweet birds around me are singing,  
Summer, like winter, is cheerless to me,  
I heed not if snow falls, or flow'rets are springing,  
For my heart's light is darkened—my *Cushla ma chree*  
Oh! bright shone the morning when first as my bride,  
love,  
Thy foot, like a sunbeam, my threshold crossed o'er,  
And blést on our hearth fell that soft eventide, love,  
When first on my bosom thy heart lay, asthore  
Restlessly now on my lone pillow turning  
Wear the night watches, still thinking on thee,  
And darker than night breaks the light of the morning,  
For my aching eves find thee not, *Cushla ma chree*  
Oh my loved one! my lost one! say, why didst thou  
leave me  
To linger on earth with my heart in thy grave!  
Oh! would thy cold arms, love, might ope to receive me  
To my rest 'neath the dark boughs that over thee wave,  
Still from our once happy dwelling I roim, love,  
Ever more seeking, my own bride, for thee,  
Ah, Mary! wherever thou art is my home, love,  
And I'll soon lie beside thee, my *Cushla ma chree*

**Thomas Osborne Davis** (1814-45) was born at Mallow, County Cork. Of Welsh parentage through his father, Anglo-Irish through his mother, Davis inherited in a large degree the Celtic spirit which inspires his muse. He was educated at first privately, and later at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1836, and where, as a member of the well-known Historical Society which Burke had founded, he first evinced that enthusiasm for Ireland, its politics and its literature, which was the master-passion of his short life. He was called to the Bar in 1838, but scarcely attempted to practise. In 1839 he joined the Repeal Association, and in the following year became part editor of a Dublin daily journal devoted to Nationalist views. In 1842, in conjunction with Charles Gavan Duffy and John Dillon, he founded the *Nation* newspaper, which was thenceforward to be the vehicle for the emanations in prose and verse of his extraordinarily active brain. Prior to this Davis had never published, possibly he had never written, a line of verse, but in response to the call for popular lyrics associated with the aspirations of 'Young Ireland,' he suddenly burst into song. To the sixth number of the *Nation* he contributed the striking and powerful 'Lament of Owen Roe O'Neill,' which was to be the first of a series of poems permeated with that patriotic emotion which entitled them to the name under which they were afterwards republished, *The Spirit of the Nation*. At the same time Davis designed a series of volumes of the leading orators of Ireland, and himself edited, with an elaborate memoir, the *Speeches of the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran*. His correspondence teems with suggestions of literary work which unhappily he did not live to accomplish, and at his death he was engaged on the early chapters of a *Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone*, of which the fragment that has been published is a good example of Davis's rather turgid prose style. His literary and historical essays contributed to the *Nation* have been published in *Duffy's Irish Library*. His poetry has been edited in the same series by Thomas Wallis. The views of Davis and his associates in the Young Ireland movement placed him in sharp antagonism to O'Connell and the elder patriots of the school which had won Catholic emancipation, and on his last appearance on a public platform he was angrily attacked by 'the Liberator,' but undoubtedly Davis and his party represented a larger and nobler ideal than that represented by their predecessors. In September 1845 Davis was attacked with scarlatina, and succumbed to the disease in a few days. No writer that ever lived has better illustrated the aphorism of Fletcher of Saltoun: 'Let legislators do what they would, Davis's stirring lyrics were for the time the voice of Irish patriotism. They breathe the very spirit of "The Celt"—the pseudonym by which his poems in the *Nation* were signed, and though they might be criticised as

wanting in technical perfection, their force, their passion, and their intensity were characteristic of the Celtic imagination at its strongest. The sources of Davis's power, the fascination he exerted upon the people to whom he dedicated his life, and the loftiness of his ideals are well indicated in Sir Samuel Ferguson's impressive *Lament for Thomas Davis*

#### My Land.

She is a rich and rare land,  
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,  
She is a dear and fair land—  
This native land of mine

No men than hers are braver—  
Her women's hearts ne'er waver,  
I'd freely die to save her,  
And think my lot divine

She's not a dull or cold land,  
No! she's a warm and bold land,  
Oh! she's a true and old land—  
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,  
And virtue still reward her,  
No foe would cross her border—  
No friend within it pine!

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,  
Oh! she's a true and rare land,  
Yes! she's a rare and fair land—  
This native land of mine

#### The Sack of Baltimore

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—  
The summer sun is gleaming through Gabriel's rough defiles—

Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird,  
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard,  
The hookers lie upon the beach, the children cease their play,

The gossips leave the little inn, the households kneel to pray—

And full of love and peace and rest, its daily labour o'er,  
Upon that cosy creek there lies the town of Baltimore.

All, all asleep within each roof, along that rocky street,  
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—

A stifled grasp' a dreary noise! 'The roof is in a flame!' From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,

And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—

'The yell of 'Allah' breaks above the prayer and shriek and roar—

Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody hand,

And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,

Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—  
Tis Hackett of Dungirran—he who steered the Algerine!

He fell amid a sudden shout, with scarce a passing prayer,  
Or he had slain the lith and kin of many a hundred there—

Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the Norman o'er—

Some cursed him with Iscariot that day in Baltimore.

**Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu** (1814-73) occupies a place by himself among Irish men of letters of the nineteenth century, for, though belonging in many respects to the school of Carleton, Lover, and Lever, he possessed imaginative qualities of a different and perhaps higher kind than they, though in characteristically Irish humour he is hardly their equal. Le Fanu was the son of a dean of the Irish Establishment, whose mother was a sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In 1833, after a private education, he entered Trinity College, Dublin. While at the university he began his literary career as a contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*, with which he was for the rest of his career closely identified, ultimately becoming its proprietor, and it was in the pages of that periodical that most of his novels first appeared. In 1839 Le Fanu was called to the Bar, but becoming in the same year the owner and editor of a Dublin evening paper, he devoted himself thenceforward to letters and journalism. Le Fanu's early fame was won as the author of two extraordinarily successful Irish ballads, *Phaudrig Croohoore* and *Shamus O'Brien*, of which the latter was long attributed to Lover, who greatly contributed to its popularity by reciting it in America. But his poetical reputation rests almost exclusively on these pieces, for the *Poems*, posthumously collected in 1896, though more akin than these ballads to the qualities of his prose works can hardly be said to have impressed the public. Le Fanu's earliest effort in prose was the *Purcell Papers*, a series of short tales, and this was followed by *The Cork and Anchor* (1845), a chronicle of old Dublin, and *Torloch O'Brien* (1847). It was not, however, until many more years had elapsed that he won with *The House by the Churchyard* (1863) an acknowledged position as a master of the mysterious and supernatural in prose fiction. The remaining ten years of Le Fanu's life were marked by a rapid succession of novels, of which *Uncle Silas* (1864), *Guy Deverell* (1865), *The Tenants of Malory* (1867), and *In a Glass Darkly* (1872) have perhaps proved the most popular. His last novel, *Hilling to Dhu*, was published after his death. Besides the tragic elements of the terrible and the mysterious which give them a distinctive note, Le Fanu's novels are admirable for their constructive excellence and for their narrative vigour.

#### The Hour of Death.

It was a very still night and frosty. My candle had long burnt out. There was still a faint moonlight, which fell in a square of yellow on the floor near the window, leaving the rest of the room in what to an eye less accusomed than mine had become to that faint light would

have been total darkness. Now, I am sure, I heard a soft whispering outside my door. I knew that I was in a state of siege. The crisis was come, and, strange to say, I felt myself grow all at once resolute and self possessed. It was not a subsidence, however, of the dreadful excitement, but a sudden screwing up of my nerves to a pitch such as I cannot describe. I remained for a space which I cannot pretend to estimate in the same posture, afraid to stir—afraid to remove my eye from the door.

A very peculiar grating sound above my head startled me from my watch—something of the character of sawing, only more crunching, and with a faint continued rumble in it—utterly inexplicable. It sounded over that portion of the roof which was farthest from the door, towards which I now glided, and as I took my stand under cover of the projecting angle of a clumsy old press that stood close by it, I perceived the room a little darkened, and I saw a man descend and take his stand upon the window stone. He let go a rope, which, however was still fast round his body, and employed both his hands, with apparently some exertion, about some thing at the side of the window, which in a moment more in one mass, bars and all, swung noiselessly open, admitting the frosty night air, and the man, whom I now distinctly saw to be Dudley Ruthyn, kneeled on the sill, and stepped, after a moment's listening, into the room. His foot made no sound upon the floor, his head was bare, and he wore his usual short shooting jacket.

I cowered to the ground in my post of observation. He stood, as it seemed to me, irresolutely for a moment, and then drew from his pocket an instrument which I distinctly saw against the faint moonlight. Imagine a hammer, one end of which had been beaten out into a longish tapering spike, with a handle something longer than usual. He drew stealthily to the window, and seemed to examine this hurriedly, and tested its strength with a twist or two of his hand. And then he adjusted it very carefully in his grasp, and made two or three little experimental picks with it in the air.

I remained perfectly still, with a terrible composure, crouched in my hiding place, my teeth clenched, and prepared to struggle like a tigress for my life when discovered. I thought his next measure would be to light a match. I saw a lantern, I fancied, on the window sill. But this was not his plan. He stole, in a groping way, which seemed strange to me, who could distinguish objects in this light, to the side of my bed, the exact position of which he evidently knew, he stooped over it. Madame was breathing in the deep respiration of a heavy sleep. Suddenly but softly he laid, as it seemed to me, his left hand over her face, and nearly at the same instant there came a scrunching blow, an unnatural shriek, beginning small and swelling for two or three seconds into a yell such as are imagined in haunted houses, accompanied by a convulsive sound, as of the motion of running, and the arms drumming on the bed, and then another blow—and with a horrid grasp he recoiled a step or two, and stood perfectly still. I heard a horrible tremor quivering through the joints and curtains of the bedstead—the convulsions of the murdered woman. It was a dreadful sound, like the shaking of a tree and rustling of leaves. Then once more he stepped to the side of the bed, and I heard another of those horrid blows—and silence—and another—and more silence—and the diabolical surgery was ended.

(From *Uncle Silas*)

### Song

The autumn leaf is falling

At midnight from the tree,

When at her casement calling,

'I'm here, my love,' cried he

'Come down and mount behind me,

And rest your little head,

And in your white arms wind me,

Before that I be dead'

'You've stolen my heart by magic,

I've kissed your lips in dreams

Our wooing, wild and tragic,

Has been in ghostly gleams

The wondrous love I bear you

Has made one life of twain,

And it will bless or scare you,

In deathless peace or pain'

'Our dreamland shall be glowing,

If you my bride will be,

To darkness both are going,

Unless you ride with me

Come now, and mount behind me,

And rest your little head,

And in your white arms wind me,

Before that I be dead'

The edition of the *Purcell Papers* published in 1880 contains a sympathetic Memoir by A. P. Graves, who has also written a biographical preface to the *Poems*, and a very charming volume published by Le Fanu's brother William, entitled *Seventy Years of Irish Life* bears incidentally much affectionate testimony to the charm of a personality which fascinated all who came in contact with the novelist.

**Mountstuart Elphinstone** (1779–1859), fourth son of the eleventh Lord Elphinstone, was educated at Edinburgh and Kensington, and entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1795. In 1803 he served with distinction on Wellesley's staff, and was appointed resident at Nagpur, in 1808 he was sent as envoy to Shah Shuja at Cabul, and as resident from 1810 at Poonah he ended the Mahratta war of 1817 and organised the newly acquired territory. During his governorship of Bombay (1819–27) he founded the present system of administration, and greatly advanced public education. Returning to England in 1829, he declined the Governor-Generalship of India, and lived in comparative retirement until his death at Hookwood in Surrey. His well known *History of India* appeared in 1841, has been often reprinted, and is still the standard popular work on the Mohammedan period. It followed the Persian historian Ferishta rather closely, but many newer data and conclusions were incorporated in the 1866 edition by Professor Cowell, and retained in the subsequent editions (7th, 1889). Elphinstone also wrote an *Account of Cabul* as he saw it during his embassy, as well as a sketch of the *Rise of British Power in the East*, edited in 1887 by Sir Edward Colebrooke, who had published a Life of him in 1884. Another Memoir by Forrest is prefixed to his *Official Writings* (1884), and he is the subject of a monograph by Cotton in the 'Rulers of India' series (1892).

### Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Macaulay was probably the most widely read and most generally popular author of his generation, and though his literary reputation has been seriously assailed since his death, the steady sale of his works conclusively proves that his hold upon the reading public remains almost unshaken. Born on the 25th October 1800, he was the eldest child of Zachary Macaulay, the earnest and disinterested opponent of the slave-trade and of slavery. His childhood was passed at Clapham, the headquarters of the Evangelical sect, of which his father was a prominent member, but the influence of his early surroundings was stronger in the direction of repulsion than of attraction. He was educated at a private school till the age of eighteen, when he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His years at Cambridge were the formative period of his life. He was already an eager student of the classics and an omnivorous reader of modern literature. He now acquired self-confidence by familiar intercourse with men of equal intellectual power with himself, and he became prominent as a fluent talker in private society and as a brilliant and ready speaker in the debates of the Union. At the same time he formed those political opinions of which he was to be so consistent a champion, both by voice and pen, in later life. His degree was undistinguished on account of his distaste for mathematics, but he gained prizes for English verse, a Craven scholarship, and ultimately in 1824 a fellowship at Trinity. Macaulay's subsequent career was vitally affected by the failure of his father's business. At the very outset he was compelled not only to support himself, but to undertake the burden of paying off the creditors and of contributing to the maintenance of the family. He was called to the Bar in 1826, and two years later he was appointed a Commissioner in Bankruptcy. But he was impelled by urgent reasons to supplement his fellowship and his official income by the earnings of his pen. His first contributions, both prose and verse, were made to *Knight's Quarterly*, but in 1825 he established that connection with the *Edinburgh Review* which for more than thirty years brought equal fame both to the journal and to its brilliant contributor. The consequent improvement in his finances enabled Macaulay in 1830 to accept from Lord Lansdowne the offer of a seat in Parliament for the borough of Calne. In the great struggle of the Reform Bill the young member played a part of no small importance, and he was rewarded for his services by a post on the Board of Control. Everything seemed to point to a distinguished career in politics, when he was induced by the prospect of permanent freedom from financial difficulties to accept the post of legal adviser to the Supreme Council in India. For four years, 1834-38,

Macaulay was in India, where his most important work was associated with the drafting of the penal code and with the organisation of Indian education. He returned to England in 1839, with the intention of devoting himself to the writing of a History of England from the accession of James II to the early years of the nineteenth century. From this purpose he was for a time distracted, partly by the incessant demands of the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and partly by the temptation to return to political life. He accepted the post of Secretary at War in the Whig Ministry, and was elected to the House of Commons by the city of Edinburgh. The fall of the Ministry in 1841 gave him more leisure, until in 1846 he was once more in office as Paymaster of the Forces. But in 1847 his failure to secure re-election for Edinburgh put an end to his active political life, and though he was triumphantly returned at the head of the poll in 1852, spoke occasionally in the House of Commons in 1852 and 1853, and in 1857 was raised to the House of Lords, he never sought to resume the burden of office, and the last twelve years of his life, clouded as time went on by failing health, were devoted to literary work, and especially to the composition of his *History*, which had hardly reached the death of William III when he died, sitting among his books, on 28th December 1859.

There is no great room for dispute about Macaulay's rank as a poet. He does not claim a place among the great poets of the world. He had too little insight into the deeper problems and motives of human life and character to justify such a pretension. His own life was too free from the strongest passions and temptations of humanity to enable him to interpret men's inner nature to themselves. But as a writer of ballads, as a story-teller in verse, he had no superior in his own generation. There is a ring and a rattle about his stanzas which carry away the reader or reciter, and it is no small tribute to Macaulay's grasp of his own limitations that he did not give more time to a species of composition in which he gained such easy and yet well deserved fame. To intelligent boys and girls, and to all who retain in later life the spirit and sentiment of youth, Macaulay's *Lays* will always make a strong appeal. It is not easy to choose extracts from narrative poems so widely known, but the stanzas quoted below from 'Horatius' will serve to illustrate the best qualities of Macaulay's verse.

Macaulay's speeches are of great interest and importance to the student of his prose style. The whole temper of his mind was oratorical. His speeches are spoken essays, his essays are written speeches. Even his conversation, as contemporary rivals humorously complained, was declamatory. The diffuseness of his writing, the almost excessive emphasis and elaboration with which he made his points and drove them home to his

readers, are the result of this oratorical method. In the House of Commons Macaulay was at his best. He gained the ear of the House on his first appearance, and he never lost it. The report that 'Macaulay is up' always brought members hurrying from the library, the smoking-room, and the lobby. Yet the limitations of his oratory are as obvious as those of his poetry, and spring from the same causes. He could command an endless supply of telling and sonorous phrases, which he poured forth with a fluency that made him the despair of reporters; he was never at a loss for a striking illustration; his arguments were always well marshalled and transparently clear. Yet he lacked the subtle sympathy and the electrical force of a really great orator; he could convince, but he could not enchant, and it is difficult to believe that he could ever have reached the first rank as a debater. His speeches are so coherent and so level in their uniform merit that it is as hard to find extracts from them as from his poems. Perhaps his most famous speeches are those on the Reform Bill

(16th December 1831) and on the Maynooth grant (14th April 1845), from which passages are given below.

No contributions to historical literature have ever achieved such immediate and lasting popularity as the Essays which Macaulay wrote for the *Edinburgh Review*. Of these, twenty-two were published before his departure for India, three during his residence in the East, and eleven after his return. With them may be reckoned the five biographies which he contributed in his later years to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, one of which, that on William Pitt, is as perfect in its way as anything Macaulay ever wrote. That these Essays, forty-one in all, are of unequal merit was inevitable, and that some of them would never have been republished if any one else had written them will

hardly be denied. But there are at least twenty, including all those on English history in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which are immortal. The Essays will probably continue to have fifty readers for every one who reads through the more ambitious *History*. This preference is to be justified on literary grounds. The form of the essay, a brilliant dissertation rather than an essay proper as the term was understood by Bacon and Hume, was Macaulay's own invention, and it has been imitated ever since. For such an essay, giving a graphic picture of a period, or a character, or a career, Macaulay's style was pre-eminently suited. Its rather metallic resonance, its rhetorical antitheses, its occasional faults of taste and emphasis, sometimes weary or even irritate the reader of a long continuous narrative, but they were well fitted to arrest the attention of the most jaded reader of a solid quarterly. And it is as literature, not as history, that the Essays deserve their reputation. As Macaulay himself says of Temple 'The style of his essays

is on the whole excellent, almost always pleasing, and now and then stately and splendid. The matter is generally of much less value.' It is true that Macaulay's Essays have a real historical interest and value in giving the views of an eminent student upon subjects to which he had given much time and thought, but they are not, and they never professed to be, serious contributions to human knowledge. Volumes have been written to prove the inaccuracy of the Essays on Bacon and on Warren Hastings, and equally serious inaccuracies, or even the absence of all adequate research, might be easily proved in the case of other essays. But such elaborate confutation is unnecessary and not a little ridiculous. The most learned and accurate of men would hesitate to write articles for any popular review if every statement was to be as careful and precise



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

After a Photograph by Claude

as if he were writing for a select circle of scholars and specialists

As a historian Macaulay must be judged, not by the Essays, nor by the first two chapters of the *History*, which are prefatory and scarcely more solid than the Essays, but by his account of the reigns of James II and William III. And in forming an estimate we must remember what was Macaulay's deliberate aim in writing history. We have it in his own words 'History, at least in its state of ideal perfection, is a compound of poetry and philosophy. It impresses general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents.' 'A truly great historian would recline those materials which the novelist has appropriated.' 'I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies.' His avowed intention was to combine the picturesqueness of the historical novel with the accuracy of the historian, his models were Thucydides and Sir Walter Scott. History in his mind must be above all things pictorial and dramatic, it must bring the characters and their actions on the stage—all the accessories in the way of scenery and subordinate personages must be supplied by the writer. And he unquestionably succeeded in this aim. Carlyle with a few impressive touches may paint isolated scenes even more vividly than Macaulay, but he cannot produce such a uniform and continuous pageant. Some may hold that Macaulay's supreme art as a scene shifter is never sufficiently concealed, that the machinery by which the puppets are worked is too obvious, others may doubt whether the pictorial conception of history is the highest or even in the end the truest, but no one can deny that Macaulay had a perfectly clear conception of the object which he desired to attain, and that he showed himself a perfect master of the means by which it could be achieved. It is inevitable that in such a scheme the reader must be left in large measure to draw his own conclusions from the events which are described. It is a lengthy process to apply the methods of the cinematograph to history, and Macaulay took five volumes to complete the animated picture of some sixteen years. But the machinery would hardly work at all if at every turn it was necessary to explain not only that the event took place in a particular way, but also the why and the wherefore of each occurrence.

Lack of philosophic insight is not the only charge which is brought against Macaulay. He is also accused of excessive party-spirit and of inaccuracy resulting from the use of uncritical methods. The first of these charges has been enormously exaggerated. That Macaulay was a Whig, that he admired William III, and that he thoroughly approved of the principles of the Revolution nobody disputes. It is neither possible

nor wholesome for a man to write as if he had no opinions of his own. But it cannot be contended that Macaulay is deliberately unfair, or that he set himself to write, not a history, but a political pamphlet. Within the permissible and easily recognisable limits of political inclination he distributes praise and blame with praiseworthy fairness. It is less easy to disprove the assertion that he was violently prejudiced against individuals, as Shaftesbury, Penn, and Marlborough, but his diatribes against them are quite independent of party-spirit. In fact, Shaftesbury was the founder and first leader of the Whigs, and Marlborough in his later life became their intimate ally. The second charge is perhaps the most formidable. It is not that Macaulay neglected his authorities, but that he used them in an uncritical way, that he deliberately rejected the systematic analysis of sources which was inculcated and practised by Von Ranke and other eminent contemporaries. Macaulay had read everything that was accessible at the time on the period which he treated. That he did not do more was probably due to the extraordinary memory which too often saved him from the necessity of abstract thought. All his information was collected, sorted, and fused together in his mind. He adjusted the evidence and drew his conclusions not so much by the processes of reason as by a sort of instinct. It is not a method that could be safely recommended to every student of the past, but it is marvellous how successful it was in Macaulay's case. Considering the scale on which he worked, inaccuracy in occasional details was inevitable, yet those which have been detected by malevolent critics are comparatively few and unimportant. On the other hand, there is a subtle inaccuracy in Macaulay's methods of statement which is almost as serious a fault as actual blunders. His extreme precision and his excessive emphasis are often in themselves misleading. Two instances must suffice. 'The House of Commons was more zealous for royalty than the king, more zealous for episcopacy than the bishops.' 'To the seared consciences of Shaftesbury and Buckingham the death of an innocent man gave no more uneasiness than the death of a partridge.' Such assertions, which might be indefinitely multiplied, go much further than could be justified by any authority. In fact, Macaulay is a great artist in black and white rather than a great colourist, and the most delicate shading, a process in which he did not excel, can never supply the place of the infinite gradations of colour, and of those neutral tints which may not produce such brilliant pictures, but are nevertheless predominant in human history.

From 'Horatius'

But with a crash like thunder  
Tell every loosened beam,  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream

And a long shout of triumph  
Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret tops  
Was splashed the yellow foam

And, like a horse unbroken  
When first he feels the rein,  
The furious river struggled hard,  
And tossed his tawny mane,  
And burst the curb, and bounded,  
Rejoicing to be free,  
And whirling down in fierce career,  
Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
Rushed headlong to the sea

Alone stood brave Horatius  
But constant still in mind,  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
And the broad flood behind  
'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face  
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,  
'Now yield thee to our grace'

Round turned he, is not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see,  
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena  
To Sextus nought spake he  
But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home,  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the towers of Rome

'O Tiber! Father Tiber!  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
Take thou in charge this day!  
So he spake, and speaking sheathed  
The good sword by his side  
And with his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank,  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise  
With parted lip, and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank,  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer

#### Parliamentary Reform

We support this Bill. We may possibly think it a better Bill than that which preceded it. But are we therefore bound to admit that we were in the wrong, that the Opposition was in the right, that the House of Lords has conferred a great benefit on the nation? We say—who did not see?—great defects in the first Bill. But did we see nothing else? Is delay no evil? Is prolonged excitement no evil? Is it no evil that the heart of a great people should be made sick by deferred hope? We allow that the changes which have been made are improvements. There probably never was a law which might not have been amended by delay. But there have been many cases in which there would have been more mischief in delay than benefit in the amend-

ments. The first Bill, however inferior it may have been in its details to the present Bill, was yet herein far superior to the present Bill, that it was the first. If the first Bill had passed, it would, I firmly believe, have produced a complete reconciliation between the aristocracy and the people. It is my earnest wish and prayer that the present Bill may produce this blessed effect, but I cannot say that my hopes are so sanguine as they were at the beginning of the last session.

The decision of the House of Lords has, I fear, excited in the public mind feelings of resentment which will not soon be allayed. What then, it is said, would you legislate in haste? Would you legislate in times of great excitement concerning matters of such deep concern? Yes, sir, I would, and if any bad consequences should follow from the haste and excitement, let those be held responsible who, when there was no need of haste, when there existed no excitement, refused to listen to any project of Reform—nay, who made it an argument against Reform that the public mind was not excited. When few meetings were held, when few petitions were sent up to us, these politicians said, 'Would you alter a constitution with which the people are perfectly satisfied?' And now, when the kingdom from one end to the other is convulsed by the question of Reform, we hear it said by the very same persons, 'Would you alter the representative system in such agitated times as these?' Half the logic of misgovernment lies in this one sophistical dilemma. If the people are turbulent, they are unfit for liberty; if they are quiet, they do not want liberty.

I allow that hasty legislation is an evil. I allow that there are great objections to legislating in troubled times. But reformers are compelled to legislate fast, because bigots will not legislate early. Reformers are compelled to legislate in times of excitement, because bigots will not legislate in times of tranquillity. If ten years ago, nay if only two years ago, there had been at the head of affairs men who understood the signs of the times and the temper of the nation, we should not have been forced to hurry now. If we cannot take our time, it is because we have to make up for their lost time. If they had reformed gradually, we might have reformed gradually, but we are compelled to move fast, because they would not move at all.

(From Speech on the Reform Bill.)

#### On the Maynooth College Bill.

Can we wonder that the eager, honest, hot-headed Protestants, who raised you to power in the confident hope that you would curtail the privileges of the Roman Catholics, should stare and grumble when you propose to give public money to the Roman Catholics? Can we wonder that, from one end of the country to the other, everything should be ferment and uproar, that petitions should, night after night, whiten all our benches like a snowstorm? Can we wonder that the people out of doors should be exasperated by seeing the very men who, when we were in office, voted against the old grant to Maynooth, now pushed and pulled into the House by your whippers-in to vote for an increased grant? The natural consequences follow. All those fierce spirits, whom you hallooed on to harass us, now turn round and begin to worry you. The Orangeman raises his war whoop. Exeter Hall sets up its bray. Mr Macneile shudders to see more costly cheer than ever provided for the priests of Baal at the table of the Queen, and the

Protestant operatives of Dublin call for impeachments in exceedingly bad English. But what did you expect? Did you think when, to serve your turn, you called the Devil up, that it was as easy to lay him as to raise him? Did you think, when you went on, session after session, thwarting and reviling those whom you knew to be in the right, and frittering the worst passions of those whom you knew to be in the wrong, that the day of reckoning would never come? It has come. There you sit, doing penance for the disingenuousness of years. If it be not so, stand up manfully and clear your fame before the House and the country. Show us that some steady principle has guided your conduct with respect to Irish affairs. Show us how, if you are honest in 1845, you can have been honest in 1841. Explain to us why, after having goaded Ireland to madness for the purpose of ingratiating yourselves with the English, you are now setting England on fire for the purpose of ingratiating yourself with the Irish. Give us some reason which shall prove that the policy which you are following, as Ministers, is entitled to support, and which shall not equally prove you to have been the most factious and unprincipled Opposition that ever this country saw.

(From Speech on the Maynooth Grant.)

#### The Roman Catholic Church.

There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilisation. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth, and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy, and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which a century hence may, not improbably, contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions, and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected

before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's.

(From *Essay on Rankes History of the Popes, Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1840 in Works, 1866, vol. VI.)

There have been numerous anticipations of this famous last sentence, the latest by Macaulay himself at the very end of his article on Mitford's *History of Greece*, published in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in 1824. Five years before, in the preface to *Peter Bell the Third* Shelley had spoken of the time 'when London shall be an habitation of butchers when St Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins for the contemplation of some transatlantic commentator'. Wilcocks in his *Roman Conversations* (1792-94) imagined foreigners 2000 years hence sailing up the Thames in search of antiquities, passing 'through some arches of the broken bridge and viewing with admiration the still remaining portico of St Paul's. Still earlier in 1791 there is Volney's meditation in the second chapter of *Les Ruines* that some day 'on the banks of the Seine the Thames or the Zuider Zee a traveller may seat himself on silent ruins and bemoan in solitude the ashes of nations and the memory of their greatness. And seventeen years before Volney's book appeared, Horace Walpole in 1774 had warned Sir Horace Mann that 'at last some curious traveller would visit England and give a description of the ruins of St Paul's. Other anticipations are cited in our articles on Miss Barbauld (Vol. II p. 582) and on Henry Kirke White (Vol. II p. 729).

#### The Death of Chatham

The Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne, against the further prosecution of hostilities with America. Chatham had, during some time, absented himself from Parliament, in consequence of his growing infirmities. He determined to appear in his place on this occasion, and to declare that his opinions were decidedly at variance with those of the Rockingham party. He was in a state of great excitement. His medical attendants were uneasy, and strongly advised him to calm himself, and to remain at home. But he was not to be controlled. His son William, and his son in law Lord M<sup>r</sup>hon, accompanied him to Westminster. He rested himself in the Chancellor's room till the debate commenced, and then, leaning on his two young relations, limped to his seat. The slightest particulars of that day were remembered, and have been carefully recorded. He bowed, it was remarked, with great courtliness to those peers who rose to make way for him and his supporters. His crutch was in his hand. He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet coat. His legs were swathed in flannel. His wig was so large and his face so emaciated that none of his features could be discerned, except the high curve of his nose, and his eyes, which still retained a gleam of the old fire.

When the Duke of Richmond had spoken Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused that, in speaking of the Act of Settlement, he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief

Dated 1 Jun 1944  
I am sorry to speak,  
but I must make  
a few remarks, personal  
and private, concerning  
the conduct of our  
Government. The living  
memory of one of its officers of  
the highest rank as to be able to live  
on, has been a few  
days past. He believed  
in the rightness of his cause. This  
was his life, with which he  
had fought so hard, and it had  
been a glorious life. It had righteously been  
lived, and his cause I regarded with  
the deepest interest. I could never  
have been, nor will I ever  
be, separated from him, with the affection  
of a son, and I am longing in my heart  
for him, but in the hereafter.

in this case he had not, in both  
cases, been, temporally excommunicated. Half the  
time he was not. I am not told from him by  
anyone, and I have not been able to get any information which would  
support my conjecture. His speech has been  
published in the paper published by the Government  
and it is his speech before the Opposition  
in the House. He is to be held in the affection  
of the people. Who could the remnant of the full of  
the people be? It is a party, or a group, which has stood so  
long in the main, and which has tried to belong  
to the Union, and to be with it. A great statesman,  
but one who has not got up to the Senate House  
but has got up to the House of Representatives, and has done an excellent  
work there. He has got up to the House of Representatives, the dropping  
of the bombshell, but he is remembered with  
affection in the Senate. Dr. Barton was another  
and Dr. S. C. P. was another. Temperance workers in  
the South were interested by the story of him  
and his wife, and his son, and his wife of him  
and his son. They were a great  
and a great family, and were greatly interested  
in the South. There was a prominent  
and a great man. That is why he was reported that  
he was of the Southern cause. He died so long  
ago, and he did not live long, but the doctor of her  
was a great man. The question came too late  
for the doctor to do anything for the patient in

In general it is believed that the  
most effective way to prevent  
the spread of the disease is to  
isolate the infected persons  
and to provide them with  
adequate medical care.

other natures, she no less than many others, will yet deliberate & pronounce that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near him, scarcely one has left a more stainless & unblemished & splendid name.

(It is at my wife's house in Chatham, Kent, England, December,  
One thousand eight hundred and forty-three.)

## The Relief of Londonderry

It was the twenty eighth of July. The sun has just set the evening sermon in the cathedral was over and the broken congregation had separated, when the animals on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Liffey. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The buglers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low, and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Munster* took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade crumbled and gave way, but the shock was such that the *Munster* rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks, the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board, but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phœnix* dashed at the breach which the *Munster* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Munster* began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stake and floating spars. Just her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him, and he died by the most painful of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which he had just been saved by his courage and self devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began, but the roar of the guns was even and the noise heard by the lein and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the *Munster* grounded, and when the boat of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the heart of the郠ege I died within them. One who entered the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully fixed in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the bugles blew at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of canvas till was raised which thrown up to protect the *Phoenix*, proved a target better than the other side of the river. It in two moments of undividing began. It was well I can't tell containing six thousand barrels of rum. Then came the alarm, call of beef, slices of bacon, boxes of tea, etc. etc. of peas and salt pork, tubs of butter, & so on. In a few moments of time, the *Phoenix* had been loaded with stores, and was ready to start for the fort. The *Phoenix* had been loaded with stores, and was ready to start for the fort.

whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night, and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the three following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But on the third night flames were seen arising from the camp, and, when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers, and the citizens saw far off the long column of spikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

Five generations have since passed away, and still the will of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which bore during many weeks the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker, such as when, in the last and most terrible emergency, his eloquence roused the fainting courage of his brethren. In one hand he grasps a Bible, the other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay. Such a monument was well deserved, yet it was scarcely needed, for in truth the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance. The wall is carefully preserved, nor would any plea of health or convenience be held by the inhabitants sufficient to justify the demolition of that sacred enclosure which, in the evil time, gave shelter to their race and their religion. The summit of the ramparts forms a pleasant walk. The bastions have been turned into little gardens. Here and there, among the shrubs and flowers, may be seen the old culverins which scattered bricks, cased with lead, among the Irish ranks. One antique gun, the gift of the fishmongers of London, was distinguished during the hundred and five memorable days by the loudness of its report, and still bears the name of Roaring Meg. The cathedral is filled with relics and trophies. In the vestibule is a huge shell, one of many hundreds of shells which were thrown into the city. Over the altar are still seen the French flagstaffs, taken by the garrison in a desperate sally. The white ensigns of the Bourbons have long been dust, but their place has been supplied by new banners, the work of the fairest hands in Ulster. The anniversary of the day on which the gates were closed, and the anniversary of the day on which the siege was raised, have been down to our own time celebrated by salutes, processions, banquets, and sermons. There is still a Walker Club and a Murray Club. The humble tombs of the Protestant captains have been carefully sought out, repaired, and embellished. It is impossible not to respect the sentiment which indites itself by these tokens. It is a sentiment which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of states. A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants. Yet it is impossible for the moralist or the statesman to look with unmixed complacency on the solemnities with which Londonderry commemorates her deliverance, and on the honours which she pays to those who saved her. Unhappily, the animosities of her brave champions have descended with their glory. The faults which are ordinarily found in dominant castes and dominant sects have not seldom shown themselves without disguise at her festivities, and even with the expressions of pious

gratitude which have resounded from her pulpits have too often been mingled words of wrath and defiance.

(From *History of England*, Chap. XII Works, 1866, vol II.)

Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (1876) is one of the great biographies of the nineteenth century. Interesting criticisms of Macaulay may be found in J. Cotter Morison's *Macaulay* (English Men of Letters series), in Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library*, in Bagehot's *Literary Studies*, in John Morley's *Critical Miscellanies*, and in vol II of M. Taine's *History of English Literature*. His accuracy has been disputed by John Paget in his *New Examen* (1861) and *Puzzles and Paradoxes* (1874), by James Spedding, in *Evenings with a Reviewer* (1881), and by Sir J. F. Stephen, in *The Story of Nuncomar* (1885).

RICHARD LODGE

**John Austin** (1790-1859), born at Creeting Mill, Suffolk, served some five years in the army in Sicily and Malta, but in 1818 was called to the Bar. In 1820 he married Sarah Taylor (daughter of John Taylor 'of Norwich,' see Vol II p 742), and from 1826 to 1832, when he resigned from lack of students, was Professor of Jurisprudence in the newly founded university of London (now University College). His *Province of Jurisprudence Determined*, defining (on a utilitarian basis) the sphere of ethics and law, practically revolutionised English views on the subject. He was once or twice put upon a royal commission, but his health was bad, in 1841-44 he lived in Germany, and in 1844-48 in Paris. The Revolution of 1848 drove him back to England, and he then settled at Weybridge, where he died. His *Lectures on Jurisprudence* were published by his widow (1863, new ed. by Campbell, 1869). A Memoir by Mrs Austin was prefixed to a new edition of the *Province* (1861). Mrs Austin (1793-1867) was known by her translations from German and French, including Ranke's *Popes* and Guizot's *Civilisation*, and wrote books on Germany and national education. The only child of this gifted couple, Lucie (1821-69), who married Sir Alexander Duff Gordon (1811-72, latterly a Commissioner of Inland Revenue), was also an accomplished translator from the German, and in South Africa, whence she had gone for her health, indited her vivacious *Letters from the Cape* (1862, new ed., with preface by George Meredith, 1903). From 1862 she lived, almost like a native, on the Nile or in Egypt, whence she sent to the press two series of *Letters from Egypt*. See *Three Generations of English-women* (1889), by Janet Ross, daughter of Lady Duff Gordon, who has also written several books on things Tuscan.

**John Kitto** (1804-54), son of a Plymouth stone mason, worked at his father's craft, but in 1817 became stone deaf through a fall, and, sent to the workhouse, learned shoemaking. In 1824 he went to Exeter to learn dentistry, in 1825 he published *Essays and Letters*, at the Missionary College at Islington he learned printing, in 1829-33 he accompanied a patron on a tour to the East. The rest of his life was spent in the service of the publishers, chiefly in that of Charles Knight. His

In 1838, now  
in his sixties, he was, one of power  
and influence, on 7th Feb. 1838,  
published his 'History  
of Spain under Charles II,'  
which has been called 'the best history  
of Spain ever written.' There are lives of  
Charles II and Louis XIV. (1857)

**Henry Rogers** (1807-1877) born at S. Albans  
of a poor family and pauper, and was Pro-  
fessor of Latin at University College, London  
and at the Spring Hill College, Birmingham  
and at the 1857-78 at Lancashire Indie  
Colleges. Much like Hayne, made a strenuous  
effort to get out of his Mendacious and  
unscrupulous and ultra-liberal critical and  
political views. In 1841 he first wrote and published  
his 'History of the English Revolution' so far as to cover  
the period from 1640 to 1649, and after the Peace of 1648  
and the execution of Charles I. His more notable works are 'A  
History of the Indies, 1852; 'The Logos of Truth'  
1855, a series of various current forms of re-  
ligion, belief and defence of them in reply  
to the 'Protestantism of Thomas Fuller'  
'The History and Origin of the Battle  
of Hastings,' with 'Memoirs of Dr Dule, 1853.

**Philip Henry, Earl Stanhope** (1805-75),  
son of the 1st Earl of Chesterfield, and  
nephew of the 2nd Earl of Stanhope,  
who died in 1717, is known by  
his 'Letters.' These covered his service in the  
Spanish army. I did not find he entered  
the Spanish army in 1820, but in 1829,  
when he was 24. Under Sir George  
Beresford, after Italian Board of Control under  
the Duke of Wellington, one of his literary expositions  
was 'The War in Spain & the Capture of Wellington's  
Army in the Month of May' which became  
a very popular. His next book that drew  
more notice was 'History of the Spanish  
War in 1828-29' which is paired with  
his 'Letters' in 'Moralities in the War of  
Spain' published four years later by the  
same author. In this, of course, and for  
the rest of his life, he was identified with the  
Spanish cause. He was appointed with the  
Duke of Wellington to the History of the  
Spanish War in 1828-29, and was  
one of the most active members of the  
committee of correspondence of the  
Spanish cause. He was a member of the  
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actors in some of the scenes he describes fails often  
to give authentic vividness to his narrative. While  
neither a brilliant writer nor a deep or original  
thinker, he is to be ranked among the most trust-  
worthy and agreeable of English historians. His  
industry is a writer's is untiring and vigorous. He  
published a *History of Spain under Charles II*, a  
collection of *Essays* and *Miscellanies*, and two  
short biographies of Belisarius and the great  
Conde, the latter an admirable monograph originally  
written and issued privately in French. He  
was editor also of Peels *Memoirs* and *Chesterfield's Letters*, and was mainly instrumental in pro-  
curing the appointment of the Historical MSS  
Commission and the foundation of the National  
Portrait Gallery.

### The Surrender at Brihuega

Their left wing under Stanhope consisted of eight  
battalions and as many squadrons, all of them English  
except only one battalion of Portuguese, and even that  
commanded by English officers. Thinned as were both  
battalions and squadrons by this toilsome campaign, the  
total number did not exceed 5500 men. It had been  
agreed with Stremberg that he and Stanhope should  
proceed in parallel lines. Stanhope was to march in  
four days from Chinchon to Brihuega, and there halt to  
give his troops some rest and to have for them some  
bread while Stremberg did the like at Cifuentes, the  
two places being about five hours march from each other.  
Brihuega is a town of great antiquity, the Roman Centro  
Iugia built on the river Tajuña and with high uplands  
around it on every side but one. For its defence it had  
only a decaying Moorish wall.

In pursuance of this plan, Stanhope had entered  
Brihuega late at night on the 6th of December. Next  
day he employed him self in collecting corn and in baking  
bread. So adverse to him was the disposition in all  
Castile that neither at Brihuega nor through his four  
days march did he receive the slightest intimation of the  
enemy's advance. It was therefore with surprise that, on  
the morning of the 8th, he observed some of their horse  
on the tops of the neighbouring hills. His surprise  
increased when early in the afternoon, there appeared  
some infantry also. 'Tell that man,' he writes, 'who he  
is who sent me, nor I believe did the Marshal, imagine that  
they had one foot within come day's march of us. And  
our march was owing to the mere idle diligence which  
their army made, for having, as we have since learnt,  
decamped from Talavera on the 1st of December, they  
arrived before Brihuega, on the 8th, which is fifty  
kilometres away.'

In face of a force so superior to his own, Stanhope  
did not attempt to march out of Brihuega and risk a  
junction with Stremberg. He determined one of his  
battalions to march full speed to Alcalá, the Marshal of  
Cavallerie gave a long drawn out signal for a general  
surrender which was set but by Vendome and prepared  
for a general attack until success should come. At  
midnight he was sent word by the English that their  
battalions had given up the fortifications, broken through  
the wall, and were in the town.

He sent a messenger to tell the Duke of Wellington of  
the success of 1,000 of their force. Vendome sent  
the Marshal of Cavallerie with orders to go to the  
front and take the figure who brought the report and

he completed his investment of the latter. Towards mid-night he was joined by several more bodies of his troops, with twelve pieces of the battering train. These he at once disposed in due order, and at daybreak of the 9th of December they began to play. Two breaches were soon made in the old Moorish wall. Through these the Spaniards poured in. But the English had cast up entrenchments behind the breaches, as also barricades across the streets, and they continued to defend themselves with the utmost intrepidity. Several times were the assailants driven back in disarray.

After some hours of sharp conflict a short pause ensued. But at three in the afternoon Vendome, having sent a second summons, which was rejected like the former, gave orders for a general assault. Besides playing field pieces from the hills, which were so close as to command most of the streets, and besides renewing the onset in the two breaches, he sprung a mine under one of the gates. Some of his men, moreover, found means to break passages through the wall into houses which adjoined it, and there they established themselves in force before they were perceived. The English, however, with unabated spirit still fought on. Still on every point they beat back their assailants. How many an anxious look must they mean while hove cast to the opposite heights, on which they expected every moment to see Staremberg and his army appear! Hour after hour passed and no sign of such succour came. Still worse was the rumour now ripe among themselves, that their own ammunition had begun to fail.

Even then the resistance of these stout soldiers did not cease. 'Even with bayonets'—so writes Stanhope to Lord Dartmouth—'the enemy were more than once driven out by some of our troops who had spent their shot, and when no other remedy was left, the town was preserved some time by putting fire to the houses which they had possessed, and where many of them were destroyed, and when things were reduced to the last extremity, that the enemy had a considerable body of men in the town, and that in our whole garrison we had not five hundred men who had any ammunition left, I thought myself obliged in conscience to save so many brave men, who had done good service to the Queen, and will, I hope, live to do so again. So about seven of the clock I beat the chamade, and obtained the capitulation of which I send your Lordship the copy.'

In this capitulation the enemy had been willing to grant most honourable terms, and on these terms then did Stanhope and his gallant little army become prisoners of war. Their defence of Brihuega had cost them 600 men in killed and wounded, while that of the Spaniards was acknowledged by themselves as double, and may even have amounted to 1500, which was Stanhope's computation. (From the *History of England*, Chap. XIII.)

#### Lord North's Resignation of Office

For some time past it had been manifest—and to none more clearly than to Lord North—that although the downfall of the Ministry might be a little delayed or a little quickened, it could not, at that juncture, be averted. With honest zeal he had been striving to reconcile the King's mind to this unavoidable necessity. On the 10th, at last, His Majesty agreed that the Chancellor should see Lord Rockingham, and learn from him on what terms he might be willing to construct another Ministry. Lord Rockingham's demands were found to be, that a Ministry

should be formed on the basis of peace and economy, and that three Bills—namely, Sir Philip Clerke's on Contractors, Mr Burke's on Economical Reform, and Mr Crewe's on Revenue Officers—should be made Government measures. To the basis Thurlow offered no objection, but he would by no means consent to the three Bills. At last, in a final conference with Rockingham, the Chancellor broke off in much wrath, declaring (and with many an oath, no doubt) that he would have no further communication with a man who thought the exclusion of a contractor from Parliament, and the disfranchisement of an exciseman, of more importance than the salvation of the country at this crisis. 'Lord Rockingham,' added he, 'is bringing things to a pass where either his head or the King's must go, in order to settle which of them is to govern the country!'

Scarcely less ardent were, at one time, the feelings of the Sovereign himself. He contemplated with the utmost aversion his return to the oligarchy of the great Whig Houses. He had even some design of taking his departure for Hanover if the terms required of him should be altogether irreconcileable with his sense of right. Such a design had once before arisen in his mind in the midst of the Gordon riots. We now find a mysterious hint of it in his letters to Lord North, and it is certain, writes Horace Walpole, that for a fortnight together the Royal yacht was expediting and preparing for his voyage. What further steps His Majesty may have had in view—whether his recession was to be permanent or temporary—whether he meant to leave the Queen as Regent or to take her and the Princes with him—can at present only be surmised.

It appears, however, that by degrees the King became more reconciled to the present, or more hopeful of the future. Lord North being with him on the afternoon of the 20th, His Majesty acknowledged that, considering the temper of the Commons he thought the administration at an end. 'Then, Sir,' said Lord North, 'had I not better state the fact at once?'—'Well, you may do so,' replied the King. Eager to make use of this permission, Lord North hastened down to the House of Commons in Court dress. He rose to speak at the same moment with Lord Surrey, and neither would give way. Loud were the shouts and cries in that thronged House, the one party calling for Lord Surrey, and the other for Lord North. At length, to restore some order, Fox moved 'That the Earl of Surrey do first speak.' But immediately Lord North, with presence of mind mixed with pleasantry, started up again. 'I rise,' he said, 'to speak to that motion,' and, as his reason for opposing it, stated that he had resigned, and that the Ministry was no more. Next, in some farewell sentences, he proceeded, with excellent taste and temper, to thank the House for their kindness and indulgence, and he would add forbearance, during so many years. And finally, to leave time for his successors, he proposed and carried an adjournment of some days.

There was on this occasion another slight but characteristic incident which more than one eye witness has recorded. It was a cold wintry evening, with a fall of snow. The other Members, in expectation of a long debate, had dismissed their carriages. Lord North, on the contrary, had kept his waiting. He put into it one or two of his friends, whom he invited to go home with him, and then, turning to the crowd chiefly composed of his bitter enemies, as they stood shivering and clustering

near the door, he said to them with a plied smile, 'You see, gentlemen, the advantage of being in the secret Good night'—'No man,' says Mr Adam of his speech and whole conduct that evening, 'ever showed more calmness, cheerfulness, and serenity. The temper of his whole family was the same. I dined with them that day, and was witness to it.'

Thus ended Lord North's administration of twelve years. It is certainly strange, on contemplating these twelve years, to find so many harsh and rigorous measures proceed from the most gentle and good humoured of Prime Ministers. Hippis had but greater firmness in maintaining his own opinions been joined to so much ability in defending opinions even when not his own!

(From the *History of England*, Chap. LXXX.)

**Charles Swain** (1801-74), a Manchester man, was originally a clerk in a dye work, but after his thirtieth year became connected with a large engraving and lithographing business, of which he was ultimately the proprietor. He had begun to send poetry to the magazines, and in 1827 published *Metrical Essays*, the first of a series of volumes of poetry, including *Rhymes for Childhood* and *Dramatic Chapters, Poems, and Songs*, besides *The Mind and other Poems* (1832), which reached a sixth edition in 1873, and *Songs and Ballads* (his twelfth volume, 1867), which was in a fifth edition in 1877. A Life was prefixed to an edition of his poems—mostly marked by sweetness, grace, and melody—published in the United States in 1887, at which date a Civil List pension was conferred on him at home.

**Thomas Cooper** (1805-92), the Chartist poet, who lived to be called the 'last of the Chartists' and to write *Thoughts at Fourscore*, was born at Leicester in 1805, and was apprenticed to a shoe maker at Gainsborough where he became the friend of Thomas Miller (see below). Spite of hard labour and insufficient food (he often swooned when he tried to take his cup of oatmeal gruel at the end of the day's work), he would rise at three in the morning to teach himself Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French, and he became a schoolmaster at twenty-three, and about the same time a local Methodist preacher. He found time for very wide and varied reading in history and English literature, and after reporting for some of the newspapers in the Midlands, he became leader of the Leicester Chartists in 1841, and was an active editor of tracts. He lectured in the Potteries during the riots in August 1842, was arrested on a charge of conspiracy and sedition, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Stafford jail. Here he wrote *The Purgatory of Suicides*, a poem in the Spenserian stanza, and *Wise Savus and Modern Instancis*, a series of tales, which were both published in 1845. In prison he had become a pronounced sceptic, though he never taught 'blank atheism,' he says, and the reading of George Eliot's translation of the *Leben Jesu* made him for years a whole-hearted disciple of Strauss. In 1846 appeared his *Baron's Yule Feast, a Christmas*

*Rhyme*, and a series of papers headed 'Condition of the People of England' in *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*. In 1848 he began to lecture on history and politics in London, set up the *Plain Speaker* and *Cooper's Journal*, two short lived penny weeklies, and published two novels, *Alderman Ralph* (1853) and *The Family Feast* (1854). In 1855 a new religious life dawned for him; he utterly recanted his sceptical views and doubts, became a zealous Christian, and joining the Baptists, was an effective and acceptable preacher. He was always an honest, if impulsive, thinker, and was latterly a sincere but old fashioned Radical. In 1867 his friends purchased an annuity for him. He published his *Autobiography* in 1872, *The Paradise of Martyrs*, an unfinished poem, in 1873, and an edition of his *Poetical Works* in 1878, and in the last year of his life he got a Civil Service pension of £200.

*The Purgatory of Suicides*, the chief occupation of his prison life, was also Cooper's most notable production. In the prison he was ultimately allowed to have his books, to read Gibbon through for the second time, to revel in Shakespeare and Milton, and to commit to memory, out of *Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature*, 'portions of almost every English poet of eminence.' Already, in his reporter days, he had 'conceived as in an instant an epic wherein the souls of suicidal kings and other remarkable personages should be interlocutors on some high theme or themes,' and had resolved on *The Purgatory of Suicides* as the title for it. It was primarily a vision of suicides, including all he could remember, but omitting, to his subsequent regret, Lord Clive and Uriel Acosta, whose history had specially impressed him, though in prison he had forgotten his name. Oppressed with the cruelties, baseness, horrors, shams, hypocrisies, and injustices of his own and past times—especially those which the poor suffer at the hands of the rich—the poet is driven to ask 'Is life worth having?' and to sympathise with those who in despair have succumbed to fate by shortening their own lives. But the poem does not deal much with suicide, it is a 'mind history,' and is largely an impeachment of oppression, a claim of human rights, a denunciation of priesthood, bad government, Castlereagh, Union workhouses, and slaves black and white, and there are still pretty strong traces of his early scepticism, conscientiously permitted to stand by the author after reconversion, as being part of his actual history. Disraeli (Beaconsfield), Dickens, and Jerrold encouraged the convict-poet, and in the *Purgatory* Carlyle found 'indisputable traces of genius—a dark, Titanic energy struggling there for which we hope there will be clearer daylight by and by.' But the too friendly critic not unwise advised him to say what he had to say in prose; probably he too saw that the ten books of Spenserian stanzas were long and wearisome. There are touches of true sentiment in the 'prison rhyme.'

much sound sense, not a little acute argument, and some bombastic rhetoric, but only a little poetry. Probably Cooper's best work was in some of his prose addressed to working men. The first verses of one of Cooper's 'Christian hymns,' 'sung to the noble air of the Old Hundredth,' ran as follows (somewhat like the corresponding work of the Corn Law rhymers, page 231)

God of the earth, and sea, and sky,  
So Thee Thy mournful children cry  
Didst Thou the blue that bends o'er all  
Spread for a general funeral pall?

Sadness and gloom pervade the land,  
Death—famine—glare on either hand,  
Didst Thou plant earth upon the wave  
Only to form one general grave?

**From 'The Purgatory of Suicides.'**

Welcome, sweet Robin! welcome cheerful one!  
Why dost thou slight the merry fields of corn,  
The sounds of human joy, the plenty strown  
From Autumn's teeming lip and, by gray morn,  
Ere the sun wakes, sing thus to things of scorn  
And infamy and want and sadness whom  
Their stronger fellow criminals have torn  
From freedom and the gladsome light of home,  
To quench the nobler spark within, in dungeon'd gloom?

Why dost thou choose, throughout the livelong day,  
A prison rampart for thy perch, and sing  
As thou wouldest rend thy fragile throat? Away,  
My little friend, away, upon light wing,  
A while! Me it will cheer, imagining  
Till thou revisit this my dear abode,  
How, on the margin of some silver spring  
Mintled with golden lilies, thou dost turn  
Thy pretty head awry, so meaningly, and yearn,

I rom out that burning loo! to know what thoughts  
Within the benighted arrow head may dwell—  
The purple eye petrified with snow, that floats  
So grimly! Dost think the dimosel,  
Young Hope, kirtled with Chastity, there fell  
Into the stream, and grew a flower so fair?  
Ah! still thou linger'st, while I, dreading well  
Of pleasures I would rep, if free I were,  
Like thee, loved bird, to bre the sweet Freedom's balmy air.

Away!—for this is not a clime for thee—  
Sweet childhood's sacred one! The briar-thorns bend  
With ruddy fruitage tiny troops, with glee  
Plundering the mellow wealth, a shout will send  
Aloft, if they behold their feathered friend,  
Loved 'Robin Redbreast,' mingle with their joy!  
Did they not watch thy tenderlings, and wend  
With eager steps, when school was o'er, a coy  
And wistful peep to take—lest some rude ruskin boy

With sacrilegious heart and hand, should rob  
Thy nest as healthily as if 'Heaven's bird  
Were not more sacred than the vulgar mob  
Of pies and crows?' I lie—loved one!—thou hast heard  
This the orance of bolts and fire that gird  
Old England's iron slaves, until thy sense  
Of freedom's music will be snatched!

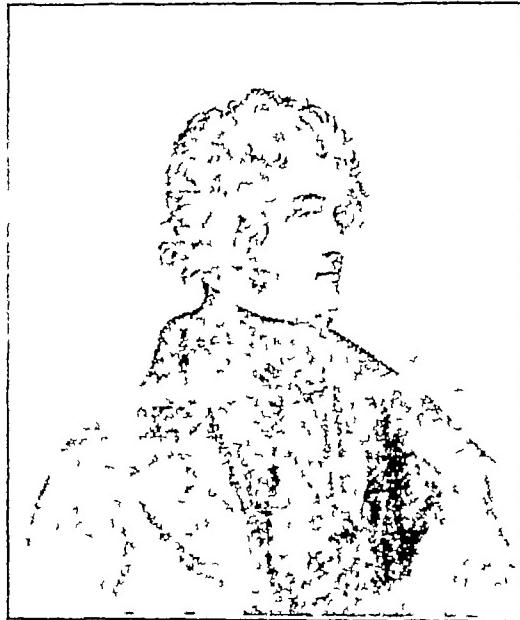
The where young hearts push trumpery intense,  
And, mad their rapture pour thy heart's mellifluence!

**Thomas Miller** (1807-74) is the son of a Grimsborough whitsinger, who, during a visit to London in 1810, left his lodgings on the morning of the Burdett riots, and was never heard of again. The fatherless boy, having learnt it school 'to write a very indifferent hand and to read the Testament tolerably,' was apprenticed to a brick- and tile-maker in his native town. While working at his trade in Nottingham he submitted his poems to Thomas Bailey, a journalist, whose son was the author of *Festus*, and Bailey encouraged Miller to publish *Songs of the Sea Nymphs* (1832). Shortly afterwards he removed to London, hoping to contribute to the magazines, but he had a weary wait for recognition, and had to earn his living by working at his old trade. Having one day sent to Lady Blessington some baskets containing verses, he was welcomed to her house. 'Often,' he wrote 'have I been sitting in Lady Blessington's splendid drawing-room in the morning, and talking and laughing as familiarly as in the old house at home, and on the same evening I might have been seen on Westminster Bridge, between an apple vendor and a baked potato merchant selling my baskets.' About 1845 he was enabled, mainly through the assistance of Samuel Rogers to start business as a bookseller and publisher in Newgate Street, but, failing to succeed, soon devoted himself entirely to writing. Ultimately he had produced not fewer than forty-five volumes, including several works of fiction, in which country characters and scenes are drawn with skill. His best known novel is *Roxton Forces, or the Days of King John* (1838), another tale is *Gideon Giles the Roper*. A volume of *Rural Sketches* was largely circulated, as were most of his books dealing with the country. He contributed leading articles to the London daily papers, reviews to the *Illustrated Museum*, and much miscellaneous prose and poetry to the periodicals but died in poverty.

**James Ballantine** (1808-77) author of 'The blade o' grass keeps its ain drip o' dew' and other Scotch songs, was born in Edinburgh and trained as a house painter, but having studied drawing and painting, became conspicuous as a master of the art of glass painting. Some of his best known songs and ballads are to be found in two prose volumes, *The Galloway's Hallel* (1843) and *The Miller of Deanmuich* (1845).

**William Harrison Ainsworth** (1808-82) the son of a wealthy Manchester solicitor, was educated at the grammar school and articled to a solicitor, and on his father's death in 1824, went up to London to finish his legal studies, but two years later he married a publisher's daughter and himself turned publisher for eighteen months. He had written some magazine articles prior to 1826, so that his first born was not 'John Carter' (1826), an anonymous novel baptised by Scott partly, it seems, the work of John Fletcher Aston. His earliest hit was *An Envoy* (1832).

with its vivid narrative of Dick Turpin's ride to York. In the interest and rapidity of his scenes and adventures, Ainsworth showed some dramatic power, but little originality or felicity in humour or character. His romance, *Crichton* (1837), is founded on the marvellous history of the 'Admirable' Scot, and later works were *Jack Sheppard* (1839), a sort of Newgate romance, *The Tower of London*, *Guy Fawkes*, *Old St Paul's*, *Windsor Castle*, *The Lancashire Witches*, *The Star Chamber*, *The Fitch of Bacon*, *The Spendthrift*, &c. There are rich, copious, and brilliant descriptions in some of these stories, but both their aesthetic value and their moral tendency were—and are now—open to much criticism, there are certainly too many



WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH

From a Print in the British Museum after the Portrait by Maclise.

scenes of low but successful villainy, too many grisly and unrelieved details of human suffering. As romances, they abound in incident, and are elaborately and ingeniously constructed; but in their strongest situations are often frankly incredible, and the style, especially in the conversations, is artificial and stilted to a degree. Even in the most appalling crises his characters 'repel one another in the affirmative' and call a church the sacred pile or the reverend structure. When a beautiful girl is being roasted alive in a burning house one friend says to another, 'I will ascertain how the case stands, and having learned to his great satisfaction what had occurred' (viz., that she has been saved), 'he flew brick and briefly explained the situation of the parties.' The most intimate dialogue also is innocently constructed so as 'to explain the situation of the parties' to the reader, and to expound incidents not elsewhere recorded. The author is fond of such principal constructions as 'knocking at the door, in elderly servant appeared,' when it

is the visitor who knocks. The story of *Jack Sheppard*, illustrated, like six others, by Cruikshank, had immense success, and was dramatised. In 1881 a banquet was held in Ainsworth's honour in Manchester, at which he was acclaimed the 'Lancashire novelist.'

#### The Dance of Death

On the night of their liberation, Chowles and Judith proceeded to the vaults of Saint Faith's, to deposit within them the plunder they had obtained in the prison. They found them entirely deserted. Neither verger, sexton, nor any other person was to be seen, and they took up their quarters in the crypt. Having brought a basket of provisions and a few bottles of wine with them, they determined to pass the night in revelry, and, accordingly, having lighted a fire with the fragments of old coffins brought from the charnel, they sat down to their meal. Having done full justice to it, and disposed of the first flask, they were about to abandon themselves to unrestrained enjoyment, when their glee was all at once interrupted by a strange and unaccountable noise in the adjoining church. Chowles, who had just commenced chanting one of his wild melodies, suddenly stopped, and Judith set down the glass she had raised to her lips untouched. What could it mean? Neither of them could tell. It seemed like strains of unearthly music, mixed with shrieks and groans as of tortured spirits, accompanied by peals of such laughter as might be supposed to proceed from demons.

'The dead are burst forth from their tombs,' cried Chowles, in a quavering voice, 'and are attended by a legion of evil spirits.'

'It would seem so,' replied Judith, rising. 'I should like to behold the sight. Come with me.'

'Not for the world!' rejoined Chowles, shuddering, 'and I would recommend you to stay where you are. You may behold your dead husband among them.'

'Do you think so?' rejoined Judith, halting.

'I am sure of it,' cried Chowles, eagerly. 'Stay where you are—stay where you are.'

As he spoke, there was another peal of infernal laughter, and the strains of music grew louder each moment.

'Come what may, I will see what it is,' said Judith, emptying her glass, as if seeking courage from the draught. 'Surely,' she added, in a taunting tone, 'you will come with me.'

'I am afraid of nothing earthly,' rejoined Chowles, 'but I do not like to face beings of another world.'

'Then I will go alone,' rejoined Judith.

'Nay, that will never be,' replied Chowles, tottering after her.

As they opened the door and crossed the charnel, such an extraordinary combination of sounds burst upon their ears that they again paused, and looked anxiously at each other. Chowles laid his hand on his companion's arm, and strove to detain her, but she would not be stayed, and he was forced to proceed. Setting down the lamp on the stone floor, Judith passed into the subterranean church, where she beheld a sight that almost petrified her. In the midst of the nave, which was illuminated by a blue glimmering light, whence proceeding it was impossible to determine, stood a number of grotesque figures, apparelled in fantastic garbs, and each attended by a skeleton. Some of the latter grisly shapes were playing on tambours, others on psalteries, others ca-

rebees—every instrument producing the strangest sound imaginable. Viewed through the massive pillars, beneath that dark and ponderous roof, and by the mystic light before described, this strange company had a supernatural appearance, and neither Chowles nor Judith doubted for a moment that they beheld before them a congregation of phantoms. An irresistible feeling of curiosity prompted them to advance. On drawing nearer, they found the assemblage comprehended all ranks of society. There was a pope in his tiara and pontifical dress, a cardinal in his cap and robes, a monarch with a sceptre in his hand, and arrayed in the habiliments of royalty, a crowned queen, a bishop wearing his mitre, and carrying his crozier, an abbot likewise in his mitre, and bearing a crozier, a duke in his robes of state, a grave canon of the church, a knight sheathed in armour, a judge, an advocate, and a magistrate, all in their robes, a mendicant friar and a nun, and the list was completed by a physician, an astrologer, a miser, a merchant, a duchess, a pedlar, a soldier, a gamester, an idiot, a robber, a blind man, and a beggar—each distinguishable by his apparel.

By and by, with a wild and gibbering laugh that chilled the beholders' blood, one of the tallest and grisliest of the skeletons sprang forward, and beating his drum, the whole ghostly company formed, two and two, into a line—a skeleton placing itself on the right of every mortal. In this order, the fantastic procession marched between the pillars, the unearthly music playing all the while, and disappeared at the further extremity of the church. With the last of the group the mysterious light vanished, and Chowles and his companion were left in profound darkness.

'What can it mean?' cried Judith, as soon as she recovered her speech. 'Are they human or spirits?'

'Human beings don't generally amuse themselves in this way,' returned Chowles. 'But hark!—I still hear the music. They are above—in Saint Paul's.'

'Then I will join them,' said Judith. 'I am resolved to see the end of it.'

'Don't leave me behind,' returned Chowles, following her. 'I would rather keep company with Beelzebub and all his imps than be alone.'

Both were too well acquainted with the way to need any light. Ascending the broad stone steps, they presently emerged into the cathedral, which they found illumined by the same glimmering light as the lower church, and they perceived the ghostly assemblage gathered into an immense ring, and dancing round the tall skeleton, who continued beating his drum, and uttering a strange gibbering sound, which was echoed by the others. Each moment the dancers increased the swiftness of their pace, until at last it grew to a giddy whirl, and then, all at once, with a shriek of laughter, the whole company fell to the ground.

Chowles and Judith then, for the first time, understood, from the confusion that ensued and the exclamations uttered, that they were no spirits they had to deal with, but beings of the same mould as themselves. Accordingly, they approached the party of misquers, for such they proved, and found on inquiry that they were a party of young gallants, who, headed by the Earl of Rochester—the representative of the tall skeleton—had determined to realise the Dance of Death, as once depicted on the walls of an ancient cloister at the north of the cathedral, called Pardon churchyard, on the walls of which, says

Stowe, were 'artificially and richly painted the Dance of Micabre, or Dance of Death, commonly called the Dance of Paul's, the like whereof was painted about Saint Innocent's at Paris. The metres, or posy of this dance,' proceeds the same authority, 'were translated out of French into English by John Lydgate, monk of Bury and with the picture of Death leading all estates, painted about the cloister, at the special request and expense of Jenkin Carpenter, in the reign of Henry the Sixth.'

(From *Old Saint Paul's*)

**Winthrop Mackworth Praed** (1802–39), son of an English serjeant at law, and connected through his mother with the Winthrops of New England, was born in London and educated at Eton, where he distinguished himself chiefly by



WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

After the Portrait by Mayer

some brilliant experiments in academic journalism. *Ipis Matina*, his first venture, was followed in 1820 by *The Etonian*, which was printed by Charles Knight, and run for ten months. At Trinity College, Cambridge, which he entered in 1821, Praed won the Chancellor's medal twice with poems on 'Australia' and 'Athens,' and contributed prose and verse to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. *The Brazen Head*, which reached its third number, was another of his ventures in the periodical line in 1826. At that time he was tutor to a son of Lord Ailesbury. In 1829, having obtained a college fellowship, he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, and next year entered the House of Commons as member for the rotten borough of St Germans in Cornwall. At Cambridge, in the Union debates, he had been a Whig champion against the Tory Macaulay, but in Parliament the positions of the two were reversed. Praed lost his seat on the passing of the Reform Act, but afterwards re-entered Parliament as member suc-

sick for Great Yarmouth and Aylesbury. The Duke of Wellington employed him in some pamphleteering work, and he was Secretary to the Board of Control in 1834-35, but although his maiden speech in Parliament had been greeted with applause, he failed to win distinction in politics. He died of consumption at the fatal age of thirty-seven.

Praed's poems were collected and published first in America in 1844, the earliest authorised edition in England, with a Memoir by Derwent Coleridge, appeared only in 1864, and was followed in 1887 and 1888 by his prose essays and his political squibs. These last were accounted too good-natured to be effective, and it is on his dainty *vers de société* and his essays in what has been called 'metrical game punting' that his poetic reputation rests. The best of his verses—*The Vicar*, for example, and *Quince*—show a mingling of humour, wit, and pathos perhaps more refined, though less intense and vital, than is found in Hood—a poet to whom in some regards Praed bears a notable resemblance. Most of his society verses are mere trifles, but everywhere, even in his chaffades, one finds delicate good taste and finished execution. His skill as a metrist within certain limits is unfailing, but here again he shows a narrower range and a less vigorous energy than Hood. In the world of English literature he stands in a small group apart—almost a coterie—with Locker Lampsom and Culverley and their like, and as yet he is perhaps the greatest of the band.

#### The Vicar

Some years ago, ere time and taste  
Had turned our parish topsy turvy,  
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,  
And roads as little known as scurvy,  
The man who lost his way between  
St Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket  
Was always shown across the green,  
And guided to the Parson's wicket.  
  
Bick flew the bolt of lissom lath,  
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,  
Led the lone traveller up the path,  
Through clean clipt rows of box and myrtle,  
And Don and Sincho, Tramp and Tray,  
Upon the parlour steps collected,  
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,  
'Our master I now see—you you're expected.'

Uprose the Reverend Dr Brown,  
Uprose the Doctor's winsome murrer,  
The lady laid her knitting down,  
Her husband clasp'd his ponderous Barrow,  
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,  
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,  
He found a stable for his steed,  
And welcome for himself, and dinner.  
  
If, when he reached his journey's end,  
An' warmed himself in Court or College,  
He had no' gained an honest friend,  
And twenty curious scraps of know ledge,—

If he departed as he came,  
With no new light on love or liquor,—  
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,  
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar

His talk was like a stream, which runs  
With rapid change from rocks to roses  
It slipped from politics to puns,  
It passed from Mahomet to Moses,  
Beginning with the laws which keep  
The planets in their radiant courses,  
And ending with some precept deep  
For dressing eels or shoeing horses

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,  
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror,  
And when, by dint of pug and line,  
He established Truth, or startled Error,  
The Baptist found him far too deep,  
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,  
And the lean Levite went to sleep,  
And dreamed of tasting pork to morrow

His sermon never said or showed  
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,  
Without refreshment on the road  
From Jerome, or from Athanasius  
And sure a righteous zeal inspired  
The hand and head that penned and planned them  
For all who understood admired,  
And some who did not understand them

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,  
Small treatises and smaller verses,  
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,  
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses,  
True histories of last year's ghost,  
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,  
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,  
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban

He did not think all mischief fair,  
Although he had a knack of joking,  
He did not make himself a bear  
Although he had a taste for smoking,  
And when religious sects ran mad,  
He held, in spite of all his learning,  
That if a man's belief is bad,  
It will not be improved by burning

And he was kind, and loved to sit  
In the low hut or garnished cottage,  
And pruse the farmer's homely wit,  
And share the widow's homelier porridge  
At his approach complaint grew mild,  
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,  
The clammy lips of fever smiled  
The welcome which they could not utter

He always had a tale for me  
Of Julius Cesar, or of Venus,  
From him I learnt the rule of three,  
Cat's cradle, leap frog, and *Quat* *genus*  
I used to sing his powdered wig  
To steal the staff he put such trust in,  
And make the puppy dance a jig,  
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alick the change ! in vain I look  
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—  
The level lawn, the trickling brook,  
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled  
The church is larger than before,  
You reach it by a carriage entry,  
It holds three hundred people more,  
And pews are fitted up for gentr'.

Sit in the Vicar's seat you'll hear  
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,  
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,  
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian  
Where is the old man laid?—look down,  
And construe on the slab before you,  
*Hic jacet Gwilielmus Brown,*  
*Vir nullus non donandus lauri'*

#### The Rainbow

My First in torrents bleach and black,  
Was rushing from the sky,  
When with my Second at his back  
Young Cupid wandered by,  
'Now take me in, the moon hath past,  
I pray ye, take me in'  
The lightnings flash, the hail falls fast,  
All Hades rides the thunder blast,  
I'm dripping to the skin'

'I know thee well, thy songs and sighs,  
A wicked god thou art,  
And yet most welcome to the eyes,  
Most witching to the heart'  
The Wanderer prayed another prayer,  
And shook his drooping wing,  
The Lover bade him enter there,  
And wrung my First from out his hair,  
And dried my Second's string

And therefore (so the urchin swore,  
By Styx, the fearful river,  
And by the shafts his quiver bore,  
And by his shining quiver)  
That Lover aye shall see my Whole  
In Life's tempestuous Heaven,  
And, when the lightnings cease to roll,  
Shall fix thereon his dreaming soul  
In the deep calm of even

**Robert Stephen Hawker** (1804-75), Cornish poet and unconventional parson, was born at Plymouth, the son of a physician who afterwards took orders, and grandson of a vicar of Plymouth who compiled the *Morning and Evening Portions* and wrote many other theological works. Young Hawker went up from Cheltenham Grammar School to Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1823, his father found himself unable to keep him there, but that same autumn the poetic but practical and resolute undergraduate married a lady of fortune and forty one, and with her returned to Oxford. He carried off the Newdigate in 1827, was ordained in 1831, and in 1834 became vicar of Morwenstow, on the Cornish coast. Its parishioners were demoralised by generations of wrecking, smuggling, and spiritual ignorance, but in his forty years' labour he rebuilt the vicarage, restored the church,

built a school, and introduced a weekly offertory and a striking ceremonial largely of his own devising. He was a devoted parson, but was fond of open air life, and was the intimate and ally of his seafaring parishioners, a mystic in religion, he even shared many of the superstitions of his people as to apparitions and the evil eye. His usual garb was an odd compound of seaman's rig and imposing hyper ecclesiastical costume—strange bright-coloured vestments imperfectly concealing sea-boots to the knee. In his poetry, the spontaneous outpouring of a complex but vigorous personality too much absorbed by active life and its duties and joys to become a 'professional poet,' Hawker is delightful. His *Tendrils by Reuben*, published at seventeen, he did not reprint, but by his Cornish ballads in *Records of the Western Shore* (1832-36), the *Quest of the Sangraal* (1863), and other poems he showed himself unmistakably a poet. His *Footprints of Former Men in Cornwall* (1870) was a collection of miscellaneous papers on local traditions. None of Hawker's poems is so well known as his spirited 'Song of the Western Men,' based on the old Cornish refrain, 'And shall Trelawny die?' a ballad so spontaneous and swinging in its rhythms as to have deceived Sir Walter Scott and Lord Macaulay into accepting it as a genuine relic of the seventeenth century. Hawker's wife died in 1863—a blow that drove the eccentric parson-poet to melancholy and opium, from which he was saved only by the loyalty of his second wife (1864), daughter of a Polish exile, who bore him three daughters, and nursed his declining years with rare devotion. He died at Plymouth 15th August 1875, having been admitted twelve hours before to the Roman Catholic communion. There was a painful controversy after his death as to whether and how long he had been a Roman Catholic at heart.

In Hawker's *Sangraal*, Arthur, much unlike his Tennysonian namesake, speaks to his comrades of the Table Round as a mediæval English crusader might well have done

Ho for the Sangraal, vanished vase of God!  
Ye know that in old days, that yellow Jew  
Accursed Herod, and the earth wide judge,  
Pilate the Roman, doomister for all kinds—  
Or else the judgment had not been for all—  
Bound Jesu master to the world's tall tree  
Slowly to die—Hi, sirs, had we been there  
They durst not have assayed their felon deed,—  
Excalibur hid clest them to the chine!—  
Slowly he died, a world in every pang,  
Until the hard centurion's cruel spear  
Smote his high heart and from that severed side  
Rushed the red stream that quenched the wrath of heaven  
Then came Sir Joseph, light of Arumathie,  
Bearing that awful vase the Sangraal!  
The vessel of the Pasch, Shere Thursday night,  
The self same cup wherein the truthful wine  
Heard God, and was obedient unto blood,  
Therewith he knelt, and gathered blessed drops  
From his dear Master's side that sadly fell,

The ruddy dew from the great tree of life.  
 Sweet Lord ! What treasures like the priceless gems  
 Hid in the tawny crest of a king—  
 A ransom for an army, one by one !  
 That wealth he cherished long his very soul  
 Around his art bent as before a shrine.  
 He dwelt in Orient Syria, God's own land  
 The ladder foot of Heaven—where shadowy shapes  
 In white apparel glided up and down !  
 His home was like a garner, full of corn  
 And wine and oil a granary of God  
 Young men, that no one knew, went in and out  
 With a far look in their eternal eyes  
 All things were strange and rare the Sanguine  
 As though it clung to some ethereal chain  
 Brought down high Heaven to earth at Arimathie

#### The Song of the Western Men.

A good sword and a trusty hand !  
 A merry heart and true !  
 King James's men shall understand  
 What Cornish lads can do  
  
 And have they fixed the where and when ?  
 And shall Trellawn die ?  
 Here's twenty thousand Cornish men  
 Will know the reason why !  
  
 Out sprake their captain brave and bold,  
 A merry night was he  
 'If London Tower were Michael's hold,  
 We'll set Frelawny free !'  
  
 'We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,  
 The Severn is no stay,  
 With "one and all, and hand in hand,  
 And who shall bid us nay ?'  
  
 'And when we come to London Wall,  
 A pleasant sight to view,  
 Come forth ! come forth, ye cowards all,  
 Here's men as good as you !'  
  
 'Trellawn he's in keep and hold,  
 Trellawn he may die,  
 But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,  
 Will know the reason why !'

#### Sir Beville The Gate-song of Stowe

Arise ! and away ! for the King and the land,  
 Farewell to the couch and the pillow  
 With spear in the rest, and with rein in the hand,  
 Let us rush on the foe like a bellow

Call the hounds from the plough, and the herd from the fold,  
 Bid the wassailer cease from his revel  
 And ride for old Stowe, where the banner's unrolled,  
 For the cause of King Charles and Sir Beville

Trevanion is up, and Godolphin is nigh,  
 And Harris of Hayne's o'er the river,  
 From I un li to I ooe, 'One and all' is the cry,  
 And the King and Sir Beville for ever

As ' by Tre, Pol, and Pen, ye may know Cornish men,  
 'Mid the names and the nobles of Devon,—  
 But if truth to the King be a signal, why then  
 Ye can find out the Grinville in heaven

Ride ! ride ! with red spur, there is death in delay,  
 'Tis a race for dear life with the devil,  
 If dark Cromwell prevail, and the King must give way,  
 This earth is no place for Sir Beville

So at Stamford he fought, and at Lansdown he fell,  
 But vain were the visions he cherished,  
 For the great Cornish heart, that the King loved so well,  
 In the grave of the Grinville it perished

See Lives—from opposite points of view on the Catholic question—by Mr Baring Gould (1875, 3rd ed. 1886) and by Dr F G Lee (1876) in edition of Hawker's poems, with a short Life by J C Godwin (1879), one of his prose works (1893) and another of his poems with a bibliography by S. Wallis (1899).

**Lord Houghton** (1809-85), long known in literature and public life as Richard Monckton Milnes, was born in London, the only son of Robert Pemberton Milnes, 'Single speech Milnes' (1784-1858), of Tryston Hall, Bawtry Hall, and Great Houghton, Yorkshire, who declined the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and a peerage, his mother was a daughter of the fourth Lord Gilway. Educated by private tutors at home and in Italy, he went up in 1827 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. in 1831, and where he was a leader in the Union and one of the famous 'Apostles'. From 1837 to 1863 he represented Pontefract, first as a Conservative, but latterly (after Peel's conversion to Free Trade) as an Independent Liberal, then he was called by Palmerston to the Upper House, of which for a score of years he was the 'only poet.' His friendships constituted a great part of his life, he knew everybody worth knowing at home and abroad, and cherished kindly and intimate relations with French statesmen, Italian revolutionaries, and American poets. His catholicity and the tact which enabled him to bring together at his table men widely opposed in politics and religion earned for him Carlyle's (playful) recommendation for the post of 'perpetual president of the heaven and hell-immigration society.' A *Meccenas* of poets, Lord Houghton got Tennyson the laureateship, soothed the dying hours of poor David Gray, and was one of the first to recognise Mr Swinburne's genius, he suffered at the hands of the *Quarterly* for his 'worship of such baby idols as Mr John Keats and Mr Alfred Tennyson.' His own verse was always graceful, cultured, and thoughtful, though wanting in force and fervour, some of the shorter pieces were in their day exceedingly popular—'Strangers Yet,' for example, and 'The Beating of my Own Heart.' Besides this, Lord Houghton—the 'Mr Vavasour' of Disraeli's *Tancred*—was a traveller, a philanthropist, an unrivalled after-dinner speaker, and Rogers's successor in the art of breakfast-giving. He went up in a balloon, and down in a diving bell—he was the first publishing Englishman who gained access to the harems of the East, he championed oppressed nationalities, liberty of conscience, the *Essays and Reviews*, fugitive slaves, the reform

of the franchise, and women's rights, and he carried a Bill for establishing reformatory. His works included *Memorials of a Tour in Greece, chiefly Poetical* (1834), *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent* (1838), *Poetry for the People* (1840), *Poems, Legendary and Historical* (1844), *Palm Leaves* (1844), *Life and Remains of John Keats* (1848), *Monographs, Personal and Social* (1873), and his *Collected Poetical Works* (1878). His Life has been admirably presented by Sir T Wemyss Reid (2 vols 1890).

### St Mark's at Venice

Walk in St Mark's the time the ample spire  
Lies in the freshness of the evening shade,  
When, on each side, with gravely darkened face

The masses rise above the light arcade  
Walk down the midst with slowly tuned pace,  
But gay withal, for there is high parade  
Of fair attire and fairer forms, which pass  
Like varying groups on a magician's glass

Walk in St Mark's again some few hours after,  
When a bright sleep is on each storied pile—  
When fitful music and inconstant laughter  
Give place to Nature's silent moonlight smile  
Now Fancy wants no saery gale to waft her  
To Magian haunt, or charm engirded isle,  
All too content, in passive bliss, to see  
This show divine of visible poetry

On such a night as this impassionedly  
The old Venetian sung those verses rare  
That Venice must of needs eternal be,  
For Heaven had looked through the pellucid air,  
And cast its reflex on the crystal sea,  
And Venice was the image pictured there,  
I hear them now, and tremble, for I seem  
As treading on an unsubstantial dream

That strange cathedral! exquisitely strange—  
That front, on whose bright varied tints the eye  
Rests as of gems—those arches whose high range  
Gives its rich broidered border to the sky—  
Those ever prancing steeds! My friend, whom change  
Of restless will has led to lands that lie  
Deep in the East, does not thy fancy set  
Above those domes in airy minaret?

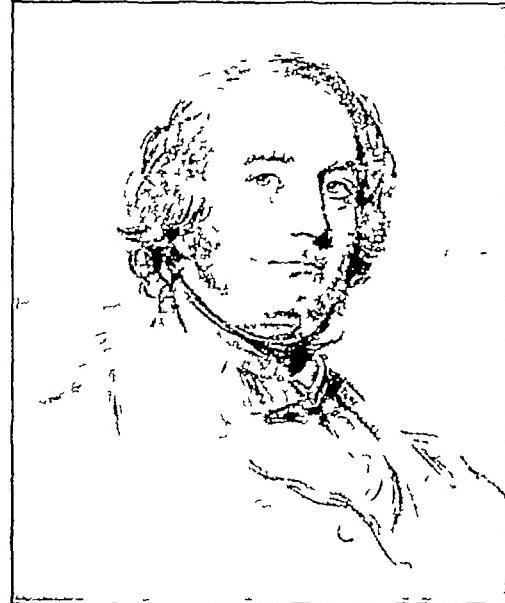
### The Men of Old

I know not that the men of old  
Were better than men now,  
Of heart more kind, of hind more bold,  
Of more ingenuous brow  
I heed not those who pine for force  
A ghost of time to raise,  
As if they thus could check the course  
Of these appointed days

Still is it true, and over true,  
That I delight to close  
This book of life self wise and new,  
And let my thoughts repose  
On all that humble happiness  
The world has since forgone—  
The drowsy light of contentedness  
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,  
Enjoyed, as far as known—  
With will, by no reverse unmanned—  
With pulse of even tone—  
They from to day and from to-night  
Expected nothing more  
Than yesterday and yesternight  
Had proffered them before

To them was life a simple art  
Of duties to be done,  
A game where each man took his part,  
A race where all must run,  
A battle whose great scheme and scope  
They little cared to know,  
Content, as men at arms, to cope  
Lach with his fronting foe.



RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES  
After the Portrait by George Richmond R.A.

Man now his virtue's diadem  
Puts on, and proudly wears—  
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,  
Like instincts, unawares  
Blending their souls' sublimest needs  
With tasks of every day,  
They went about their gravest deeds  
As noble boys at play

And what if Nature's fearful wound  
They did not probe and bare,  
For that their spirits never swooned  
To watch the misery there—  
For that their love but flowed more fast,  
Their charities more free,  
Not conscious what mere drops they cast  
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,  
Lie close about his feet,  
It is the distant and the dim  
That we are sick to greet

For flowers that grow our hands beneath  
We struggle and aspire—  
Our hearts must die, except they breathe  
The air of fresh desire

But, brothers, who up Reason's hill  
Advance with hopeful cheer—  
Oh! loiter not, those heights are chill,  
As chill as they are clear,  
And still restrain your haughty gaze,  
The loster that ye go,  
Remembering distance leaves a haze  
On all that lies below

#### From 'The Long-ago'

On that deep retiring shore  
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,  
Where the passion waves of yore  
Fiercely beat and mounted high  
Sorrows that are sorrows still  
Lose the bitter taste of woe,  
Nothing's altogether ill  
In the griefs of long ago

Tombs where lonely love repines,  
Ghastly tenments of tears,  
Wear the look of happy shrines  
Through the golden mist of years  
Death, to those who trust in good,  
Vindicates his hardest blow,  
Oh! we would not, if we could,  
Wake the sleep of Long ago!

Though the doom of swift decay  
Shoal's the soul where life is strong,  
Though for frailer hearts the day  
Lingers sad and overlong—  
Still the weight will find a heaven,  
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,  
While the future has its heaven,  
And the past its Long ago

#### Shadows

They seem'd, to those who saw them meet,  
The casual friends of every day,  
Her smile was undisturb'd and sweet,  
His courtesy was free and gay

But yet if one the other's name  
In some unguarded moment heard,  
The heart you thought so calm and tame  
Would struggle like a captured bird

And letters of mere formal phrase  
Were blister'd with repeated tears—  
And this was not the woe of days,  
But had gone on for years and years!

Alas! that love was not too strong  
For maiden shame and manly pride!  
Alas! that they delay'd so long  
The goal of mutual bliss beside!

Ye' what no chance could then reveal,  
In I neither would be first to own,  
I let fate and courage now conceal,  
When truth could bring remorse alone.

**Thomas Gordon Hake** (1809-95), the 'parable poet,' was born at Leeds, and educated at Christ's Hospital. He travelled a good deal on the Continent, took his M.D. at Glasgow, and practised at Bury St Edmunds, Richmond, and elsewhere. Among his friends were Borrow, Trelawny, Rossetti, his cousin Gordon Pashé, and Watts-Dunton. He published *Madeline* (1871), *Parables and Tales* (1873), *The Serpent Play* (1883), *New Day Sonnets* (1890), &c. See his *Memoirs of Eighty Years* (1893). The blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, inspired one of his best-known poems, 'The Blind Boy,' this is perhaps one of his most memorable sonnets

#### The Infant Medusa

I loved Medusa when she was a child,  
Her rich brown tresses heaped in crispy curl  
Where now those locks with reptile prission whirl,  
By hate into dishevelled serpents coiled  
I loved Medusa when her eyes were mild,  
Whose glances, narrowed now, perdition hurl,  
As her self-tangled hairs their mass unsurl,  
Bristling the way she turns with hissing wild.  
Her mouth I kissed when curved with amorous spell,  
Now shap'd to the unuttered curse of hell,  
Wide open for death's orbs to freeze upon,  
Her eyes I loved ere glazed in icy stare,  
Ere mortals, lured into their ruthless glare,  
She shrivelled in her gaze to pulseless stone

**Elizabeth Penrose** ('Mrs Markham,' 1780-1837) was the daughter of the Rev. Edmund Cartwright, inventor of the power loom, and as a child devoured folios of history with more appetite than her meals. In 1814 she married the Rev. John Penrose, an industrious theological writer, and in 1823 published under the well-known pseudonym her *History of England for the Use of Young Persons*, followed in 1828 by a similar *History of France*. Other works were *Amusements of Westernheath*, *A Visit to the Zoological Gardens*, *Historical Conversations*, and *Sermons for Children*. Her *History of England*, which, intentionally and expressly, omitted 'painful' scenes and party politics, won a great popularity and had numberless reprints (one, for example, in 1874), having been edited and continued by Mary Howitt.

**Julia Pardoe** (1806-62), daughter of an army officer, began to publish poems while yet a girl at home in Beverley. Ill-health sent her abroad and provided materials for her *Traits and Traditions of Portugal* in 1833. A visit to Constantinople in 1836 led to her *City of the Sultan*, *The Romance of the Harem*, and *The Beauties of the Bosphorus*. She visited Hungary, and wrote *The City of the Magyar*, and a novel, *The Hungarian Castle* (1842). A series of works deal with French history—*Louis XIV and the Court of France* (1847), *The Court and Reign of Francis I* (1849), *The Life of Mary de' Medici* (1852, new ed. 1891), and *Episodes of French History during the Consulate and the First Empire* (1859). Books of another

type are *The Confessions of a Pretty Woman*, *Flus in Amber*, *The Jealous Wife*, *Reginald Lyte*, *Lady Arabella*, and *The Thousand and One Days*. Her sprightly and pleasantly written novels were very popular, but hardly more so than her attractive presentations of the historical past. She was not trained in strict historical research, and her notions of evidence left much to be desired, but she was an acute observer, and her knowledge of the East was accurate and profound.

**The Baroness von Tautphœus** (1807-93) was the daughter of James Montgomery of Seaview, County Donegal, and in 1838 Jemima Montgomery married the Baron von Tautphœus, Chamberlain at the Bavarian Court, and spent the rest of her life in Germany. Her novels—*The Initials* (1850), *Cyrilla* (1853), *Quits* (1857), and *At Odds* (1863)—were written in English, but in their general pictures of the most various aspects of South German life and character they reveal the Irishwoman's intimate sympathy with the men and women, the nobles and peasants, the rich and poor of her adopted fatherland. Her first venture was generally reckoned the most attractive and successful of her stories, the second dealt with a gloomy tragedy of crime and punishment.

**The Countess of Dufferin and The Hon Mrs Norton** sustained the honour of a gifted race. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by his marriage with Miss Linley, had one son, Thomas (1775-1817), whose convivial wit and fancy were scarcely less bright or less esteemed than those of his father, and who died Colonial Paymaster at the Cape of Good Hope. In 1805 Thomas was in Scotland as aide-de camp to Lord Moira, and he there married Caroline Henrietta, daughter of Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Callander of Craigforth, by whom he had seven children, and who wrote *Carroll* and two other novels.

**Helen Bellina** (1807-67) was the first of the 'three Graces,' of whom the second became Mrs Norton and the third the Duchess of Somerset. In 1825 she married, through love at first sight and in the face of some parental opposition, Commander Blackwood (1794-1841), a naval officer, who on the death of his father in 1839 succeeded as fourth Lord Dufferin. After her husband's accidental death only two years later, she devoted herself mainly to the education of her son, afterwards, as fifth Earl and first Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, distinguished as author and diplomatist. And in 1862, at the earnest request of the Earl of Gifford (son of the Marquis of Tweeddale), a devoted friend, now on his deathbed, the countess went through the form of marriage with him a few weeks before his death. From her girlhood she had written songs and verses, *Lispings from Low Latitudes, or Extracts from the Journal of the Hon Impulsive Gushington*, was the outcome of a trip up the Nile with her son, to whom on his birthday many of her poems were addressed. The marquis collected

her *Songs, Poems, and Verses* in 1894, prefacing a Life of his mother. Her best things are imminently tender, sweet, pathetic, and humorous, the best known by far being

#### The Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sit side by side  
On a bright May mornin' long ago,  
When first you were my bride,  
The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high—  
And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
And the love light in your eye

The place is little changed, Mary,  
The day is bright as then,  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again,  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your breath warm on my cheek,  
And I still keep listening for the words  
You never more will speak

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near,  
The church where we were wed, Mary,  
I see the spire from here  
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,  
And my step might break your rest—  
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,  
With your baby on your breast

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends,  
But, O, they love the better still,  
The few our Father sends!  
And you were all I had, Mary,  
My blessin' and my pride  
There's nothin' left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
That still kept hoping on,  
When the trust in God had left my soul,  
And my arm's young strength was gone  
There was comfort ever on your lip,  
And the kind look on your brow—  
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Though you cannot hear me now

I thank you for the patient smile  
When your heart was fit to break,  
When the hunger pain was growin' there,  
And you hid it, for my sake!  
I bless you for the pleasant word,  
When your heart was sad and sore—  
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
My Mary—kind and true!  
But I'll not forget you, darling!  
In the land I'm goin' to,  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there—  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods  
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
 And my heart will travel back again  
 To the place where Mary lies,  
 And I'll think I see the little stile  
 Where we sat side by side,  
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,  
 When first you were my bride

**Caroline Elizabeth Sarah** (1808-77), the second of the 'three Graces,' was married in her nineteenth year to a barrister, the Hon George Chapple Norton (1800-75), son of the first Lord Grantley. The marriage proved most unhappy, and Mrs



CAROLINE NORTON

After the Portrait by J. Carrick

Norton's friendship with Lord Melbourne led her husband to institute a groundless and unsuccessful action of divorce (1836). From her childhood she too had written verses. Her first publication was an attempt at satire, *The Dandies' Rant* (1821), to which she added illustrative drawings. In her seventeenth year she wrote *The Sonatas of Rosalie* (1829), embodying a pathetic story of village life. A poem founded on the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew she called *The Undying One* (1831). A novel, *The Wife and Woman's Reward* (1835), succeeded, and in 1840 *The Dream, and other Poems*. *The Child of the Islands* (1845) was a poem written to draw the attention of the Prince of Wales to the condition of the people 'in a land and time wherein there is too little communication between classes, and too little expression of sympathy on the part of the rich towards the poor—subjects on which she had years before written letters to the *Times*. At Christmas 1846 Mrs Norton issued two poetical fury-tales, *Aunt Carry's Ballads for Children*, charming alike for their graceful fancy and their sketches of birds,

woods, and flowers. In 1850 appeared *Sales and Sketches in Prose and Verse*, and next year a three volume novel, *Stuart of Dunleath, a Story of Modern Times*. The incidents, too uniformly sad and gloomy, were doubtless partly tinged by the bitter experiences of the authoress, but the story has passages of humour and sarcasm. In 1854 appeared *English Laws for Women in the Nine-tenth Century*, in 1862, *The Lady of Garaje*, a poetic rendering of an old Breton story, in 1863, a novel, *Lost and Saved*. A later novel was *Old Sir Douglas*, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1867. She wrote on many social topics, and did much miscellaneous criticism. The improvement in the English laws affecting married women, their rights over their earnings and their children, may be traced primarily to the eloquent pleadings, indignant denunciations, and untiring exertions of Mrs Norton, who was complimented on her earlier poems by Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review* as the Byron of modern poetesses. 'She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forcible expression.' The influence of Byron is less noticeable in her later work, some of her blank verse reads like Campbell or Crabbe. Her poetry is the work of a woman of first-rate abilities, who was nevertheless but a minor poet. Her best verses will not compare with her sister's. There are striking passages, full of force and feeling, that are rather versified rhetoric than poetry, but some of her poems deserve to be remembered. Mrs Norton (who is generally understood to have been one of several originals from whom Mr Meredith drew his *Diana of the Crossways*) was married to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell on 1st March 1877, and she died three months later.

#### I do not love Thee

I do not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!  
 And yet when thou art absent I am sad,  
 And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,  
 Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad

I do not love thee!—yet, I know not why,  
 Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me  
 And often in my solitude I sigh  
 That those I do love are not more like thee!

I do not love thee!—yet, when thou art gone,  
 I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)  
 Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone  
 Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear

I do not love thee!—yet thy speaking eyes,  
 With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,  
 Between me and the midnight heaven arise,  
 Oftener than any eyes I ever knew

I know I do not love thee! yet, alas!  
 Others will scarcely trust my candid heart,  
 And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,  
 Because they see me gazing where thou art.

**To the Duchess of Sutherland.**

Once more, my harp ! once more, although I thought  
 Never to wake thy silent strings again,  
 A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,  
 And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,  
 Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,  
 Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below !

And unto thee—the beautiful and pure—  
 Whose lot is cast amid that busy world  
 Where only sluggish Dullness dwells secure,  
 And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled,  
 To thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth  
 Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth—

I dedicate the lay Ah ! never bard,  
 In days when poverty was twin with song,  
 Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill starred,  
 Cheered by some castle's chief, and harboured long,  
 Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,  
 Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise !

For easy are the alms the rich man spares  
 To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent,  
 But thou gav'st me, what woman seldom dares,  
 Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—  
 When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart  
 From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed, my heart

Thou, then, when cowards hid away my name,  
 And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide,  
 When some were kind on whom I had no claim,  
 And some forsook on whom my love relied,  
 And some, who might have battled for my sake,  
 Stood off to see what turn the world would take—

Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,  
 Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears,  
 The loved, the near of kin could do no more,  
 Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,  
 But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,  
 And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn

For they who credit crime, are they who feel  
 Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin,  
 Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal  
 O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win,  
 And tales of broken truth are still believed  
 Most readily by those who have themselves deceived

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,  
 Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling  
 Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam,  
 And mirr' the freshness of her snowy wing—  
 So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,  
 Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made  
 To crimson with a faint false hearted shame,  
 Thou didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid,  
 Who hunt in packs the object of their blame,  
 To thee the sad denial still held true, [drew  
 For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy

And though my faint and tributary rhymes  
 Add nothing to the glory of thy day,  
 Yet every poet hopes that after times  
 Shall set some value on his votive lay  
 And I would fain one gentle deed record,  
 Among the many such with which thy life is stored

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour,  
 Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,  
 A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power,  
 Shall be the first to wander floating by,  
 And they who never saw thy lovely face  
 Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace !

**Lady Eastlake** (1809-93), daughter of Dr Edward Rigby of Norwich (a copious writer on agriculture as well as on medical subjects), spent some years in Germany, and as Elizabeth Rigby was by the end of the thirties writing articles on Goethe for the reviews and the famous *Letters from the Shores of the Baltic*. From 1842 till her marriage in 1849 to Sir Charles Eastlake, the eminent artist who was made Director of the National Gallery, her home was, with her mother, mainly in Edinburgh, where her accomplishments and her handsome and majestic presence made her a very conspicuous and popular personality. And from 1842 till a year or two before her death she was one of the most industrious and effective of the *Quarterly* reviewers, on subjects as various as German life, German painting, evangelical novels, the Ampères, music, dress, Madame de Staél, on Michelangelo, Durer, and many others of the world's great painters, on Samuel Rogers, Ruskin's errors in aesthetics, Rossetti's crimes against the laws of painting, and Morelli's art criticism. She wrote also for the *Edinburgh* and many magazines, completed some of Mrs Jameson's work, alone or with her husband translated and edited Kugler and Waagen's art handbooks, wrote tales, and produced lives of her husband, of Gibson the sculptor, and of her friend Mrs Grote. A woman of strong mind, keen prejudices, and outspoken dislikes, she was for many years a very distinguished figure in the best London society. Perhaps her most famous work—at least her most notorious—was the (anonymous) bitter critique of *Jane Eyre* in the *Quarterly* of December 1848 long regarded as one of Lockhart's most unkindly extravagances. Miss Rigby not merely found *Jane Eyre* anti Christian but unpardonably vulgar, thought it better to believe it the work of a man than of a woman who 'for some sufficient reason had forfeited the respect of her own sex,' and was pretty sure that Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell were three Lancashire weaver-brothers. Much of Lady Eastlake's work was in a very different tone—notably *Fellowship Letters addressed to my Sister-Mourners*, which, written after her own husband's death, touched and comforted the hearts of Queen Victoria and many another widow. See her *Journal and Correspondence* (1895).

**Lady Charlotte Guest** (1812-95), born Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Bertie, daughter of the ninth Earl of Lindsey, gave an extraordinary impulse to the study of Celtic literature and folklore in England by her translation of the *Mabinogion*, and earned an imperishable name for the skill, grace, and power of her English renderings. She

learnt Welsh thoroughly as the wife of Sir J. J. Guest, and after his death (1852) she managed his ironworks near Merthyr Tydfil with energy and success. She married again in 1855, her second husband being Mr Schreiber, M.P. for Poole. But she is rarely referred to in literature save as Lady Charlotte Guest, and apart from her work in Welsh she was chiefly known as a zealous collector of chun and earthenware, fans and playing cards of all nations. On fans she wrote two volumes, on playing cards three. But here she is commemorated for *The Mabinogion from the Llyfr Gelta o Hergest and other Ancient Welsh Manuscripts, with an English Translation and Notes* (3 vols. 1838-49). The second edition (1877) omitted the Welsh text and was abridged, and she prepared also a 'Boy's Mabinogion' (1881). Rhys and Evans have superseded her text of the Red Book of Hergest by a diplomatic masterpiece (2 vols. 1887), M. Loth's French translation (1889) is more literal, but her version which Mr Nutt re-edited with learned notes in 1902, can hardly be superseded or surpassed. She had some help in making out the meaning of difficult passages from the Rev. John Jones (the bardic 'Segid'). But in the very delicate and difficult business of giving English readers the old Welsh romances she attained an extraordinary triumph, a triumph all her own. Mr Nutt, a critic hard to please, pays a warm tribute to 'the mingled strength and grace of her style, the unerring skill with which she selects the right word, the right turn of phrase, which suggests an atmosphere ancient, remote, laden with magic, without any resort to pseudo archaism, to Wardour Street English'.

**Sarah Ellis** (1810-72), a modern and minor Hannah More, was already as Miss Stuckey known as an author when in 1835 she married the Rev. William Ellis, a South Sea missionary then secretary to the London Missionary Society, who was known chiefly for his books about Madagascar. The best known of Mrs Ellis's works (some thirty in all) were *The Women of England* (1838), *The Daughters of England* (1842), *The Wives of England* (1843), *Hearts and Homes* (1849), and *The Mothers of Great Men* (1859).

**Harriet Martineau** (1802-76) was the sixth of the eight children of a Norwich camel manufacturer, whose family, French by origin and Unitarian in faith, had lived at Norwich ever since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She ascribed her taste for literary studies to her feeble health in childhood, and to the deafness with which she was afflicted ever after. Work as an authoress, begun to amuse herself, became for her a source of honourable independence when, in 1829, her father's family became involved in commercial disaster. Her literary career commenced in 1823, when she published *Devotional Exercises for Young Persons*, followed by tracts and short moral tales *The Rioters* and *The Turn Out*.

were among the first attempts to expound in a popular form the doctrines of political economy. In 1832-34 she produced more valuable *Illustrations of Political Economy, Taxation, and Poor Laws*. A visit to the United States led to *Society in America* (1837) and *A Prospect of Western Civilization* (1839). To the same period belong her *Letter to the Deaf*, two small tracts to herseve, and other domestic manuscripts. In *Deerfoot* (1839), a novel of English domestic life, her democratic opinions are strenuously insisted on. *The Hour and the Tide* (1840) was a tour over the history of Lancastrian Ouvrière. Playing tales for children are *The Peasant and the Prince*, *The Settlers at Home*, *Faith on the Fjord*, and *The Crofton Boys*. *If in the Sun Room, or Lessons by an Idiot* (1843) is a record of a five years' illness, her recovery she ascribed to the mission of *Forest and Game* (1844). *Easter* (1845) is marked by her characteristic tenderness and clear style. *The Rover and the Wolf* (1848) was a wholly non-political tale founded on the capture of Laird Grange, the ironmonger wife of an eighteenth-century Scotch judge, who was secretly deserted to St Kilda, and confined there for seven years.

The interest of the travel pictures in *Easter*, *Present and Past* (1848) was disturbed by its unorthodox opinions on Scripture history and character and on the mission and character. This, in her own opinion the best of her writing, revealed her as atheist 'no longer a Unitarian or a believer in revelation at all'. A volume of *Household Education* appeared in 1849, and in the same year her *opus magnum* taken up at Charles Knight's suggestion, the *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace*, 1849-54. The *Author* is the work of a convinced, acute and sagacious philosophical Radical with a strong sense of justice, a keen sympathy with the popular and popular movements and a steady effort after impartiality, though her frank and outspoken judgments on men and things bear the bias of her school, and are sometimes, as in the case of O'Connell and Brougham, harsh and unfair. Though it makes no claim to original research the work deserves to rank as popular in the best sense. In 1851 Miss Martineau published a collection of letters between herself and Mr H. C. Atkinson on the *Laws of Man's Nature and Development* — an eminently agnostic work which met with all but universal condemnation, even from her brother James in the *Prospective Review*. Her friend Charlotte Brontë grieved over 'the first exposition of avowed atheism and materialism she had ever read—the first unequivocal declaration of dis belief of God or a future life.' As Miss Martineau afterwards said, the book 'brought upon its writers, as was inevitable, the imputation of atheism from the multitude who cannot distinguish between the popular and the philosophical sense of the word—between the disbelief in the popular theology which has caused a long series of religious men to be

called atheists, and the disbelief in a First Cause—a disbelief which is expressly disclaimed in the book.' An important work in a new field was an abridged translation or condensation of Comte's *Positive Philosophy* (2 vols 1853), from which most Englishmen learnt all they knew of Comte and Comtism. In 1854 Miss Martineau published a *Complete Guide to the Lakes*, nine years before she had fixed her residence in the beautiful Lake country, at Ambleside, where she managed her little farm of two acres with the skill of a practical agriculturist, and was esteemed as an affectionate friend and good neighbour. She was a regular contributor of political and social articles to the *Daily News*, 1852-66, writing more than a hundred articles a year, and in 1869 she reproduced in one volume all the short memoirs she had written for it. Till her health failed, she also contributed articles to the *Edinburgh Review*, *Once a Week*, and other periodicals. Immediately after her death the *Daily News* printed a brief auto-biographical notice sent to that journal by Miss Martineau when she believed she was near death in 1855. Here, as in the later and fuller auto-biography, she is as frank in criticising herself as she was wont to be with others. She recognised that she had 'no approach to genius,' and that her claim to remembrance must rest on earnestness and intellectual clearness within a certain range. On herself as a writer of fiction she passed a judicial condemnation 'None of her novels or tales have, or ever had, in the eyes of good judges or in her own, any character of permanence. The artistic aim and qualifications were absent, she had no power of dramatic construction, nor the poetic inspiration on the one hand, nor critical cultivation on the other, without which no work of the imagination can be worthy to live. Two or three of her Political Economy Tales are perhaps her best achievement in fiction.' The ampler *Autobiography* edited by Mrs M W Chapman, published in 1877, contains very vivid pictures of her own life and of her contemporaries down to 1855, when the record was finished and entrusted to the editor. The later twenty-one years of Miss Martineau's life are dealt with in a somewhat meagre addition by the editor.

#### Sydney Smith.

My first sight of Sydney Smith was when he called on me, under cover of a whimsical introduction, as he considered it. At a great music party, where the drawing room and staircase were one continuous crowd, the lady who had conveyed me sought her way to my seat—which was, in consideration of my deafness, next to Malibran, and near the piano. My friend brought a message, which Sydney Smith had passed up the staircase—that he understood we desired one another's acquaintance, and that he was waiting it at the bottom of the stairs. He put it to my judgment whether I, being thin, could not more easily get down to him than he, being stout, could get up to me, and he would wait five minutes for my answer. I really could not go, under

the circumstances, and it was a serious thing to give up my seat and the music, so Mr Smith sent me a good night, and promise to call on me, claiming this negotiation as a proper introduction. He came, and sat down, broad and comfortable, in the middle of my sofa, with his hands on his stick, as if to support himself in a vast development of voice, and then he began, like the great bell of St Paul's, making me start at the first stroke. He looked with shy dislike at my trumpet, for which there was truly no occasion. I was more likely to fly to the furthest corner of the room. It was always his boast that I did not want my trumpet when he talked with me.

I do not believe that anybody ever took amiss his quizzical descriptions of his friends. I am sure I never did, and when I now recall his fun of that sort, it seems to me too innocent to raise an uneasy feeling. There were none, I believe, whom he did not quiz, but I never heard of any hurt feelings. He did not like precipitate speech and among the fastest talkers in England were certain of his friends and acquaintances—Mr Hallam, Mr Limpson, Dr Whewell, Mr Macaulay, and myself. None of us escaped his wit. His account of Mr Empson's method of outpouring stuns, without the name, in Lady Holland's Life of her father. His pruse of Macaulay is well known—'Macaulay is improved! Macaulay improves!' I have observed in him of late—flashes of silence! His account of Whewell is something more than wit—'Science is his forte omniscience is his foible.' As for his friend Hallam, he knew he might make free with his characteristics, of oppugnancy and haste among others, without offence. In telling us what a blunder he himself made in going late to a dinner party, and describing how far the dinner had proceeded, and how everybody was engaged, he said, 'And there was Hallam, with his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction!' Nothing could be drollier than the description of all his friends in influenza, in the winter of 1832-3, and of these, Hallam was the drollest of all that I remember. 'And poor Hallam was tossing and tumbling in his bed when the watchman came by and called, "Twelve o'clock, and a starlight night." Here was an opportunity for controversy when it seemed most out of the question! Up jumped Hallam, with "I question that—I question that! Starlight! I see a star, I admit, but I doubt whether that constitutes starlight." Hours more of tossing and tumbling, and then comes the watchman again "Past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning" "I question that—I question that," says Hallam. And he rushes to the window, and throws up the sash—influenza notwithstanding "Watchman! do you mean to call this a cloudy morning? I see a star. And I question its being past two o'clock.—I question it—I question it!" And so on. The story of Jeffrey and the North Pole, as told by Sydney Smith, appears to me strangely spoiled in the Life. The incident happened while the Jeffreys were my near neighbours in London, and Mrs Sydney Smith related the incident to me at the time Captain (afterwards Sir John) Ross had just returned from an unsuccessful polar expedition, and was bent upon going again. He used all his interest to get the Government stirred up to fit out another expedition, and among others, the Lord Advocate was to be applied to, to bespeak his good offices. The mutual friend who undertook to do Captain Ross's errand to Jeffrey arrived at an unfortunate moment. Jeffrey was in delicate

health at that time, and made a great point of his daily ride, and when the applicant reached his door, he was putting his foot in the stirrup, and did not want to be detained. So he pished and pshawed, and cared nothing for the North Pole, and at length 'damned' it! The applicant spole angrily about it to Sydney Smith, wishing that Jeffrey would take care what he was about, and use more civil language. 'What do you think he said to me?' cried the complainant. 'Why, he damned the North Pole!' 'Well, never mind' never mind I' said Sydney Smith, soothingly. 'Never mind his damning the North Pole. I have heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator.'

(From the *Autobiography*)



HARRIET MARTINEAU

From the Portrait (1834) by Richard Evans in the National Portrait Gallery

#### The Year of the Comet [1811]

The preceding winter had been intensely cold snow had choked up the mail roads, and buried thousands of sheep among the hills, and lain heavy on the hearts of thousands of weary families who were already chilled with hunger, and could no more buy fuel than they could clothe themselves in furs. The Thames was very nearly frozen over that winter. The spring was backward, and then the heats came rushing on, with more disastrous effect than the storms of winter. The meadows were parched up before any grass had been obtained, the springs ran dry. Church towers were struck by lightning, and the bells melted. Cattle and men were found scorched in the fields, and if a fire occurred, there was no putting it out. In Prussia, miles of woodland were left in a few hours strewed with ashes, and in the Tyrol, the conflagration of the forests proceeded from league to league, till sixty four villages and ten thousand head of cattle were destroyed. Twenty four thousand peasants were turned out to be scorched by the sun at noon, and drenched by the dews at night, and a multitude of them died in a few weeks by an epidemic thus occasioned. Everywhere the harvest was deficient, and in England the average price of wheat became 106s 8d. The superstitious were

more and more apprehensive, as time brought added distresses, that the nation was under the wrath of God, and in the early days of September, many believed there was no further doubt that the end of the world was at hand. A sign appeared in the sky, which to them seemed to show that Napoleon was the last great enemy of the race, and that the day of judgment was come. A comet, like none that they had seen or heard of, wheeled rapidly up the sky. The learned and the wise enjoyed the spectacle, as the vast new light arose in the still autumn evenings, half as large as the moon, with its broad train of light streaming down to the horizon, but the rude and the timid could not lift up their heads to gaze at it. Here and there a man stood up in church or chapel, warning sinners to repent, and the righteous to stand fast for death, as the day of the Lord was at hand. Others were preaching at the corners of the streets, and in lanes, and on the hillside, and among the hearers were some who were almost glad to be told the tidings, for they were worn out with misery, and the grave is a place where 'the weary are at rest.' But before the clouding over of the sky for winter the sign had passed away, and the day of judgment had not come. Instead of this, the wicked were more rampant than ever. As the days shortened, midnight murder terrified those who had not been alarmed before. On the night of the 9th of December the entire household of a Mr Marr was murdered within a quarter of an hour—himself, his wife, their infant in the cradle, and the shop boy under the counter, and on the 19th the entire household of a Mr Williamson was butchered in the same manner. Such scenes of violence went forward in different parts of the country that many began to be of Romilly's opinion, that the English character had undergone some unaccountable and portentous change.

Portentous these horrors were, but not unaccountable. Many soldiers had become weary of the war, which to them had been thus far all hardship and no glory. They deserted. They could not show themselves at home, the penalty for desertion being death. They gathered together in gangs, took possession of some forsaken house among the hills, or of caves on the sea shore, and went forth at night in masks and grotesque clothing, and helped themselves with money and clothes, wherever they could find them, sacrificing life where it was necessary to their objects. In these times of dear food the salaries of clerks and other persons valuable from their filling situations of trust were doubled, to enable them to hold their place. Artisans too had high wages from those who could afford to employ them. We find that those who were employed at Greenwich Hospital were at this time receiving from 30s to 35s. per week—a mere subsistence at such a season of high prices, but still a subsistence. But those whose services were not immediately wanted sank in proportion. In the factories there was no increase of wages, and where, through dread of the despair of the people, there was a nominal rise of wages, it was usually compensated for by a reduction of the hours of labour. The fate of the handloom weavers appears to have been the hardest. In 1806 they had felt themselves badly off with 17s. 6d. a week, and now they had only 7s. 6d. This was at Glasgow, but it was a season of extreme pressure with spinners and weavers throughout the manufacturing districts of England. It was no consolation to them to be told that their depression could not be helped, because their labour had

been displaced by machinery. At this date one person could, with the help of machinery, spin as much cotton as 200 persons could have spun in the same time when the sufferers were setting out in life, and in weaving, a proportionate supersession of labour had taken place. Wise men knew that this machinery would, in a few years, employ many times more than the number of persons at first turned adrift, but this truth did not feed those who were hungering now, and it is no wonder that their misery avenged itself on the machinery which was doing their work and, as they declared, stealing their bread. A gleam of moral light at such a time is too precious to pass away unnoticed, and it must therefore be mentioned that, in this dreary year, when the whole west of Scotland was in a wretched condition, the poor weavers of Hamilton refused to receive alms, and desired to work for their bread. A subscription had been raised for the unemployed, but they would not touch it till they had earned it. A footpath from Hamilton to Bothwell Bridge was therefore made, and the honourable weavers kept their honour. They little knew how they had thus beautified that footpath to many that should come after them. (From the *History of England*.)

See the *Autobiography* published by Mrs Chapman (3 vols. 1877) the short Life in the 'Eminent Women' series by Mrs Fenwick Miller (1854) and Catherine J. Hamilton's *Women Writers* (1894).

**James Martineau** ranks pre-eminently amongst philosophical thinkers of the nineteenth century as the apostle of Christian Theism. This school of ethical and religious thought approximates to the Theism of Theodore Parker, Francis William Newman, and Frances Power Cobbe, but differs from it somewhat in its estimate of the character and mission of Jesus of Nazareth. Dr Martineau was not the founder of any philosophical system, although Christian Theism doubtless owes more to him than to any one else. From first to last he was a diligent student and seeker. Singularly open for the reception of new ideas, he sought for them and received them from many antagonistic sources, both ancient and modern. An acute reasoner and critic, he was not readily misled into mistaking superficial suggestions for substantial truth, and the sifting process which he applied to the theories and conclusions of others gave to the world some admirable expositions of philosophical doctrines far removed from his own, and also served to build up, step by step, that conception of a spiritual philosophy on the lines of Theism—organised and consistent, but not amounting to a system—which is associated with his name. The life of Dr Martineau was full of activity without being remarkably eventful. He was born at Norwich on the 21st of April 1805. His father was Thomas Martineau, a manufacturer, fairly prosperous. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Rankin of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. James was the fourth son and seventh child, and his sister Harriet—destined like himself to distinction—was the third daughter and sixth child. At home he came under strong intellectual and religious influences, and he received an excellent education. The

original intention was that he should become an engineer, a profession for which his considerable mechanical and mathematical talents would have gone far to qualify him. Soon, however, he realised that his true vocation was the Unitarian ministry. After serving for a time in the school of Dr Lant Carpenter at Bristol, he became assistant minister at the Eustace Street Presbyterian Meeting House, Dublin—one of the many places of worship which, with Presbyterian foundations, had an Arian or Unitarian faith. Four years later he removed to Liverpool, where he remained, as minister of the principal Unitarian congregation of the town, for twenty-five years. In 1840



DR JAMES MARTINEAU  
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

he added to his ministerial duties a lectureship in Moral and Mental Philosophy at Manchester New College, and in 1857, when he severed his connection with Liverpool, it was to take up the more important work of a professor in the same institution—then removed to London. From that time forward, even to a greater extent than before, he devoted himself to religious and philosophical study and teaching. But not long after his settlement in London he added the ministerial charge of Little Portland Street Chapel to his already heavy duties. He was a man of untiring energy, taking upon himself and fulfilling efficiently, even to the last years of his long life, tasks and responsibilities seemingly far beyond any one man's strength. In 1881 he was a candidate for the professorship of the Philosophy of Mind and Logic at University College, London, a position his fitness for which was generally admitted. His opponent was Mr Croom Robertson, a scholar only less able than himself. A curious incident occurred in connection with this contest.

The Archbishop of York—Dr Thompson—with held his support from Dr Martineau, notwithstanding that he knew his fitness for the position, because, as he afterwards acknowledged, he could not see his way to assist to the vacant office one who did not subscribe to the doctrine of the Trinity. By reason of this scruple, all unconsciously he aided indirectly in the election of Dr Martineau's opponent, who was a Positivist! In 1869 Dr Martineau was appointed to the principaship of Manchester New College, a position he held until 1885, when, practically, he withdrew from public life. His intellectual activity, however, continued unabated. It was after this date that his principal books, which embodied the results of a lifetime of thought, were completed and published. He died on the 11th of January 1900.

Not until late in life was any public recognition offered by the great centres of learning to this learned man. Harvard University came first with an LL.D. degree in 1872. Other universities followed—Leyden in 1875, Edinburgh in 1884, Oxford in 1888, and Dublin in 1892. Dr Martineau's chief writings were  *Endeavours after the Christian Life* (1843–47),  *Hours of Thought on Sacred Things* (1876–79),  *A Study of Spinoza* (1882),  *Types of Ethical Theory* (1885),  *A Study of Religion* (1888),  *The Seat of Authority in Religion* (1890). Some of the numerous essays which he had contributed to the  *Prospective, National, Theological, and Westminster Reviewers* formed the basis of chapters in his subsequent works, and others were collected in volumes. He edited several collections of hymns and prayers, all of which contained original contributions from his pen. From 1845 to 1855 he was one of the four editors of the  *Prospective Review*. His literary style was dignified, yet markedly simple in structure, and often highly poetical. He had a moderate gift of humour, and sarcasm was a weapon which he used springily but with effect. He had the faculty of lucid exposition in a high degree. His  *Types of Ethical Theory* is probably the clearest statement extant of the philosophical doctrines discussed therein, and his mental vision was comprehensive enough to enable him to do entire justice to ideas far removed from those he held to be true. By temperament and conviction alike he was an upholder of liberty. Strenuous to maintain his own convictions and to give to them all the force of his strong advocacy, he was just as strenuous in maintaining the right of others to hold and to express what they believed to be true, and to help, if occasion arose, to give them a just hearing. An opinion would not have seemed to him ripe for acceptance unless it could hold its own against differing opinions and against criticism. However strong his desire might be to be finally assured that certain ideas were true, he was a lover of truth for its own sake, too sincere consciously to permit any bias to direct his judgment. If in the course of his fearless search for truth he had discovered

that the evidences were against his most cherished hopes, and seemed conclusive in support of doctrines repugnant to his feelings, he would—sorrowfully, no doubt, but in all sincerity—have accepted the conclusion. Any unconscious bias of temperament is another matter. In his case it may have been strong. Certain it is that whereas at one time he accepted the necessitarian and utilitarian principles of Hartley, Priestley, and James Mill, while finally his ideas approximated to those of Kant—although on some points, as, for example, the objective reality of space, there was divergence—his fundamental convictions from first to last remained the same. As the Rev. J. H. Thom happily described it, his 'spiritual identity' continued. With certain modifications of phrase and emphasis, what he preached concerning divine guidance and moral responsibility during his early pulpit ministrations was the same as the teachings contained in his last books. It was as though this truth was part and parcel of his own essential nature, and all his seeking served simply to give it a fuller logical justification and a more vivid expression. Yet he never ceased to be a seer. When at ninety years of age he said, 'I have not outlived the habit of learning evermore from my fellows,' he described truly the lifelong attitude of his mind.

#### Temptations of Power

There is a sphere in the life of every one, except the child, in which he is appointed to rule, and to exercise some functions by the methods of his own will. From the monitor in a school to the minister of an empire, there are gradations of authority that leave no one without a place. Would you know the real worth of any soul, be it another's or your own, that is the sphere on which you must fix your eye. It is little that a man goes right under orders and when he is obliged to serve you may always make a good soldier by sufficient drill, and amid the pressure of custom and beneath the light of the public gaze, even a pious and plaint conscience may be striped into good looks and wear a gloss. But how is it with you in your place of power—among the servants whom you govern, the children whom you train, the companions who place you at their head? Do you take liberties there, as if there were nothing to restrain, and fling about your self-will, as if it were free of all the field? Do you profane the law of duty by making it a homage to yourself, instead of letting its authority pass through you, as yourself chief captive of the will of God? Do you grant exemptions to yourself, exemptions of sloth, exemptions of temper, exemptions of truth, as if it were given you to loose as well as bind? There is no surer mark of a low and unregenerate nature than this tendency of power to loudness and a wantonness instead of quietude and reverence. To souls baptized in Christian nobleness the largest sphere of command is but a wider empire of obedience, calling them, not into escape from holy rule, but to its full impersonation. Only now that no outer rule is given them by another, and they have nothing to cope with painful imitation, have they to bring forth the interpretation from within, and set themselves at one with the will of God by a heart of self-renunciation—a love that seizes all divine ends, and in expressing itself realizes them. In

short, power is never felt as *power*, except by those who abuse it. Like other things that awaken desire at a distance, no sooner is it entered than it is found to be not more triumphant happiness, but deeper life, utterly disappointing to him who wants more for himself, ennobling to him who can dispense and administer for God

(From *Hours of Thought on Sacred Things*)

### The Beneficence of Change

If, then, the very law of life is a law of change, if every blossom of beauty has its root in fallen leaves, if love, and thought, and hope would faint beneath too constant light, and need for their freshening the darkness and the dews, if it is in losing the transient that we gain the Eternal, then let us shrink no more from sorrow and sigh no more for rest, but have a genial welcome for vicissitude, and make quiet friends with loss and Death. Through storm and calm, fresh be our courage and quick our eye for the various service that may await us. Nay, when God himself turns us not hither and thither, when he sends us no changes for us to receive and consecrate, be it ours to create them for ourselves, by flinging ourselves into generous enterprises and worthy sacrifice, by the stirrings of sleepless aspiration, and all the spontaneous vicissitudes of holy and progressive souls, keeping always the moral spaces round us pure and fresh by the constant thought of truth and the frequent deed of love. And then, when, for us too, death closes the great series of mortal changes, the past will be behind us green and sweet as I dream, and the future before us in the light of eternal peace. Tranquil and fearless we shall resign ourselves to God, to conduct us through that ancient and invisible way, which has been sanctified by the feet of all the faithful, and illumined by the passage of the Man of griefs.

(From *Hours of Thought on Sacred Things*)

### God in Humanity

Divine guidance has never and nowhere failed to men, nor has it ever, in the most essential things, largely differed amongst them; but it has not always been recognised as divine, much less is the living contact of Spirit with spirit—the communion of affection between God and man. While conscience remained an *impersonal law*, stern and silent, with only a jealous Nemesis behind, man had to stand up alone, and work out for himself his independent magnanimity, and he could only be the pagan hero. When conscience was found to be inseparably blended with the Holy Spirit, and to speak in tones immediately divine, it became the very shrine of worship. Its strife, its repentance, its aspirations, passed into the incidents of a living drama with its crises of alienation and reconciliation, and the cold obedience to a mysterious necessity was exchanged for the *allegiance of personal affection*. And this is the true emergence from the darkness of ethical law to the tender light of the life divine. The veil falls from the shadowed face of moral authority, and the directing love of the all holy God shines forth.

(From *The Seal of Authority in Religion*)

Two excellent works have been written about Dr Martineau—namely, *James Martineau, a Biography and Study* by A. W. Jackson A.M. (1900), and *The Life and Letters of James Martineau*, by James Drummond, LL.D., Litt.D., and C. B. Upton, F.A., B.Sc. (2 vols. 1902). In the latter the full and accurate history of the career of Dr Martineau is not more important than Mr Upton's admirable critical estimate of his mental progress and ultimate philosophical standpoint.

WALTER LEWIN

**Richard Chenevix Trench** (1807–86), Archbishop of Dublin, was born at Dublin, and passed from Harrow in 1825 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1829. After a voyage to Gibraltar (its object to fight in the cause of Spanish liberty), he took orders and became curate at Hadleigh, incumbent of Curdridge, and in 1841 curate at Alverstoke to Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester. During 1835–55 he published seven volumes of poetry—*The Story of Justin Martyr*, *Sabbation*, *Genoveva*, &c. In 1845 he became rector of Itchenstoke, in 1847 theological professor in King's College, London, in 1856 Dean of Westminster, and in 1864 Archbishop of Dublin, an office which he resigned in 1884. He died in London, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In philology Trench contrived to fascinate his readers with the ‘fossil poetry and fossil history imbedded in language,’ his *English Past and Present* (1855) and *Select Glossary of English Words* (1859) are among the most suggestive and entertaining works on the subject, though critical studies in English have been greatly developed since his time, and some of his etymological conclusions are no longer tenable. His ecclesiastical scholarship is shown in his *Lectures on Medieval Church History* (1877) and his *Sacred Latin Poetry* (1855), which, in spite of some serious imperfections, is still the best English anthology of the hymns of the Medieval Church. *Notes on the Parables* (1841), *Notes on the Miracles* (1846), and *Studies on the Gospels* (1867) are among his best-known theological works. His verses show culture and fine feeling, but do not secure for him distinction as a poet.

### On Proverbs

The fact that they please the people, and have pleased them for ages, that they possess so vigorous a principle of life as to have maintained their ground, ever new and ever young, through all the centuries of a nation's existence—nay, that many of them have pleased not one nation only, but many, so that they have made themselves a home in the most different lands, and further, that they have, not a few of them, come down to us from remotest antiquity, borne safely upon the waters of that great stream of time, which has swallowed so much beneath its waves—all this, I think, may well make us pause should we be tempted to turn away from them with anything of indifference or disdain.

And then, further, there is this to be considered, that some of the greatest poets, the profoundest philosophers, the most learned scholars, the most genial writers in every kind, have delighted in them, have made large and frequent use of them, have bestowed infinite labour on the gathering and elucidating of them. In a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or ‘No man of fashion,’ as I think is his exact word, ‘ever uses a proverb.’ And with how fine a touch of nature Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, the man who with all his greatness is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the

people, to utter his scorn of them in scorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these

Hang 'em!

They said they were an hungry, sighed forth proverbs,  
That, hunger broke stone walls, that, dogs must eat,  
That, meat was made for mouths, that, the gods sent not  
Corn for the rich men only With these shreds  
They vented their complainings' *Coriolanus*, Act i. sc. i

But that they have been always dear to the true intellectual aristocracy of a nation there is abundant evidence to prove. Take but these three names in evidence, which, though few, are in themselves a host Aristotle made a collection of proverbs, nor did he count that he was herein doing ought unworthy of his great reputation, however some of his adversaries may have made this a charge against him. He is said to have been the first who did so, though many afterwards followed in the same path. Shakespeare loves them so well that, besides often citing them, and innumerable covert allusions, rapid side glances at them, which we are in danger of missing unless at home in the proverbial language of England, several of his plays, as *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, have popular proverbs for their titles. And Cervantes, a name only inferior to Shakespeare, has not left us in doubt in respect of the affection with which he regarded them. Every reader of *Don Quixote* will remember his squire, who sometimes cannot open his mouth but there drop from it almost as many proverbs as words. I might name others who held the proverb in honour—men who, though they may not attain to these first three, are yet deservedly accounted great, as Plutus, the most genial of Latin poets, Rabelais and Montaigne, the two most original of French authors, and how often Fuller, whom Coleridge has styled the Wittiest of writers, justifies this praise in his witty employment of some old proverb, nor can any thoroughly understand and enjoy *Hudibras*, no one but will miss a multitude of its keenest allusions, who is not thoroughly familiar with the proverbial literature of England. Our own *Make hay while the sun shines* is truly English, and could have had its birth only under such variable skies as ours—not certainly in those southern lands where, during the summer time at least, the sun always shines. In the same way there is a fine Cornish proverb in regard of obstinate wrongheads, who will take no counsel except from calamities, who dash themselves to pieces against obstacles which, with a little prudence and foresight, they might have avoided. It is this *He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock*. It sets us at once upon some rocky and wreck strewn coast, we feel that it could never have been the proverb of an inland people. *Do not talk Arabic in the house of a Moor*—that is, because there thy imperfect knowledge will be detected at once—this we should confidently affirm to be Spanish, wherever we met it. *Big and empty, like the Heidelberg tun*, could have its home only in Germany, that enormous vessel known as the Heidelberg tun, constructed to contain nearly 300,000 flasks, having now stood empty for hundreds of years. As regards, too, the following, *Not every parish priest carries Dr Luther's shoes*, we could be in no doubt to what people it appertains. Neither could there be any mistake about this solemn Turkish proverb, *Death is a black camel which knocketh at every man's gate*, in so far at least as that it would be at once ascribed to the East

### Gibraltar

In England, we love thee better than we know—  
And this I learned, when after wanderings long  
'Mid people of another stock and tongue,  
I heard again thy martial music blow,  
And saw thy gallant children to and fro  
Pace, keeping ward at one of those huge gates,  
Town-giants watching the Herculean Strait.  
When first I came in sight of that brave show,  
It made my very heart within me dance,  
To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance  
Forward so far into the mighty sea,  
Joy was it and exultation to behold  
Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,  
A glorious picture by the wind unrolled.

*Trench's Letters and Memorials* were published in 1858

**Arthur Penrhyn Stanley** (1815-81) was born at Alderley Rector, Cheshire, the second son of the future Bishop of Norwich, who was one of the Stanleys of Alderley, and related therefore to the Earls of Derby. At Rugby (1829-34) he was the favourite pupil of Dr Arnold and the original of George Arthur in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, at Balliol College, Oxford, he was on the Ireland and the Newdigate, and graduated with a first class in 1837. In 1839 he was elected a Fellow of University College, and took orders, becoming successively canon of Canterbury (1851), Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, canon of Christ Church, and chaplain to the Bishop of London (1858), and Dean of Westminster (1864). He was also chaplain to the Prince of Wales (whom he accompanied on his tour in the East, 1862) and chaplain in ordinary to Queen Victoria. He was the most prominent figure in the Broad Church movement, and scandalised High Church men by championing Colenso, preaching in Scottish Presbyterian pulpits, and administering the Eucharist to Unitarian and Presbyterian readers of the Bible. Probably nothing gave more offence than his vigorous denunciations of the compulsory use in religious worship of the (so called) Athanasian Creed. A popular preacher, he was also a favourite at Court, he celebrated the English marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and it was in his house that Carlyle met Queen Victoria. Dean Stanley's principal works are—*The Life of Dr Arnold* (1844), one of the best of English biographies, *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age* (1846), *Memoir of Bishop Stanley*, his father (1850), *The Epistles to the Corinthians* (1854), his one purely theological work, *Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History* (1855), containing some of his most attractive writing, *Historical Memorials of Canterbury* (1855), *Lectures on the Eastern Church* (1861), *History of the Jewish Church* (1863-76), the delightful *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey* (1866), and *Lectures on the Church of Scotland* (1872). His main aim as a Christian divine and as a Churchman was to promote mutual understanding and sympathy between

the most opposed schools of thought, he always maintained that the essence of Christianity was practically independent of dogma, rites, or ceremonies. He not merely contended for toleration, denouncing with equal warmth the prosecution of ritualists and of rationalists, but insisted earnestly on such wide 'comprehension' in the National Church as to make enemies within and without, and even disciples and friends, doubt whether such comprehension could be attained without the effacement of essential belief. The charm of his character and the beauty of his charity did more to conciliate esteem than his logic to enforce conviction. His personal influence was weightier than his books, of

all the obelisks which sprang up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one, it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the Lateran, of the Vatican, and of the Porta del Popolo, and this venerable pillar (for so it looks from a distance) is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt.

(From *Sinai and Palestine*, I. xxxiv.)

#### The Children of the Desert.

The relation of the Desert to its modern inhabitants is still illustrative of its ancient history. The general name by which the Hebrews called 'the wilderness,' including always that of Sinai, was 'the pasture.' Bare as the surface of the Desert is, yet the thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom entirely withdrawn, especially the aromatic shrubs on the high hillsides, furnishes sufficient sustenance for the herds of the six thousand Bedouins who constitute the present population of the peninsula.

'Along the mountain ledges green,  
The scattered sheep at will may glean  
The Desert's spicy stores'

So were they seen following the daughters or the sheep herd slaves of Jethro. So may they be seen climbing the rocks, or gathered round the pools and springs of the valleys, under the charge of the black veiled Bedouin women of the present day. And in the Tivâha, Towâra, or Aloum tribes, with their chiefs and followers, their dress, and manners, and habitations, we probably see the likeness of the Midianites, the Amalekites, and the Israelites themselves in this their earliest stage of existence. The long straight lines of black tents which cluster round the Desert springs present to us, on a small scale, the image of the vast encampment gathered round the one Sacred Tent which, with its coverings of dyed skins, stood conspicuous in the midst, and which recalled the period of their nomadic life long after their settlement in Palestine. The deserted villages, marked by rude enclosures of stone, are doubtless such as those to which the Hebrew wanderers gave the name of 'Hazeroth,' and which afterwards furnished the type of the primitive sanctuary at Shiloh. The rude burial grounds, with the many nameless headstones far away from human habitation, are such as the host of Israel must have left behind them at the different stages of their progress—at Massah, at Sinu at Kibroth hattaavah, 'the graves of desire.' The salutations of the chiefs, in their bright scarlet robes, the one 'going out to meet the other,' the 'obeisance,' the 'kiss' on each side the head, the silent entrance into the tent for consultations, are all graphically described in the encounter between Moses and Jethro. The constitution of the tribes, with the subordinate degrees of sheiks, recommended by Jethro to Moses, is the very same which still exists amongst those who are possibly his lineal descendants—the gentle race of the Towara.

(From *Sinai and Palestine*, I. pp. 22, 23.)

#### The Conversion of St Augustine

Augustine's youth had been one of reckless self indulgence. He had plunged into the worst sins of the heathen world in which he lived, he had adopted wild opinions to justify those sins and thus, though his parents were Christians, he himself remained a heathen in his manner of life, though not without some struggles

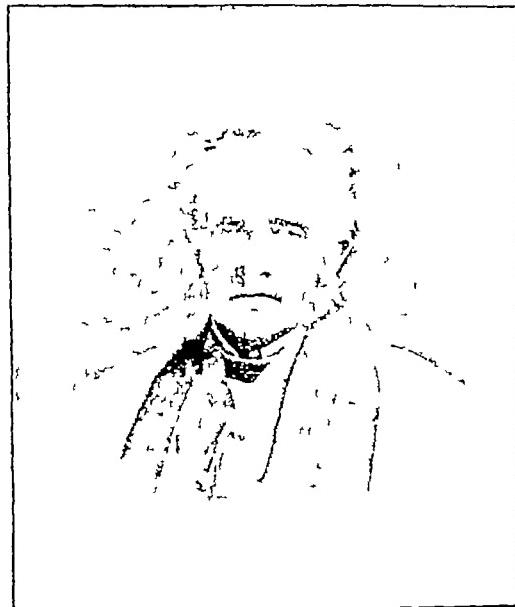
ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co

which, perhaps, the *Life of Arnold* was his most permanent addition to English literature. In historical writing his concern was more with the personal, the pictorial, and the dramatic than with wide generalisations or historic precision, in commentary, with the vital spirit than with critical accuracy, in theology, with love than with truth. He married in 1863 Lady Augusta Bruce of the Elgin family, and is buried along with her in Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

#### At Heliopolis.

Rising wild amidst garden shrubs [is] the solitary obelisk which stood in front of the temple, then in company with another, whose base alone now remains. This is the first obelisk I have seen standing in its proper place, and there it has stood for nearly four thousand years. It is the oldest known in Egypt, and therefore in the world—the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph, it has looked down on his marriage with Asenath, it has seen the growth of Moses, it is mentioned by Herodotus, Plato sat under its shadow of



of his better self and of God's grace against these evil habits. Often he struggled and often he fell, but he had two advantages which again and again have saved souls from ruin—advantages which no one who enjoys them (and how many of us do enjoy them!) can prize too highly—he had a good mother and he had good friends. He had a good mother, who wept for him, and prayed for him, and warned him, and gave him that advice which only a mother can give, forgotten for the moment, but remembered afterwards. And he had good friends, who watched every opportunity to encourage better thoughts, and to bring him to his better self. In this state of struggle and failure he came to the city of Milan, where the Christian community was ruled by a man of sine almost equal to that which he himself afterwards won, the celebrated Ambrose. And now the crisis of his life was come, and it shall be described in his own words. He was sitting with his friend, his whole soul was shaken with the violence of his inward conflict—the conflict of breaking away from his evil habits, from his evil associates to a life which seemed to him poor, and profitless, and burdensome. Silently the two friends sat together, and at last, says Augustine, 'when deep reflection had brought together and helped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm of grief, bringing a mighty shower of tears.' He left his friend, that he might weep in solitude, he threw himself down under a fig tree in the garden (the spot is still pointed out in Milan), and he cried in the bitterness of his spirit, 'How long? how long?—to-morrow? to-morrow? Why not now?—why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?' 'So was I speaking and weeping in the contrition of my heart,' he says, 'when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice as of a child, chanting and oft repeating, "Take up and read, take up and read." Instantly my countenance altered, I began to think whether children were wont in play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So, checking my tears I rose, taking it to be a command from God to open the book and read the first chapter I should find.' There lay the volume of St Paul's Epistles, which he had just begun to study. 'I seized it,' he says, 'I opened it, and in silence I read that passage on which my eyes first fell—"Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envy. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." No further could I read, nor needed I, for instantly, at the end of this sentence, by a serene light infused into my soul, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.'

We need not follow the story further. We know how he broke off all his evil courses, how his mother's heart was rejoiced, how he was baptised by the great Ambrose, how the old tradition describes their singing together, as he came up from the baptismal waters, the alternate verses of the hymn called from its opening words *Te Deum Laudamus*. We know how the profigate African youth was thus transformed into the most illustrious saint of the Western Church, how he lived long as the light of his own generation, and how his works have been cherished and read by good men, perhaps more extensively than those of any Christian teacher since the Apostles. It is a story instructive in many ways. It is an example, like the conversion of

St Paul, of the fact that from time to time God calls His servants not by gradual, but by sudden changes.

(From *Canterbury Sermons*, No. X.  
*The Doctrine of St Paul*)

See Life by Mr R. E. Prothero and Dean Bradley (1894); *Stanley's Letters and Verses*, edited by Prothero (1895), and *Recollections of T. P. Stanley*, by Dean Bradley (1893).

**Henry Alford** (1810-71), born in London, in 1829 entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and having taken a good degree, in 1834 gained a fellowship. Incumbent of Wymeswold, Leicestershire (1835-53), and then of Quebec Chapel, London, in 1857 he became Dean of Canterbury. Besides upwards of a hundred articles some of them contributed to the *Contemporary Review*, of which he was the first editor (1866-70), he published near fifty volumes, among them, besides collected sermons and hymns, *The School of the Heart and Other Poems* (1835), *Chapters on the Greek Poets* (1841), *A Plea for the Queen's English* (1863), and an annotated Greek Testament (4 vols. 1844-60), which largely followed the German critics, represented 'moderate liberal' views on inspiration and was long the standard work in England. Several of his hymns are widely popular, as 'Come, ye thankful people come,' 'Forward be our watch word,' 'Ten thousand times ten thousand.' There is a Life of him by his widow (1873).

**Norman Macleod** (1812-72) is the third in a succession of Scottish parish ministers bearing the same name—the grandfather in Morven, the father in Cumbernauld next in the Gaelic church in Glasgow, the grandson first at Loudoun in Ayrshire, then after the Disruption of 1843 at Dilketh, and finally from 1851 in the Birken Parish of Glasgow. Spite of many sympathies with Chalmers and the Evangelicals the third Norman clung in 1843 to the idea of the National Church, helped greatly to build up the Establishment after the staggering blow of the Disruption, and was elong recognised as a leader of the Church. An eloquent preacher, he became a royal chaplain in 1857, and was the intimate and valued friend of Queen Victoria and her family. His liberal sympathies led him to protest against the more rigid Sabbatharianism as Jewish rather than Christian, and his views on the historic significance of the 'decalogue quid decalogue' roused in 1866 suspicion of his orthodoxy. But in 1867 the Assembly honoured him with a commission to visit the mission field in India, and in 1869 roused him to the Moderator's chair.

For many years he edited the *Christian Instructor*, but it was as first editor of *Good Words* (1860) that he became known to the reading public not merely as a tactful and enterprising editor, but as a constant contributor of stories and miscellaneous articles, some of which were also published as books. His general manliness and somewhat of his gifts of humour and pathos are reflected in his stories, which are, however, rather lacking in power and literary finish. *Heavie Davie* and *The Starving* are short tales of Scottish domestic life,

*The Old Lieutenant and his Son* (1862) is on a larger canvas, but hardly so successful. He wrote also a biography of a cousin, *The Earnest Student* (1854), *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish* (his grandfather's, 1867), books or addresses on practical needs and social duties, and records of two Oriental tours. Of his verses, a curling song became popular, and a religious poem, 'Courage, brother! do not stumble,' was at once admitted into British hymn-books, and is now regularly sung as a hymn. There is a Life of him (1876) by his brother, Dr Donald Macleod, who succeeded him as editor of *Good Words*.

**James M'Cosh** (1811-94), an exponent of the Scottish philosophy, was an Ayrshire farmer's son who, becoming a minister of the Church of Scotland, joined the Free Church (in which he held several cures), in 1851 was appointed Professor of Logic at Belfast, and from 1868 to 1888 was president of Princeton College in the United States. His *Method of the Divine Government* (1850, 9th ed. 1867) was followed by *The Intuitions of the Mind* (1860), and in these and in an examination of Mill (1866) he defended what he considered the Natural Realism of Reid against both the empirical school and the relativist views of Kant, Hamilton, and Mansel. He published also a comprehensive work on *The Scottish Philosophy* (1875), and books on psychology, evolution, fundamental truths, and morals.

**James Spedding** (1808-81) was born at Mirehouse near Bassenthwaite, 26th June 1808, the younger son of a Cumberland squire. From Bury St Edmunds he passed in 1827 to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a scholar, and of which at his death he had long been an honorary Fellow. From 1835 to 1841 he held a post at the Colonial Office, in 1842 he attended Lord Ashburton to America as private secretary, and in 1847 he might, had he chosen, have become Under-Secretary of State, with £2000 a year. But he had already devoted himself to the task of his life—to edit Bacon's works, which did not want any such re-edition, and to vindicate Bacon's character, which could not be vindicated. So wrote Edward FitzGerald, the oldest of Spedding's many brilliant friends—Tennyson and Carlyle were also of the number—and he added: 'He was the wisest man I have known, not the less so for plenty of the boy in him, a great sense of humour, a Socrates in life and death, which he faced with all serenity so long as consciousness lasted.' It was in St George's Hospital that Spedding died, on 9th March 1881, having eight days before been run over by a cab.

Hardly any writer of equal parts and eminence is so completely identified with the one work to which he chose to devote his best energies for thirty years—the study of Lord Bacon, the editing of his works, and the writing of his life. In *Evenings with a Lawyer* (written in 1845, but

privately printed) he had little difficulty in showing, not without caustic comments, that Macaulay was not justified in the very low view he took of Bacon's character. It was Spedding who did by far the principal part of the magisterial edition of Bacon's *Works* (7 vols. 1857-59) undertaken in conjunction with Ellis and Heath, the accompanying *Life and Letters* (also in 7 vols. 1861-74), pronounced by Carlyle (who ought to be a judge on that point at least) 'the hugest and fullest bit of literary navy work I have met with in this generation,' was all Spedding's own. The general conclusion of more recent critics is that Spedding is decidedly too favourable to Bacon, and is on some points even an apologist—the shorter works by Dean Church (1884) and Dr Abbott (1885) are useful commentaries on Spedding's arguments and conclusions, which must, however, always receive respectful consideration, and, as against Macaulay, are in large measure universally accepted. Sir Leslie Stephen has said that 'Spedding's qualities are in curious contrast with Macaulay's brilliant audacity, and yet the trenchant exposure of Macaulay's misrepresentations is accompanied by a quiet humour and a shrewd critical faculty which, to a careful reader, make the book more interesting than its rival.' Spedding produced in 1878, in two volumes, an abridged and popularised *Life and Times of Francis Bacon*. He was one of the first scholars seriously to examine—and denounce—the attribution to Bacon of Shakespeare's plays. No man, he summed up, who knew Bacon's work and Shakespeare's well could ever mistake five lines of the one for five lines of the other. Other works are a pamphlet on *Publishers and Authors* (1867), *Reviews and Discussions not relating to Bacon* (1879, reprints from serials), and a share in the *Studies in English History*, mostly written by Mr James Gurdner (1881). There is a Life by Venables prefixed to the 1882 edition of *Evenings with a Lawyer*. The following short extract shows Spedding's method of dealing with the crucial question of

#### Bacon and Bribery

I know nothing more inexplicable than Bacon's unconsciousness of the state of his own case, unless it be the case itself. That he, of all men, whose fault had always been too much carelessness about money—who, though always too ready to borrow, to give, to lend, and to spend, had never been either a bargainer, or a grasper, or a hoarder, and whose professional experience must have continually reminded him of the peril of meddling with anything that could be construed into corruption—that he should have allowed himself on any account to accept money from suitors while their cases were before him is wonderful. That he should have done it without feeling at the time that he was laying himself open to a charge of what in law would be called bribery is more wonderful still. That he should have done it often, and not lived under an abiding sense of insecurity—from the consciousness that he had secrets to conceal, of which the disclosure would be fatal to his reputation, yet the safe keeping did not rest

solely with himself—is most wonderful of all. Give him credit for nothing more than ordinary intelligence and ordinary prudence—wisdom for a man's self—and it seems almost incredible. And yet I believe it was the fact. The whole course of his behaviour, from the first rumour to the final sentence, convinces me that not the discovery of the thing only, but the thing itself, came upon him as a surprise, and that if anybody had told him the day before that he stood in danger of a charge of taking bribes, he would have received the suggestion with unaffected incredulity. How far I am justified in thinking so, the reader shall judge for himself, for the impression is derived solely from the tenor of the correspondence.

**Augustus de Morgan** (1806–71), son of Colonel de Morgan of the Indian army, was born at Madura in the Madras Presidency, and brought up at Worcester and Fruenton. Educated at several private schools, he 'read algebra like a novel'—ordinary novels he always devoured insatiably, but after four years at Trinity, Cambridge, he came out only fourth wrangler (1827). In consequence of his revolt from early evangelical training he did not take orders, but proved distasteful, from 1828 to 1831 he was the first Professor of Mathematics in University College, London—a post he resumed in 1836–66, and he was secretary of the Astronomical Society (1831–38 and 1848–54). A mathematician of the first order, he was minutely versed in the history of the mathematical and physical sciences, he also devoted himself to the development of the Aristotelian or 'Formal' Logic. His works include, besides books on arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, numbers, logic, the famous *Budget of Paradoxes* (1872), reprinted from the *Athenaeum*. He also contributed largely to the  *Penny Cyclopaedia* (eight hundred and fifty articles) and many scientific journals. The Memoir of him (1882) is by his wife, Sophia Elizabeth Frend, who printed also her own *Reminiscences* (1895).

**James Frederick Ferrier** (1808–64) was born in Edinburgh. His father was a brother of Miss Ferrier, the novelist (see page 300), his mother a sister of Christopher North. He studied at Edinburgh, graduated B.A. at Oxford in 1831, and next year was admitted to the Scottish Bar, but never practised. An intimate friend of Sir William Hamilton, he studied philosophy seriously at Heidelberg and at home, and by 1840 was contributing to *Blackwood's Magazine* on philosophical subjects, some of his articles attracting much notice. In 1842 he became Professor of History at Edinburgh, in 1845 of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews. In his *Institutes of Metaphysics* (1854) he sought to construct a system of idealism in a series of propositions demonstrated somewhat after the manner of Euclid. His rather thorough-going idealism, his 'theory of knowing and being,' has little in common with Kantianism or Hegelianism, and though it professes to be Scottish, is inevitably opposed to Hamilton and

all the 'Scottish school,' with decided affinities to Berkeley. But Ferrier belonged to no school and founded none. The *Lectures on Greek Philosophy* (1866) constituted a most attractively written and unusually luminous introduction to the subject. To these lectures his son in law, Sir Alexander Grant, prefixed a Life.

**John Hill Burton** (1809–81) was the son of an officer and was born at Aberdeen, was admitted to the Scottish Bar in 1831, from 1854 was secretary to the Prison Board of Scotland, and from 1877 a Commissioner of Prisons. He was an indefatigable writer, and contributed much to *Blackwood*, the *Westminster*, and other periodicals. His Lives of Huume (1846) and Lord Lovat and Duncan Forbes (1847) became standard works, he wrote a manual of Scots law and a treatise on bankruptcy, a small manual of political economy and a series of *Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland*. But his most extensive and best-known work was that which began in 1853 with two volumes on the *History of Scotland from the Revolution to the Extinction of the Last Jacobite Insurrection, 1689–1748*, a work honestly and diligently executed, not without vigorous and picturesque passages—as the account of the battle of Killiecrankie and the massacre of Glencoe, though the style is in the main rather lumbering and lacking in rhythm and dignity. He subsequently completed his Scottish history with seven more volumes, *The History of Scotland from Argyll's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688* (1867–70), which fully sustained his reputation for laborious research, and was accepted as the most complete and, on the whole, accurate history of Scotland—though the narrative is often desultory and disproportionate, and the lack of the historical imagination is obvious. A new edition of the whole (1873) improved the earliest and Roman part of the work. His *History of the Reign of Queen Anne* (3 vols.) appeared in 1880. In 1862 he produced a very amusing and interesting volume, *The Book-Hunter*, containing 'sketches of the ways of book-collectors, scholars, literary investigators, desultory readers, and other persons whose pursuits revolve round books and literature.' In 1864 appeared *The Scot Abroad*, illustrating the close and curious relations of Scotland and Scotsmen in the olden time with foreign countries. A small book on *The Cairngorm Mountains* is an exceptionally interesting *vade mecum* for climbers there and lovers of hill scenery. He edited two volumes of the Scottish Privy Council Register, helped Bowring to edit Bentham, and extracted from Bentham's works a very readable collection of *Benthamiana*. Burton's wife prefixed a Memoir to a new edition of the *Book-Hunter* (1882).

#### The Riding of the Parliament.

The new Parliament, whose career was to be so memorable, assembled on the 6th of May 1703. The 'Riding' of a newly assembled Parliament was an old feudal ceremony, of which the annual procession of the

Royal Commissioner to the General Assembly remains a faint vestige. On this occasion it was performed with more than the usual pomp, and, in association with the legislative history of those who partook in it, left an impression more abiding than that of a vain pageant. It was remembered that all the parade and splendour of the occasion were the decorations of legislative labours which abolished the ceremonial for ever, along with the ancient national legislature, of which the old usage was a becoming decoration. As these solemnities are in themselves curious, and form a feature of national manners, the opportunity seems appropriate for a brief account of them.

The first operation was to have the long street from the Parliament Square to Holyrood House cleared of dirt and impediments—a task of some difficulty and importance. A proclamation was issued, prohibiting the use of miscellaneous vehicles within the gates of the city during the ceremony, and for preserving strict order in the crowd. A passage through the centre of the long street was railed in, and, while the magistrates provided a civic guard to the extremity of their dominion at the Nether Bow Port, the royal foot guards lined the remainder of the street to the palace gate. It was an absolute injunction on every member, of whatever degree, that he should ride, and any attempt to evade the chivalrous feudal usage was punished with a heavy penalty. Out of consideration, however, for those respectable burgesses or ancient professional men to whom the elevation was unusual, arrangements were made for assisting them to mount and dismount at the extremities of the journey.

The first movement of the day was by the officers of state, who proceeded one hour before the rest of the members to arrange matters for their reception. The Lord High Constable, with his robe and baton of office, and his guard ranged behind him, sat at the Lady Stairs, by the opening of the Parliament Close, to receive the members under his protection, being officially invested with the privilege and duty of the exterior defences of the Parliament House. He made his obeisances to the members as they dismounted, and handed them over to the Lord Marischal, who, having the duty of keeping order and protecting the members within the House, sat at the door, in all his pomp, to receive them.

The procession, according to old feudal usage began diminutively, and swelled in importance as it went. The representatives of the burghs went first, then, after a pause, came the lesser barons, or county members, and then the nobles—the highest in rank going last. A herald called each name from a window of the palace, and another at the gate saw that the member took his place in the train. All rode two abreast. The commoners wore the heavy doublet of the day unadorned. The nobility followed in their gorgeous robes. Each burghal commissioner had a lackey, and each baron two, the number increasing with the rank, until a duke had eight. The nobles were each followed by a train bearer, and the Commissioner was attended by a swarm of decorative officers, so that the servile elements in the procession must have dragged it out to a considerable length. It seems, indeed, to have been borrowed from the French processions, and was full of glitter—the lackeys, over their liveries, wearing velvet coats embroidered with armorial bearings. All the members were covered, save those whose special function it was to attend upon the honours—the crown, sceptre, and

sword of state. These were the palladium of the nation's imperial independence, and the pomp of the procession was concentrated on the spot where they were borne—the same as they may yet be seen in Edinburgh Castle—before the Commissioner. Immediately before the sword rode the Lord Lyon, in his robe and heraldic overcoat, with his chain and baton. Behind him were clustered a clump of gaudy heralds and pursuivants, with noisy trumpeters proclaiming the approach of the precious objects which they guarded. Such was the procession which poured into that noble oak roofed hall, which still recalls, by its name and character, associations with the ancient legislature of Scotland.

Let us, in the meantime, follow the legislative assembly into their hall, and cast a glance on the scene there presented. Instead of the arrangement by parties, with which we are familiar in the British Houses of Parliament, the Estates were distributed according to ranks. They all sat in one house, and appear to have been much nearer in form to the French States General, whose latest meeting had welcomed the accession of Louis XIII., than to the English Parliament. The Chancellor sat as chairman, and the officers of state clustered round him on what were called the steps of the throne. Raised and decorated benches at the upper end of the hall were for the exclusive use of the nobles, and a penalty was incurred by any other person sitting there. In the centre was a table, round which were seated the judges of the Court of Session and the clerks of Parliament. Beneath this, on a series of plain benches, or forms, were ranged the lesser barons and burgesses, and strangers specially admitted sat at the extremity of these seats. Beneath the bar there was sometimes a motley assemblage of the attendants on the higher members and state officers, and it would seem that the miscellaneous public, unless on special occasions, had access there.

(From *The History of Scotland*)

**William Forbes Skene** (1809-92), Scottish historian, was born at Inverie, on Loch Nevis, the second son of Scott's friend, Skene of Rubislaw. He was educated at Edinburgh and elsewhere (learning Gaelic in Laggan manse), and became in 1832 an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet. In 1881 he succeeded Hill Burton as Scottish Historiographer, and he was DCL of Oxford. Among his works were *The Highlanders of Scotland* (1837), editions of *The Dean of Lismore's Book* (1861), of the *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots* (1867), and of Fordun's *Cronica Gentis Scotorum* (1871), *The Four Ancient Books of Wales* (1868), and *The Family of Skene of Skene* (1887). By far his most important work, and (though containing some debatable theses) still the standard authority on the subject, was his *Celtic Scotland* (3 vols. 1876-80). Skene was a conscientious and painstaking scholar, with a competent knowledge of his subject, but he cherished some antiquated prejudices and had little sense of literary form.

**Mark Lemon** (1809-70) was born in London, and in his twenty sixth year wrote a farce, the first of a long series of melodramas, operettas, and the like. Of several novels, the best perhaps was *Falkner Lyle* (1866), he wrote children's stories and essays, and combined the arts of lecturer and

public reader. In 1841 he helped to establish *Punch*, of which for the first two years he was joint editor with Henry Mayhew, and thereafter sole editor till his death. His *Fest Book* (1864) was reissued in 1892. See the works on the history of *Punch* by Mayhew (1895) and Spielmann (1895).

**William Rathbone Greg** (1809-81), born at Manchester, was educated under Dr Lant Carpenter at Bristol, and at Edinburgh University. For a while he managed his father's mill at Bury, and afterwards carried on business on his own account, gaining meanwhile a prize (1842) for an essay on the Corn Laws, and publishing a courteous but negative criticism of the *Cred of Christendom* (1851). He now fairly embarked in literature, and wrote industriously for the quarterlies and magazines, his essays being subsequently published as books in three collections—*Essays on Political and Social Science* (1854), *Literary and Social Judgments* (1869), and *Miscellaneous Essays* (1884). He became a Commissioner of Customs in 1856, and was Comptroller of H.M. Stationery Office from 1864 till 1877. In most of his works he showed a disbelief in the political instincts of democracy, and an expectation of little from social or other legislation. *The Enigmas of Life* (1872) received the more popularity for its open eyed and not too hopeful outlook, though there was little direct or aggressive hostility shown to accepted views. In *Rocks Ahead* (1874) he took a highly pessimistic view of the future of England, foreboding the political supremacy of the lower classes, industrial decline, and the divorce of intelligence from religion. Other works were *Political Problems* (1870) and *Mistaken Aims* (1876). He wrote clearly and calmly, but with the moral force of manifest conviction. His son, **Percy Greg** (1836-1899), was a poet, novelist, and somewhat vehemently polemical author of a History of the United States, having, after being secularist and spiritualist in turn, become the champion of something very like absolutism.

#### From 'The Enigmas of Life'

Two glorious futures lie before us—the progress of the race here, the progress of the man hereafter. History indicates that the individual man needs to be transplanted in order to excel the past. He appears to have reached his perfection centuries ago. Men lived then whom we have never yet been able to surpass, rarely even to equal. Our knowledge has, of course, gone on increasing, for that is a material capable of indefinite accumulation. But for power, for the highest reach and range of mental and spiritual capacity in every line, the lapse of two or three thousand years has shown no sign of increase or improvement. What sculptor has surpassed Phidias? What poet has transcended Eschylus, Homer, or the author of the Book of Job? What devout aspirant has soared higher than David or Isaiah? What statesman has modern times produced mightier or grander than Pericles? What patriot martyr truer or nobler than Socrates? Wherein, save in mere acquire-

ments, was Bacon superior to Plato or Newton to Thales or Pythagoras? Very early in our history individual men beat their wings against the allotted boundaries of their earthly dominions, early in history God gave to the human race the types and patterns to imitate and approach, but never to transcend. Here, then, surely we see clearly intimated to us our appointed work—namely, to rise the masses to the true standard of harmonious human virtue and capacity, not to strive ourselves to overstep that standard, not to put our own souls or brains into a hotbed, but to put all our fellow-men into a fertile and a wholesome soil. If this be so, both our practical course and our speculative difficulties are greatly cleared. The timid fugitives from the duties and temptations of the world, the selfish coddlers and nursers of their own souls, the sedulous cultivators either of a cold intellect or of a fervent spiritualism, have alike deserted or mistaken their mission, and turned their back upon the goal.

A Memoir of W. R. Greg by his widow was prefixed to the eighteenth edition of *The Enigmas of Life* (1891).

**Gilbert Abbott à Beckett** (1811-56), born in London and educated at Westminster, was called to the Bar in 1841, and in 1849 became a metropolitan police magistrate. Besides writing for *Punch*, the *Times*, and many serials, he was author of *The Quizziology of the British Drama*, and is specially remembered as the inventor of the 'comic' *Bluestone* and the 'comic' Histories of England and Rome—the first illustrated by Cruikshank, the last two by Leech. One son, Gilbert (1837-91), was a playwright; another, Arthur William, born in 1844, has been playwright, novelist, barrister, journalist, and editor.

**James David Forbes** (1809-68), eminent not merely as an original investigator in various departments of physics, but as a luminous writer and a teacher who secured the enthusiastic reverence of a series of eminent pupils, was grandson of the first Sir William Forbes of Pitshgo and son of the second, and his mother was Sir Walter Scott's first love. Born at Edinburgh, young Forbes studied in the university there, and was called to the bar in 1830. From 1833 he held the Edinburgh chair of Natural Philosophy, exchanging it in 1859 for the principalship of the United College at St Andrews. Among his contributions to science are his investigations on heat, light, polarisation, underground temperature, and the use of the thermometer for determining heights, but he is best known by his researches on the motion of glaciers, in connection with which subject he wrote *Travels through the Alps* (1843), *Norway and its Glaciers* (1853), *Tour of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa* (1855), and *Occasional Papers on the Theory of Glaciers* (1859). He was certainly the first to establish the viscous theory of glaciers and to secure definite measurements of their motion, he was, indeed, 'the Copernicus or Kepler of this science'. His scientific achievements and his personal life are recorded in his *Life and Letters* edited by Sharp, Fait, and Adams Reilly (1873).

### Thomas Carlyle

was born on the 4th of December 1795, in a plain two story house still standing in the main street of the tidy village of Ecclefechan, in the parish of Hoddam, Annandale, Dumfriesshire. He was the second son of James Carlyle (1758–1832), the chief stone mason in the village, and the eldest by his second wife, Margaret Aitken (1771–1853). Carlyle was fortunate in both of his parents. His father was a frugal, earnest, 'well-living Seceder' of (in his son's opinion) 'natural faculty' equal to that of Burns, pugnacious, fearless, irascible, and not unmindful of the fact that he was an offshoot of a 'fighting' Border clan. His mother was 'a woman of the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just, and the wise.' Thomas was, like the other members of James Carlyle's family—ten in all, five sons and five daughters—carefully educated. He was taught the alphabet and elementary English by his father, arithmetic by his mother, and the rudiments of Latin by Mr Johnston, minister in his father's church. Home tuition was supplemented by attendance at the parish school of Ecclefechan, easily recognisable in this connection as the Entepfuhl of *Sartor Resartus*. There Carlyle learned to use 'those earliest tools of complicity which a man of letters gets to handle—his class-books,' and was reported by a school inspector 'complete in English' at about seven years of age. He also watched the comedy and riot of the annual cattle fair in the village, 'undoubtedly the grand summary of the Entepfuhl child's culture, whither, assembling from all the four winds, come the elements of an unspeakable hurly burly.' At the age of ten (1805) he proceeded to the Grammar School of Annan (the *Hinterschlag Gymnasium* of *Sartor*), where, although his teachers were 'hide bound pedants who knew Syntax enough, and of the human soul thus much, that it had a faculty called Memory, which could be acted on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch rods,' he learned to read Latin and French fluently, as well as 'some geometry, algebra, arithmetic thoroughly well, vague outlines of geography, Greek to the extent of the alphabet mainly.' But his two years at Annan Academy were among the most miserable in his life. He was tyrannised over by some of his fellow pupils, 'coarse, unguided, tyrannous cubs,' who ridiculed him for his sensitiveness as 'Tom the Tearful.' But he 'revolted against them, and gave them shake for shake.' Edward Irving, his senior by five years and the adviser and friend of later days, occasionally visited the Academy, where he also had received his early education, and Carlyle looked with interest on him as a distinguished student in the University of Edinburgh, now his own goal. To Edinburgh, a distance of ninety miles, he travelled on foot in November 1809, and enrolled himself as a student in the university. Although 'out of England and Spain ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered

universities,' he attended its classes in arts till 1813, when he left without taking a degree. Mathematics was the only subject in the college curriculum that he took kindly to, holding that 'the man who had mastered the first forty seven propositions of Euclid stood nearer to God than he had done before.' Yet he took no prize in the mathematical class, although he was a favourite with the professor, Sir John Leslie, who 'alone of my professors had some genius in his business, and awoke a certain enthusiasm in me.'

When Carlyle's attendance at the Arts course of Edinburgh University came to an end in 1813, he began preparation for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, and enrolled himself as a student of its Divinity Hall on the 16th of November. He did not attempt to attend the classes in the theological curriculum, but contented himself with observing the form known as 'keeping partial sessions' by going up to Edinburgh twice a year and delivering 'discourses' in the Hall. Meanwhile he sustained himself by teaching. In 1814 he obtained by competition the post of mathematical master in Annan Academy, which was worth between £60 and £70 a year. He spent his vacation with his parents at Mainhill, a farm about two miles from Lockerbie, to which his father had migrated from Ecclefechan, and where he died in 1832, having saved £1000. There Carlyle began to study German, read extensively in English literature, and wrote of his reading at great length to college friends. As one of the consequences of this reading, his 'sentiments on the clerical profession' became 'mostly of the unfavourable kind.' In 1816 he left Annan for Kirkcaldy in Fifeshire, having accepted the post of assistant to the teacher of the parish school, with emoluments estimated at £100 a year. He now became the intimate friend of Edward Irving, who had taken the position of head of an adventure school in Kirkcaldy. They read and walked together, and Carlyle was by his friend introduced to various families, including that of Mr Martin the parish minister, one of whose daughters subsequently became Irving's wife. A more important introduction was that to 'by far the brightest and cleverest' of Irving's pupils, Margaret Gordon, a girl who lived in Kirkcaldy with her aunt. She is commonly understood to have been the model for the dark and inconstant Blumine of *Sartor*, although the Strachey family, with whom Carlyle subsequently became intimate, claimed the distinction for Kitty Kilpatrick, a cousin of Mrs Strachey. If there can ever be said to have been anything of the nature of love making, it was put an end to by Margaret Gordon's aunt. Margaret bade Carlyle farewell in a formal letter full of wise advices, such as 'Cultivate the milder dispositions of the heart, subdue the more extravagant visions of the brain,' and possibly indicated her own feelings by closing her letter with, 'I give you not my address because I dare not promise to see you.' She subsequently

married Sir Alexander Bannerman Governor of Nova Scotia.

Although Luke Kelly was more congenial to Carlyle than Anna he found in two or four it were better to part him from his concubine. In fact, besides, there had sprung up the usual professional competition both to him and to Irving. Having recd about £70 he returned on November 1813 to Edinburgh happy to do no private teaching till he could fall into some other mode of doing.

There he lived for three years abt £100 a year well remunerated tuition. He also contributed articles, chiefly theological and biographical, for 'Broad and butter-waste' to the *Edinburgh Review*, edited by Dr. Adam Smith, Sir David Brewster, and Thomas Erskine. Leyden's *Elements of the French Revolution* in the English translation. The Church being now impotent as a power he enrolled himself as a reader of Scots Latin at the university with a view to passing as an advocate. At first he liked the study of law pretty well mainly because no man complainers are requisite for prospering in it. But

ultimately he tired of it also. His stay in Edinburgh spent mainly in the drudgery of teaching and literary hard-work relieved by visits to his family at Mounthill, were among the most melancholy of his life. His health was poor, he suffered from insomnia, being in his lifelong trouble with dyspepsia and was 'in a low fever for two weeks'. His mind was at the same time tortured by 'doubt,' for a period he was 'to all ungodly.' The conflict was terminated 'all at once' in June 1821, when he was walking down Leith Wall (the Rue St. Thomas de l'Inferno of *Sartor Resartus*) to Leith to bathe in the sea by what he regarded not so much as an 'illumination' or a 'conversion' as 'a spiritual new birth'. Practically this change meant 'no surrender' to his 'misery, a substitution of grim desirous' for 'whining sorrow.'

The commencement of the six years Carlyle's introduction to George Heriot's School, Edinburgh, of Dr. John Welsh, recd. £15 per month in 1821, is very full of detail. It begins, however, with 'a few days off' before the opening of term, upon which date the Master of the School, Mr. Welsh, 'had come to the schoolroom to see his father Sir Robert, and his daughter Mrs. who was then aged 18, & a widow, & had been married to Mr. John Watson, a lawyer, in 1812.



THOMAS CARLYLE

See A. D. G. in *English Sculpture*

In an Chapter, *Human Culture* he says that the hero Charles and Acton in their youth in the spring of 1821 had a walk through Carlyle's schoolroom in Mowbray Place. Heriot asked him what he thought of his pupil. Carlyle, who died in 1835 at the age of forty, is on the title-page what seemed in except only pro re nata post mortem he deserved to be one of the cleverest boys I have ever seen. The day he received £15 a week enabled him to give £10 in help to his people a house and particularly to forward the education of his younger brother John (1801-70) who became a physician but is better known as the translator of Dante's *Inferno*. Copley of contemplation, a history of the British Commonwealth and a novel in association with Miss Webb arranged to write a *Life of S. Her for the London*

*Magazine*, and a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* for an Edinburgh publisher

Mr and Mrs Buller spent the winter of 1822 in Edinburgh, and with them and his pupils Carlyle went in the spring of the following year to Kinnaird House near Dunkeld, on the Tay. The family went to London in 1824, and Carlyle paid the capital his first visit in June of that year, living with his friend Irving, and making comments, on the whole more free than laudatory, on the men of letters, such as Coleridge, Hazlitt, Campbell, and Allan Cunningham, whom he came across. His friendship for the Bullers was now cooling—he describes them in a letter written at this time as 'a cold race of people' who 'love no living creature'—and he took advantage of a proposal to accompany them to France to bring his engagement to a close. He remained in London, however, till March 1825, superintending the publication in book form of his *Life of Schiller*. He also spent some weeks in Birmingham with a friend of the name of Badams, studying the 'Black Country,' exploring Warwickshire, and endeavouring, but in vain, to get a cure for dyspepsia. In the end of March he settled with his brother Alexander on the farm of Hoddam Hill, about two miles from Mainhill, and there he engaged in the translation of German romances. At this time also Miss Welsh, after much hesitation, agreed to marry him. The following year he quarrelled with his landlord, and he and his father both removed to Scotsbrig, another farm near Ecclefechan. The marriage, however, took place on 17th October of that year at Templeton, Dumfriesshire, the residence of Miss Welsh's grandfather. The couple at once settled in 21 Comely Bank, Edinburgh. Carlyle's chief work here was the preparation of four volumes of translations from Tieck, Museus, and Richter, which were published under the title of *German Romance*. He began a didactic novel, *Wotton Reinfred*, but burned the bulk of the manuscript. He also endeavoured, but in vain, to secure the chair of Moral Philosophy in St Andrews in succession to Dr Chalmers. The most important event during this period of his life was the commencement of a connection with the *Edinburgh Review*. Procter, whom he had met in London, introduced him to Jeffrey. His first article, on Jean Paul Richter, appeared in June 1827. By this time he had become known in Germany. That same year Goethe said to Eckermann that Carlyle was a moral force so great that he could not tell what he might produce.

In May 1828 the Carlysles removed to Mrs Carlyle's property of Craigenputtock, which her husband described as 'the dreariest spot in all the British dominions,' although, as the late Professor Nichol pertinently pointed out, 'on a sunny day it is an inland home, with wide billowy straths of grass around, inestimable silence broken only by the placid bleating of sheep, and the long ridges of the Solway hills in front.' Here they

lived nearly six years—years for the husband of final preparation for his 'mission,' for the wife of melancholy solitude and household drudgery for which she had not been fitted by her upbringing. Carlyle subsisted during this time mainly on what he wrote for reviews, such as the *Edinburgh*, *Foreign Quarterly*, and *Westminster*, and *Fraser's Magazine*. It was at Craigenputtock that he produced his most notable essays, those on Burns, Samuel Johnson, Goethe, Diderot, and Voltaire. He wrote a *History of German Literature*, a portion of which also appeared in the form of essays. By far the most notable product of this period, however, was *Sartor Resartus*, his most characteristic and in some respects greatest work, in which, as its hero, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, Carlyle expounds, under the title of 'The Philosophy of Clothes,' the special philosophico poetic mysticism which had come to be his creed. *Sartor* is further notable in the literary history of Carlyle as revealing the Germanisation of his mind and the abandonment of the comparatively simple diction of his early essays and the *Life of Schiller* for the thoroughly individual style of his later works—eruptive, ejaculatory, but always impressive, and in certain passages rising to an epic sublimity. Carlyle found some difficulty in obtaining a publisher for *Sartor*, but in 1833–34 it appeared in instalments in *Fraser's Magazine*. Life at Craigenputtock was varied by occasional visits to Edinburgh, in one of which he conceived the idea of writing his *French Revolution*, by a residence of six months in London, where he made the acquaintance of John Sterling and John Stuart Mill, by visits from Jeffrey, who peremptorily told him, 'Bring your blooming Eve out of your blasted Paradise,' and from Emerson, with whom he had a 'quiet night of clear, fine talk,' and by letters from Goethe, in one of which he acknowledged a lock of Mrs Carlyle's hair.

In 1830 Carlyle was in such straits that he had to borrow £50 from Jeffrey to pay the expenses of his trip to London the following year. But finding himself master of £200 in 1834, he resolved to try his fortune in London, and on 10th June established himself in 5 Cheyne Row—'a side street off the Thames, winding as slowly by the reaches of Barnes and Battersea as Cowper's Ouse, dotted with brown sailed ships and holiday-boats'—in which he lived till his death. Here he settled down to the writing of his *French Revolution*, which appeared in 1837. This work was almost put an end to in 1835 through the destruction by a servant-girl of all but four or five leaves of the manuscript of the first volume, which had been lent to John Stuart Mill. Carlyle accepted £100 from Mill as compensation for his loss. At this time Carlyle was again much depressed, his melancholy finding expression in such declarations to his friends as, 'It is twenty-three months since I earned a penny by the craft of literature, and yet I know no fault I have committed. I am tempted to go to

America. I shall quit literature, it does not invite me. Providence warns me to have done with it. I have failed in this Divine Infernal Universe.' Yet he never lost self confidence. 'I can reverence no existing man. With health and peace for one year, I could write a better book than there has been in this country for generations.' The publication of the *French Revolution* in 1837 at last brought Carlyle reputation, and, by way of adding to his income, some of his friends induced him to deliver a course of lectures that year to a select audience on 'German Literature'. This was so successful that it was followed up by courses on 'The Successive Periods of European Culture,' 'The Revolutions of Modern Europe,' and 'Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History.' His yearly earnings from these lectures varied between £135 and £300. Yet he loathed the work, writing to Emerson in 1839 'O heaven, I cannot "speak," I can only gasp and writhe and stutter, a spectacle to gods and fashionables—being forced to it by want of money.' In 1838 *Sartor* appeared in book form, and also the first edition of his *Miscellanies*. The following year he made his first appearance in the literature of politics with a pamphlet assail ing the corruptions of modern society, under the title of *Chartism*. By 1840 all fears of poverty were over. In 1842 Mrs Welsh died, leaving to the Carlysles a competence of from £200 to £300 a year. Yet till late in life Carlyle's income from literature alone was never more than £400.

In 1843 Carlyle published his *Past and Present*, the most picturesque, popular, and influential of all his socio political works. This was followed seven years later by the more savage *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, which, however, created attention mainly because of the qualified approval extended by its author to slavery. Meanwhile there had appeared in 1845 *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, which is perhaps the most successful of all his works, inasmuch as it completely revolutionised public opinion on its subject. In 1851 he published his *Life of John Sterling*, which he wrote because he was not satisfied with Julius Hare's biography. From this time onward he devoted himself exclusively to the preparation of his last and largest, if not also greatest, work ('Mino taur' though it was both to him and his wife), *The History of Friedrich II, commonly called Frederick the Great*. The first two volumes were published in 1858, and it was concluded in 1865. The preparation of this work led Carlyle to make two special visits to the Continent. These, with a yachting trip to Ostend, two tours in Ireland (on which subject he intended to write a book based on a diary that was published after his death), and yearly visits to his kindred and friends (like Thomas Erskine of Linlithgen) in Scotland, constituted his chief distractions from his literary labours. In 1866 he was elected chairman of the committee that was formed for the defence of Mr Eyre, who

had been recalled from his post of Governor of Jamaica on the ground that he had shown unnecessary severity in suppressing a negro insurrection that had broken out the previous year. This was almost the only public movement with which Carlyle identified himself, although he aided materially in establishing the London Library in 1839.

On 11th November 1865 Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University by a majority of 657 votes to 310 recorded for Mr Disraeli. On 2nd April 1866 he was installed amidst extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm, when he delivered an address in which he embodied his experiences of life in the form of kindly advices addressed in an easy conversational style to the students. Carlyle was greatly pleased with his reception, which had, among other results, the effect of causing a run on his works, although in his somewhat embittered old age he wrote 'No idea or shadow of an idea is in that address but what had been set forth by me tens of times before, and the poor gaping sea of prurient blockheadism receives it as a kind of inspired revelation, and runs to buy my books (it is said) now when I have got quite done with their buying or refusing to buy.' The success was, however, extinguished by the intelligence which reached him in Dumfries of the sudden death from heart disease of Mrs Carlyle on 21st April, as she was driving in her carriage in Hyde Park. His grief deepened into profound remorse when he discovered from certain of her letters, and from a journal which she had kept, that during a period of her married life his irritability, absorption in ambition and work, and unconscious want of consideration for her had caused her much misery and even ill-health, which she carefully concealed from him. *The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, published after his death, also proved that during the years 1855 and 1856 husband and wife were temporarily estranged owing to his liking for the society of Harriet, Lady Ashburton, although they clearly demonstrated that he never understood the cause of the estrangement. After the death of Lady Ashburton there was no friction of any real importance. These *Memorials* are also of intrinsic literary value, because they show that Mrs Carlyle, in addition to the 'soft invincibility, capacity of discernment, and noble loyalty of heart,' borne testimony to in the tombstone erected to her by her husband in the nave of the Abbey Church at Huddington, was one of the shrewdest critics, most vivacious letter-writers, and accomplished women of her time.

Carlyle, now 'a gloomily serious, silent, and sad old man gazing into the final chasm of things in mute dialogue with "Death, Judgment, and Eternity" (dialogue mute on both sides),' wrote no important work after his wife's death. After a visit to the second Lady Ashburton at Mentone in 1867, where he partially composed his *Reminiscences*,

he tried to settle down to his old life, one of his nieces generally superintending the household arrangements of Cheyne Row. He put his affairs in order, bequeathing the revenues of Crugnenputtock for the endowment of three John Welsh bursaries in the University of Edinburgh. In August 1867 he published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and under the title of 'Shooting Niagira,' his views of British democracy. He prepared an edition of his collected works, adding to them a fresh volume containing 'The Early Kings of Norway' and an 'Essay on the Portraits of John Knox.' On 18th November 1870 he wrote a letter to the *Times* on the Franco German war, declaring 'that noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and oversensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest fact that has occurred in my time.' He expressed in private very strong opposition to the Irish policy of Mr Gladstone. In February 1874 he accepted the Prussian Order of Merit, which was offered him as a recognition of his having written the life of Frederick the Great, who founded the Order. In the same year Mr Disraeli offered him the Grand Cross of the Bath, with the alternative of a baronetcy and a pension of 'an amount equal to a good fellowship,' but he declined both, although he acknowledged the kindness of the Premier, of whom he had spoken almost uniformly in terms of reprobation. On his eightieth birthday, 4th December 1875, tributes of respect were showered upon him. They included 'a noble and most unexpected note from Prince Bismarck' and a gold medal from a number of fervid Scottish admirers. On 5th May 1877 there appeared from his pen in the *Times* a brief letter alluding to a rumour that the 'miraculous' Premier meditated the forcing on 'a Philo-Turk war against Russia,' and protesting against any such enterprise. He passed away on 5th February 1881 at his house in Chelsea. His remains were offered a burial in Westminster Abbey, but, in accordance with his own desire, he was laid in the churchyard of Ecclefechan beside his kin.

Although Carlyle was separated by a whole continent—to him a *terra incognita*—of passion from such predecessors in British literature as Burns and Byron, in whom he took the profoundest interest, he was so intensely individual, though not in any ignoble sense 'colossally egotistic,' that in his case, as in theirs, it is undesirable, and indeed practically impossible, to separate life from work or character from career. Biography involves criticism as well as the accurate record of incidents; the *Reminiscences* and the *Letters* are as distinctly literature as *Cromwell* or *Frederick the Great*. *Sartor Resartus* is as much an autobiography as it is an exposition of mysticism, the fury of the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* is as sincere if not as pathetic as the will of the suddenly bereaved life-partner

of Jane Welsh Carlyle—'all of sunshine that remained in my life went out in that sudden moment, all of strength, too, seems to have gone,' the minute industry that discovers more of dyspepsia or of tobacco in a particular passage than of inspiration, and can tell from internal evidence where the *French Revolution* was recommenced after the Mill fire, is something more than love's labour lost. This intense individuality accounts at once for Carlyle's enormous influence during the latter part of his life, the 'neglect' which followed his death, and the 'reaction' in his favour that has in turn succeeded the 'neglect'—the modern interpreters of which see nothing but Carlylism in action in modern British Imperialism and the gospel according to Lord Kitchener and Mr Rudyard Kipling.

During the final twenty years of his life Carlyle was vastly more influential than Coleridge or Samuel Johnson or Pope, or indeed any other *clarum ac venerabile nomen* in English letters, not only did he preach directly to a generation that idolised him against his will, but he preached indirectly to it through the most popular and powerful of Victorian writers like Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, and Thackeray. The negative influence of Carlyle—the effect produced by his proclamation of an 'Exodus from Hounds ditch' and his diatribes against 'atheistic science,' and especially the 'dismal' variety of it—was at least as great as the positive. A competent American critic, Mr W C Brownell, is fully justified in saying 'Much of what Carlyle wrote, the gospel that he expounded so contentiously and polemically, has now become a part of what we now call our subliminal possessions. What once seemed, and of course still is, elemental has become elementary as well.' The merciless and deliberately designed self-revelation of the *Reminiscences*, and of the literature of the 'personal equation' variety which followed in the wake of the *Reminiscences*, was necessary to a complete understanding of Carlyle. It led to his being 'forsaken' by the superficially or blindly idolatrous—whose lip service he never wished for, and despised without measure when it came to him—on the ground that the idol's feet were of clay, that he had 'behaved like a brute to his wife,' that he was 'meanly jealous' of his contemporaries, and perhaps above all that he imperfectly appreciated the humour, and did not at all appreciate the forenoon gin, of Charles Lamb. More cautious if not indiscriminatingly 'sympathetic' critics saw in the *Reminiscences* and their *sequelæ* but confirmation of their previous conviction that Carlyle had the defects of his strength, that if he had the prophet's vision and that force of will which overcomes mountains of physical disability, he had also the prophet's intolerance alike of the small vices that go with Bohemianism and of the comprehensive and contagious hedonism which is the outcome and practice of 'art for art's sake.'

According to the popular, loose, and unscientific social classification of the time, Carlyle was a 'peasant' He had the 'peasant's' robustness of body and mind, the 'peasant's' contempt for the superficialities and even subtleties of refinement, the 'peasant's' incontinence of graphic speech, and especially of depreciatory characterisation So he was incapable, until it was too late, of understanding or giving those delicacies of affectionate attention which to his wife, with her 'middle-class' birth, environment, and upbringing, were of great if not supreme importance Such defects are also responsible for most of his hasty and unjust judgments, for his ultra Covenanter's hatred and ignorance of 'art' and 'pleasure,' for his refusal even to read that type of poetry of which Keats was and still is the richest voice, his relegation of Scott to the category of mere *restaurateurs*, his inability to see 'one great thought in all Voltaire's six and thirty quartos,' his dismissal of the most emphatically epoch making book of modern times with '*The Origin of Species*' showed up the capricious stupidity of mankind, never could read a page of it and waste the least thought upon it'

Practical mysticism, finally adopted as a creed on the fateful day of 'spiritual new birth' in Leith Walk, was the centre and secret, if not the Alpha and the Omega, of Carlyle. It dominated his life and conduct, it is the adequate explanation—or the nearest approach to an adequate explanation that is now possible—of his glorious inconsistencies in religion, politics, ethics, and economics. It guided him to the choice of subjects in literature, and impregnated his treatment of them, it explains the splendour of his visions, the pungency of his satire, and what he himself termed the 'conflagration' of his prose-poetry. Accept the first principles of this mysticism, which may be largely German in its final development—Taine derived it from Goethe and Hegel, but it is no less suggestive of Eckhardt—but which seems to recall some 'hour of moaning midnight,' when the kirk of Dunscore 'hung spectral in the sky and being was as if swallowed up of darkness,' and acquiescence in the Carlylian gospel of hero worship, veracity, and hard work is virtually inevitable. Agree that 'life is but a thawing ice board on a sea with sunny shore,' that men are but the earthly vestures of spiritual forces, and the most famous of Carlyle's purple patches stand forth as articles of faith.

Carlyle being emphatically a thinker *en generalis*, it is impossible to assign him a definite position in any literary class or caste. Profoundly religious, contending vehemently that 'thought without Reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous,' the sworn foe of 'atheism' and 'beaver science,' holding that 'strong was he that had a Church, wherewith we can call a Church,' he yet declared that 'it is as certain as mathematics that no such thing as a miracle has ever been,' that 'all manner of pulpits are as good as broken and abolished,' and that 'the'

Temple of Sorrow, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures' He called loudly for an 'Exodus from Houndsditch,' but he had no map of the Promised Land, and flatly declined to lead the way to it. Passionately devoted to social order, maintaining that it is the duty and mission of heroes to discipline into such order, if need be with whips and scorpions, the millions, 'mostly fools,' who inhabit the earth, he yet cannot be ticketed Conservative or Liberal. Distrusting if not dreading 'Revolt,' he yet declared, 'I am not a Tory, no, but one of the deepest though perhaps the quietest of Radicals,' and denounced modern materialism—the 'gospel of wealth' and the practice of idleness—with a fierce eloquence which no disciple of Lassalle, Marx, or Bakunin has ever commanded.

It is no less difficult to say in which department of literature Carlyle especially excelled, and which is likely to be his most enduring achievement. With the exception—and that a doubtful exception—of *Sartor Resartus*, all his masterpieces, the *French Revolution*, *Cromwell*, *Frederick*, the best of his lectures and essays, belong to the (in his case at all events) conjunct department of history and biography. But even as a historian—even when toiling over the battlefields of the Seven Years' War—he was, and could not help being, prophet, preacher, and poet. Indeed, it is because he has successfully insisted on the elements of life connoted by these three designations being fully acknowledged in history and biography that he can be claimed as a successful literary revolutionary. In Germany *Frederick* is regarded as his masterpiece, and naturally so, because in it he beat the German historians at their own favourite weapon of patient industry. Taine is not alone in thinking that 'in Cromwell one can touch the truth itself.' Carlylians of the *circle intime* will ever be found worshipping at the shrine of *Sartor*. But as a mere effective performance, the *French Revolution* is, in spite of the minor historical inaccuracies which it has been proved to contain, probably the most successful of all his works, and his view of that still imperfectly understood social convulsion is now the world's. 'He stands,' says Dr Holland Rose in his annotated edition of the book, after dealing with the inaccuracies already alluded to, 'on a far higher plane than the turgid and rhetorical Lamartine. He yields the palm to Mignet and De Tocqueville in regard to philosophic generalisations, but then we rise from a perusal of their neat and orderly chapters ignorant—that there was such a thing as the guillotine' . . . . .

Being what he was, Carlyle had no master, and is not likely to have a successor. At an early period in his career he saturated his mind with German literature, since that seemed to be nearer the truth than any other of his time, and he admired the foremost force in that literature

because, as he said, 'Goethe's is the only healthy mind, of any extent, that I have discovered in Europe for long generations, it was he who first convincingly proclaimed to me, "Behold, even in this scandalous Sceptico Epicurean generation, when all is gone but hunger and cant, it is still possible that man be a man!"' There may be traces of Richter in Carlyle's style, although, as Professor Saintsbury points out, 'something may be traced to our own more fantastic writers in the seventeenth century, such as Sir Thomas Urquhart in Scotland and Sir Roger L'Estrange in England, much to a Scottish fervour and quaintness blending itself with and utilising a wider range of reading than had been usual with Scotsmen, most to the idiosyncrasy of the individual.' It was enough for Carlyle that he made for himself a style which forced the austere Thoreau to say, 'His mastery over the language is unrivaled, it is with him a keen, resistless weapon,' which makes him the rival of Milton, Burke, and Ruskin in eloquence, of Dunbar, Swift, and Richter in humour. It was Carlyle's individuality that made him the force that he was during his lifetime, it is that individuality which will cause him to be resorted to in the future for consolation and stimulus. He has since his death been revealed, in all his weakness as well as all his strength. Yet of none of the sons of letters may the British nation be more whole heartedly proud, because none had a higher conception of his calling, none more thoroughly carried into action his own gospel that 'no mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something, he knows not what mischief he does, past computation, scattering words without meaning, to afflict the whole world yet before they cease.'

#### Life in Dumfriesshire

CRAIGENPUTTOCK 25th September 1828

You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but thirteen miles to the north west of it, among the granite hills, and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea mews and rough woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling, here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden, we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us

everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation, for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came here solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own, here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zeilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance, for a stage coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Venice. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cartload of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it, at least pray write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you.

The only piece of my importance that I have written since I came here is an *Essay on Burns*. Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius, but born in the lowest rank of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at length mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796. We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any poet that lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light.

(From letter to Goethe.)

#### Reminiscence of Craigenputtock.

We went over often from Craigenputtock (to Templeland) were always a most welcome arrival, surpriseostenest, and our bits of visits, which could never be prolonged, were uniformly pleasant on both sides. One of our chief pleasures, I think almost our chief, during these moorland years. Oh those pleasant gig drives, in fine leisir twilight, or deep in the night sometimes, ourselves two alone in the world, the good 'Larry' faring us (rather too light for the job, but always soft and willing), how they rise on me now, benignantly luminous from the bosom of the grim dead night! Night! what would I give for one, the very worst of them, at this moment! Once we had gone to Dumfries, in a soft misty December day (for a portrait which my darling wanted, not of her self!), a bridge was found broken as we went down, brook unsafe by night, we had to try 'Cluden (Lower Cairn) Water' road, as all was mist and pitch darkness, on our return, road unknown except in general, and drive like no other in my memory. Cairn hoarsely

roaring on the left (my darling's side), 'Larry,' with but one lamp-candle (for we had put out the other, lest both might fall done), bending always to be straight in the light of that, I really anxious, though speaking only hopefully, my darling so full of trust in me, really happy and opulently interested in these equipments, in these poor and dangerous circumstances how opulent is a nobly royal heart! She hid the worthless 'portrait' (pencil sketch by a wandering German, announced to us by poor and hospitable Mrs Richardson, once a 'novelist' of mark, much of a gentlewoman and well loved by us both) safe in her reticule, 'better far than none,' she cheerfully said of it, and the price, I think, had been 5s, fruit of her thirst too —well, could California have made me and her so rich, had I known it (sorry gloomy mortal) just as she did? To noble hearts such wealth is there in poverty itself, and impossible without poverty! I saw ahead, high in the mist, the minarets of Dunscore Kirk, at last, glad sight, 't Mrs Broatch's cosy rough inn, we got 'Larry' fed, ourselves dried and refreshed (still seven miles to do, but road all plain), and got home safe, after a pleasant day, in spite of all. Then the drive to Boreland once (George Welsh's, 'Uncle George,' youngest of the Penfillans), heart of winter, intense calm frost, and through Dumfries, at least thirty five miles for poor 'Larry' and us, very beautiful that too, and very strange, past the base of towering New Abbey, huge ruins, piercing grandly into the silent frosty sunset, on this hand, despicable cowhouse of Presbyterian kirk on that hand (sad new contrast to Devorgilla's old bounty), &c., &c. —of our drive home again I recollect only her invincible contentment, and the poor old cotter woman offering to warm us with a flame of dry broom, 'A'll licht a brum couey, if ye'll please to come in!' Another time we had gone to Dumfries Cattle Show (first of its race, which are many since), a kind of lark on our part, and really entertaining, though the day proved shockingly wet and muddy, saw various notabilities there—Sir James Grahame (reddish, proud man, we both thought by physiognomy, and did not afterwards alter our opinion much), Ramsay Macculloch (in sky-blue coat, shiningly on visit from London), &c., &c., with none of whom, or few, had we right (or wish) to speak, abundantly occupied with seeing so many fine specimens, biped and quadruped.

(From *Reminiscences*, vol. II.)

#### The Philosophy of Clothes.

It was in some such mood, when wearied and fadone with these high speculations, that I first came upon the question of Clothes. Strange enough, it strikes me, is this same fact of there being Tailors and Tailored. The Horse I ride has his own whole fell strip him of girths and flaps and extraneous tags I have fastened round him, and the noble creature is his own sempster and weaver and spinner, nay, his own bootmaker, jeweller, and man milliner, he bounds free through the valleys, with a perennial rain proof court suit on his body, wherein warmth and easiness of fit have reached perfection, nay, the graces also have been considered, and frills and fringes, with gay variety of colour, neatly appended, and ever in the right place, are not wanting. While I—good Heaven!—have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts, and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters

raked from the Charnel house of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more slowly! Day after day, I must thatch myself anew, day after day, this despicable thatch must lose some film of its thickness, some film of it, frayed away by tear and wear, must be brushed off into the Ash pit, into the Laystall, till by degrees the whole has been brushed thither, and I, the dust making, patent Rag grinder, get new material to grind down. O subtler brutish! vile! most vile! For have not I too a compact all enclosing skin, whiter or dingier? Am I a botched mass of tailors' and cobblers' shreds, then, or a tightly articulated, homogeneous little Figure, automatic, nay alive? Strange enough how creatures of the human kind shut their eyes to plainest facts, and by the mere inertia of Oblivion and Stupidity, live at ease in the midst of Wonders and Terrors. But indeed man is, and was always, a blockhead and dullard, much readier to feel and digest, than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver, mere use and wont everywhere leads him by the nose, thus let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World happen twice, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable. Perhaps not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped, of any country or generation, be he gold mantled Prince or russet jerkined peasant, that his Vestments and his Self are not one and indivisible, that he is naked, without vestments, till he buy or steal such, and by sore thought sew and button them. For my own part, these considerations, of our Clothes-thatch, and how, reaching even to our heart of hearts, it tailorises and demoralises us, fill me with a certain horror at myself and man kind, almost as one feels at those Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats (of striped sacking), in the meadows of Gouda. Nevertheless there is some thing great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappings, and sees indeed that he is naked, and as Swift has it, 'a forked straddling animal with bandy legs,' yet also a Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries.

(From *Sartor Resartus*, Book I Chap viii.)

#### Sentence on King Louis

Eye witnesses have represented this scene of the Third Voting, and of the votings that grew out of it,—a scene protracted, like to be endless, lasting, with few brief intervals, from Wednesday till Sunday morning,—as one of the strangest seen in the Revolution. Long night wears itself into day, morning's paleness is spread over all faces, and again the wintry shadows sink, and the dim lamps are lit but through day and night and the vicissitudes of hours, Member after Member is mounting continually those Tribune steps, pausing aloft there, in the clearer upper light, to speak his Fate word, then diving down into the dusk and throng again. Like Phantoms in the hour of midnight, most spectral, pan-demonial! Never did President Vergniaud, or any terrestrial President, superintend the like. A King's Life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trembling in the balance. Man after man mounts, the buzz hushes itself till he have spoken Death, Banishment, Imprisonment till the Peace. Many say, Death, with what cautious well studied phrases and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy. Many too say, Banish-

ment, something short of Death. The balance trembles, none can yet guess whitherward. Whereat anxious Patriotism bellows, irrepressible by Ushers. The poor Grondins, many of them, under such fierce bellowing of Patriotism, say Death, justifying, *mot'ant*, that most miserable word of theirs by some brief casuistry and jesuitry Vergnaud himself says, Death, justifying by jesuitry Rich Lepelletier Saint Fargeau had been of the Noblesse, and then of the Patriot Left Side, in the Constituent, and had argued and reported, there and elsewhere, not a little, *against* Capital Punishment nevertheless he now says, Death, a word which may cost him dear. Manuel did surely rank with the Decided in August last, but he has been sinking and backsiding ever since September and the scenes of September. In the Convention, above all, no word he could speak would find favour, he says now, Banishment, and in mute wrath quits the place forever,—much hustled in the corridors. Philippe Egalité votes, in his soul and conscience, Death at the sound of which and of whom, even Patriotism shrikes its head and there runs a groan and shudder through this Hall of Doom. Robespierre's vote cannot be doubtful, his speech is long. Men see the figure of shrill Sieyes ascend, hardly pausing, passing merely, this figure says, '*La Mort sans phrase*, Death without phrases,' and fares onward and downward. Most spectral, pandemonial! And yet if the Reader fancy it of a funeral, sorrowful, or even grave character, he is far mistaken. 'the Ushers in the Mountain quarter,' says Mercier, 'had become as Box keepers at the Opera,' opening and shutting of Galleries for privileged persons, for 'D'Orleans Egalité's mistresses,' or other high-dizened women of condition, rustling with laces and tricolor. Gallant Deputies press and repress thitherward, treating them with ices, refreshments and small talk, the high-dizened headsbeck responsive, some have their card and pin, pricking down the Ayes and Noes, as at a game of *Rouge et Noir*. Farther aloft reigns Mere Duchesse with her unronged Amazons, she cannot be prevented making long *Ha ha*s, when the vote is not *La Mort*. In these Galleries there is refection, drinking of wine and brandy, 'as in open tavern, *en pleine tabagie*'. Betting goes on in all coffee houses of the neighbourhood. But within doors, fatigue, impatience, uttermost weariness sits now on all visages, lighted up only from time to time by turns of the game. Members have fallen asleep, Ushers come and awaken them to vote. Other Members calculate whether they shall not have time to run and dine. Figures rise, like phantoms, pale in the dusky lamplight, after from this Tribune, only one word Death. '*Tout est optique*', says Mercier. 'The world is all an optical shadow.' Deep in the Thursday night, when the Voting is done, and Secretaries are summing it up, sick Duchâtel, more spectral than another, comes borne on a chair, wrapped in blankets, in 'nightgown and nightcap', to vote for Mercy, one vote it is thought may turn the scale. Ah no! In profoundest silence, President Vergnaud, with a voice full of sorrow, has to say 'I declare, in the name of the Convention, that the punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet is that of Death'. Death by a small majority of Fifty three Nay, if we deduct from the one side, and add to the other, a certain Twenty six, who said Death but coupled some faintest ineffectual surmise of mercy with it, the majority will be but one.

(From *The French Revolution*, Book II Chap vi.)

### Pig Philosophy

Pig propositions, in a rough form, are somewhat as follows

1 The Universe, so far as sane conjecture can go, is an immensurable Swine's trough, consisting of solid and liquid, and of other contrasts and kinds,—especially consisting of attainable and unattainable, the latter in immensely greater quantities for most pigs.

2 Moral evil is unattainability of Pig's wash, moral good, attainability of ditto.

3 What is Paradise or the State of Innocence? Paradise, called also State of Innocence, Age of Gold, and other names, was (according to Pigs of weak judgment) unlimited Attainability of Pig's wash, perfect fulfilment of one's wishes, so that the Pig's imagination could not outrun reality a fable and an impossibility, as Pigs of sense now see.

4 'Define the Whole Duty of Pigs.' It is the mission of universal Pighood, and the duty of all Pigs, at all times, to diminish the quantity of unattainable and increase that of attainable. All knowledge and device and effort ought to be directed thither and thither only, Pig Science, Pig Enthusiasm and Devotion have this one aim. It is the Whole Duty of Pigs.

5 Pig Poetry ought to consist of the universal recognition of the excellence of Pig's wash and ground bürley, and the felicity of Pigs whose trough is in order, and who have had enough Hrumpf!

6 The Pig knows the weather, he ought to look out what kind of weather it will be.

7 'Who made the Pig?' Unknown,—perhaps the Pork butcher.

8 'Have you Law and Justice in Pigmdom?' Pigs of observation have discerned that there is, or was once supposed to be, a thing called justice. Undeniably at least there is a sentiment in Pig nature called indignation, revenge, &c., which, if one Pig provoke another, comes out in a more or less destructive manner; hence laws are necessary, amazing quantities of laws. For quarrelling is attended with loss of blood, of life, at any rate with frightful effusion of the general stock of Hog's wash, and ruin (temporary ruin) to large sections of the universal Swine's trough wherefore let justice be observed, that so quarrelling be avoided.

9 'What is justice?' Your own share of the general Swine's trough, not any portion of my share.

10 'But what is "my" shire?' Ah! there in fact lies the grand difficulty, upon which Pig science, meditating this long while, can settle absolutely nothing. My shire—hrumpf!—my shire is, on the whole, whatever I can contrive to get without being hanged or sent to the hulks. For there are gibbets, treadmills, I need not tell you, and rules which Lawyers have prescribed.

11 'Who are Lawyers?' Servants of God, appointed revealers of the oracles of God, who read off to us from day to day what is the eternal Commandment of God in reference to the mutual claims of his creatures in this world.

12 'Where do they find that written?' In Coke upon Lyttelton.

13 'Who made Coke?' Unknown the maker of Coke's wig is discoverable.—'What became of Coke?' Died.—'And then?' Went to the undertaker, went to the— But we must pull up Sauerteig's fierce humour, confounding ever farther in his haste the four footed with the two footed animal, rushes into wilder and wilder forms of satirical torch dancing, and threatens to

end in a universal Rape of Wigs, which in a person of his character looks ominous and dangerous. Here, for example, is his fifty first 'Proposition,' as he calls it

51 'What are Bishops?' Overseers of souls.—'What is a soul?' The thing that keeps the body alive —'How do they oversee that?' They tie on a kind of aprons, publish charges, I believe they pray dreadfully, mace rite themselves nearly dead with continual grief that they cannot in the least oversee it —'And are much honoured?' By the wise very much

52 'Define the Church' I had rather not —'Do you believe in a Future State?' Yes, surely —'What is it?' Heaven, so-called —'To everybody?' I understand so, hope so —'What is it thought to be?' Hrumph! 'No Hell, then, at all?' Hrumph

(From *Latter Day Pamphlets Jesuitism.*)

### English and American Idols

Jefferson Brick, the American Editor, twitted me with the multifarious patented anomalies of overgrown worthless Dukes, Bishops of Durham, &c., which poor English Society at present labours under, and is made a solecism by. To which what answer could I make, except that surely our patented anomalies were some of them extremely ugly, and yet, alas, that they were not the ugliest! I said 'Have you also overgrown anomalous Dukes after a sort, appointed *not* by patent? Overgrown Monsters of Wealth namely, who have made money by dealing in cotton, dealing in bacon, jobbing scrip, digging metal in California, who are become glittering man mountains filled with gold and pretiosities, revered by the surrounding flunkies, invested with the *real* powers of sovereignty, and placidly admitted by all men, as if Nature and Heaven had so appointed it, to be in a sense god like, to be royal, and fit to shine in the firmament, though their real worth is—what? Brick, do you know where human creatures reach the supreme of ugliness in idols? It were hard to know! We can say only, All idols have to tumble, and the hugest of them with the heaviest fall that is our chief comfort, in America as here. The Idol of Somnauth, a mere mass of coarse crockery, not worth five shillings of anybody's money, sat like a great staring god, with two diamonds for eyes, worshipped by the neighbouring black populations, a terror and divine mystery to all mortals, till its day came. Till at last, victorious in the name of Allah, the Commander of the Faithful, riding up with grim battle axe and heart full of Moslem fire, took the liberty to smite once, with right force and rage, said ugly mass of idolatrous crockery, which thereupon shivered, with unmelodious crash and jingle, into a heap of ugly potsherds, yielding from its belly half a wagon load of gold coins. You can read it in Gibbon—probably, too, in Lord Ellenborough. The gold coins, the diamond eyes, and other valuable extrinsic parts were carefully picked up by the Faithful, confused jingle of intrinsic potsherds was left lying,—and the Idol of Somnauth once showing what it *was*, had suddenly come to a conclusion! Thus end all Idols, and intrinsically worthless man mountains never so illuminated with diamonds, and filled with precious metals, and tremulously worshipped by the neighbouring flunkey populations, black or white,—even thus, sooner or later, without fail, and are shot hastily, as a heap of potsherds, into the highway, to be crunched under wagon wheels, and do Macadam a little service, being clearly abolished as gods, and hidden from

men's recognition, in that or other capacities, forever and a day! You do not sufficiently bethink you, my republican friend. Our ugliest anomalies are done by universal suffrage, not by patent. The express nonsense of old Feudalism, even now, in its dotage, is nothing to the involuntary nonsense of modern Anarchy called 'Free dom,' 'Republicanism,' and other fine names, which expresses itself by supply and demand! Consider it a little. The Bishop of our Diocese is to me an incredible man, and has, I will grant you, very much more money than you or I would now give him for his work. One does not even read those Charges of his, much preferring speech which is articulate. In fact, being intent on a quiet life, you generally keep on the other side of the hedge from him, and strictly leave him to his own fate. Not a credible man,—perhaps not quite a safe man to be concerned with? But what think you of the 'Bobus of Houndsditch' of our parts? He, Sausage maker on the great scale, knows the art of cutting fat bacon, and exposing it seasoned with gray pepper to advantage. Better than any other man he knows this art, and I take the liberty to say it is a poor one. Well, the Bishop has an income of five thousand pounds appointed him for his work, and Bobus, to such a length has he now pushed the trade in sausages, gains from the universal suffrage of men's souls and stomachs ten thousand a year by it. A poor art, this of Bobus's, I say, and worth no such recompense. For it is not even good sausages he makes, but only extremely vendible ones, the cunning dog! Judges pronounce his sausages bad, and at the cheap price even dear, and finer palates, it is whispered, have detected alarming symptoms of horse flesh, or worse, under this cunningly-devised gray pepper spice of his, so that for the world I would not eat one of his sausages, nor would you. You perceive he is not an excellent honest sausage maker, but a dishonest cunning and scandalous sausage maker, *worth*, if he could get his deserts, who shall say what? Probably certain shillings a week, say forty, possibly (one shudders to think) a long round in the treadmill, and stripes instead of shillings! And yet what he gets, I tell you, from universal suffrage, and the unshackled *ne plus ultra* republican justice of man kind, is twice the income of that anomalous Bishop you were talking of! The Bishop I for my part do much prefer to Bobus. The Bishop has human sense and breeding of various kinds, considerable knowledge of Greek, if you should ever want the like of that, know ledge of many things, and speal's the English language in a grammatical manner. He is bred to courtesy, to dignified composure, as to a second nature, a gentleman every fibre of him, which of itself is something very considerable. The Bishop does really diffuse round him an influence of decorum, courteous patience, solid adherence to what is settled, teaches practically the necessity of 'consuming one's own smoke,' and does practically in his own case burn said smoke, making lambent flame and mild illumination out of it, for the good of man in several particulars. While Bobus, for twice the annual money, brings sausages, possibly of horseflesh, cheaper to market than another! Brick, if you will reflect, it is not 'aristocratic England,' it is the United Posterity of Adam, who are grown, in some essential respects, stupider than barbers' blocks. Barbers' blocks would at least say nothing, and *not* elevate, by their universal suffrages, an unfortunate Bobus to that bad height.

(From *Latter Day Pamphlets Hudson's Statue*)

### The Battle of Torgau.

For the thing is vital, if we knew it. Close ahead of Mollendorf, when he is through this Pass, close on Mollendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the south west corner of Siptitz Height. South west corner, highest point of it, summit and key of all that Battle area, rules it all, if you get cannon thither. It hangs steepish on the southern side, over the Rohr graben, where this Mollendorf Austrian fight begins, but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side,—a fine saddle shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle, Domitsch Wood the crupper part, summit of the Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep—it is here (on the southern saddle flap, so to speak), gradually mounting to the crupper and pommel part, that the agony now is. And here in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hulsen, come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire, 'beating the Prussian march, they,' sharply on all their drums,—Prussian march, rit tat tan, sharply through the gloom of Chros in that manner, and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Mollendorf's, to Ziethen's, left and the saddle flap there, and fall on. The night is pitch dark, says Archenholtz, you cannot see your hand before you. Old Hulsen's bridle horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off no horse left, and he is old, and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon, and so rides, and arrives, right welcome the sight of him, doubt not! And the fight rages still for an hour and more. About 9 at night all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward, eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (shring not quite done till 10) and that all important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled them selves in a kind of half moon shape, close on the suburbs of Torgau, the Prussians in a parallel half moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time, not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him, that he will have to send a second Courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all across and standing on wheels. With excellent despatch and order Daun winds himself across,—all of him that is still coherent, and indeed, in the distant parts of the Battle field, wandering Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the River's voice in the great darkness,—and Daun's loss in prisoners, though great, was less than could have been expected 8000 in all.

On Torgau field behind that final Prussian half moon, there reigned, all night, a confusion which no tongue can express. Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground, not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the hippier that were dead. 'Unutterable' says Archenholtz, who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty, lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about

with their Staff officers seeking to reform their Battalions, to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory, 'but in the dark who needed mind them?—they went raving elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word of command saw itself futile.' Pitch darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn further back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather. 'Peace and truce between us, to morrow morning, we will see which are prisoners, which are captors.' So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

(From *History of Friedrich II of Prussia, called Frederick the Great*, Book X. Chap. v.)

The leading authorities on Carlyle are his works, of several of which numerous editions have been published, some of them elaborately annotated, such as Dr J. H. Rose's *French Revolution* (1902) and J. A. G. Barrett's *Sartor Resartus Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle* (two editions, Froude's and Norton's), Froude's *Thomas Carlyle, a History of the First Forty Years of his Life 1795–1835* (published in 1882), the same author's *Thomas Carlyle, a History of his Life in London, 1834–1881* (published in 1884), *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle* (1883). Correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson, edited by Charles Eliot Norton (1883). *Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton (1886, second series, 1888) and *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, edited by Charles Eliot Norton (1887). Of the innumerable other biographies of and works dealing with Carlyle which have been published, there may be mentioned *Thomas Carlyle, the Man and his Books*, by W. H. Wyley (1881), *Bibliography of Carlyle*, by R. Shepherd (1881) volumes of the 'reminiscences' order by Rev. Moncure D. Conway (1881) and Professor Masson (1885) books by Dr Richard Garnett (1887) Professor Nichol (English Men of Letters series, 1892) Hector Macpherson (1896) and G. K. Chesterton (1902). Mrs Oliphant's article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, April 1881; Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's *Conversations with Carlyle* (1892); *Life of Mrs Carlyle* by Mrs Ireland (1891), and *Earls Letters of hers* edited by D. G. Ritchie (1891) and *Mr Froude and Carlyle* by David Wilson (1898). *New Letters and Memorials of Mrs Carlyle* (2 vols. 1903), edited by Mr Alexander Carlyle revived, in Carlyle's favour the controversy as to the domestic relations (see Froude). Sir James Crichton Browne insisting on Mrs Carlyle's neurasthenia. And Mr Alexander Carlyle further published *New Letters of Thomas Carlyle* (2 vols. 1904). Among countless estimates are Taine's in his *History of English Literature*. Scherer's, in *Essays in English Literature*. Sir Leslie Stephen's in *Hours in a Library*. W. C. Brownell's, in *Victorian Prose Masters*. R. H. Hutton's in *Contemporary Thought*. Edward Card's in *Essays in Literature*. John Tyndall's in *New Fragments*. Minor inaccuracies in his works have been pointed out, as by Mr Oscar Browning in *The Flight to Varennes* (1892). The best known German books are—Fischer, *Thomas Carlyle* (Leipzig, 1881). Eugen Oswald, *T. C., Ein Lebensbild und Goldkörner aus Seinen Werken* (Leipzig, 1882). Flügel, *T. Carlyles religiöse und sittliche Entwicklung und Weltanschauung* (Leipzig 1887). Von Schulze's *Gavernitz, Carlyles Welt und Gesellschaftsanhänger* (Dresden 1893).

WILLIAM WALLACE

Thomas Wright (1810–77), born near Ludlow of Quaker parentage, graduated at Trinity, Cambridge, and in 1836 commenced man of letters in London. Elected F.S.A. in 1837, he helped to found the Camden, Percy, and Shakespeare Societies and the Archaeological Association. He published upwards of eighty works, several of them on mediæval England in various aspects, linguistic, social, and other. He wrote on sorcery and magic, on womankind in Western Europe, on caricature. *The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon* is one of his best known works, there were also a *Biographia*

*Britannica Literaria* (1842-46), his dictionary of *Obsolete and Provincial English*, and his edition of the Anglo Latin twelfth century satirists, besides *Archæological Essays*, *Wanderings of an Antiquary*, and many others.

**Thomas Crofton Croker** (1798-1854) was a diligent collector of the folklore, poetical traditions, and antiquities of Ireland. A native of Cork, he was apprenticed in 1814 to a Quaker merchant, and four years later got an Admiralty clerkship through John Wilson Croker, a friend, but no relation, of his father's. This post he retained till 1850. In 1824 appeared his *Researches in the South of Ireland*, in 1825-27, *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*. And amongst his other works were *Legends of the Lakes* (1828), *Daniel O'Rourke* (1829), *Barney Mahoney* (1832), *My Village versus Our Village* (1832), *Popular Songs of Ireland* (1839), and *Historical Songs of Ireland* (1841). The titles of *Barney Mahoney* and *My Village* are his most original works, and neither is of supreme excellence. Miss Mitford no doubt occasionally dressed her village *en vaudeville*, but Croker in his village errs on the opposite side—producing a series of Dutch paintings too little relieved by imagination or passion. He is happiest among the fanciful legends of his native country, treasuring up their romantic features, quoting fragments of song, hitting off a dialogue or merry jest, or chronicling the peculiarities of his countrymen, their humours, their superstitions, their attractive and entertaining unconventionality.

**William Barnes** (1800-86), foremost of English dialect poets, was probably England's truest pastoral poet, and was a lyrist of real power. Sprung of good old yeoman stock, he was born at Rushay in the north east angle of Dorsetshire, and from school at Sturminster passed into a local solicitor's office. By 1820 he was practising wood-engraving, studying languages, and writing verses in Dorchester. In 1822 he published *Orra, a Lapland Tale*, and in 1823 began schoolmaster's work at Mere in Wilts, transferred in 1835 to Dorchester. A few years later his name was on the books of St. John's, Cambridge (whence in 1850 he had the degree of B.D.), and, ordained in 1847, added to his school duties a curacy at Whitcomb, three miles from Dorchester. From 1862 he was rector of Winterborne Came, within two miles of Dorchester, and there the rest of his life was spent. Mean time he had been making himself widely known by his fine idyllic poetry in the Dorsetshire dialect, 'the bold and broad Doric of England'. His first volume of poems appeared in 1844, the second, the well known *Hwomely Rhymes*, in 1859, the third in 1862, the three, collected together in 1879, and published as *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect*, are marked by straightforward simplicity and sincerity of style, with rare imaginative insight into the simple joys and sorrows of

country life. But his sympathetic affection for the human life that 'clothes the soil' is paralleled by his patience in observing the quiet life of nature, and his power of reproducing artistically for others the impression it makes upon the mind. The sweet air of southern England blows through every stanza he writes, and has had a charm of quite singular influence on thousands who have seen Dorsetshire but with the inward eye. His verses are none the less artistic that the art is all unconscious, and none the less attractive that the representation of man and nature in them is within its limits completely true; it need not be matter of complaint that he had eyes rather for the pathos and beauty of country life than for its squalor and misery. He did not even take all Dorsetshire for his province, as Mr Hardy has pointed out, the chief scenes of his poetic inspiration were confined to the north and north west of the county, to 'the secluded vale of Blackmore, whose margin formed the horizon of his boyhood'. But though his world was Dorsetshire, he was emphatically a man of exceptional culture, it is odd to have proof that the Dorsetshire Burns, the Wessex Theocritus, was consciously and largely—if not very visibly—infused by the poetry of the learned humanist, Petrarch, and the philosophical Persian, Sadi. Professor Palgrave said of him 'Few in our time equal him in variety and novelty of motive, in quantity of true, sweet inspiration and musical verse. None have surpassed him in exquisite wholeness and unity of execution.'

Burns made himself well known also by his chivalrous attempt to preserve the purity of the mother-tongue. He was an eager philologist, read French and Italian from his youth up, mastered Welsh, Russian, Hebrew, Hindustani, and Persian, but as early as 1849 published an Anglo-Saxon delectus. His *Outline of English Speech craft* (1878) is an attempt to teach the English language in purely English words and to inspire abhorrence of Latinisms. His so-called English substitutes for customary 'foreign' words can hardly be accounted happy, language is 'speech craft,' tenses are 'time takings,' adjectives are 'mark-words of suchness,' degrees of comparison are 'pitchmarks,' and sentences like 'These pitchmarks offmark sundry things by their sundry suchnesses' make large demands upon the reader's ingenuity. He wrote several works of value on philological subjects, and kept up an active interest in the progress of English scholarship almost till his death at the ripe age of eighty-six.

#### Evening in the Village

Now the light o' the west is a turn'd to gloom,  
An' the men be at hwome from ground,  
An' the bells be a zenden all down the Coombe,  
From tower, their mwansome sound  
An' the wind is still,  
An' the house dogs do bark,  
An' the rooks be a vled to the elems high an' dark,  
An' the water do roar at mill.

An' the flickeren light drough the window peane  
 Vrom the candle's dull fleame do shoot,  
 An' young Jemmy the smith is a gone down leane,  
 A playen his shrill vaiced flute  
 An' the miller's man  
 Do zit down at his ease  
 On the seat that is under the cluster o' trees,  
 Wi' his pipe an' his cider can

## May

Come out o' door, 'tis Spring! 'tis May,  
 The trees be green, the vields be gay,  
 The weather's warm, the winter blast,  
 Wi' all his trun o' clouds, is past,  
 The sun do rise while vo'k do sleep,  
 To teake a higher daily zweep,  
 Wi' cloudless feace & flingèn down  
 His sparklèn light upon the groun'

The vir's a streamen soft—come drow  
 The windor open, let it blow  
 In drough the house, where vire, an' door  
 A shut, kept out the cwold avore  
 Come, let the vew dull embers die,  
 An' come below the open sky,  
 An' wear your best, vor fear the groun'  
 In colours gay mid sheame your gown  
 An' goo an' rig wi' me a mule  
 Or two up over geate an' stile,  
 Drough sunny parrocks that do lead,  
 Wi' crooked hedges, to the mead,  
 Where elem's high, in steately ranks,  
 Do rise vrom yellow cowslip banks,  
 An' birds do twitter vrom the spray  
 O' bushes deck'd wi' snow white may,  
 An' gil'cups, wi' the deaisy bed,  
 Be under ev'ry step you tread

We'll wind up roun' the hill, an' look  
 All down the thickly timber'd nook,  
 Out where the squier's house do show  
 His grey wall'd peaks up drough the row  
 O' shedy elem's, where the rook  
 Do build her nest, an' where the brook  
 Do creep along the meads, an' lie  
 To catch the brightness o' the sky,  
 An' cows, in water to their knees,  
 Do stan' a whiskèn off the vlees

Mother o' blossoms, and ov all  
 That's feur a vield vrom Spring till Fall,  
 The gookoo over white weav'd seas  
 Do come to zing in thy green trees,  
 An' buttervlees, in giddy flight,  
 Do gleam the mwost by thy gay light.  
 Oh! when, at last, my fleshly eyes  
 Shall shut upon the vields an' skies,  
 Mid zummer's sunny days be gone,  
 An' winter's clouds be comen on  
 Nor mid I draw upon the e'th,  
 O' thy sweet vir my leatest breath,  
 Alassen I mid want to stay  
 Behine for thee, O flow'ry May!

The Life of Barnes is by his daughter, Mrs Baxter ('Leader Scott', 1887) the obituary appreciation in the *Athenaeum* (Oct 16, 1886) was by Mr Thomas Hardy.

**Richard Henry (or Hengist) Horne** (1803–1884) was born in London, and died at Margate at the age of eighty-one, after many picturesque adventures in life and letters. He was educated at Sandhurst for the East India Company's service, but did not get a nomination, his youth was spent in quest of danger by sea and land. As a Mexican midshipman he went through the Mexican war, and he toyed with death in the form of sharks, shipwreck, mutiny, fire, and yellow fever. Returning to England, he began his poetic career by contributing in 1828 a long poem entitled 'Hecatompylos' to the *Athenaeum*. Angrily ambitious, he made many enemies by his *Exposition of the False Medium and Barristers excluding Men of Genius from the Public* (1833), in which he attacked literary middlemen, and laid the foundations of that edifice of Ishmaelism in which he lived for half a century. His fame, indeed, was largely due to his pugnacity. He is best known by *Orion*, an 'epic poem' which he published in 1843, 'price one farthing'. It soon went through six editions, the author having aroused public curiosity by the eccentricity of his contempt for public taste. The antithesis between the poem and its price is not great. It is an allegory, not an epic. Allegory is a theme for prose, not for poetry. Who cares a straw for the allegorical element in Dante, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, or in Tennyson's *Idylls*? The greatest allegory in the world is *The Pilgrim's Progress*, it is written in prose, and could not have been written in poetry. *Orion* is supposed to illustrate the growth of a poet's mind by means of abstract ideas embodied in persons taken from the Greek mythology. Abstraction is piled on abstraction, incongruity on incongruity. When Wordsworth tried to record in *The Prelude* 'the origin and progress of his own powers,' he spoke directly, and not through a mist of myth. Horne's temper is not poetic. He has no vitalising imagination, no sense of verbal beauty, no personal vision. His vague poetic diction has all the qualities of verse except poetry. He is often eloquent, graceful, vigorous, but he never crosses the magical border that separates the imitator from the creator. His chief plays, *Cosmo de Medici*, *The Death of Marlowe*, and *Judas Iscariot*, are undistinguished. Among his voluminous miscellanies *The New Spirit of the Age* (1844) is interesting only because Miss Barrett (afterwards Mrs Browning) assisted in its production. His best line is

There's always morning somewhere in the world

In 1852 he went with William Howitt to Australia, where he was for a time a magistrate, and it was on his return in 1869 that 'Hengist' took the place of 'Henry' in his name.

See *Athenaeum*, March 1884. Mary Howitt's *Autobiography*. Mr Buxton Forman's *Memoir* and selections in *The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*, and Mr A. H. Bullen's article in *Dictionary of National Biography*.

JAMES DOUGLAS

**Robert Smith Surtees** (1802-64), of Hamsterley Hall, Durham, the representative of an ancient county family, started in life as a solicitor in London, and, being unsuccessful in his business, took to sporting journalism, and in 1831 became editor of the new *Sporting Magazine*. In its columns he developed the character of John Jorrocks, a parvenu London grocer with an ambition to shine as a Master of Foxhounds, and published a collection of these articles under the title of *Jorrocks's Jaunts* (1838). Lockhart, who was taken by the book, suggested that the author should write a novel, and Surtees, who had now succeeded to the ancestral estate, took the advice and brought out his series of sporting novels, of which the best known are *Mr Sponge's Sporting Tour* (1853), *Handle Cross, or the Spa Hunt* (1854), *Ask Mamma* (1858), *Plain or Ringlets?* (1860), and *Mr Fawcet Romford's Hounds* (1865). They are joyful and rollicking, but rather vulgar, and one would need to be a wearer of the red coat and top boots to appreciate them to the full. A striking feature is their coloured etchings and other illustrations in John Leech's best style.

The other Robert Surtees (1779-1834) Scott's antiquarian friend was also a squire in Durham educated at Christ Church, Oxford, who wrote a history of his county and contributed (as ancient) to Scott's *Minstrelsy* his own 'Bartholomew Dirge' and 'The Death of Featherstoneburgh.'

**George Outram** (1805-56), author of 'The Annuity,' and probably the first in Scotland, since the days of Sir Richard Maitland, to turn the dry processes of law to poetic account, was born at Clyde Ironworks, Glasgow, of which his father was the managing partner. Benjamin Outram the famous civil engineer, was his uncle, and Sir James Outram, one of the defenders of Lucknow, his cousin. Educated at Edinburgh, he was called to the Bar there in 1827, and gained considerable repute in practice as a chamber counsel. Ten years later he became editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and he retained this position, as well as that of part-proprietor of the paper, till his death. A close friend of Professor Wilson, Outram collaborated in the production of the *Dies Botanicals*, which followed the more famous *Noctes Imbristanae*. His *Legal Lyric* were first printed privately in 1851, and afterwards published with a biography in 1874 and 1888. His best piece is 'The Annuity,' justly reputed for its vein of peculiar dry humour. A reply in similar vein, 'The Annuitant's Answer,' was written by Outram's friend, Dr Robert Chambers.

#### The Annuity

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—  
An unco week it proved to me—  
For there I met a waesome wife  
Lamentin' her vuditry  
Her grief bruk' out sae fierce and fell,  
I thought her heart wad burst its shell,  
And—I was sae left to mysel'  
I sellt her an annuity

The bargin lookit fair enuch—  
She just wis turned o' saxty three,  
I couldn't guessed she'd prove sae leuch  
By human ingenuity  
But years ha'e come and years ha'e gane,  
An' there she's yet as stive's a stane—  
The limmer's grown' young again  
Since she got her annuity

She's crined aw' to hame and skin,  
But that, it seems, is nought to me—  
She's like to live although she's in  
The last stage of tennity  
She munches wi' her wizened gums,  
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,  
But comes as sure as Christmas comes  
To ca' for her annuity

I read the tables drawn wi' care  
I or an insurance company  
Her chance o' life was stated there  
Wi' perfect perspicuity  
But tables here, or tables there,  
She's lived ten years beyond her share,  
An's like to live a dozen mair,  
To ca' for her annuity

Last Yule she hid a scurfy' hoast,  
I thought a kinl' might set me free  
I led her out 'mang snaw and frost,  
Wi' constant assiduity  
But daul my care! the blist gaed by  
And missed the auld anatomy,  
It just cost me a tooth, forby'e  
Discharging her annuity

If there's a sough of cholera  
Or typhus wha ere glug is she?  
She buys up baths in' drugs in'  
In siccan superfluity!  
She doesn't need—she's sever proof  
The pest gied ower her very roof  
She tweld me sae, an' then her loof  
Held out for her annuity

As dry she fell—her arm she brak'—  
A compound fracture it could be.  
Na leech the cure wad understand'  
Whate'er was the gratuity  
It's cured! She hundles like a sail  
It does as weel in bits as hale  
But I'm a broken man mysel'  
Wi' her and her annuity

Her broozled flesh and broken banes  
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be,  
She beris the taeds that lives in stanes,  
An' fitten in vacuity  
They die when they're exposed to air—  
They canna thole the atmosphere,  
But her!—expose her onywhere,  
She lives for her annuity

The water drip wears out the rock,  
As this eternal jaud wears me,  
I could withstand the single shock,  
But not the continuity

It's pay me here, an' pay me there,  
An' pay me, pay me evermair,  
I'll gang dimented wi' despair—  
I'm charged for her annuity

**Henry Glassford Bell** (1805-74) was one of the younger men of the coterie in Edinburgh who gathered about 'Christopher North,' and he was immortalised by that writer as 'Tallboys' in the famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Born in Glasgow, and son of a Glasgow advocate, he was educated in Edinburgh, and for some years devoted himself to a life of letters there. He wrote for *Constable's Miscellany* a 'Memoir of Mary Queen of Scots,' which was translated into several languages, and he established and edited with much success for three years the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. He printed privately a volume of *Poems* in 1824, but his first published volume, *Summer and Winter Hours*, appeared in 1831. *My Old Portfolio*, a collection of pieces in prose and verse, was published in the following year. In this year also he was admitted to the Scottish Bar, at which he soon distinguished himself. As a junior counsel in the famous trial of the Glasgow cotton spinners he attracted the notice of Sheriff Alison the historian, and in consequence was appointed a Sheriff Substitute of Lanarkshire in 1839. Twenty-eight years later, on the death of Alison, he became Sheriff-Principal. In various fields of letters his work ran to twelve volumes, and at the time of his death he was engaged on an edition of the poems of David Gray. He is remembered, however, by the best poem of his early years, it is probable that many owe their impression of the luckless Scottish queen, Mary, less to the pages of actual history than to a couple of works of imagination—Scott's *Abbot* and Bell's *Mary Queen of Scots*.

#### From *Mary Queen of Scots'*

The scene was changed—it was an eve of raw and sultry mood,  
And in a turret chamber high of ancient Holyrood  
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds  
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds  
The touch of care had blanched her cheek, her smile was sadder now,  
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow,  
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field,  
The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she could not wield  
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,  
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play  
The songs she loved in other years, the songs of gay Navarre,  
The songs perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar

They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,  
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils.  
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas battle cry!  
They come, they come! and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!  
Stern swords are drawn, and daggers gleam—her words, her prayers are vain—  
The Russian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!  
Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling fell  
'Now for my father's arm,' she said, 'my woman's heart farewell!'

The scene was changed—it was a lake, with one small lonely isle,  
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,  
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign  
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line.  
'My lords, my lords!' the captive cried, 'were I but once more free,  
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,  
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,  
And once more reign a Stuart queen, o'er my remorseless foes!'  
A red spot burned upon her cheek, strewed her rich tresses down,  
She wrote the words, she stood erect—a queen without a crown!

**Philip Meadows Taylor** (1808-76), the son of a Liverpool merchant descended from the original John Taylor of Norwich (see Vol II p 712), was born at Liverpool, and held a mercantile post in Calcutta, but still a boy, he obtained a commission in the army of the Nizam of Hyderabad, and served him from 1826 in a skilful, strong, but kindly administrator, for savage chaos substituting order, for barbaric tyranny even handed justice, during the Mutiny he succeeded in maintaining peace. After the Mutiny the British Government gave him charge of some of the ceded districts of the Deccan, in 1860 he came home a colonel, and was created C.S.I. He has left vivid pictures of Indian history, life, and manners in his romances—*Confessions of a Thug* (1839, new ed 1858), *Tippoo Sultan* (1840), *Tara* (1863), *Ralph Darnell* (1865), *Secta* (1873), and *A Noble Queen* (1878). The *Confessions of a Thug* especially may almost be said to do for a phase of Indian life (happily extinct) what *Hajji Baba* did for Persia, without special charm of style, Taylor fascinates by the inevitable truth of his story, and surrounds his stay-at-home readers with a central Indian atmosphere full of strangeness and terror. His *Story of my Life* (1877, new ed 1881) is only less fascinating than his best romances, themselves largely founded on fact.

### Charles Robert Darwin,

naturalist and evolutionist thinker, was born at Shrewsbury on the 12th of February 1809, in the same year, therefore, as Tennyson, Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. He had a rich intellectual inheritance: his grandfather, Dr Erasmus Darwin (see Vol. I p. 572), one of the pioneers of the Evolution Theory, was a man of great originality, a shrewd observer, and a poetic genius, with—by the way—another famous grandson, Mr Francis Galton, his father, Dr Robert Waring (1766–1848), was a wise physician, noted for his discernment—‘the most acute observer,’ his son said, ‘whom I ever saw, and of a sceptical disposition,’ his mother was a daughter of Josiah Wedgwood. It does not seem far-fetched to say that Charles Darwin inherited something of the imagination of his grandfathers, tempered by his father’s more sceptical tendency to keep close to facts. Apart from direct inheritance there must have been a scientific tradition in the family, and it is interesting to note that both in heritance and tradition have been sustained since.

As a schoolboy at Shrewsbury, Charles Darwin seems to have been more interested in games than in books, but, as he says, ‘the passion for collecting, which leads a man to be a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso, or a miser, was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brothers had this taste.’ At the age of sixteen he went to Edinburgh to study medicine, but soon displayed a much keener interest in marine zoology than in the conventional discipline of the medical school. He was influenced by naturalists like Robert Gurney and William MacGillivray, and it is interesting to recall that he found opportunity to listen to some lectures by the American ornithologist Audubon, and was present at a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, where he heard Sir Walter Scott speak from the chair as President. During his Edinburgh period he was much fonder of long walks and shooting than of receiving academic instruction. In 1828 he went to Cambridge (Christ’s), where he took a pass degree in 1831, having here again occupied himself more with sport and beetle collecting than with his examination subjects. But it was during these three years, which he calls ‘upon the whole the most joyful in my happy life,’ that he came under Professor Henslow’s potent influence, and began to become intimate with Professor Adam Sedgwick the geologist, with whom he went on a profitable geological excursion in North Wales. It was in his last year at college that he read and was greatly impressed by Herschel’s *Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy*, which ‘stirred up in me a burning zeal to add even the most humble contribution to the noble structure of natural science.’ It was then, too, that he read Humboldt’s *Personal Narrative*, which certainly helped to lead him to embrace

with eagerness one of the great opportunities of his life—the post of naturalist on the *Beagle*, a government vessel.

His opportunity for *Wanderjahr* came at an appropriate time in Darwin’s life, and of the voyage of the *Beagle* (1831–36) he says that it was ‘by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career. I have always felt that I owe to the voyage the first real training or education of my mind.’ To reason out for himself the geological structure of new regions, to try to account for the different forms of coral islands, to face the actual facts of the geographical distribution of animals, and to seek to realise the manifold complexity of life—and notably the ‘adaptations’—which the long voyage brought under his observation: these were real disciplines in scientific method, and it is instructive to observe how his keen love of sport waned before a stronger interest, which led to the acquisition of his characteristic habits of ‘steadiness,’ ‘energetic industry,’ and ‘concentrated attention.’ The voyage gave him a wealth of impressions, a detailed acquaintance with nature as it is, and a confidence in his own powers of scientific judgment. It was then, too, that he began to have ‘occasionally vague doubts’ about the trustworthiness of the Linnaean dogma of the fixity of species. Unfortunately, however, the voyage left permanent ill effects on his health, though it is probably more accurate to say that the conditions of the voyage favoured, instead of inhibiting, the expression of constitutional disabilities. As far as science is concerned, it seems just to regard the cruise of the *Beagle* as the Columbus voyage of biology.

When Darwin came home from his voyage (1836) his father exclaimed, ‘Why, the shape of his head is quite altered,’ it may be fairly said that he had found his purpose in life, and that his youthful bent was now a strenuous passion. At the age of twenty-eight he was one of the best equipped naturalists of his day, he was rich in experience and in ideas, and he had developed that (as he called it) ‘dogged’ persistence of inquisitive inquiry which was one of his most outstanding intellectual characteristics. He had gained, moreover, that marvellous realisation of complex inter-relations which is conspicuous in all his work. Setting down for a couple of years in London, he devoted himself to working up his collections and observations, he opened in 1837 his ‘first note book on Transmutation of Species,’ his ‘prime hobby,’ he wrote his immortal *Journal*, contributed various papers to societies, and became the friend of many eminent scientific men, such as Lyell and Hooker. These were years of hard work, though scarcely a day passed without suffering. In 1839 he married his cousin, Emma Wedgwood, to whose loving care of the great naturalist the world owes much.

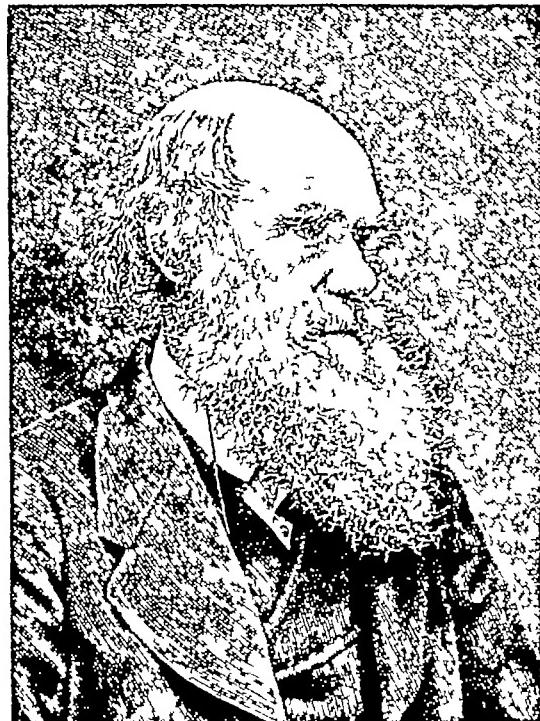
After 1842, when Darwin left London for Down, his life had in one sense few events, but, in another

sense, it was in his quiet country home that the eventful part of his life was lived. It was there that he developed with persistent patience his evolution theory, which has revolutionised biology and changed the whole intellectual outlook of mankind. After a period of geological work—notably on coral reefs—Darwin gave himself for about eight years to monographing barnacles and acorn shells (*Cirripedia*)—an arduous task very valuable in itself, but even more valuable as training—‘a piece of critical self discipline,’ Huxley said, ‘which manifested itself in everything he wrote afterwards, and saved him from endless errors of detail.’ All the time, however, he was pondering over his ‘prime hobby,’ the problem of the transformation of species. The famous and often quoted sentence is exceedingly characteristic: ‘After five years’ work, I allowed myself to speculate on the subject, and drew up some short notes, these I enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusions which then seemed to be probable, from that period to the present day (1859) I have steadily pursued the same object’.

On 18th June 1858 Darwin received from Alfred Russel Wallace, who was exploring in the Malay Archipelago, a manuscript evolutionary essay, which agreed very closely with his own work, and the dramatic result, brought about by the counsel of Lyell and Hooker, was the famous joint-paper by Darwin and Wallace, *On the Tendency of Species to form Varieties, and on the Perpetuation of Varieties and Species by Natural Means of Selection*, read before the Linnean Society 1st July 1858. There has been nothing in the history of science more magnanimous than the harmonious co-operation of Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace. As Professor E. B. Poulton says: ‘It was sufficiently remarkable that two naturalists in widely separated lands should have independently arrived at the theory which was to be the turning-point in the history of biology and of many other sciences—although such simultaneous discoveries have been known before, it was still more remarkable that one of the two should unknowingly have chosen the other to advise him upon the theory which was to be for ever associated with both their names. It was a magnificent answer to those who believed that the progress of scientific discovery implies continual jealousy and bitterness, that the conditions attending the first publication of the theory of natural selection were the beginning of a lifelong friendship and of mutual confidence and esteem’.

In 1859 Darwin published *The Origin of Species*, which he justly called ‘the chief work of my life.’ Its complete title was *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life*. This great work was followed by the now familiar series *The Fertilisation of Orchids* (1862), *The Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication* (1868), *The Descent of Man and Selection in*

*Relation to Sex* (1871), *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (1872), *Insectivorous Plants* (1875), *Climbing Plants* (1875), *The Effects of Cross and Self Fertilisation in the Vegetable Kingdom* (1876), *Different Forms of Flowers in Plants of the same Species* (1877), *The Power of Movement in Plants* (1880), and *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms* (1881). Darwin died suddenly, after a brief cardiac illness, on 19th April 1882. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, a few feet from the grave of another light bringer, Sir Isaac Newton. To those who realise it all how much Darwin’s



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN  
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

great life has meant to mankind, there is a sublime pathos in the simple words of retrospect which he appended to his autobiography: ‘As for myself, I believe I have acted rightly in steadily following and devoting my life to science. I feel no remorse from having committed any great sin, but have often and often regretted that I have not done more direct good to my fellow creatures’.

If one dare try to sum up the chief services which Darwin rendered to human thought, it seems that they were fourfold. (a) By his scrupulously careful, thorough, and fair minded marshalling of the ‘evidences’ which suggest the doctrine of descent—the evolutionist interpretation or modal formula of the Becoming of the organic world—he gradually won the conviction of the great majority of thoughtful men. Aided by Spencer and Wallace, Huxley and Haeckel, he made an old and somewhat discredited suggestion current intellectual

coin It is now an almost organic part of all our thinking (b) He applied the evolution idea to various sets of facts, such as the expression of the emotions and the development of instincts, and showed what a powerful intellectual organon it is (c) Along with Wallace, he formulated and developed the particular theory of Natural Selection as a directive factor in the evolution process (d) Apart from all theory, he disclosed a view of nature as a vast system of complex inter-relations —a web of life in which part is bound to part by vital bonds of adaptation and interdependence

More personally it may be noted that after Darwin went to Down he lived, while he was revolutionising biology, the quiet life of a country gentleman, interested in his garden and greenhouse, in his pigeons and poultry Happy in his family life, rich in his friends, unworried by pecuniary cares, master of his own time, undisturbed by interviewers, he devoted himself wholeheartedly to investigation and thought, hampered only by persistent ill health While he was doubtless wrong in explaining his success by saying, 'It's dogged that does it,' it was his pertinacious but never tiresome industry that enabled his fine brain to do so much as it did With the aid of his fascinating *Life and Letters*, we can see him, as in a Holbein picture, with all the paraphernalia of his daily pursuits round about him—his high chair, his orderly shelves, his torn-up reference books and periodicals, his portfolios of notes, his window sill laboratory, his yellow back novels! There was seldom a great life so devoid of littleness, seldom a record of thought so free from extravagance According to his own account of his intellectual qualities in his charming auto biography, he had 'no great quickness of apprehension or wit,' 'a very limited power to follow a long and purely abstract train of thought,' 'a memory extensive yet hazy,' 'a fair share of invention, and of common-sense or judgment,' an unusual power in 'noticing things which easily escape attention, and in observing them carefully,' a great industry, 'the strongest desire to understand or explain whatever I observed—that is, to group all facts under some general laws' All this is, of course, too splendidly modest, but there is, we think, more truth in it than in some of the eulogies which make him out to have been an extraordinary genius Apart from an insight which cannot be explained, his chief intellectual qualities were simply those characteristic of the scientific mood at its best—a passion and reverence for facts, an innate repugnance to obscurity and verbalism, a highly developed cautiousness and honesty in coming to conclusions, and a marvellous sense of the inter-relations of things It is with the utmost reverence that we would note that Darwin, like many other great men of science, had very little 'philosophical sense' He was neither aware of nor interested in the philosophical, as distinguished from the scientific, point of view His

kindliness, modesty, magnanimity, and devotion to truth made him, as Poulton says, 'so beloved by his circle of intimate friends that, through their contagious enthusiasm, and through the glimpses of his nature revealed in his writings, he was in all likelihood more greatly loved than any other man of his time by those who knew him not'

In regard to the literary qualities of Darwin's voluminous writings, there is considerable discrepancy of opinion among those competent to judge. There are some who regard the *Origin of Species* and the *Descent of Man* as fine illustrations of English expository prose, but it seems probable that their opinion has been in some measure favourably biased by their keen intellectual delight in following the irresistible argument. There are others who find the pages heavy and the periods inelegant, but it seems probable that their lack of appreciation is partly due to an absence of organic interest in the subject matter, and to the fatigue which the perusal of scientific discourse inevitably involves for those unfamiliar with the objective facts of nature. It must, we think, be admitted that Darwin was so preoccupied with 'getting at the truth' that he thought little, if at all, about what we call artistic presentation He was no stylist or rhetorician, he had very little of Huxley's gift of telling phrase or happy epigram, very little of Haeckel's power of expressing himself in picturesque and eloquently moving periods. He often doubles back to answer a possible objection, and in his honesty mars his own sequence, he often overloads a sentence with a mass of detailed proof, he often introduces saving clauses which inhibit immediate conviction But these are the defects of his great qualities, he was working with big issues, he was dominated by the scientific mood, he did not seek to make points, but to present facts that made his points secure His is the straightforward, direct, entirely uncritical style of an advocate who has so much that is new and vital to say, that he cares little about details of elegance or immediate effectiveness He thought 'long and intently about every sentence,' he worked most methodically from plan to sketch, from sketch to summary, from summary to the full text, and if the result did not always reward his pains, it is in any case immortal. 'There seems,' he says, 'to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form Formerly I used to think about my sentences before writing them down, but for several years I have found that it saves time to scribble in a vile hand whole pages as quickly as I possibly can, contracting half the words, and then correct deliberately Sentences thus scribbled down are often better ones than I could have written deliberately' But most of us would prefer Darwin's 'scribbling' to any amount of fine writing it is instinct with veracity

Considering the purpose of this article, we have thought it well to refer briefly to one of Darwin's

confessions, of which, perhaps, too much has been made by some who have sought to draw moral lessons from his life. Up to the age of thirty or more, Darwin found great pleasure in poetry, pictures, and music. During his last twenty or thirty years he lost these aesthetic tastes, he could not endure to read a line of poetry, even Shakespeare's, music generally set him thinking too energetically on his work, fine scenery did not cause him the exquisite delight which it formerly did. Novels, on the other hand, even if only moderately good, were 'a wonderful relief and pleasure' to him, and history, biography, trivels, and essays on all sorts of subjects interested him as much as ever they did. In his autobiography he discusses the 'atrophy' of his higher aesthetic tastes, and laments the loss of happiness involved and the possible injurious effects. It was doubtless too severe a self analysis to say, 'My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts,' but it may be allowed that the scientific mood became more and more dominant in his life. It should be remembered, however, that Darwin's working day, shortened by his ill health, was methodically filled up so as to secure the maximum output, and, as it seems to us, what he severely called 'atrophy' should be more generously regarded as the natural result of extreme preoccupation with great issues.

The mass of literature which may be called Darwinian is immense and continually increasing. As Asa Gray said 'Dante literature and Shakespeare literature have been the growth of centuries, but Darwinism filled teeming catalogues during the lifetime of the author.' Part of this literature consists of ill-judged criticisms on the part of men who did not understand the subject, or were prejudiced by emotional and other vested interests, this has now little more than historical interest, illustrating the difficulty many men find in changing their point of view, its output has rapidly decreased since the coming of age of the *Origin of Species* in the middle of the eighties. A second portion of the Darwinian literature consists of careful and unprejudiced criticisms which have been of much service in the development of the theory of evolution. To these Darwin paid courteous and scrupulous attention, and the minor changes in successive editions of his chief works are of much interest in this connection. Thirdly, there are those works—e.g. of Herbert Spencer and August Weismann—which have added constructively to the Darwinian edifice. It would be interesting to show that evolutionist thought has had a marked influence on general literature, but this is implied in the fact that Darwin and his fellow workers were instrumental in changing man's whole intellectual outlook. On the other hand, it is a matter for regret that there have been so few modern attempts to give to the evolutionist's vision of the drama of life that poetic expression which Goethe proved to be so splendidly possible.

### The Origin of Species

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth with Reproduction, Inheritance which is almost implied by reproduction, Variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse, a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the extinction of less improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one, and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved.

(Conclusion of *Origin of Species*)

### The Tree of Life

The affinities of all the beings of the same class have sometimes been represented by a great tree. I believe this simile largely speaks the truth. The green and budding twigs may represent existing species, and those produced during former years may represent the long succession of extinct species. As buds give rise by growth to fresh buds, and these, if vigorous, branch out and overtop on all sides many a feeble branch, so by generation I believe it has been with the great Tree of Life, which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever branching and beautiful ramifications.

(Conclusion of Chap IV of *Origin of Species*, 6th ed., pp. 104-105.)

### Natural Selection

If under changing conditions of life organic beings present individual differences in almost every part of their structure, and this cannot be disputed, if there be, owing to their geometrical rate of increase, a severe struggle for life at some age, season, or year, and this certainly cannot be disputed, then, considering the infinite complexity of the relations of all organic beings to each other and to their conditions of life, causing an infinite diversity in structure, constitution, and habits, to be advantageous to them, it would be a most extraordinary fact if no variations had ever occurred useful to each being's own welfare, in the same manner as so many variations have occurred useful to man. But if variations useful to any organic being ever do occur, assuredly individuals thus characterised will have the best chance of being preserved in the struggle for life and from the strong principle of inheritance, these will tend to produce offspring similarly characterised. This principle of preservation, or the survival of the fittest, I have called Natural Selection.

(Summary Chap IV of *Origin of Species*, 6th ed., pp. 102, 103.)

### The Struggle for Existence

Nothing is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult—at least I have found it so—than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind. Yet unless it be thoroughly engrained in the mind, the whole economy of nature with every fact on distribution, rarity, abundance, extinction, and variation, will be dimly seen or quite misunderstood. We behold the face of nature bright with gladness, we often see superabundance of food, we do not see, or we forget, that the birds which are idly singing round us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are thus constantly destroying life, or we forget how largely these songsters, or their eggs, or their nestlings, are destroyed by birds and beasts of prey, we do not always bear in mind that, though food may be now superabundant, it is not so at all seasons of each recurring year. I should premise that I use this term [Struggle for Existence] in a large and metaphorical sense including dependence of one being on another, and including (which is more important) not only the life of the individual but success in leaving progeny. When we reflect on this struggle, we may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply.

(*Origin of Species*, pp. 49, 50, 51)

### Malthus and Darwinism.

In October 1838, that is, fifteen months after I had begun my systematic inquiry, I happened to read for amusement Malthus' *On Population* and being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on from long continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favourable variations would tend to be preserved and unfavourable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species. Here then I had at last got a theory by which to work, but I was so anxious to avoid prejudice that I determined not for some time to write even the briefest sketch of it. In June 1842 I first allowed myself the satisfaction of writing a very brief abstract of my theory in pencil in thirty five pages, and this was enlarged during the summer of 1844 into one of two hundred and thirty pages, which I had fairly copied out and still possess.

(*Life and Letters*, vol. 1.)

### The 'Beagle' Voyage.

When I visited, during the voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle*, the Galapagos Archipelago, situated in the Pacific Ocean about five hundred miles from the shore of South America, I found myself surrounded by peculiar species of birds, reptiles, and plants, existing nowhere else in the world. Yet they nearly all bore an American stamp. In the song of the mocking thrush, in the harsh cry of the carion hawk, in the great candlestick like opuntias, I clearly perceived the neighbourhood of America, though the islands were separated by so many miles of ocean from the mainland, and differed much from it in their geological constitution and climate. Still more surprising was the fact that most of the inhabitants of each separate island in this small archipelago were specifically different, though most closely related to each other. The archipelago, with its innumerable craters and bare

streams of lava, appeared to be of recent origin, and thus I fancied myself brought near to the very act of creation. I often asked myself how these many peculiar animals and plants had been produced. The simplest answer seemed to be that the inhabitants of the several islands had descended from each other, undergoing modification in the course of their descent, and that all the inhabitants of the archipelago had descended from those of the nearest land, namely America, whence colonists would naturally have been derived. But it long remained to me an inexplicable problem how the necessary degree of modification could have been effected, and it would have thus remained for ever had I not studied domestic productions, and thus acquired a just idea of the power of Selection. As soon as I had fully realised this idea, I saw, on reading Malthus' *On Population*, that Natural Selection was the inevitable result of the rapid increase of all organic beings, for I was prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence by having long studied the habits of animals.

(Introduction to *Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication*)

### Adaptations and Inter-Relations

We see on every side of us innumerable adaptations and contrivances, which have justly excited in the mind of every observer the highest admiration. There is, for instance, a fly (*Cecidomyia*) which deposits its eggs within the stamens of a *Scrophularia*, and secretes a poison that produces a gall, on which the larva feeds, but there is another insect (*Misocampus*) which deposits its eggs within the body of the larva within the gall, and is thus nourished by its living prey, so that here a hymenopterous insect depends on a dipterous insect, and this depends on its power of producing a monstrous growth in a particular organ of a particular plant. So it is, in a more or less plainly marked manner, in thousands and tens of thousands of cases, with the lowest as well as the highest productions of nature.

(Introduction to *Variation of Animals and Plants*)

### Cats and Clover

I find from experiments that humble bees are almost indispensable to the fertilisation of the heartsease (*Viola tricolor*), for other bees do not visit this flower. I have also found that the visits of bees are necessary for the fertilisation of some kinds of clover. For instance, twenty heads of Dutch clover (*Trifolium repens*) yielded 2290 seeds, but twenty other heads protected from bees produced not one. Again, one hundred heads of red clover (*T. pratense*) produced 2700 seeds, but the same number of protected heads produced not a single seed. Humble bees alone visit red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence we may infer as highly probable that, if the whole genus of humble bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very rare or wholly disappear. The number of humble bees in any district depends in great measure on the number of field mice, which destroy their combs and nests, now the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats. Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district.

(*Origin of Species*, pp. 57, 58)

## Personal

Therefore my success as a man of science, whatever this may have amounted to, has been determined, as far as I can judge, by complex and diversified mental qualities and conditions. Of these, the most important have been—the love of science, unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject, industry in observing and collecting facts, and a fair share of invention as well as of common sense. With such moderate abilities as I possess, it is truly surprising that I should have influenced to a considerable extent the belief of scientific men on some important points.

Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, or that my work has been imperfect, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been overpraised, so that I have felt mortified, it has been my greatest comfort to say hundreds of times to myself that 'I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this' (*Life and Letters*, vol. 1.)

The *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin* edited by his son, Mr Francis Darwin appeared in three volumes in 1887. *More Letters*, two volumes edited by Mr Darwin and Mr A C Seward followed in 1903. See the obituary notices by Huxley in *Nature* (April 1888), *Proc Royal Soc* (1888) and the *Collected Essays* vol. ii., also, *Charles Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection* by E B Poulton (1896) and the short Lives by Grant Allen (1885), G T Bettany (1897) and C F Holder (1891).

J ARTHUR THOMSON

**Alexander William Kinglake** (1809-91), born at Wilton House near Taunton, from Eton passed in 1828 to Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1837, acquired a considerable Chancery practice, and retired in 1856 to devote himself to literature and politics. A tour about 1835 had already given birth to *Eothén* (1844), one of the most brilliant and popular books of Eastern travel. Returned for Bridgwater as a Liberal in 1857, he took a prominent part against Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill, and denounced the French annexation of Savoy. He was with the French army in Algiers in 1845, and in the Crimea, where he was present at the battle of the Alma, and made the intimate acquaintance of Lord Raglan. It was at Lady Raglan's request that he undertook his *Invasion of the Crimea its Origin, and its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan* (8 vols 1863-87), largely based upon Lord Raglan's papers. The work has been blamed as prejudiced, but on the literary side it is one of the outstanding historical works of the century. No doubt, as Lord Raglan's friend, he did perhaps more than justice to the English commander's merits, and his abhorrence of the character and career of Napoleon III made him a somewhat unfair judge of the Emperor's policy. It is generally felt that the history is too long, but the picturesque details give it all the vivacity of the best special correspondent's daily reports. The criticism of Napoleon was, indeed, so severe that the circulation of the history was prohibited in France during the Empire. Kinglake examined into all the episodes of the war with

enormous and primitively particularity, and the too great detail of this record has unquestionably injured the permanent popularity its clear and lively narrative and its polished and admirable style would otherwise have secured. In 1868 Kinglake was again returned for Bridgwater, but was unseated on petition. The borough was shown to be corrupt, but Kinglake was free from all suspicion of complicity in the irregular methods employed at the election.

At his death Kinglake was remembered less as the author of the bulky, elaborate, exhaustive story of the Crimean war than as the self-centred, vivacious, humorous, luxurious hero of *Eothén*, a comparatively slight volume which defies the ordinary canons of travel book making, and owes its charm solely to the author's constantly and fully revealed personality. The most objective part is the circumstantial account of the traveller's reception by Lady Hester Stanhope, and the conversation he held with that uncanny recluse of the Lebanon elsewhere you live mainly sensations, impressions, reflections—and in Palestine rarely of the deepest. Tiberias suggests only a disquisition on the fleas of all countries, Cairo only the aspects of a plague stricken town. It is not a *Sentimental Journey*, indeed, but an impressionist one, with some actual objective experiences, certainly, but almost no geographical, historical, or political facts, and nothing whatever of the guide book, even of the glorified guide-book, about it. See the Memoir by Innes Shand prefixed to a new edition of *Eothén* (1896).

## With an Osmanli Pasha

The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble stations by the arts of the courtier, and they preserve in their high estate those gentle powers of fascination to which they owe their success. Yet unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony, the intervention of the interpreter, or Dragoman, as he is called, is fatal to the spirit of conversation. I think I should mislead you if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with Orientals. A traveller may write and say that 'the Pasha of So and So was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery, that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry, showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished.' But the heap of commonplaces thus quietly attributed to the Pasha will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this—

*Pasha* The Englishman is welcome most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

*Dragoman* (to the Traveller) The Pasha pays you his compliments.

*Traveller* Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

*Dragoman* (to the Pasha) His Lordship, this English man, Lord of London, Scourer of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karaghloolokoldour.

*Trailler* (to his Dragoman) What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere coxcomb! Have not I told you always to say that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a Deputy Lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I should have won easily, if my committee had not been bought? I wish to heaven that if you do say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth!

*Dragoman* [is silent]

*Pasha* What says the friendly Lord of London? Is there aught that I can grant him within the pashalik of Karaghloolokoldour?

*Dragoman* (growing sulky and literal) This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire is recounting his achievements, and the number of his titles.

*Pasha* The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the Earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of Heaven!

*Dragoman* (to the Traveller) The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

*Trailler* About Goldborough? The devil he does!—but I want to get at his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire, tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a Speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

*Dragoman* (to the Pasha) This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

*Pasha* Wonderful charr! Wonderful houses—whurr! whurr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!—wonderful charr! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whurr! whurr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

*Trailler* (to the Dragoman) What does the Pasha mean by that whizzing? He does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

*Dragoman* No, your Excellency, but he says the English talk by wheels and by steam.

*Traveller* That's an exaggeration, but say

*Pasha* (after having received the communication of the Dragoman) The ship, of the English swarm like flies, their printed calicoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an item in the Ledger books of the Merchants, whose lumber rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whurr! whurr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

*Dragoman* The Pasha compliments the cutlers of England, and also the Law Inns Company.

*Trailler* The Pasha's right about the cutlers (I tried my scimitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the tail of a Novel). Well (to the Dragoman), tell the Pasha I am exceedingly pleased to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy, but I should like him to know though, that we have got something in England besides that. The foreigners are always finding that we have nothing but ship, and railway, and has India Company do just tell the Pasha that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events we can explain that we have our virtue in the country—that the British yeoman is still thank God the British yeoman—Oh! and by the by, whilst you are about it you may as well say that we are a truth telling people, or I, or the Osmanli, are truthful in the performance of our promises.

*Pasha* (after hearing the Dragoman) It is true—is true—through all I understand the English are foremost, and best, for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of Savoy, and the French are the sons of Versailles, and the Greeks they are the sons of her, but the English and the Osmanli are brothers together in righteousness, for the Osmanli believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran and destroy idols so to the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book, and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as God, or to say that they are exterminators of people, these are lies—lies born of Greeks and nursed by Jews!

*Dragoman* The Pasha compliments the English.

*Trailler* (rising) Well, I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality and still more for his kindne in troubling me with horse—and I say that now I must be off.

*Assem* (after hearing the Dragoman, and standing upon his Divan) Proul are the sites, and bles ed are the dams of the horses that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

*Dragoman* The Pasha wishes your Excellency a pleasant journey.

So ends the visit.

(From *Sister*)

#### At the Battle of the Alma.

At this minute the fiery ard—it was commanded by Colonel Ainslie—came storming over the crest, and having now at last an enemy's column before it, it seemed to be almost mad with warlike joy. Its formation, of course, was disturbed by the haste and vehemence of the onset, and Campbell saw that, unless the regiment could be halted and a little calmed down it would go on rushing forward in disordered fury, at the risk of shattering

itself against the strength of the hard, square built column which was solemnly coming to meet it

But he who could halt his men on the bank of a cool stream when they were rushing down to quench the rage of their thirst was able to quiet them in the midst of their warlike fury Sir Colin got the regiment to halt and dress its ranks By this time it was under the fire of the approaching column.

Campbell's charger, twice wounded already, but hitherto not much hurt, was now struck by a shot in the heart Without a stumble or a plunge the horse sank down gently to the earth, and was dead Campbell took his aide de camp's charger, but he had not been long in Shadwell's saddle when up came Sir Colin's groom with his second horse. The man, perhaps, under some former master, had been used to be charged with the 'second horse' in the hunting field At all events, here he was, and if Sir Colin was angered by the apparition, he could not deny that it was opportune. The man touched his cap, and excused himself for being where he was In the dry, terse way of those Englishmen who are much accustomed to horses, he explained that towards the rear the balls had been dropping about very thick, and that, fearing some harm might come to his master's second horse, he had thought it best to bring him up to the front

When the 93rd had recovered the perfectness of its array, it again moved forward, but at the steady pace imposed upon it by the chief The 42nd had already resumed its forward movement, it still advanced firing

There are things in the world which, eluding the resources of the dry narrator, can still be faintly imagined by that subtle power which sometimes enables mankind to picture dim truth by fancy According to the thought which floated in the mind of the churchman who taught to All the Russins their grand form of prayer for victory, there are 'angels of light' and 'angels of darkness and horror,' who soar over the heads of soldiery destined to be engaged in close fight, and attend them into battle. When the fight grows hot, the angels hover down near to earth with their bright limbs twined deep in the wreaths of the smoke which divides the combatants But it is no coarse, bodily help that these Christian angels bring More purely spiritual than the old Immortals, they strike no blow, they snatch no man's weapon, they lift away no warrior in a cloud What the Angel of Light can bestow is valour, priceless valour, and light to lighten the path to victory, giving men grace to see the bare truth, and, seeing it, to have the mastery To regiments which are to be blessed with victory the Angel of Light seems to beckon, and gently draw his men forward. What the Angel of Darkness can inflict is fear, horror, despair, and it is given him also to be able to plant error and vain fancies in the minds of the doomed soldiery By false dread he scares them Whether he who conceived this prayer was soldier or priest, or soldier and priest in one, it seems to me that he knew more of the true nature of the strife of good infantry than he could utter in common prose For indeed it is no physical power which rules the conflict between two well formed bodies of foot.

The mere killing and wounding which occurs whilst a fight is still hanging in doubt does not so alter the relative numbers of the combatants as in that way to govern the result The use of the slaughter which takes place at that time lies mainly in the stress which it puts upon the minds of those who, themselves remaining unhurt,

are nevertheless disturbed by the sight of what is befalling their comrades In that way a command of the means necessary for inflicting death and wounds is one element of victory But it is far from being the chief one. Nor is it by perfectness of discipline, nor yet by a contempt of life, that men can assure to themselves the mastery over their foes. More or less all these things are needed, but the truly governing power is that ascendancy of the stronger over the weaker heart which (because of the mystery of its origin) the churchman was willing to ascribe to angels coming down from on high

The turning moment of a fight is a moment of trial for the soul and not for the body, and it is therefore that such courage as men are able to gather from being gross in numbers can be easily outweighed by the warlike virtue of a few To the stately 'Black Watch' and the hot 93rd, with Campbell leading them on, there was vouchsafed that stronger heart for which the brave pious Muscovites had pried Over the souls of the men in the columns there was spread, first the gloom, then the swarm of vain delusions, and at last the sheer horror which might be the work of the Angel of Darkness The two lines marched straight on The three columns shook They were not yet subdued They were stub born, but every moment the two advancing battalions grew nearer and nearer, and although—dimly masking the scant numbers of the Highlanders—there was still the white curtain of smoke which always rolled on before them, yet, fitfully, and from moment to moment, the signs of them could be traced on the right hand and on the left in a long, shadowy line, and their coming was ceaseless

But, moreover, the Highlanders being men of great stature, and in strange garb, their plumes being tall, and the view of them being broken and distorted by the wreaths of the smoke, and there being, too, an ominous silence in their ranks, there were men among the Russins who began to conceive a vague terror—the terror of things unearthly, and some, they say, imagined that they were charged by horsemen strange, silent, monstrous, beshridding giant chargers The columns were falling into that plight—we have twice before seen it this day—were falling into that plight that its officers were moving hither and thither, with their drawn swords, were commanding, were imploring, were threatening—nay, were even laying hands on their soldiery, and striving to hold them fast in their places. This struggle is the last stage but one in the agony of a body of good infantry massed in close column Unless help should come from elsewhere, the three columns would have to give way

But help came. From the high ground on our left another heavy column—the column composed of the two right Soudal battalions—was seen coming down It moved straight at the flank of the 93rd

So now, for the third time that day, a mass of infantry some fifteen hundred strong was descending upon the uncovered flank of a battalion in English array, and, coming as it did from the extreme right of the enemy's position, this last attack was aimed almost straight at the file—the file of only two men—which closed the line of the 93rd

But some witchcraft, the doomed men might fancy, was causing the earth to bear giants Above the crest or swell of ground on the left rear of the 93rd, yet another array of the tall bending plumes began to rise up in a long, ceaseless line, stretching far into the east, and pre

sently, in all the grace and beauty that marks a Highland regiment when it springs up the side of a hill, the 79th came bounding forward. Without a halt, or with only the halt that was needed for dressing the ranks, it advanced upon the flank of the right Soudal column, and caught the mass in its sin—caught it daring to march across the front of a Highland battalion—a battalion already near, and swiftly advancing in line. Wrapped in the fire thus poured upon its flank, the hapless column could not march, could not live. It broke, and began to fall back in great confusion, and the left Soudal column being almost at the same time overthrown by the 93rd, and the two columns which had engaged the 'Black Watch' being now in full retreat, the spurs of the hill and the winding dale beyond became thronged with the enemy's disordered masses.

Then, again, they say, there was heard the sorrowful wail that bursts from the heart of the brave Russian in santry when they have to suffer defeat, but this time the wail was the wail of eight battalions, and the warlike grief of the soldiery could no longer kindle the fierce intent which, only a little before, had spurred forward the Vladimir column. Hope had fled.

(From *The Invasion of the Crimea*)

**Edward FitzGerald** (1809–83) was born at Bredfield House, an old Jacobean mansion near Woodbridge in Suffolk. His parents were both Irish, and the father, John Purcell, took his wife's surname on her father's death in 1818. The family having returned from a sojourn in France (at St Germains and in Paris), Edward was sent in 1821 to King Edward VI's School at Bury St Edmunds, where James Spedding and J. M. Kemble were among his schoolfellows. He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1826, whither Spedding followed him the next year. At Trinity he formed fast friendships with Thackeray and W. H. Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity, and he took his degree in January 1830. His father's family resided at Wherstead Lodge, near Ipswich, from 1822 to 1835, and subsequently at Boulge Hill, near Woodbridge, there he lived with them until 1838, when he took up his separate residence in a cottage near the park gate. His life at this time was a quiet round of reading and gardening, occasionally broken by visits from or to friends, his chief friends in the neighbourhood were the Rev. George Cribbe (vicar of Bredfield and son of the poet), Archdeacon Groome, and Bernard Barton, the Quaker-poet of Woodbridge, whose daughter, Lucy, he married in 1856, only soon to separate. Every spring he used to make a long visit to London, where he constantly met Spedding and Thackeray, and was a frequent visitor at the Carlyles'. Lord Tennyson and his brother Frederic had been his contemporaries at college, but it was in London that they became intimate, how fast the friendship was best shown by the dedication of *Tiresias*. In 1853 FitzGerald left the cottage and settled at Farlingay Hill, near Woodbridge, and from 1860 in the town itself, in 1874 he removed to Little Grange, a house which he had built for himself in the neighbourhood.

His great outdoor amusement in these years was yachting, and every summer was spent cruising about the Suffolk coast, especially near Lowestoft and Aldeburgh, the latter locality being of special interest to him as the birthplace of his favourite Crabbe, and the place where he himself had first seen the sea. He thoroughly enjoyed the life on his yacht, carrying his books with him, and delighting to take his friends for short trips, when they might read and talk over well known passages together. He also enjoyed the rough, bluff ways of the sailors and fishermen, and liked to collect their peculiar words and phrases. But he could not escape 'the browner shade' which Gibbon ascribes to the evening of life, and the sea gradually lost its charm, one old sailor died, and another grievously disappointed him. In 1871 he sold his little schooner, the *Scandal*, but used still to go boating on the river Deben, until that, too, he gave up for his garden, where his favourite walk was called the 'Quarter-deck.' He died suddenly at Merton Rectory, Norfolk, while paying his annual visit to his friend Crabbe. He is buried at Boulge. One of his great characteristics was steadfastness in friendship, he was slow to form intimacies, but, once riveted, the link lasted till death. His outward manner was reserved, and he might sometimes seem a little wayward or petulant, but under the cold exterior there lay a tenderness like Johnson's, and a fine stroke of imagination or a noble deed would make his voice falter and his eyes fill with tears.

The first forty two years of his life passed in quiet reading and thinking, and it was not till 1851 that he published anonymously his dialogue on youth, *Euphranor*, which was followed in 1852 by *Polonus a Collection of Wise Sayings and Modern Instances*. In the meantime a friend, Professor Cowell, had persuaded him to begin Spanish, and this not only opened a new world of interest, but revealed to him his own powers. He at once took to Calderon's plays, and afterwards to *Don Quixote*, and in 1853 he published a translation of six of Calderon's dramas with his name attached. This, however, he soon withdrew from circulation, but two more plays by the same author were afterwards printed privately. About 1853 Professor Cowell interested him in Persian Sa'di's *Gulistan* early attracted him by its quaint stories, and in 1856 he published an anonymous version of Jāmī's *Saldānān and Absdl*, he also wrote, but never printed, an abridgment in verse of 'Attār's *Mantiq ut Tair*. But the Persian poet who most attracted him, from the time of his first seeing his works in 1856 in a MS. in the Bodleian Library, was 'Omar Khayyām, the astronomer-poet of the eleventh century. These poems were then known only by a few current quotations, as they were first printed at Paris in 1857 by M. Nicolis, but FitzGerald at once recognised their beauty, and his name and the poet's will remain indissolubly linked together. Here his genius as a trans-

lator appears at its height. He possessed to an extraordinary degree the power of reproducing on his reader the effect of the original, and, though the original ideas are often altered, condensed, and transposed in an apparently reckless way, these lawless alterations and substitutions are like those in Dryden, and they will tell, the translator becomes 'alter Menander,' not 'dimidiatus Menander.' Mr Swinburne has said, 'His daring genius gave 'Omar Khayyam a place for ever among the greatest English poets.' Later translations were of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus and of Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannus* and *Oedipus Coloneus*. He was great as a letter-writer in an age when letter-writing had almost ceased to be an art, indeed, his letters are among his most valuable literary bequests. For he was a master of style as he himself defined it 'The saying in the most perspicuous and succinct way what one thoroughly understands, and saying it so naturally that no effort is apparent.' The *di majores* of his Olympus were Shakespeare, Scott, Sophocles, Lamb, Cribbe, Chaucer, and Cervantes. Thackeray and Dickens he ranked high, for Jane Austen and George Eliot, for Morris, Rossetti, or Swinburne, he had little appreciation. He was painfully frank in his criticism even of his friends, speaking of Tennyson, he said 'I almost think I was wrong in telling him I could take no interest in his *Holy Grail*, which I should not have done had he not sent it to me! A perilous reason!' And a remark about Mrs Browning's poetry, made after her death and reported to her husband, provoked Browning to a bitter retort.

#### To Frederic Tennyson, 1844.

I dare say I should have stayed longer in London had you been there but the wits were too much for me. Not Spedding, mind who is a dear fellow. But one finds few in London serious men. I mean serious even in fun with a true purpose and character whatsoever it may be. London melts away all individuality into a common lump of cleverness. I am amazed at the humour and worth and noble feeling in the country, however much railroads have mixed us up with metro-politan civilisation. I can still find the heart of England beating healthily down here though no one will believe it.

You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you. I read of mornings, the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones. Walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which China roses climb with my pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself. We have had such a spring (hitting the last ten days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! white clouds moving over the new fledged tops of oak trees, and acres of grass strivings with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see! I believe that Leslie's *Life of Constable* (a very charming book) has given me a fresh love of Spring. Constable loved it above all seasons, he hated Autumn. When Sir G. Beaumont, who was of the old

classical taste, asked him if he did not find it difficult to place *his brown tree* in his pictures, 'Not at all,' said C., 'I never put one in at all.' And when Sir George was crying up the tone of the old masters' landscapes, and quoting an *old violin* as the proper tone of colour for a picture, Constable got up, took an old Cremona, and hid it down on the sunny grass. You would like the book. In defiance of all this, I have hung my room with pictures, like very old fiddles indeed. But I agree with Sir George and Constable both. I like pictures that are not like nature. I can have nature better than any picture by looking out of my window. Yet I respect the man who tries to print up to the freshness of earth and sky. Constable did not wholly achieve what he tried at, and perhaps the old masters chose a soberer



EDWARD FITZGERALD

From Vol. I of *Letters*, by permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co.

scale of things as more within the compass of lead paint  
To paint dew with lead!

I also plunge away at my old Handel of nights, and delight in the Allegro and Penseroso, full of pomp and fancy. What a pity Handel could not have written music to some great Masque, such as Ben Jonson or Milton would have written, if they had known of such a musician to write for!

#### To Professor G. E. Norton, 1876

What Mr Lowell says of him [Dante] recalled to me what Tennyson said to me some thirty five or forty years ago. We were stopping before a shop in Regent Street where were two figures of Dante and Goethe. I (I suppose) said 'What is there in old Dante's Face that is missing in Goethe's?' And Tennyson (who a Profile then had certainly a remarkable likeness to Dante's) said 'The Divine.' Then Milton, I don't think. I've read him these forty years, the whole Scheme of the Poem, and certain Parts of it, looing as grand as anything in my Memory, but I never could read ten lines together without stumbling at some Pedantry that tipped me at once out of Paradise, or even Hell into the Schoolroom, worse than either. Tennyson again used

to say that the two grandest of all Similes were those of the Ships hanging in the Air, and 'the Gunpowder one,' which he used slowly and grimly to enact, in the Days that are no more. He certainly then thought Milton the sublimest of all the Gang, his Diction modelled on Virgil, as perhaps Dante's.

Spenser I never could get on with, and (spite of Mr Lowell's good word) shall still content myself with such delightful Quotations from him as one lights upon here and there the last from Mr Lowell

Then, old 'Daddy Wordsworth,' as he was sometimes called, I am afraid, from my Christening, he is now, I suppose, passing under the Eclipse consequent on the Glory which followed his obscure Rise. I remember fifty years ago at our Cambridge, when the Battle was fighting for him by the Few against the Many of us who only laughed at 'Louisa in the Shade,' &c. His Brother was then Master of Trinity College, like all Wordsworths (unless the drowned Sailor) pompous and prigish. He used to drawl out the Chapel responses so that we called him the 'Méeserable Sinner' and his brother the 'Meeserable Poet.' Poor fun enough but I never can forgive the Lakers all who first despised, and then patronised, 'Walter Scott,' as they loftily called him and He, dear, noble Fellow, thought they were quite justified. Well, your Emerson has done him far more Justice than his own Countryman Carlyle, who won't allow him to be a Hero in any way, but sets up such a cantankerous narrow-minded Bigot as John Knox in his stead. I did go to worship at Abbotsford, as to Stratford on Avon and saw that it was good to have so done. If you, if Mr Lowell, have not lately read it, pray read Lockhart's account of his Journey to Douglas Dale on (I think) July 18 or 19, 1831. It is a piece of Tragedy, even to the muttering Thunder, like the Lam mermur, which does not look very small beside Peter Bell and Co.

My dear Sir, this is a desperate Letter, and that last Sentence will lead to another dirty little Story about my Daddy to which you must listen or I should feel like the Fine Lady in one of Vanburgh's Plays, 'Oh my God, that you won't listen to a Woman of Quality when her Heart is bursting with Malice!' And perhaps you on the other Side of the Great Water may be amused with a little of your old Granny's Gossip.

Well then about 1826, or 7, Professor Airy (now our Astronomer Royal) and his Brother William called on The Daddy at Rydal. In the course of Conversation Daddy mentioned that sometimes when genteel Parties came to visit him, he contrived to slip out of the room, and down the garden walk to where 'The Party's' travelling Carriage stood. This Carriage he would look into to see what Books they carried with them and he observed it was generally 'WALTER SCOTT'S.' It was Airy's Brother (a very veracious man, and an Admirer of Wordsworth, but, to be sure, more of Sir Walter) who told me this. It is this conceit that diminishes Words worth's stature among us, in spite of the mountain Mists he lived among. Also, a little stinginess, not like Sir Walter in that! I remember Hartley Coleridge telling us at Ambleside how Professor Wilson and some one else (H. C. himself perhaps) stole a Leg of Mutton from Wordsworth's Larder for the fun of the Thing.

Here then is a long Letter of old world Gossip from the old Home I hope it won't tire you out it need not, you know

### To Fanny Kemble 1879

My Brother keeps waiting—and hoping—for—Death which will not come perhaps Providence would have let it come sooner, were he not rich enough to keep a Doctor in the house, to keep him in Misery I don't know if I told you in my last that he was ill, seized on by a Disease not uncommon to old Men—an 'internal Disorder' it is polite to say, but I shall say to you, disease of the Bladder I had always supposed he would be found dead one good morning, as my Mother was—as I hoped to be—quietly dead of the Heart which he had felt for several Years But no, it is seen good that he shall be laid on the Rack—which he may feel the more keenly as he never suffered Pain before, and is not of a strong Nerve I will say no more of this The funeral Bell, which has been at work, as I never remember before, all this winter, is even now, as I write, tolling from St Mary's Steeple

*Parlons d'autres choses*, as my dear Sévigné says

I—We—have finished all Sir Walter's Scotch Novels, and I thought I would try an English one *Kent worth* —a wonderful Drama, which Theatre, Opera, and Ballet (as I once saw it represented) may well reproduce The Scene at Greenwich, where Elizabeth 'interviews' Sussex and Leicester, seemed to me as fine as what is called (I am told, wrongly) Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*. Of course, plenty of melodrama in most other parts—but the Plot wonderful

Then—after Sir Walter—Dickens' *Copperfield*, which came to an end last night because I would not let my Reader read the last Chapter What a touch when Peggotty—the man—at last finds the lost Girl, and—throws a handkerchief over her face when he takes her to his arms—never to leave her! I maintain it—a little Shakespeare—a Cockney Shakespeare, if you will but as distinct, if not so great, a piece of pure Genius as was born at Stratford Oh, I am quite sure of that, had I to choose but one of them, I would choose Dickens' hundred delightful Caricatures rather than Thackeray's half dozen terrible Photographs

In Michael Kelly's *Reminiscences* (quite worth reading about Sheridan) I found that, on January 22, 1802, was produced at Drury Lane an Afterpiece called *Urania*, by the Honourable W. Spencer, in which 'the scene of Urania's descent was entirely new to the stage, and produced an extraordinary effect' Hence then the Picture which my poor Brother sent you to America.

*D'autres choses encore* You may judge, I suppose, by the N.E. wind in London what it has been hereabout Scarce a tinge of Green on the hedgerows, scarce a Bird singing (only once the Nightingale, with broken Voice), and no flowers in the Garden but the brave old Daffy downdilly and Hyacinth—which I scarce knew was so hardy I am quite pleased to find how comfortably they do in my Garden, and look so Chinese gay Two of my dear Blackbirds have I found dead—of Cold and Hunger, I suppose, but one is even now singing—across that Funeral Bell. This is so, as I write, and tell you—Well we have Sunshine at last—for a day—'thankful for small Blessings,' &c.

I think I have felt a little sadder since March 31 that shut my seventieth Year behind me, while my Brother was—in some such way as I shall be if I live two or three years longer—*Parlons d'autres*—that I am still able to be sincerely yours,

E. F. G

**The Boat-race, from 'Euphranor'**

Shortly after this, the rest of us agreed it was time to be gone. We walk'd along the fields by the Church (purposely to ask about the sick Lady by the way), cross'd the Ferry, and mingled with the crowd upon the opposite shore, Townsmen and Gownsmen, with the tassel'd Fellow commoner sprinkled here and there—Reading men and Sporting men—Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective Crews—all these, conversing on all sorts of topics, from the slang in *Bell's Life* to the last new German Revelation, and moving in ever changing groups down the shore of the river, at whose farther bend was a little knot of Ladies gathered up on a green knoll faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting sun Beyond which point was at length heard some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until 'They are off—they are coming!' suspended other conversation among ourselves, and suddenly the head of the first boat turn'd the corner, and then another close upon it, and then a third, the crews pulling with all their might compacted into perfect rhythm, and the crowd on shore turning round to follow along with them, waving hats and caps, and cheering, 'Bravo, St John's!' 'Go it, Trinity!'—the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all—until, the boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of spectators, and hurried back toward the goal, where we arrived just in time to see the Ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the Eagle of St John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting a little while to hear how the winner had won, and the loser lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus under either arm (Lycon having got into better company else where), and walked home with them across the meadow leading to the town, whither the dusky troops of Gowns men with all their confused voices seem'd as it were evaporating in the twilight, while a Nightingale began to be heard among the flowering Chestnuts of Jesus

**From 'Omar Khayyám.'**

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night  
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight  
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught  
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light

Before the phantom of False morning died,  
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,  
'When all the Temple is prepared within,  
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?'

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before  
The Tavern shouted—'Open then the Door'  
You know how little while we have to stay,  
And, once departed, may return no more'

With me along the strip of Herbage strown  
That just divides the desert from the sown,  
Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot—  
And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne!

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow'

Some for the Glories of This World, and some  
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come,

Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—'Lo,  
Laughing,' she says, 'into the world I blow,

At once the silken tassel of my Purse  
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw'

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled,

That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green  
Fledges the River Lip on which we lean—

Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears  
To day of past Regrets and future Fears

To morrow!—Why, To morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,

Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest

And we, that now make merry in the Room  
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,

Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth  
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the Dust descend,

Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Alike for those who for To day prepre,  
And those that after some To morrow stare,

A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,  
'Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There'

Why, all the Sunts and Sages who discuss'd  
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust

Like foolish Prophets forth their Words to Scorn  
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heird great argument  
About it and about—but evermore  
Came out by the same door where in I went

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow

And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—  
'I came like Water, and like Wind I go'

Into this Universe, and *Whence* not knowing  
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy nilly flowing,

And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
I know not *Whither*, willy nilly blowing

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?  
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence?

Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine  
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

We are no other than a moving row  
Of Magic Shadow shapes that come and go  
Round with the Sun illumined Lantern held  
In Midnight by the Master of the Show ,

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays  
Upon this Chequer board of Nights and Days ,  
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But Here or there as strikes the Player goes ,  
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,  
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows !

The Moving Finger writes , and, having writ,  
Moves on nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

#### Bredfield Hall.

Lo, an English mansion founded  
In the elder James's reign,  
Quaint and stately, and surrounded  
With a pastoral dominion

With well timber'd lawn and garlens  
And with many a pleasant mead,  
Skirted by the losty coverts  
Where the hare and pheasant feed.

Flank'd it is with goodly stables,  
Shelter'd by coeval trees  
So it lifts its honest gables  
Toward the distant German seas ,

Where it once discern'd the smoke  
Of old sea battles far away  
Saw victorious Nelson's topmasts  
Anchoring in Hollesley Bay

But whatever storm might riot,  
Cannon roar, and trumpet ring,  
Still amid these meadows quiet  
Did the yearly violet spring

Still Heaven's starry hand suspended  
That light balance of the dew,  
That each night on earth descended,  
And each morning rose anew

And the ancient house stood rearing  
Undisturb'd her chimneys high,  
And her gilded vanes still veering  
Toward each quarter of the sky

While like wave to wave succeeding  
Through the world of joy and strife,  
Household after household speeding  
Handed on the torch of life

First, sir Knight in ruff and doublet,  
Arm in arm with stately dame ,  
Then the Cavaliers indignant  
For their monarch brought to shame

Languid beauties limn'd by I ely ,  
Full wigg'd Justice of Queen Anne  
Tory squires who tippled freely ;  
And the modern Gentleman

Here they lived, and here they greeted,  
Maids and matrons, sons and sires,  
Wandering in its walks, or seated  
Round its hospitable fires

Oft their silken dresses floated  
Gleaming through the pleasure ground  
Oft dash'd by the scarlet coated  
Hunter, horse, and dappled hound

Till the Bell that not in vain  
Had summon'd them to weekly prayer,  
Call'd them one by one again  
To the church—and left them there!

They with all their loves and passions,  
Compliment, and song, and jest,  
Politics, and sports, and fashions,  
Merged in everlasting rest !

So they pass—while thou, old Mansion,  
Markest with unalter'd face  
How like the foliage of thy summers  
Each of man succeeds to race.

To most thou stand'st a record sad,  
But all the sunshine of the year  
Could not make thine aspect glad  
To one whose youth is buried here.

In thine ancient rooms and gardens  
Buried—and his own no more  
Than the youth of those old owners,  
Dead two centuries before.

Unto him the fields around thee  
Darken with the days gone by  
O'er the solemn woods that bound thee  
Ancient sunsets seem to die

Sighs the self same breeze of morning  
Through the cypress as of old ,  
Ever at the Spring's returning  
One same crocus breaks the mould

Still though 'scaping Time's more savage  
Handy work this pile appears,  
It has not escaped the ravage  
Of the undermining years

And though each succeeding master,  
Grumbling at the cost to pay,  
Did with coat of paint and plaster  
Hide the wrinkles of decay ,

Yet the secret worm ne'er ceases,  
Nor the mouse behind the will ,  
Heart of oak will come to pieces,  
And farewell to Bredfield Hall !

FitzGerald's *Letters and Literary Remains* (3 vols. 1889) were edited by Mr Aldis Wright, as also his *Letters to Fanny Kemble* (1895), and *More Letters*, under the same editorship, followed in 1901. An elaborate bibliography, first printed in *Notes and Queries* was published as a volume by Colonel W. F. Prudeaux in 1901. The first edition of *Euphranor* was a mere skeleton of what the book ultimately became a reprint of the last edition appeared in 1903.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME

### George Henry Borrow

was born at East Dereham, Norfolk, 5th July 1803. His father, Thomas Borrow, born in 1758, a fine, burly, middle class Cornishman of eighteenth-century type, had been obliged, owing to a youthful escapade, to leave Cornwall and to make his way bare handed in the world. Enlisting as a common soldier, Thomas Borrow rose until he became a captain in the West Norfolk Militia. His duties being those of a recruiting officer, he moved about from one part of Great Britain to another. At East Dereham he met Miss Ann Perfment, a Norfolk lady of Norman Huguenot descent, born in that town in 1772. The first child of the marriage was a son, John Thomas Borrow, born in 1800, who became an artist (but of no distinction), and afterwards a militia lieutenant, and died in Mexico in 1833. There is no doubt that these children were blessed with a very estimable mother. Down to her death, in 1858, Borrow cherished the deepest affection for her. When he was still a child the family went to Edinburgh, where he seems to have received the rudiments of his education at the High School. After moving about through Scotland, Ireland, and parts of England, the Borrow family returned to Norfolk. From 1816 to 1818 Borrow attended the Grammar School at Norwich, where he was a contemporary of Dr Martineau. The school was a good one, but Borrow seems to have picked up not much more than a mass of miscellaneous knowledge. After leaving school he was articled to an eminent firm of Norwich solicitors. He served his articles, but seems to have given no time or attention whatever to law. His energies were exercised partly in the study of 'the noble art of self defence,' as sparring was then called, and partly in the study of languages. It is doubtful whether he would ever have taken honours in either of these studies. Yet if we are to believe his friend, William Taylor of Norwich, when a very young man he understood twelve languages—English, Welsh, Erse, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. But in the understanding of languages there are degrees, the more a scholar knows of a language the more chary is he of saying that he understands it. Borrow's knowledge of German was proved to be unsound as soon as he undertook translations into that language, and the *Romano Lavo Lil* shows that his knowledge of Romany was shaky and uncertain—not comparable with that of the late F. H. Groome, or of certain Romany scholars of Germany. To say the truth, his method of language-learning was as unscholarly as can well be imagined. Like Mezzofanti, he used to learn the vocabulary of a tongue, and then get at the grammatical laws governing it by a sort of loose induction. Without Mezzofanti's prodigious verbal memory, but still with a very remarkable one, Borrow had a sense of philology as feeble as that

of the great Italian himself, hence it is never safe for the student to follow him.

At the expiration of his clerkship—his father having died in 1824—he went to London with the hope of being able to live by literary work. His first call was upon Sir Richard Phillips the publisher, to whom he took some translated ballads for publication, and a letter of introduction from Taylor Phillips had just retired from publishing, but he really seems to have done all that could be expected of him for a stranger who showed no capacity whatever for the production of marketable work. Readers of *Lavengro* will remember the sarcastic, or rather savage, way in which



GEORGE HENRY BORROW

After the Portrait by H. W. Phillips.

Phillips is delineated in the book. But Borrow, whose dislikes were so many and so violent, must, of course, not be taken too seriously when he attacks a man. It is, for instance, instructive to contrast Borrow's portrait of Phillips with the portrait of him painted by another eastern counties man, an eccentric wanderer over England and the Continent—Samuel Jackson Pratt, whose *Harvest Home* was published by Phillips. Phillips lent his town house to Pratt, and was rewarded with certain grateful verses, more remarkable for their likeness to the same author's poems 'Humanity' and 'Sympathy' than for poetic qualities. In the study of literary history, nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the tastes and methods of a writer of genius may be traced to the tastes and methods of a mediocre writer. The critics who have discovered the influence of Sterne in the style of certain parts of *Lavengro* are no doubt right, but they would do well to examine *The Gleamings* of this other protégé of Phillips—the

sentimental and feeble verse-writer but passionate lover of England, at a time when the horse was worshipped because its legs were believed to be the only possible source of locomotion Pratt's prose descriptions were extremely popular when Borrow was a young man, they are forgotten now, but will no doubt, with many other such descriptive books, be reprinted in the not far distant day when people in their motor-cars will meditate with a wondering smile upon simple times when men were dragged along the roads at the tails of other animals Borrow was a great reader of these same *Gleanings in England, Wales, and Holland* Pratt took his sentimentalism from Sterne, as did Mackenzie, but Borrow's sentimentalism, as well as his passionate love of England, her meadows, her trees, her roads, shows something of Pratt's influence Imperfectly equipped as Borrow was for the literary struggle for life, it is no wonder that his experiences in London were bitter Indeed, they were much more terrible than his pride would allow him to record in *Lavengro* In literature adaptability is an indispensable requisite of commercial success It was Shakespeare's adaptability as much as his incomparable genius that caused his triumph The same may be said of Scott, the same may be said of Dickens Borrow had no adaptability whatever In after years the lucky accident of his being employed by the Bible Society gave him his chance and made him popular, but without that accident he could never have produced such work as the literary market of that time demanded There never was a more idiosyncratic writer—a writer more entirely unable to achieve that compromise between authorial temperament and the temper of the market—than Borrow Not even Charles Lamb—not even the author of *John Bull* himself—was more governed by temperament than he Idiosyncratic writers rarely succeed in arresting public attention save through the workings of some lucky accident But *The Bible in Spain*, built upon Borrow's picturesque, graphic, and carefully elaborated letters to the Bible Society, for whom he acted as colporteur, opened the way for a still more idiosyncratic and a still more precious book, *Lavengro* But all this was years after Borrow's London struggles, the sojourn in London at a time when he was criticising books for Phillips's *Universal Review*, and compiling the celebrated *Trials*, published in six volumes in 1825, was a life of the direst penury and gloom Things got to be so bad with him at last that he must either succumb or quit literature altogether But what could he turn to? There was positively nothing he could do except take to the road—not after the fashion of Captain Hind and Claude Duval, but after the fashion of the modern tramp; and so, on an afternoon in May, with £20 in his pocket that had come to him by what can only be called an accident, he left his London attic with a stick and a bundle to seek his fortune, feeling that the world was all before him where to choose.

What Borrow lacked in adaptability was in great degree compensated by his personal appearance No one who has ever walked with him, either through the streets of London or along the country roads, could fail to remark how his appearance arrested the attention of the passers-by As a gypsy woman once remarked to the present writer, 'Everybody as ever see'd the white-headed Romany Rye never forgot him' When he chanced to meet troops marching along a country road, it was noticeable that every soldier, whether on foot or horseback, would involuntarily turn to look at Borrow's striking figure He stood considerably above six feet in height, was built as perfectly as a Greek statue, and his practice of athletic exercises gave his every movement the easy elasticity of an athlete under training Those East Anglians who have bathed with him on the east coast, or others who have done the same in the Thames or the Ouse, can vouch for his having been an almost faultless model of masculine symmetry, even as an old man With regard to his countenance, 'noble' is the only word which can be used to describe it When he was quite a young man his thick crop of hair had become of a silvery whiteness There was a striking relation between the complexion, which was as luminous and sometimes rosy as an English girl's, and the features—almost perfect Roman Greek in type, with a dash of Hebrew To the dark lustre of the eyes an increased intensity was lent by the fair skin No doubt, however, what most struck the observer was the marked individuality, not to say singularity, of his expression If it were possible to describe this expression in a word or two, it might, perhaps, be called a self consciousness that was both proud and shy

On leaving his lodging Borrow shaped his course to the south-west, and had very soon cleared London and got beyond the suburban villages After walking several miles, he took a seat on the first coach that he found passing that way To Borrow, who loved to dwell upon coincidences, the world was the stage on which a great and varied romantic drama was being played It was this as much as anything else that made him such an interesting companion He eventually found himself, without any definite object or plan, on Salisbury Plain No one was ever more impressed by Stonehenge at sunrise, when Nature and man's handiwork seem greeting each other, than the homeless wanderer, Borrow, whose temperament compelled from the first to live a lonely life, whether as a hermit of the dingle or among men Wonderful dreams of the past and the future came to him among the gigantic remains of Stonehenge, which he would afterwards relate to one or two intimate friends with a glow not to be found in the finest passages of *Lavengro* In this neighbourhood he lingered Then he went on his way, still without any plan Meeting a forlorn travelling tinker who had been driven from the roads by the tyranny of a notorious wandering

blackguard, one Bosville, Borrow straightway fraternised with the man, and eventually bought his pony and cart and business, and at once set up as a travelling tinker himself. Having always taken a great interest in smith's work and tin work, he now travelled as an itinerant metal worker, thinking he could gain a livelihood in this way. After having been brought into contact with the gypsies, and after having narrowly escaped being poisoned by a Romany beldam who cherished a jealous hatred of him, he met near Willenhall in Staffordshire in Mumper Lane (called Mumper's Lane by the gypsies), Bosville himself. Attacked by this man, Borrow had to stand up and fight for the command of the beat. Borrow, at the time when glove fights were looked upon as child's play, took, as has been said before, a genuine interest in the ring. He was a fairly accomplished bruiser himself, but relied for his effects upon the lumbering, hard hitting of heavy weights like the famous Ben Crunt of later days. Hence, being at the time of this encounter partially prostrated from a late illness, and the hard-hitting upon which he relied becoming consequently weakened, he would no doubt have been vanquished but for two of those lucky accidents which were always ready to favour him—the unexpected sympathy of one of Bosville's two female companions, 'Isopel Berners,' and the fact that Bosville, beside himself with rage, struck a tree when he intended to strike Borrow's face, and so crippled himself. Borrow seized this opportunity to deliver a right-hand blow straight from the shoulder, which stunned and nearly killed the 'Flaming Finman,' who, on recovery, made off, leaving 'Isopel Berners' behind. Borrow now became still more thoroughly acquainted with the better class of gypsies, the 'gryengroes' or horse-dealers, especially with the Petulengros. The Petulengros, though not so handsome as the Lovells (the Caulo Kamloes), have always been among the most intelligent of the gypsies, indeed, at this very moment a famous member of the family, Gipsy Smith, is one of the most eloquent preachers in England. The days spent with 'Isopel Berners,' mainly in Mumper's Dingle, were the happiest in Borrow's life. But these soon came to an end. Readers of *Lavengro* have often asked why he severed from the magnificent Anglo-Saxon road girl with whom he had entered into a kind of platonic partnership. The truth is that this railer against 'gentility nonsense' and 'Charley o'er the waterism' had far too great a belief in respectability to marry either gypsy girl or Anglo-Saxon road-girl. Not all Borrow's Odyssean wanderings, and not all his intercourse with the gypsies, ever really freed his mind from the great British and American sophism which to other races is so odious. A quite recent writer has remarked that the reason why Englishmen can never be brought to understand people like the Spaniards is that they cannot realise the existence of a social structure where no man

considers himself inferior because he is poor, and no man considers himself superior simply because he is well-to-do. This remark applies to Borrow as much as to any one of his contemporaries. Dark as had been Borrow's experiences in London, a period no less dark followed his separation from 'Isopel Berners.' This is what certain writers upon Borrow call the 'veiled period' of his life.

In connection with my matter concerning Borrow it is always necessary to take into account the secretiveness of his disposition, and also his passion for posing. His fondness for the wonderful was almost childish. His own love of mystification has led students of Borrow into a somewhat unseemly prying into matters which he wished to keep concealed—has led them into asking why Borrow drew the veil over seven years—has led them into speculating as to whether during the 'veiled period' his life was one of squalid misery, compared with which his sojourn with 'Isopel Berners' had been luxury—or whether he was really travelling, as he pretended to have been, over the world. By yielding to his instinct as a born showman he excites an inquisitiveness about his private matters which would otherwise be unjustifiable. Upon this subject those to whom Borrow seems to have been most reticent were his wife and her daughter. People having the peculiar pride which characterised Borrow seem to be more reticent with their family circle than even with the outer world. Hence it was not until after his wife's death in 1869 that he would allude to this period even to his most intimate friends. To those who know what were Borrow's capacities for earning money as a wandering hedge smith it needs no revelation from documents to come to the conclusion that, as he was mainly living in England during these seven years (continuing for a considerable time his life of a wanderer, afterwards living as an obscure literary struggler in Norwich, assisted by his mother's slender store), his life during this period was not a life that so proud a man as Borrow would care to talk about. Yet it had at least one incident of a most poetic and romantic kind, not recorded in Dr Knipp's *Life*. The 'veiled period' came to an end when Borrow obtained, through a patron and friend, the post of agent to the British and Foreign Bible Society. In this capacity he visited St Petersburg (1833-35) where he published *Tangum*, a collection of translations. Afterwards he visited Spain, Portugal, and Morocco (1835-39). In 1840 he married Mrs Miry Clarke, the well to do widow of a naval officer, with a jointure of £400 a year. He was now enabled to buy an estate on Oulton Broad, and at last become what he longed to be—a small Norfolk squire. Here he permanently settled with his wife and her daughter, and here he turned to literary work again. The first fruit of his travels and adventures was the publication, in 1841, of *Zennah, or Gypsies of Spain*. This work had been written at various odd moments

during Borrow's wanderings along the roads of Spain, in a parchment bound Spanish note book now in the possession of the present writer. It is curious as showing the author's method of composition. The book did not attract much attention, but *The Bible in Spain*, published in 1843, was a great success, and Borrow for a time became a literary lion. In 1844 he began to travel again, this time in south-eastern Europe, and so got much knowledge of a very interesting section of the Continental Romanies. *Lavengro*, which appeared in 1851, was much more coolly received, in some places it was absurdly attacked. It is the book which will maintain Borrow's place in English literature. It was not until 1857 that the sequel to *Lavengro*, *The Romany Rye*, appeared, and this had a still more absurd reception from the English press. It did not pass into a second edition for several years.

In 1862 he published *Wild Wales*, describing a tour that he made in Wales in 1854 with his step daughter. In this book he dwelt at some length on his experiences as an articled clerk in Norwich, but he studiously avoided touching upon the subject of the Welsh gypsies. This is the more remarkable from the fact that in the *Romany Rye* he leaves the reader on the Welsh border. In 1874, having ascertained that Leland was preparing a Romany lexicon, he hurried through the press *Romano Lavo-Lil, or Word book of the Gypsy Language*. It is a pity for his reputation as a Romany scholar that he ever published this book. At this period he was living in Hereford Square, Brompton, where his wife died, seeing only a very few friends, including the Hake family, Mr John Murray, Mr Robert Collinson (who lived next door but one to him), and the present writer. He returned as vigorously as ever his love of all kinds of athleticism, especially of spurring, wrestling, and running. He was at the famous race, on 14th October 1861, between Deerfoot, the Seneca Indian, and Jackson, generally called the 'American Deer,' and in a note preserved by his biographer, Dr Knapp, he gives a graphic description of the Indian's peculiar method of running. Up to the time of his leaving London he used to take those long walks for which in youth he had been notable, and it was at this time that he made those notes of his experiences with the gypsies located around South London that gave its only value to *Romano Lavo-Lil*. A favourite walk of his was through Fulham over Putney Bridge to Richmond and back, and on these occasions he would take no food from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, though he was then past seventy. In the summer of 1874 Borrow left London and returned to Oulton. On the 26th of July 1881 he died suddenly there, in his seventy-ninth year.

There has been much discussion upon Borrow's place in English literature. It is quite unique. Vital literature is that into which the writer

succeeds in pouring his own life stream, therefore it depends upon two things—the inborn, unteachable capacity for literary expression, and a fortunate selection of a congenial subject. If it is true, as has been said, that every man has got within him the making of one book, Borrow was one of the most fortunate of English writers. *Zin cala*, *The Bible in Spain*, *Lavengro*, the *Romany Rye*, and *Wild Wales* are portions of one book. This book is the literary portraiture of a man of singular temperament moving in the only atmosphere in which he was fitted to move, it is also a picture of the outdoor life of England before she succumbed to cosmopolitanism and before she was entirely vulgarised by wealth-worship. Therefore it seems safe to prophesy that whatsoever books of the Victorian epoch are smothered and lost beneath the ever-accumulating mass of English literature, Borrow's writings will be remembered. At that period—before the railways had cut England into a series of iron bordered lozenges and squares—the meadows and dingles, notwithstanding the uncertainty of the English climate, were a Paradise for the nomad. What these English retreats lack in the sunshine-pleasures of warmer and drier climates is made up by comparative freedom from the tyranny of the only part of the animal kingdom that now baffles man—or seriously disturbs him—the insect world. In sunnier climes, except, of course, in the desert countries, outdoor-life, whether in tent or van, is made almost intolerable by the assault of man's relentless insect foes. It is all very well for Shakespeare to lay the scene of the fury world of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in Greece, but the atmosphere is, and must be, that of England's beloved dingles, where alone Lysander and Demetrius could have dreamt in peace beneath a midsummer moon. Although the 'gypsy gentle man' of *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye*, working as a hedge smith in the dingle and by the road side, was working, not, as so many readers and critics of his books suppose, for amusement, but for bread—bread that must have been scant indeed to be bought for the odd sixpences or the few coppers that he was able to earn—no one ever got greater enjoyment from the charms of a vagabond life, no one ever woke up in the early morning with more delight, when the wild flowers of the dingle are shedding their first perfume, no one ever strode out with more exhilaration to the nearest stream for morning ablutions, than did Borrow at the time when he was living with 'Isobel Berners.' A man's good fortune or ill fortune depends upon the kind of people with whom he is brought into contact quite as much as upon himself. Borrow's good fortune both as a man and as a writer came to him as soon as he was brought into contact with the gypsies. Contact with the vivacity of this unique race was absolutely required by Borrow's morbid temperament, and there is not in literary history a more interesting chapter than that which records

Lavengro's sojourn with the gypsies It is the peculiarity of the subject-matter which will keep Borrow's writings alive, this subject-matter is the Romany world in Great Britain and in Spain It is important, therefore, that his relations with the gypsies should be fully understood by the student of his works So deficient is the knowledge displayed even by thoughtful writers upon Romany subjects that Victor Hugo calls Esmerilda (of purely 'Gorgio' blood) a 'Bohemian,' and 'Isobel Berners,' the greatest hater of the Romany character that ever mixed with the gypsies, is constantly spoken of by writers upon the subject as 'Borrow's tall gypsy-girl' Nor are these instances more remarkable than is the fact that one of the most brilliant writers of our time, writing upon and editing Borrow, speaks of 'Romany ryes' and their 'ravnées' under a delusion which is evidently very common that a Romany rye is a gypsy 'There is no room to dwell at length upon these subjects here The present writer has discussed them with some fullness in two imaginative works of his depicting Romany life—depicting it at a period after that of Borrow's pictures, but still at a time when the leading 'gryengroes' could be met in England and Wales—that is, before their great migration to America.

The question has often been asked of Borrow's friends, 'How did it come about that a man, shy, self conscious, and sensitive to the last degree, became not only the Ulysses of the writing fraternity, wandering among strangers all over Europe, but also lived upon intimate terms with that proscribed race who, more than all others, are repelled by shy self consciousness—the gypsies?' In explaining this puzzle we shall throw more light upon the depths of Borrow's personality than by giving such biographical details as are given so admirably and so fully by Dr Knipp When Borrow was talking to people in his own class of life there was always in his bearing a kind of shy egotism What Carlyle calls the 'armed neutrality' of social intercourse oppressed him He seemed always to be on his guard, like one who felt himself to be moving in the enemy's camp He had a way of looking at one from the corner of his eye, as though he were observing what effect his words were having, and this gave to his face an unpleasant expression of watchfulness He seemed to be taking stock of his interlocutor and weighing him against himself But when he was with the gypsies there was no more of the shy, defiant expression with which his English friends were familiar He threw off the burden of restraint The feeling of 'armed neutrality' was left behind, and he seemed to be at last enjoying the only social intercourse that could give him pleasure, this it was that enabled him to make friends so entirely with the gypsies The gypsies too have been equally misunderstood Of course by gypsies are here meant the pure

Romanies, not the wandering London mongrels claimed as gypsies by professional philanthropists like that *bête noire* of F H Groome's, the late Mr Smith of Coalville Notwithstanding what is called 'Romany guile' (which is the growth of ages of oppression), the basis of the Romany character is exactly the opposite of what all writers previous to Borrow conceived it to be Even such writers of genius as Prosper Merimée can give us in *Carmen* only the old bloodthirsty conventional gypsy of the stage It was not until the appearance of Borrow's books that we find in English literature any different conception of the Romany

Borrow once, when asked by the present writer to tell a common friend what he considered to be the great charm of the gypsy character, said, 'Simplicity—frankness' And he was right, as those few Englishmen who have been really and truly admitted 'behind the tents mouth' well know The contradiction between this conception of the Romany character and the popular one in all countries is easily explained Once let the isolating wall which shuts off the Romany from the 'Gorgio' be broken through, and the communicativeness of the Romany temperament begins to show itself The gypsies are extremely close observers, they were very quick to notice how different was Borrow's bearing towards themselves from his bearing towards people of his own race, and Borrow used to say that the would be murdereress, 'old Mrs Herne, and her little grand daughter, Leonora, were the only gypsies who suspected and disliked him' Thus it came about that the gypsies and the wanderers generally were almost the only people in the country who saw the winsome side of Borrow Some men have an instinctive sympathy with the proscribed races of the world, the late Godfrey Lelond was one of these, so was the late F H Groome, but not so pre eminently as was Borrow Not that there is anything of the Brimfylde Moore Crew about Borrow As has been said before, he was at heart a John Bull with an ineradicable belief in *bourgeois* respectability, and yet it was not the *bourgeois* but the vagabond to whom his heart was drawn Perhaps, indeed, it may be said that in order to understand Borrow it is essential to understand not only the Romanies but the other proscribed races Place any race in the position of a *race maudite*—the Jews of mediæval Europe (and, alas! of modern Russia), the Cagots, and the Romanies of the present time—and the primal instinct of self preservation, working through generations, must needs show itself in qualities like that which is spoken of as 'Romany guile' It was observable in the Cagots, we see it in the proscribed races of Asia There is, as a gypsy woman once said to the present writer and to Borrow, 'somethin' in the wind of a Gorgio that shuts the Romany's mouth and opens his eyes and

ears' The result of this state of things is, of course, inevitable—it is 'Romany guile,' and Nature herself seems to have divided the entire animal kingdom into three great classes—those whom she has developed to oppress, those whom she has developed to resist oppression, and those whom she has developed to flee from it And this is a great factor in her scheme of evolution The hungry stomach of the long winded wolf has caused the development of the original ungulate upon which he fed into the swift and long-winded horse whose offspring finally wins the Derby Where the oppressed race has to save itself not by fleetness of foot, but by guile, it is inevitable that natural selection should give rise to what Borrow himself used to call 'the crafty creatures' When the gypsy at the sudden sight of a 'Gorgio' near his tent 'shuts his mouth and opens his eyes and ears,' he does as the other 'crafty creatures' do—he does as the mother partridge does when she shams timeliness in order to save her chickens, he does as the winged insect does that, in order to deceive its foe, mimics the leaf on which it is accustomed to settle *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye* show that when once the barrier is broken down the 'simplicity' of the gypsy character reveals itself—becomes, indeed, the Romany's chief charm Until Borrow appeared and gave us his admirable pictures, it was impossible for any writer to approach the subject of the Romanies from the broad point of view The only fault in his representations of them is that he not infrequently makes them talk in locutions that are too bookish to be dramatically true, the substance of the dialogue, however, is almost always true As a pure race the gypsies are rapidly becoming extinct in the English-speaking countries When they are extinct, Borrow's writings will be more prized than they are even now, but, apart from this, the charm of his mere style is irresistible His own remarks upon style, especially upon that art of telling a plain story plainly which seems to be growing rarer and more difficult every day, are as penetrative as they are admirably expressed Through *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye* the soft flower-laden air moving in England's woods and fields seems to blow, and as years go on, and as Englishmen become more and more familiar with the vaunted charms of other countries, the truth will become more and more evident that Borrow's intense love of England was not misplaced

#### The Flaming Tinman

In the twinkling of an eye, the Flaming Tinman, disengaging himself of his frock coat and dashing off his red night cap, came rushing in more desperately than ever To a flush hit which he received in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done, in a moment his arms were around me, and in another he had hurled me down, falling heavily upon me The fellow's strength appeared to be tremendous

'Pay him off now,' said the vulgar woman The Flaming Tinman made no reply, but planting his

knee on my breast, seized my throat with two huge horny hands I gave myself up for dead, and probably should have been so in another minute but for the tall girl, who caught hold of the handkerchiefs which the fellow wore round his neck with a grasp nearly as powerful as that with which he pressed my throat.

'Do you call that fair play?' said she

'Hands off, Belle,' said the other woman, 'do you call it fair play to interfere? Hands off, or I'll be down upon you myself'

But Belle paid no heed to the injunction, and tugged so hard at the handkerchief that the Flaming Tinman was nearly throttled, suddenly relinquishing his hold of me, he started on his feet, and aimed a blow at my fair preserver, who avoided it, but said coolly

'Finish t'other business first, and then I'm your woman whenever you like, but finish it surely—no foul play when I'm by—I'll be the boy's second, and Moll can pick up you when he happens to knock you down'

The battle during the next ten minutes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but, on the contrary, received six knock down blows myself 'I can never stand this,' said I, as I sat on the knee of Belle, 'I am afraid I must give in, the Flaming Tinman hits very hard,' and I spat out a mouthful of blood

'Sure enough you'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight—it's of no use slipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand, why don't you use your right?'

'Because I'm not handy with it,' said I, and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for his one, but they were all left handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs.

'Now, will you use Long Melford?' said Belle, picking me up

'I don't know what you mean by Long Melford,' said I, grasping for breath

'Why, this long right of yours,' said Belle, feeling my right arm—'if you do, I shouldn't wonder if you yet stand a chance.'

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself I, however, rose from my second's knee as well as my weakness would permit me, on he came, striking left and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when he first commenced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled and his nether lip was cut in two, on he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him At last he aimed a blow which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had been driven, before the tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted, and it so happened that the blow which I struck the tinker beneath the ear was a right handed blow

'Hurrah for Long Melford!' I heard Belle exclaim, 'there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over'

At these words I turned round my head as I lay, and perceived the lame Timman stretched upon the ground apparently senseless.

#### Telling a Plain Story Plainly

What struck me most with respect to these (Newgate) lives was the art which the writers, whoever they were, possessed of telling a plain story. It is no easy thing to tell a story plainly and distinctly by mouth, but to tell one on paper is difficult indeed, so many snarls lie in the way. People are afraid to put down what is common on paper, they seek to embellish their narratives, as they think, by philosophic speculations and reflections, they are anxious to shine, and people who are anxious to shine can never tell a plain story. 'So I went with them to a music booth, where they made me almost drunk with gin, and began to talk their flash language, which I did not understand,' says, or is made to say, Henry Simms, executed at Tyburn some seventy years before the time of which I am speaking. I have always looked upon this sentence as a masterpiece of the narrative style, it is so concise and yet so very clear.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

#### Lord Beaconsfield.

Benjamin Disraeli, statesman and man of letters, was born in London on 21st December 1804. He came of a Jewish family which, driven from Spain in the fifteenth century, took refuge in Venice. Thence, about the middle of the eighteenth century, Benjamin Disraeli's grandfather came to England, where he made a fortune, bought a country house, and lived in a polished and intelligent society. His son Isaac (see Vol II p 715), abandoning business, became a famous man of letters, and the young Benjamin, who, in his own phrase, was 'born in a library' lived from his early youth on terms of familiarity with the great men of the time. Deemed by his mother too sensitive to endure the rough and tumble of a public school, he was educated privately, and he has given a romantic account of his early days in *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming*. An impartial description of this remarkable boy is given by Sir Henry Layard (*Autobiography and Letters*, vol 1 pp 48 seqq), who, strangely enough, first saw him in boxing gloves and shirt sleeves, and who thought him unkind because he would not answer the questions put to him about the East. But the youth of Disraeli is by this time legendary, and even if we make full allowance for exaggeration, it must have been a dream of splendour and nobility. Determined to succeed in life, he knew that the first step necessary was to call attention to himself, and taking the motto 'Adventures are to the adventurous' for his own he acted the part of the adventurous youth with an engaging extravagance. Meanwhile his father destined him for the law, and Disraeli spent some weary years at work for which he was obviously unfit. But he was already intent upon literary schemes, and in 1825 he visited Walter Scott and Lockhart at Chatsworth, with a proposal on

Murray's behalf that Lockhart should edit *The Representative*. With a magniloquence which foreshadowed his future grandeur, Disraeli impressed upon Lockhart that he was not invited 'to be the editor of a newspaper, but the director general of an immense organ, and at the head of a band of high bred gentlemen and important interests.' The fact that Murray entrusted Disraeli with so delicate a mission proves that, young as he was, he was already a personage in society. Moreover, he had dipped his own pen in the ink-pot, and a year after his visit to Chatsworth he published *Vivian Grey*, his first romance. Truly this young solicitor's clerk awoke to find himself famous. *Vivian Grey* had all the elements which ensure success, it was young, it was daring, it was gay. Though, as its author afterwards confessed, it was 'the result of imagination, acting on knowledge not acquired by experience,' it was fresh enough and sincere enough to make the young Disraeli a reputation which his every word his every action, could but increase. The motto, 'Why, then, the world's my oyster, Which I with sword will open,' struck the dominant note of his career, and henceforth all avenues were open to the courageous author. Soon after the publication of his first book he fell suddenly ill, and lost, as he says himself, five years of his life. In 1830, indeed, he sought change in foreign travel, which gave him the opportunity of writing to his family the witty and vivacious series of *Home Letters*, in which the real Disraeli is already alive and alert. Returning to England, he devoted himself with the greatest energy to the composition of romances. *The Young Duke* (1831) was followed by *Contarini Fleming* (1832) and *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy* (1833). These are, perhaps, the most fantastic of all their author's works, they display in the most brilliant fashion Disraeli's love of sentimental romance and bright colours. In all of them the author has a tendency to drop into blank verse, wherever the cessation of dialogue makes it possible to avoid prose. They are all written in an over ornate style, and are splendid with the spoils of the teeming Orient. 'Jasper and porphyry and agate'—these are the materials out of which Disraeli's famous Palladian piles are constructed. On every page of these early stories there is a pose of poetry, which is less sincere, may be, than the other pose of worldliness. While Alroy sees wonders, Contarini, being 'a child of nature,' 'learns to unlearn.' But at the same time, for all their poetry, the chief merit of Disraeli's first essays in romance is the picture of fashionable life which they present. The gambling scene in the *Young Duke* is a masterpiece of its kind, Horace de Beraud in *Contarini Fleming*, who thinks everything and everybody a bore is eminently characteristic while the maxims which are scattered up and down these sparkling pages are the essence of worldliness. 'A smile for a friend and a sneer for the world, is the way to govern

mankind,' says Vivian Grey, who, though he took no other refreshment than 'guava and liqueurs,' was already determined to 'manage mankind by studying their temper and humouring their weaknesses' In truth, remarkable as are these early novels, they would not of themselves have sufficed for immortality If they possess the exuberance of youth, they possess also youth's absurdity, and they were presently eclipsed by their author's famous trilogy But in the meantime Disraeli had written three burlesques — *Itron in Heaven*, *The Infernal Marriage*, and *Popanilla*, which for power and irony may be compared only to the highest, even to Voltaire, upon whose incomparable style they are modelled That a youth should have produced these three little masterpieces is wonderful indeed, they show no trace of indecision, no touch of immaturity, and they prove that when Disraeli handled irony he instantly forgot the extravagances and mannerisms which at times disturbed the serenity of his prose.

But from the first Disraeli recognised that he was a man of action as well as a man of letters

To satisfy his temperament he must discover a profession which brought fame to the adventurous The Bar was little to his mind 'Law and bad jokes till we are forty, and then, with the most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet' Besides, said Vivian Grey, speaking for his author, 'to be a great lawyer I must give up my chances of being a great man' And to be a great man Benjamin Disraeli was determined His mind was made up when early in his life he told Lord Melbourne that he meant to be Prime Minister His assurance was evident when, being asked at the hustings upon what he stood, he replied magnificently, 'Upon my head' But seventy years ago the first necessity of an aspirant to politics was interest, and in political interest Disraeli was sadly lacking He was not the

member of a great house for whose majority in easy borough was waiting He was a Jew, with nothing to help him save his wits, yet he never doubted his ultimate success, and if he ran the risk of debt and embarrassment, he was playing for a big stake and he knew that he would win Meanwhile he had made himself known to the great world His extravagant costumes had attained the effect which he deliberately anticipated for them they had made him talked about, and

the publication of his books had enhanced the effect Layard declares that 'he wore waistcoats of the most gorgeous colours and the most fantastic patterns, with much gold embroidery, velvet pantaloons, and shoes adorned with ribbons' One wit declared that he was 'hanging in chains,' another that he was aspiring to the post of Lord Mayor At Gibraltar he changed his cane as the gun fired, and he was not sure whether it was this piece of coxcombry or the authorship of *Vivian Grey* which made him famous But he had learned the art of presenting himself to the world, the first art which is essential to success, and he



LORD BEACONSFIELD

From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery by Lockhart Boyle,  
after Sir John E. Millais, R.A.

practised it with so fine a skill that he would enter no room unobserved, nor ever break the silence which was habitual to him without securing the attention of all the company When, therefore, he contested High Wycombe (in 1832), he was already a man who had no need to roar unheard He stood as an independent candidate, who thought that 'Toryism was worn out, and could not descend to be a Whig' The Radicals, with O'Connell and Hume among them, gave him their support, and he proved himself a natural master of political epigram He made an eloquent appeal to Bolingbroke and Sir William Wyndham, he advocated triennial parliaments and the ballot, finally, he pronounced himself 'a Conservative to preserve all that is good in our constitution, a Radical to remove all that is bad.'

Unsuccessful in 1832, he failed again two years later, but he made the election memorable by an epigram that is still famous. 'The people,' said he, 'took Reform as some other people take stolen goods, and no questions asked.' But it was not until 1837 that he obtained a seat in the House of Commons, when he was returned for Midstone as the colleague of Wyndham Lewis, whose widow he married in 1839.

His maiden speech was delivered on 7th December 1837 in answer to O'Connell, whom Disraeli two years before had challenged to a duel, and it was received with shouts of derisive laughter. Disraeli's dandified air, his trick of deliberation and impressive speech, his pallid complexion, his black curls, his eccentric costume, were enough to provoke the scorn of a commonplace house. But Disraeli was indifferent to ridicule. He stood his ground with his customary courage, if he was howled down, he was not dismayed. The day would come said he, when they would hear him 'When I rise hereafter in this Assembly a dropped pin shall be heard.'

No man was ever more sincere than Disraeli. His works and acts were all of the same piece. His famous trilogy—*Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred*—is but an expression in another medium of his political life. In the early forties the middle class was rising to greatness, and in its rise was doing its best to crush all that was above or below it. To combat a dangerous situation a party had been formed of emancipated Tories, called the Young England Party, pledged to restore their lost comfort to the lower class and its dying influence to the upper. The leaders of the party were Disraeli, Lord John Manners, George Smythe, and Bullie Cochrane, their aspirations are eloquently expressed in Disraeli's trilogy. *Coningsby* (1844), in fact, struck a fresh note; it was the best novel of politics ever written, and save by its author it has not been surpassed. Admirable as were the early novels, brilliant as were *Genetta* and *Henrietta Temple* (with its magnificent portrait of D'Orsay in Count Mirbel), nothing that Disraeli had yet written suggested the ease and mystery of *Coningsby*. It was, like the others, a *roman à clef*. It is not difficult to identify the chief personages in the story. Coningsby is George Smythe, Disraeli's brilliant colleague, while Monmouth and Rigby are presents, overcharged it is true, of the Marquis of Hertford and his friend John Wilson Croker. Some years later Thackeray tried his hand at the same portraiture and a comparison of *Mundy Fair* with *Coningsby* proves that in some arts of the novelist Disraeli was incomparably the better man. But the three great novels upon which Disraeli's reputation is established are not merely sketches of character, they are also serious political treatises. No better sketch of English parties as they were at the passing of the Reform Bill exists than *Coningsby*. Tidpole and Taper, who never despised of the Republic, are immortal. So,

too, is Rigby, with his patriotic speeches and his 'slashing' articles. As in his earliest speeches, delivered at High Wycombe, so in *Coningsby* Disraeli went back to Bolingbroke and the theory of the Venetian Republic. And after Bolingbroke, the political influence of *Coningsby* was Pitt, who was determined that 'the sovereign of England should never be degraded into the position of a Venetian Doge,' and the three great elements of whose system were 'a widening of our electoral system, great facilities of commerce, and the rescue of our Roman Catholic fellow subjects from a Puritanic yoke.' But *Coningsby* contained more than this lucid exposition of Pitt's and Bolingbroke's views, it set forth, for the first time, Disraeli's opinion of the Jewish question. In the person of Sidonius, Disraeli celebrated the Jews, who are 'unmixed race,' and foreshadowed his own boast that he was a full Jew because he believed not only in Moses but in Calvary. Indeed, *Coningsby* is packed with wisdom. Who will ever forget the cry, 'Register, register, register?' Who will ever deny the truth of the aphorism, 'No Government can be long secure without a formidable Opposition'? *Sybil* (1845), milder in style than *Coningsby*, is also graver in substance, in its pages Disraeli pleaded the cause of the working-man with an eloquence which Carlyle should have appreciated and did not. He was not a Chartist, yet he would have accepted many points of the Charter. But if he put the case against the capitalist with animating force, he did not denounce in evil without proposing a remedy. He dreamed of an aristocracy which was neither tyrannical nor oppressive. 'Forsim will rise from the tomb,' said he, 'with splendid optimism 'over which Bolingbroke shed his last tear, to bring back strength to the Crown, liberty to the subject, and to announce that power has only one duty—to secure the social welfare of the people.' In *Tancred* (1847), the last of the trilogy, Disraeli preached once more his favourite gospel of the East. 'The East,' he said, 'is a circe,' and he prophesied thus early that Cyprus should be ours that the Orient should recognise 'the Empress of India as its suzerain.' For the rest, he declared that the two great stimulants to action were 'youth and debt,' and he drew in Fakredeen a man of shifts and expedients comparable to Panurge himself. But while in this trilogy he announced his political creed, he was practising in the House of Commons what he preached in romance. In 1845 he attacked Peel and his party with all the bitterness that was his. He declared that 'the right honourable gentleman had caught the Whigs by the nape of the neck, and walked away with their clothes.' In the same spirit of ruffianism he asserted that Peel traced 'the steam engine back to the tea kettle, his precedents are generally tea kettle precedents,' and then with the note of deeper seriousness pronounced the Conservative Government 'an organised hypocrisy.' So he expounded the same gospel of Toryism

in book and speech, he had resolved into their elements our political parties, he had pierced 'the strange mystification by which that which was national in its constitution had become odious, and that which was exclusive was presented as popular'

For five and twenty years after the publication of *Sybil* Disraeli deserted fiction. Once only within this period did he take up his pen, to write in *George Bentinck* the best political biography in the language. But from the fall of Peel he was the leader of his party, and it was his business to put into practice the splendid doctrines of patriotism which he had set forth in his novels. He led his party in opposition, he served it magnificently in office. In 1852, in 1858, in 1866 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Though he was the absolute master of his party, though he represented in his own Jewish personality all that was aristocratic and orthodox in English politics, he did not attain to the position of Prime Minister until he was sixty-four years of age. Meanwhile he had educated the Conservatives up to his level of political intelligence, he had passed a Reform Bill which had baffled his opponents, and he reached the zenith of his power and influence when, at the Congress of Berlin (1878), he gave a practical effect to the dreams of his early life.

In 1870, as an interlude to politics, he had published *Lothair*, in some respects his most finished presentation of English society. If its purpose is less deep than the purpose of the trilogy, it is always witty and amazingly true to life. In fact, we know no better picture of the times than this admirable novel, which depends for its interest far more upon an intimate knowledge of human nature than upon the curiosity which prompts us to look for real personages in the characters of fiction. In 1880 was published *Endymion*, in which the author handled the old puppets with his habitual mastery, and yet invented no new drama for their performance. A year later he died, and was buried at Hughenden by the side of the loyal wife who had been the companion of his many triumphs, and of the faithful friend, Mrs Willyams, who had proudly served him. This is not the place to estimate the services which he rendered his country, but it may be said that he was not only the most skilful parliamentarian of his day—he was also a statesman whose foresight and resolution shaped the destinies of England. His life, apart from politics, was distinguished by a singular rectitude and a rare amiability. Though he lived and died a poor man, harassed by debt, he always subordinated his private interests to the public weal. His reputation in literature has been steadily growing since his death. The old legend of 'the Hebrew conjurer' has long been forgotten, and the man who was laughed at by far less intelligent persons than Carlyle is to-day generally recognised as a great novelist. He did not always treat the English language with the respect it deserves. But if he was sometimes careless in

word and grammar, he never failed in the making of phrases. In this art his touch was as sure as Heine's own, and innumerable coins stamped with the impress of his wit have passed into the general currency. Above all, he was an acute student of men and women. He understood both the grandeur and littleness of mankind, and he revealed his knowledge to others with an uncommon sincerity. Yet no romance that he wrote is more splendid than the romance of his own life. If he cherished many ambitions, he gratified them all, and he presents the rare and happy spectacle of a career in which literature and experience are indissoluble.

#### Gentus and Youth.

'Nay,' said the stranger, 'for life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder, Manhood a struggle, Old Age a regret. Do not suppose,' he added, smiling, 'that I hold that youth is genius, all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five and twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian Empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five, the greatest battle of modern time, had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Conde and Rocroi at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died. Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive, but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a Cardinal at fifteen, and according to Guicciardini, baffled with his statescraft Ferdinand of Aragon himself. He was Pope as Leo X. at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, they worked with young brims. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, and died at thirty-seven, the greatest of Frenchmen.'

'Ah! that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He, too, died at thirty-seven. Richelieu was Secretary of State at thirty-one. Well then, there were Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men left off cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and Attorney General at twenty-four. And Acquaviva, Acquaviva was General of the Jesuits, ruled every Cabinet in Europe, and colonised America before he was thirty-seven. What a career!' exclaimed the stranger, rising from his chair and walking up and down the room, 'the

secret sway of Europe! That was indeed a position! But it is needless to multiply instances! The history of Heroes is the history of Youth' (From *Comingsby*)

### A Sublime Eloquence

It was clearly a runaway match—never indeed was such a sublime elopement. The four horses were coal black, with blood red manes and tails, and they were shod with rubies. They were harnessed to a bisaltic car by a single rein of flame. Waving his double pronged trident in the air, the God struck the blue breast of Cyane, and the waters instantly parted. In rushed the wild chariot, the pale and insensible Proserpine clinging to the breast of her grim lover.

Through the depths of the hitherto unfathomed lake the infernal steeds held their breathless course. The car jolted against its bed. 'Save me!' exclaimed the future Queen of Hades, and she clung with renewed energy to the bosom of the dark bridegroom. The earth opened, they entered the kingdom of the Gnomes. Here Pluto was popular. The lured populace gave him a loud shout. The chariot whirled along through shadowy cities and by dim highways, swarming with a busy race of shades.

'Ye flowery meads of Enna!' exclaimed the terrified Proserpine, 'shall I never view you again? What an execrable climate!'

'Here, however, indoor nature is charming,' responded Pluto. 'Tis a great nation of manufacturers. You are better, I hope, my Proserpine. The passage of the winter is never very agreeable, especially to ladies.'

'And which is our next stage?' inquired Proserpine.

'The centre of Earth,' replied Pluto. 'Travelling is so much improved that at this rate we shall reach Hades before night.'

'Alas!' exclaimed Proserpine, 'is not this night?'

'You are not unhappy, my Proserpine?'

'Beloved of my heart, I have given up everything for you! I do not repent, but I am thinking of my mother.'

'Time will pacify the Lady Ceres. What is done cannot be undone. In the winter, when a residence among us is even desirable, I should not be surprised were she to pay us a visit.'

'Her prejudices are so strong,' murmured the bride. 'O! my Pluto, I hope your family will be kind to me.'

'Who could be unkind to Proserpine? Ours is a very domestic circle. I can assure you that everything is so well ordered among us that I have no recollection of a domestic broil.'

'But marriage is such a revolution in a bachelor's establishment,' replied Proserpine, despondingly. 'To tell the truth, too, I am half frightened at the thought of the Furies. I have heard that their tempers are so violent.'

'They mean well, their feelings are strong, but their hearts are in the right place. I flatter myself you will like my nieces, the Fates. They are accomplished, and favourites among the men.'

'Indeed!'

'Oh! quite irresistible.'

'My heart misgives me. I wish you had at least paid them the compliment of apprising them of our marriage.'

'Cheer up. For myself, I have none but pleasant anticipations. I long to be at home once more by my own fireside, and putting my faithful Cerberus'

'I think I shall like Cerberus, I am fond of dogs.'

'I am sure you will. He is the most faithful creature in the world.'

'Is he very fierce?'

'Not if he takes a fancy to you, and who can help taking a fancy to Proserpine?'

'Ah! my Pluto, you are in love'

(From *The Infernal Marriage*)

### In Praise of Debt.

Fakredeen was fond of his debts, they were the source, indeed, of his only real excitement, and he was grateful to them for their stirring powers. The usurers of Syria are as adroit and callous as those of all other countries, and possess no doubt all those repulsive qualities which are the consequence of an habitual control over every generous emotion. But, instead of viewing them with feelings of vengeance or abhorrence, Fakredeen studied them unceasingly with a fine and profound investigation, and found in their society a deep psychological interest. His own rapacious soul delighted to struggle with their rapine, and it charmed him to baffle with his artifice their fraudulent dexterity. He loved to enter their houses with his glittering eye and face radiant with innocence, and, when things were at the very worst and they remorseless, to succeed in circumventing them. In a certain sense, and to a certain degree, they were all his victims. True, they had gorged upon his rents and menaced his domains, but they had also advanced large sums, and he had so involved one with another in their eager appetite to prey upon his youth, and had so complicated the financial relations of the Syrian coast in his own respect, that sometimes they tremblingly calculated that the crash of Fakredeen must inevitably be the signal of a general catastrophe.

Even usurers have their weak side, some are vain, some envious, Fakredeen knew how to titillate their self-love, or when to give them the opportunity of unmotivating a rival. Then it was, when he had baffled and deluded them, or with that fatal frankness, of which he sometimes blushingly boasted, had betrayed some sacred confidence that shook the credit of the whole coast from Scanderoon to Gaza, and embroiled individuals whose existence depended on their mutual goodwill, that, laughing like one of the blue eyed hyenas of his forests, he galloped away to Canobis, and, calling for his niggily, mused in churlish calculation over the prodigious sums he owed to them, formed whimsical and airy projects for his quittance, or delighted himself by brooding over the memory of some happy expedient or some daringfeat of finance.

'What should I be without my debts?' he would sometimes exclaim, 'dear companions of my life that never desert me! All my knowledge of human nature is owing to them. It is in managing my affairs that I have sounded the depths of the human heart, recognised all the combinations of human character, developed my own powers, and mastered the resources of others. What expedient in negotiation is unknown to me? What degree of endurance have I not calculated? What play of the countenance have I not observed? Yes, among my creditors I have disciplined that diplomatic ability, that shall some day confound and control Cabinets. Oh my debts, I feel your presence like that of guardian angels! If I be lazy, you prick me to action, if elate, you subdue me to reflection, and thus it is that you alone can secure that continuous yet controlled energy which conquers mankind.'

(From *Tancred*)

### The Crown and the People

And thus I conclude the last page of a work which, though its form be light and unpretending, would yet aspire to suggest to its readers some considerations of a very opposite character. A year ago, I presumed to offer the public some volumes that aimed at calling their attention to the state of our political parties, their origin, their history, their present position. In an age of political infidelity, of mean passions, and petty thoughts, I would have impressed upon the rising race not to despair, but to seek in a right understanding of the history of their country and in the energies of heroic youth the elements of national welfare. The present work advances another step in the same emprise. From the state of Parties, it now would draw public thought to the state of the People whom those parties for two centuries have governed. The comprehension and the cure of this greater theme depend upon the same agencies as the first; it is the past alone that can explain the present, and it is youth that alone can mould the remedial future. The written history of our country for the last ten reigns has been a mere platitude, giving to the origin and consequence of public transactions a character and colour in every respect dissimilar to their natural form and hue. In this mighty mystery all thoughts and things have assumed an aspect and title contrary to their real quality and style. Oh garchy has been called Liberty, an exclusive priesthood has been christened a National Church. Sovereignty has been the title of something that has had no dominion, while absolute power has been wielded by those who profess themselves, the servants of the People. In the selfish strife of factions, two great existences have been blotted out of the history of England, the Monarch and the Multitude, as the power of the Crown has diminished, the privileges of the People have disappeared, till at length the sceptre has become a phantom, and its subject has degenerated again into a wif.

It is nearly fourteen years ago, in the popular frenzy of a mean and selfish revolution which emancipated neither the Crown nor the People, that I first took the occasion to inunite, and then to develop to the first assembly of my countrymen that I ever had the honour to address, these convictions. They have been misunderstood, as is ever for a season the fate of Truth, and they have obtained for their promulgator much misrepresentation, as must ever be the lot of those who will not follow the beaten track of a fallacious custom. But Time, that brings all things, has brought also to the mind of England some suspicion that the idols they have so long worshipped, and the oracles that have so long deluded them, are not the true ones. There is a whisper rising in this country that Loyalty is not a phrase, Truth not a delusion, and Popular Liberty something more diffusive and substantial than the profane exercise of the sacred rights of sovereignty by political classes.

That we may live to see England once more possess a free Monarchy and a privileged and prosperous People is my prayer, that these great consequences can only be brought about by the energy and devotion of our Youth is my persuasion. We live in an age when to be young and to be indifferent can be no longer synonymous. We must prepare for the coming hour. The claims of the Future are represented by suffering millions, and the Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity.

(From *Sybil*)

### The Jewish Race

The world has by this time discovered that it is impossible to destroy the Jews. The attempt to extirpate them has been made under the most favourable auspices and on the largest scale, the most considerable means that man could command have been pertinaciously applied to this object for the longest period of recorded time. Egyptian Pharaohs, Assyrian Kings, Roman emperors, Scandinavian crusaders, Gothic princes, and holy inquisitors have alike devoted their energies to the fulfilment of this common purpose. Expatriation, exile, captivity, confiscation, torture on the most inhuman and iniquitous on the most extensive scale, a curious system of degrading customs and debasing laws which would have broken the heart of any other people, have been tried, and in vain. The Jews, after all this havoc, are probably more numerous at this date than they were during the reign of Solomon the wise, and found in all lands, and, unfortunately, prospering in most. All which proves that it is in vain for man to attempt to baffle the inexorable law of nature which has decreed that a superior race shall never be destroyed or absorbed by an inferior.

But the influence of a great race will be felt, its greatness does not depend upon its numbers, otherwise the English would not have vanquished the Chinese, nor would the Aztecs have been overthrown by Cortez and a handful of Goths. That greatness results from its organisation, the consequences of which are shorn in its energy and enterprise, in the strength of its will and the fertility of its brain. Let us observe what should be the influence of the Jews and then a certain how it is exercised. The Jewish race connects the modern population with the early ages of the world, when the relations of the Creator with the created were more intimate than in these days, when angels visited the earth and God Himself even spake with man. The Jews represent the Semitic principle, all that is spiritual in our nature. They are the trustees of tradition and the conservators of the religious element. They are a living and the most striking evidence of the folly of that pernicious doctrine of modern times, the natural equality of man. The political equality of a particular race is a matter of municipal arrangement and depends entirely on political considerations and circumstances but the natural equality of man now in vogue, and taking the form of cosmopolitan fraternity, is a principle which, were it possible to act on it, would deteriorate the great races and destroy all the genius of the world. What would be the consequence on the great Anglo-Saxon republic, for example, were its citizens to secede from their sound principle of reserve, and mingle with their negro and coloured populations? In the course of time they would become so deteriorated that their states would probably be reconquered and regained by the aborigines whom they have expelled, and who would then be their superiors. But though nature will never ultimately permit this theory of natural equality to be practised, the preaching of this dogma has already caused much mischief, and may occasion much more. The native tendency of the Jewish race, who are justly proud of their blood, is against the doctrine of the equality of man. They have also another characteristic, the faculty of acquisition. Although the European laws have endeavoured to prevent their obtaining property,

they have nevertheless become remarkable for their accumulated wealth. Thus it will be seen that all the tendencies of the Jewish race are conservative. Their bias is to religion, property, and natural aristocracy and it should be the interest of statesmen that this bias of a great race should be encouraged, and their energies and creative powers enlisted in the cause of existing society.

(From *Life of Lord George Bentinck*)

The best Lives of Lord Beaconsfield are those by Froude (1869) and Hitchman (3rd ed. 1885), but neither is satisfactory. A volume of his Letters (1830-52) was edited in 1887 by Mr Ralph Dusrael.

CHARLES WHIBLEY

**Frederick Denison Maurice** (1805-72) was the son of a Unitarian minister, and was born at Normanston near Lowestoft, whence in 1814 the family removed to Frenchay near Bristol, and in 1823 he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, thence migrating to Trinity Hall. His reputation at the university for scholarship stood high, but, being at this time a Dissenter, he left Cambridge in 1827 without taking a degree, and commenced a literary career in London. He wrote for the *Westminster Review* and other serials, and for a time edited the *Athenaeum*, then recently started. His spirit had been profoundly stirred and influenced by Coleridge, and resolving to take orders in the Church of England, he in 1830 went to Oxford, where he took the degree of M.A., and was ordained a priest in 1834. In that year his novel, *Eustace Conway*, was published without attracting much notice. He became chaplain to Guy's Hospital in 1837, in 1840 he was made Professor of Literature at King's College, London, and there he was Professor of Theology from 1846 till 1853. He was chaplain of Lincoln's Inn from 1846 until 1860, when he accepted the incumbency of Vere Street Chapel, held by him until his election as Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge in 1866. The publication in 1853 of his *Theological Essays* lost him the professorship of Theology in King's College. The recompence he declared to be not a terrible necessity but a glorious gospel, not of pardon for sin but deliverance from sin, while Christ's definition of life eternal—and so of eternal punishment—he maintained was opposed to the popular doctrine, which he regarded as a mixture of paganism and Christianity. Amongst the views set forth in this and other works were the doctrine that the 'fall of Adam' is not the centre of theology, but an incident in the early education of the race, important only as representing the weakness of man apart from Christ, that creeds, the Bible, the Church, are valuable just in so far as they set forth Christ the King as the object of the faith of man, but as substitutes for that faith are only mischievous. Of some fifty publications, the most important (in many cases originally delivered as sermons or lectures) were his *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, *Religions of the World*, *Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament*, *Patriarchs and Lawgivers of the Old*

*Testament*, *The Kingdom of Christ*, *The Doctrine of Sacrifice*, *Theological Essays*, *Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the First and Second Centuries*, *The Gospel of St John*, *The Conscience*, and *Social Morality*. Maurice strenuously controverted Mansel's views on our knowledge of God, and denounced as false any political economy founded on selfishness and not on the Cross as the ruling power of the universe. He was the mainspring of the movement known as Christian Socialism, and the president of the society for promoting working men's associations, and was also the founder and first principal of the Working-Man's College, and the founder and the guiding spirit of the Queen's College for Women, in both of which he taught. Though his views were those that came to be called 'Broad Church,' and he

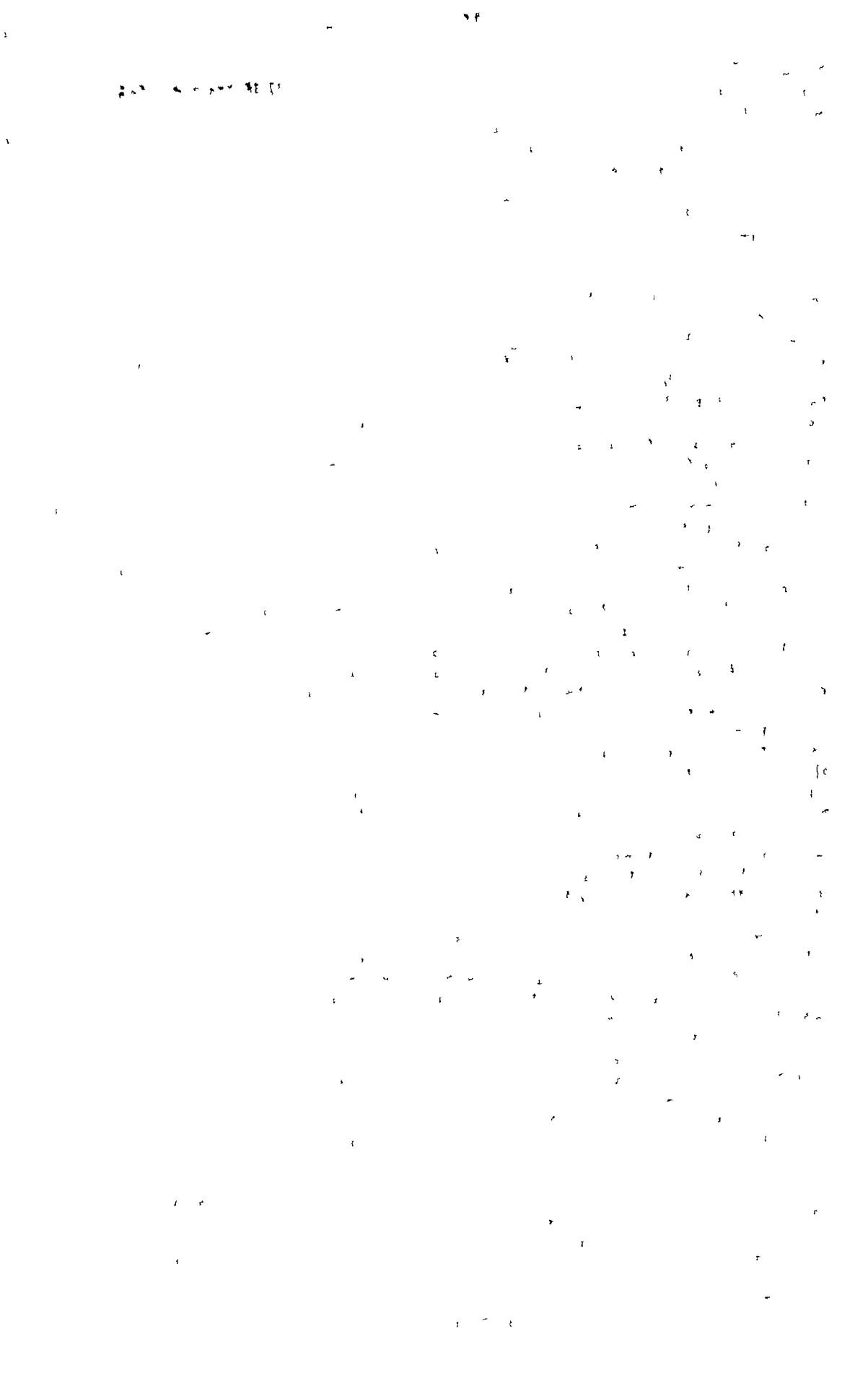


FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE

From the Portrait by Samuel Laurence in National Portrait Gallery

had many friends or followers who accepted his main positions, he vehemently repudiated the position of a party-leader. His influence extended throughout all parties in the Church and far beyond the Church, and he profoundly stirred and attracted men of the most various types. Charles Kingsley and Tom Hughes were disciples, J. S. Mill and Ruskin acknowledged his power. He rather stimulated to like aims and sympathies than inculcated a doctrine. And it was with some justice complained that his desire to avoid dogmatic definition made some of his positions hard to grasp, and that he was obscure if not confused in thought. His originality and suggestiveness are in his published writings injured by his too great copiousness, but his expositions, though they often seem too like sermons, are constantly marked by profound thoughts and eloquent appeals to heart and conscience.

A bibliography of Maurice's writings was published by G. J. Gray in 1884. His full name was John Frederick Denison Maurice. His Life, based mainly on his own letters, was written by his son Major General Sir John Frederick Maurice, K.C.B. (2 vols. 1884).



too narrow, and was yearning for an ampler outlook. As a philosophy of life he found Benthamism gravely defective, and he shocked his own immediate Utilitarian circle by a sympathetic exposition of the Idealism of Coleridge. Mill's dissatisfaction with the narrowness and hardness of the Utilitarian creed was intensified by a severe mental crisis through which he passed in the autumn of 1826, probably brought on by excessive intellectual application. The characteristic of the crisis was deadness of feeling, largely due, Mill thought, to exclusive devotion to the habit of analysis inculcated by the Utilitarian philosophy. He found relief in the poetry of Wordsworth. Out of this experience grew two convictions somewhat alien to the creed of his father and Bentham—namely, that while happiness is the test of the results of conduct and the end of life, yet it should not be pursued as the direct end but as an ideal end, aiming at something else, happiness is found by the way. The other conviction was that the Utilitarians took too narrow a view of education, they considered the individual too exclusively as an active reforming being, as mainly devoted to the destruction of error and the propagation of truth—a kind of intellectual machine. Mill now saw that self culture, the culture of the emotional and passive susceptibilities, were a necessary part of education. His attitude is revealed in the essays on Bentham and Coleridge created considerable distrust among his old friends, especially the Grotes, but he never abandoned the fundamental tenets of the Utilitarian creed. Under the influence of men like Maurice, Sterling, and others who had come under the sway of Coleridge, he gave to Utilitarianism a wider meaning, so as to make it include individual culture as well as intellectual propagandism and revolutionary zeal.

That Mill still remained true to his early faith was made evident when his *Logic* appeared in 1843. It had long been his opinion that the doctrine of necessary truths and intuitions was largely responsible for the strong hold which erroneous beliefs and hurtful institutions have upon society. So long as certain beliefs can be traced back to necessary truths, so long, he said, is it impossible to overthrow these beliefs, and so long will reformers spend their strength in vain in attacking institutions which draw their justification from these beliefs. Mill's aim in the *Logic* is to trace all thought and feeling to experience. The philosophy upon which it rests is mainly that of James Mill improved and strengthened, but in the main the principle of Association is used as the master-key with which to open the psychologic problems of belief and reasoning. The book attained extraordinary popularity, and those who dissented most widely from its views were bound to confess that Mill's work, especially the section dealing with Induction, was the product of a master mind. The *Logic* was followed in 1848 by *The Principles of Political Economy*. Here, too,

Mill breaks away from his intellectual ancestors in some important particulars. The Political Economy of James Mill and Ricardo rested on the idea of absolute freedom. The laws of wealth, said they, are as fixed and inflexible as the law of gravitation. In his work J S Mill makes a distinction between the laws of production and distribution. The former he holds to be regulated by causes beyond legislative control, but the latter, he thinks, may be modified by institutions and governmental action. At this point Mill touches hands with Socialism, which his predecessors abhorred. He hoped to do in the nineteenth century for political economy what Adam Smith did for it in the eighteenth century, but instead of placing the science on an immovable basis, he succeeded in raising questions of such momentous import that since his time economic science has been in a state of chaos.

In 1851 a great emotional influence came into Mill's life. In that year he married Mrs Taylor, a lady with whom, during her husband's lifetime, he had been on terms of intimacy which met with the strong disapproval of his father and his most intimate friends. The tone of eulogy in which Mill spoke and wrote of his wife completely baffled his associates. Undoubtedly clever, Mrs Taylor was not a woman of transcendent abilities. Carlyle, when asked about her, said 'She was a woman with a deal of *unwise intellect*, she was always wanting to know how and why and what for.' It would almost seem as if Mill's emotional life, so long repressed by his father and starved by a cast-iron creed, had at this epoch in his life burst its bonds and like a torrent flowed over without discriminating check. His extraordinary devotion to his wife is still to be seen in the inscription he caused to be placed on her grave at Avignon, where she died in 1858.

The years 1858 to 1865 were crowded with literary work. In that period were produced the *Liberty*, the essay on *Utilitarianism*, the book on *Representative Government*, and the *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy* and other smaller productions, including a volume of papers on *Comte and Positivism*. In the book on *Liberty*, which is one of the best of his writings, Mill deals with a task which has baffled the intellect of all political thinkers—namely, the task of reconciling the freedom of the individual with the restraints rendered necessary by the needs of the social order. In society, restraints and compulsion there must be. What are their justification, and how far are they to be allowed to interfere with the liberty of the individual? These aspects of a many sided problem are handled with a courage, lucidity, and grasp which stamped the book as epoch making in the sphere of political philosophy.

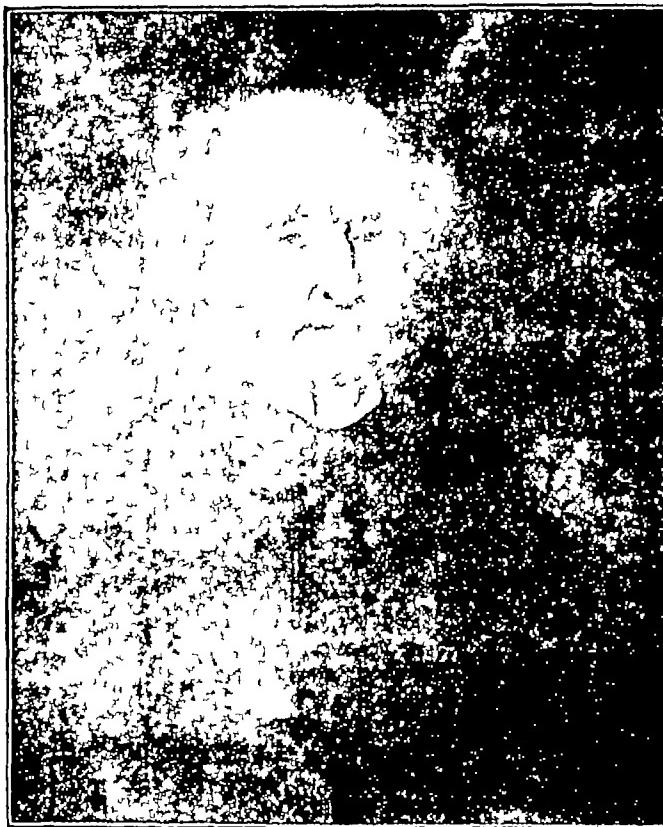
The book on *Representative Government* raises anew questions which the old Radicals believed they had settled for ever. It was a favourite dogma of Bentham and James Mill that the evils of society had their origin in ignorance and mis-

government, hence their fervour in the cause of education and in the attempt to form a scientific theory of government. James Mill's famous essay on Government, which Macaulay attacked so furiously, rested on the assumption that the best form of government was one in which political power was in the hands, not of a monarch or an aristocratic minority, but of a democratic majority. In a word, when power is in the hands of the Community at large the problem will be solved, for according to Bentham and his school the Community cannot have an interest opposite to its own interest, thereby it was thought government would be no longer diverted from its proper end—the greatest happiness of the greatest number—by the sinister interests either of a king or self seeking aristocrats. In his *Representative Government* we find Mill, as in his other works, calling in question some of the dogmas of his intellectual ancestors. He saw, what James Mill and Bentham failed to see, that there may be such a thing as despotism of a majority as well as of a minority. His book is a careful discussion of the fundamental problems of Government, in which, in his usual fair-minded way, he faces difficulties without shrinking, and though fully in sympathy with democracy, courageously points out its inherent defects and dangers.

In his essay on Bentham, Mill gave indication of dissatisfaction with the narrow interpretation which the early Utilitarians gave of the emotional side of life. Happiness was conceived by Bentham in rather a crude fashion, the happiness associated with the aesthetic feelings being practically ignored. It was clear that in dealing with Utilitarianism Mill would come into conflict with the crude views of his predecessors. In his *Utilitarianism*, published in 1861, Mill, while holding fast by the greatest happiness theory of Bentham, endeavoured to give an ideal interpretation of happiness, which

included elements which Bentham would have repudiated. He was on the right lines, but he had the misfortune to theorise before the new mass of information regarding man's origin and development had crystallised round the evolution theory; consequently, all that is best in the old Utilitarianism has now been incorporated along with his speculations in a new and more enduring framework.

In 1861 Mill turned his attention again to philosophy. In his *Logic* he had set himself to construct a science of reasoning on the lines of the Experience philosophy, but in that book root problems were not dealt with exhaustively. Now he seized the opportunity of travelling over the entire philosophic field by reviewing the *Philosophy of Sir William Hamilton*. What was intended to be an article swelled into a volume, and was published in 1865. Mill's starting-point is experience. The mind, he holds, has no original intuitions, is not originally supplied with necessary forms of thought. All we know is derived



JOHN STUART MILL.

From the Portrait by G F Watt, R A  
(in National Portrait Gallery, Fred Hollyer, Photo)

from experience. Experience of what? The answer to that determines the philosophic status of a thinker. The two fundamental facts of knowledge are Matter and Mind. What does experience tell us of Matter? In the course of his criticism of Hamilton, Mill reaches the conclusion that Matter can only be defined as the Permanent Possibility of Sensation—a definition which immediately links the Experience philosophy with Berkeleyan Idealism. And what of Mind? Mind, we are told, may be resolved into a series of feelings with a background of possibilities of feelings, of expectations and recollections. Mill, with his characteristic frankness, is aware of the difficulty of his theory. The supreme difficulty is to understand how with such a theory knowledge itself is possible. Grant that what we know of a material world is simply a series of scattered phenomena. Postulate

a unifying mind working according to definite laws, and there is a possibility of coherent knowledge. But deny unifying power to Mind, reduce Mind to a series of phenomena, and the question arises how out of the two forms of phenomena—material and mental—does a Cosmos rather than a chaos emerge? Mill's psychological theory determines his entire system of thought. If, according to it, we can know nothing of the external world beyond particular aspects of matter, and nothing of mind beyond particular aspects of feeling, obviously all our knowledge is limited to experience. Knowledge resolves itself into a recognition of particulars, and logic becomes the science of thought, whereby by means of induction and deduction the mind has hold of the order which obtains among the various aspects of phenomena. In the last analysis, Mill's conception of the world is that of a collection of facts grasped by the mind by means of the law of Association, facts existing by no necessity but resting so far as we know on the arbitrary and the accidental.

Insight into Mill's philosophy gives the clue to the essays on Religion which, published after his death, created widespread surprise. He was bound to admit that the present system of things was not held together by any inherent necessity. The notion of necessity, he said, was the product of the law of Association, which led us to think that facts which had been always associated in our experience would always be associated. Thus in another planet things might be so arranged that two and two make five, even in this planet a supernatural revelation with accompanying miracles might well take place. We have no right beforehand to lay down the conditions of the Cosmos, all we have to do is to study phenomena as they present themselves and tribulate the results for our guidance. Thus it comes about that the Experience philosophy of Mill, with its rational induction, leads ultimately, as Saine put it, to 'an abyss of chance, an abyss of ignorance.'

Mill, who had been living at Avignon pursuing his philosophical labours, was suddenly called to another and very different sphere. He was in 1865 invited to become Liberal candidate for Westminster. He laid down certain unique conditions. He refused to canvass or allow any one to canvass for him. He announced that if elected he could not attend to local interests. He refused to answer any question as to his religious views, and he declared himself to be an advocate of woman's suffrage. Mill was elected by a majority of some hundreds over his Conservative opponent, and in the House of Commons he showed himself very energetic. He was always to be found in the ranks of the progressivists, and with his usual courage never shrank from identifying himself with the unpopular cause. He never, however, was quite at home in the House. He was no orator. He could

speak well, but his oratory was too intellectual for a popular assembly, and he never was able, had he been inclined, to sink the philosopher in the politician. Mr Gladstone has left on record his belief that Mill gave a certain dignity to the House by the singular moral elevation of his character—a characteristic which led the great Liberal statesman to call him the Saint of Rationalism. Mill did not long enjoy his parliamentary honours. At the general election in 1868 he was defeated by the Conservative candidate, Mr W H Smith (who ultimately became leader of the Conservative party), and retired to his philosophic retreat at Avignon. The defeat was attributed to the fact that Mill sent a subscription to the election expenses of Mr Charles Bridlugh, the well known anti Christian writer and lecturer. Mill occupied his closing years with congenial pursuits. He was elected Lord Rector of St Andrews University, and delivered a Rectorial address on education. A friend said to him how good it was. Mill replied that it ought to be, for he had thought about the subject all his life. He issued a new edition of his father's *Analysis of the Human Mind*, and busied himself with his *Autobiography*, which was published after his death. Suddenly his work was brought to an end. Warnings of failing strength were not wanting, but though he was in his sixtieth year, there was nothing to cause anxiety. Indeed, three days before his death he walked fifteen miles on a botanical excursion. Attacked by a local endemic disease, he succumbed on 8th May 1873, and was buried at Avignon. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of his speculations, Mill's name and personality will ever bulk largely in the history of nineteenth century thought.

#### The Stationary State

I cannot regard the stationary state of capital and wealth with the unaffected aversion so generally manifested towards it by political economists of the old school. I am inclined to believe that it would be, on the whole, a very considerable improvement on our present condition. I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on, that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other's heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of human kind, or anything but the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress. It may be a necessary stage in the progress of civilisation, and those European nations which have hitherto been so fortunate as to be preserved from it may yet have it to undergo. It is an incident of growth, not a mark of decline, for it is not necessarily destructive of the higher aspirations and the heroic virtues. As America, in her great civil war, has proved to the world, both by her conduct as a people and by numerous splendid individual examples, and as England, it is to be hoped, would also prove on an equally trying and exciting occasion. But it is not a kind of social perfection which philanthropists to come will feel any very eager desire to assist in realising. Most fitting, indeed, it is that while riches are power,

and to grow as rich as possible the universal object of ambition, the path to its attainment should be open to all, without favour or partiality. But the best state for human nature is that in which, while no one is poor, no one desires to be richer, nor has any reason to fear being thrust back by the efforts of others to push themselves forward.

There is room in the world, no doubt, and even in old countries, for a great increase of population, supposing the arts of life to go on improving, and capital to increase. But even if innocent, I confess I see very little reason for desiring it. The density of population necessary to enable mankind to obtain, in the greatest degree, all the advantages both of co-operation and social intercourse has in all most populous countries been obtained. A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be kept perverse at all times in the presence of his species. A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character, and solitude in the presence of natural beauty or grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without. Nor is there much satisfaction in contemplating the world with nothing left to the spontaneous activity of nature—with every rood of land brought into cultivation, which is capable of growing food for human beings, every flowery waste or natural pasture ploughed up, all quadrupeds or birds which are not domesticated for man's use exterminated as his rivals for food, every hedgerow or superfluous tree rooted out, and scarcely a place left where a wild shrub or flower could grow without being eradicated as a weed in the name of improved agriculture. If the earth must lose that great portion of its pleasantness which it owes to things that the unlimited increase of wealth and population would extirpate from it, for the mere purpose of enabling it to support a larger, but not a better or a happier population, I sincerely hope, for the sake of posterity, that they will be content to be stationary, long before necessity compels them to do it.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that a stationary condition of capital and population implies no stationary state of human improvement. There would be as much scope as ever for all kinds of mental culture and moral and social progress, as much room for improving the Art of Living, and much more likelihood of its being improved, when minds ceased to be engrossed by the art of getting on. Even the industrial arts might be as earnestly and as successfully cultivated, with this sole difference, that instead of serving no purpose but the increase of wealth, industrial improvements would produce their legitimate effect, that of abridging labour. Hitherto it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being. They have enabled a greater population to live the same life of drudgery and imprisonment, and an increased number of manufacturers and others to make fortunes. They have increased the comforts of the middle classes. But they have not yet begun to effect those great changes in human destiny which it is in their nature and in their futurity to accomplish. Only when, in addition to just institutions, the increase of mankind shall be under the deliberate guidance of

judicious foresight can the conquests made from the powers of nature by the intellect and energy of scientific discoverers become the common property of the species, and the means of improving and elevating the universal lot.

(*from Political Economy, vol. II.*)

### The Place of Art in Education.

If we wish men to practise virtue, it is worth while trying to make them love virtue and feel it an object in itself and not a tax paid for leave to pursue other objects. It is worth training them to feel not only actual wrong or actual meanness, but the absence of noble aims and endeavours, as not merely blamable, but also degrading to have a feeling of the miserable smallness of mere self in the face of this great universe, of the collective mass of our fellow creatures, in the face of past history and of the indefinite future—the poverty and insignificance of human life if it is to be all spent in making things comfortable for ourselves and our kin and raising ourselves and them a step or two on the social ladder. Thus feeling, we learn to respect our selves only so far as we feel capable of nobler objects, and if unfortunately those by whom we are surrounded do not share our aspirations, perhaps disapprove the conduct to which we are prompted by them, to sustain ourselves by the ideal sympathy of the great characters in history, or even in fiction, and by the contemplation of an idealised posterity shall I add, of ideal perfection, embodied in a Divine Being? Now, of this elevated tone of mind the great source of inspiration is poetry, and all literature so far as it is poetical and artistic. We may imbibe exalted feelings from Plato or Demosthenes or Freitus, but it is in so far as those great men are not solely philosophers or orators or historians, but poets and artists. Nor is it only loftiness, only the heroic feelings that are bred by poetic cultivation. Its power is as great in calming the soul as in elevating it—in fostering the milder emotions, as the most exalted. It brings home to us all those aspects of life which take hold of our nature on its unselfish side, and leads us to identify our joy and grief with the good or ill of the system of which we form a part, and all those solemn or pensive feelings which, without having any direct application to conduct, incline us to take life seriously and predispose us to the reception of anything which comes before us in the shape of duty. Who does not feel himself a better man after a course of Dante or of Wordsworth, or, I will add, of Lucretius or the Georgics, or after brooding over Gray's 'Elegy' or Shelley's 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty'? I have spoken of poetry, but all the other modes of art produce similar effects in their degree. The races and nations whose senses are naturally finer and their sensuous perceptions more exercised than ours receive the same kind of impressions from painting and sculpture, and many of the more delicately organised among ourselves do the same. All the arts of expression tend to keep alive and in activity the feelings they express. Do you think that the great Italian painters would have filled the place they did in the European mind, would have been universally ranked among the greatest men of their time, if their productions had done nothing for it but to serve as the decoration of a public hall or a private *salon*? Their Nativities and Crucifixions, their glorious Madonnas and Sunts, were to their susceptible Southern countrymen the great school not only of devotional, but of all the

elevated and all the imaginative feelings. We colder Northerns may approach to a conception of this function of art when we listen to an oratorio of Handel or give ourselves up to the emotions excited by a Gothic cathedral. Even apart from any specific emotional expression, the mere contemplation of beauty of a high order produces in no small degree this elevating effect on the character. The power of natural scenery addresses itself to the same region of human nature which corresponds to Art. There are few capable of feeling the sublimer order of natural beauty, such as your own Highlands and other mountain regions afford, who are not, at least temporarily, raised by it above the littleness of humanity, and made to feel the puerility of the petty objects which set men's interests at variance, contrasted with the nobler pleasures which all might share. To whatever vocations we may be called in life, let us never quash these susceptibilities within us, but carefully seek the opportunities of maintaining them in exercise. The more prosaic our ordinary duties, the more necessary it is to keep up the tone of our minds by frequent visits to that higher region of thought and feeling, in which every work seems dignified in proportion to the ends for which, and the spirit in which, it is done, where we learn, while eagerly seizing every opportunity of exercising higher faculties and performing higher duties, to regard all useful and honest work as a public function, which may be ennobled by the mode of performing it—which has not properly any other nobility than that which it gives—and which, if ever so humble, is never mean but when it is meanly done and when the motives for which it is done are mean motives. There is, besides, a natural affinity between goodness and the cultivation of the beautiful, when it is real cultivation and not a mere unguided instinct. He who has learnt what beauty is, if he be of a virtuous character, will desire to realise it in his own life—will keep before himself a type of perfect beauty in human character, to light his attempts at self culture. There is a true meaning in the saying of Goethe, though liable to be misunderstood and perverted, that the Beautiful is greater than the Good, for it includes the Good and adds something to it, it is the Good made perfect, and fitted with all the collateral perfections which make it a finished and completed thing. Now, this sense of perfection, which would make us demand from every creation of man the very utmost that it ought to give, and render us intolerant of the smallest fault in ourselves or in anything we do, is one of the results of Art cultivation. No other human productions come so near to perfection as works of pure Art. In all other things we are, and may reasonably be, satisfied if the degree of excellence is as great as the object immediately in view seems to us to be worth, but in Art the perfection is itself the object. If I were to define Art, I should be inclined to call it the endeavour after perfection in execution. If we meet with even a piece of mechanical work which bears the marks of being done in this spirit—which is done as if the workman loved it, and tried to make it as good as possible, though something less good would have answered the purpose for which it was ostensibly made—we say that he has worked like an artist. Art, when really cultivated and not merely practised empirically, maintains, what it first gave the conception of, an ideal Beauty, to be eternally aimed at, though surpassing what can be actually attained, and by this idea it trains us never to

be completely satisfied with imperfection in what we ourselves do and are to idealise, as much as possible, every work we do, and most of all our own characters and lives.

(Inaugural Address at St Andrews, 1st Feb 1867)

Quite a library of biographical and philosophical literature has grown up round the name of J S Mill. No formal biography has appeared, but a great deal of interesting personal details is to be found in the Life of Mill by Alex. Bain, entitled *A Criticism, with Personal Recollections* (1882) in the *Utilitarian* vol. iii., by Sir Leslie Stephen (1900) and Mr L Courtney's *John Stuart Mill* (1889). On the personal side the main authority is the *Autobiography*. Expositions and criticisms of Mill's writings have been numerous. Specially valuable are the chapters on Mill in Taine's *History of English Literature* afterwards published separately in book form. Sir Leslie Stephen gives an acute and sympathetic estimate of Mill in his *Utilitarians*, and an admirable book on the subject is Dr Charles Douglass' *Study of Mill's Philosophy* (1895). Among others are Mr L Courtney's *The Metaphysics of Mill* (1879), George Grote's *Review of the Work of Mr J S Mill* (1868) and an *Examination of the Utilitarian Philosophy of Mill*, by John Grote (1870). *Recent British Philosophy*, by Professor Masson (1865), contains a criticism of Mill's book on Sir William Hamilton, and in general literature are frequent references to Mill, such as Mr John Morley's *Critical Miscellanies* (1877) the essay in Scherer's *Essays on English Literature* translated by Saintsbury (1891), *Journals of Caroline Fox*, Carlyle's *Reminiscences* (1887) and Carlyle's *Life* (1889) by James Anthony Froude.

HECTOR MACPHERSON

**William Ewart Gladstone** (1809-98) was born at Liverpool, the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, M P, a wealthy corn merchant there, of Scottish birth and ancestry. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took a double-first in 1831, he entered the reformed Parliament next year as member for Newark, still virtually a pocket-borough of that Duke of Newcastle who claimed to 'do what he liked with his own' High Church and Conservative in his principles, Gladstone was described by Macaulay in 1839 as the 'rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories' who 'reluctantly and mutinously' followed Sir Robert Peel. Gradually, however, the influence of Peel prevailed to draw him to the popular side, so that ultimately, after his electoral defeat at Oxford University in 1865, he became leader of the Liberal party. His political career, in the course of which he was four times Prime-Minister, covered more than sixty years, and displayed an untiring energy and enthusiasm unparalleled in English history. It is not here that the manifold aspects and incidents of that brilliant career can be described—the gradual progress in Liberalism, the masterly Budgets of the sixties, the 'reformation in a flood' which distinguished the first Ministry under his control or the Irish policy which was developed in the second, the ardour of his struggle against the imperialism of Lord Beaconsfield or the audacious energy of his latest adventure, when, in his seventy eighth year, he declared for Irish Home Rule. Certainly no career in English politics has shown a more varied activity, nor has there been any English statesman who exercised more powerful influence in his day or provoked more bitter opposition. It is for history to decide whether his achievement was

in the new country where there  
was no school of his own, of his  
own, & he was in England as  
one of the very greatest  
of the great debt he repaid  
to the men of education except  
the English Fox. In 1804 he retired  
from the law, & so left London and the  
world, & all his life were spent save for  
a few years in Paris, & in  
the library in eager scholar and a  
few years in study and in author  
ship. He was quite as remarkable in his  
manners as he ever was in politics. His  
manners religious, he was deeply influ-  
enced by the Free church movement and his first  
marriage, and he often spoke of his relations with the  
Free church in this same place for the man-  
agement of its world wide practical establishment  
and also of his return. Macaulay's sketch  
is remarkable, and the old man is of fine  
character. He died Feb 10th 1860, the date publisher  
of the Growth of England has made the earliest  
mention of him in his name at least and in

Child of all Gladness' wols. It was  
followed by many others in a more polemic &  
controversial pamphlets on *The Latin*  
*Scriptures* of Jesus Christ 1875 which showed  
that it was an article in Catholic history on  
*The Latin & English New Test.* 1860,  
and he was also connected with Huxley in  
writing on the Giraffe in 1860. In these later  
years that one's a son that triumphed by his  
knowledge of man's knowledge and interest,  
but according to Mr. More's testi-  
monial quite ignorant of the greatness of such  
a man. But the main difficulty is con-  
cerning the Home criticism embodied in  
the *Christian Standard* in the year 1861  
*Review of the First Four Months* 1869

It is due to him that which are in  
the first edition of modern  
history. Edition of course was  
in 1845 and one lot of the  
first 1000 copies of these German limitations  
and restrictions of freedom and  
the right of self-government of the  
German nation seemed not so to claim any  
but the rights from the state represented by  
the emperor. This is all the editor of  
the book says about this for his  
own book he has written a political article  
in which he says that the author of  
this book is the first instance the  
author of the book and that it is not the  
case that the book is a work of  
any other person. The author of  
the book is the first instance the  
book is a work of the author of  
the book and that it is not the  
case that the book is a work of  
any other person. The author of  
the book is the first instance the  
book is a work of the author of  
the book and that it is not the  
case that the book is a work of  
any other person.

ear in the other sentences that will lie along with  
the three periods of Chatham and Canning

### On the Reform Bill of 1860

My poor son, Sir, in regard to the Liberal party is in  
all points the opposite of Earl Russell's. I have  
none of the claims he puts up. I come among you en-  
tirely from those with whom I associated, differ from  
them, I claim, by no arbitrary act, but by the slow ac-  
tion of force of conviction. I come among you, to  
make use of the legal phraseology *in my right as a man*. I  
had nothing to offer you but faithful and honourable  
service. You received me, as Dido received the un-  
expected Aeneas.

*'Ijectum littore, egentem  
Lxcpn.'*

and I only trust you may not hereafter at my time have  
to comply to the sentence in regard to me —

*'I recent elements in native localities.'*

You received me with kindness, indulgence, generosity,  
and I may even say with some measure of confidence  
that the relation between us has assumed such a form  
that you can never be my debtors, but that I must for-  
ever be in your debt.

Sir, we are assailed, this Bill is in a state of en and of peril, and the Government along with it. We stand or fall in h it as has been declared by my noble friend Lord B. & C. We stand with it now, we may fall with it a short time hence. If we do so fall, we, or others in our places, shall rise with it hereafter. I shall not attempt to meet you with precision the forces that are to be arrayed against us in the coming in. Perhaps the first division of to night is not the last that may take place in the struggle. At some point of the contest you may possibly succeed. You may drive us from our seats. You may bury the Bill that we have introduced, but we will write upon its gravestone for an epigraph this line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment—

**I**xorire aliquis nostris ex operibus ultor

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on one side. The great social forces which move onward in their might and energy and which the tumult of our delvers does not for a moment impede or distract—those great social forces are against you. They are more subtle as a rule and the banner which we wave carry in this fight that, though at some moment it may sweep over our sinking heads yet it is yet again will float in the eye of Heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three lands, Spain, perhaps not to an era but to a certain epoch, satiatis, victory.

## On 14-h Digestibility 1839

I expect to go to the country to great advantage. I  
have a friend & his son prop'd for the time of my  
return, who are to be in the first emigration for me. I do  
not prefer a position at an established Church. Let  
them know what to pay me in the Irish Establishment  
and we agree as to the amount. The first of my  
expenses is for the passage & the necessary  
provisions, & money, & so on, until I get to the  
mouth of the river King George with passage to the city.

persuade Glo'ster that he has fallen over the cliffs of Dover, and says

'Ten masts at each make not the altitude  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen  
Thy life's a miracle'

And yet but a little while after the old man is relieved from his delusion, and finds he has not fallen at all. So I trust that when, instead of the fictitious and adventurous idyll on which we have too long taught the Irish Establishment to lean, it shall come to place its trust in its own resources, in its own great mission, in all that it can draw from the energy of its ministers and its members, and the high hopes and promises of the Gospel that it teaches, it will find that it has entered upon a new era of existence—an era bright with hope and potent for good. At any rate, I think the day has certainly come when an end is finally to be put to that union, not between the Church and religious association, but between the Establishment and the State, which was commenced under circumstances little auspicious, and has endured to be a source of unhappiness to Ireland and of discredit and scandal to England. There is more to say. This measure is in every sense a great measure—great in its principles, great in the multitude of its dry, technical, but interesting details, and great as a testing measure, for it will show for one and all of us of what metal we are made. Upon us all it brings a great responsibility—greatest and foremost upon those who occupy this bench. We are especially chargeable—now, deeply guilty—if we have either dishonestly, or some flunk, or even prematurely or unwisely challenged so gigantic an issue. I know well the punishments that follow rashness in public affairs, and that ought to fall upon those men, those Phaetons of politics, who, with hands unequal to the task, attempt to guide the chariot of the sun. But the responsibility, though heavy, does not exclusively press upon us, it presses upon every man who has to take part in the discussion and decision upon this Bill. Every man approaches the discussion under the most solemn obligations to raise the level of his vision and expand its scope in proportion to the greatness of the matter in hand. The working of our constitutional government itself is upon its trial, for I do not believe there ever was a time when the wheels of legislative machinery were set in motion, under conditions of peace and order and constitutional regularity, to deal with a question greater or more profound. And more especially, Sir, is the credit and fame of this great assembly involved. This assembly, which has inherited through many ages the accumulated honours of brilliant triumphs, of peaceful but courageous legislation, is now called upon to address itself to a task which would, indeed, have demanded all the best energies of the very best among your fathers and your ancestors. I believe it will prove to be worthy of the task. Should it fail, even the fame of the House of Commons will suffer disparagement, should it succeed, even that fame, I venture to say, will receive no small, no insensible addition. I must not ask gentlemen opposite to concur in this view, emboldened as I am by the kindness they have shown me in listening with patience to a statement which could not have been other than tedious, but I pray them to bear with me for a moment while, for myself and my colleagues, I say we are sanguine of the issue. We believe, and for my part I am deeply convinced, that when the final consummation shall arrive, and when the words are spoken that

shall give the force of law to the work embodied in this measure—the work of peace and justice—those words will be echoed upon every shore where the name of Ireland or the name of Great Britain has been heard, and the answer to them will come back in the approving verdict of civilised mankind.

The authorised Life of Gladstone is that by Mr John Morley. See also the Gladstone bibliography in *Notes and Queries*, 1892-93, and Lives by M Gilchrist (1868) Barnett Smith (2 vols. 1879), Archer (4 vols. 1883) Russell (1891) Robbins (1894) Justin McCarthy (1897) Sir Edward Hamilton (1898) Sir Wemyss Reid (1899) Mr Herbert Paul's article in the supplement of the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1901), and Mr Bryce's in his *Studies in Contemporay Biography* (1903). Gladstone's own *Fragment of Autobiography* (1868) is an apology for his policy of Irish Disestablishment. His *Speeches and Public Addresses* have been edited by Hutton and Cohen (10 vols. 1894 et seq.).

**Dr John Brown** (1810-82), the author of *Rab and his Friends*, was the son of the Rev. John Brown, an accomplished, saintly, and beloved minister of the Secession Church first at Biggar, then at Edinburgh, and the great grandson of John Brown of Haddington, the author of the *Self-interpreting Bible* (see Vol II p 646). He was born at Biggar, and was taught by his father till 1822, when the family removed to Edinburgh, and the boy had four years at a classical academy and the High School. After the arts course at the university, he began his medical studies in 1828, and became pupil and apprentice to Syme the eminent surgeon, and after a year at Chatham—the great cholera year—as a surgeon's assistant, he graduated M D in 1833 and commenced doctor in Edinburgh. His practice never was large, for he had too many interests to be exclusively professional, his ambitions were hardly those of the fashionable or successful practitioner. His life was quiet and uneventful, save that his latter years were apt to be clouded by fits of depression. His first notable literary work was a review of the pictures at the Edinburgh exhibition of 1846, written for Hugh Miller's *Hitherto newspaper*, and republished as 'Notes on Art'. In 1847 he contributed on Ruskin's *Modern Painters* to the *North British Review*. 'Rab and his Friends,' originally delivered as a lecture at Biggar, was first printed in 1858 in the volume of papers called *Hore Subsecivæ* ('leisure hours')—a name subsequently extended to the three volumes (second series, 1861, third series, 1882) which comprise almost all Dr John Brown's writings and, as finally rearranged, appeared in a new edition in 1882-84. Editors and publishers had to 'pester' him to write, for he was more than most men distrustful of his powers, believing that none should venture to publish aught 'unless he has something to say, and has done his best to say it aright'. Herein lay the secret of his writing so little, and of the surpassing charm of the little he did write. Dogs, children, old-world folk, friends gone before, and lowland landscapes—these are the subjects which he wrote on best, his essays on art and on medical history and biography are good, but it is not by them that he will be remembered. Humour is the

P. JOHN BROWN

Mr. C. H. Clegg, 300 Madison Avenue, New York City, New York.

11 x 11 with Lamb and with Lamb's  
x x x x wing note

From the Letter on his Father to  
John Collins, D.D.

"I'd be glad 'John, if you're going, I would like to ride out with you' he wished to see his dying friend.  
"You ride" said Mr Stone who was a very York-like man in the matter of horses. "Let him try, and I'll take up the bill." Mr Stone sent the chess man for me at a sedate pace—called, if I forget not, Goliath—for he means it will all sorts of injunctions to me to keep him off the thoroughbred, and on Goliath.

My father had not been on a horse for nearly twenty years. He mounted and rode off. He soon got up with the short, pattering step of Goliath, and looked steadily up at me, and longingly to the toll the trait, step ping once for Goliath's twice, like the Don striding here. Since no I saw what he was after, and when past the toll he sat in a mild sort of way. 'John, did you promise me I was not to ride your horse?' 'No, father certainly not.' Mr. Stone I dare say wished me to do so but I didn't. 'Well then, I think we'll change, this beast shall be me.' So we changed. I remember how noble he looked, how at home his white hair and his dark eyes, his erect, easy, accustomed seat. He soon let his eager horse slip gently away. It was first out, he was off Goliath and I jogging on behind, then out, and in a twinkling—a snuff! I saw them last striking through the arch under the Canal, his white hair flying. I was uneasy, though from his riding I knew he was as yet in command, so I put Goliath to his best, and having passed through Shiford, I asked a stone breaker if he saw a gentleman on a chestnut horse. 'Has he white hair?' 'Yes' 'And can like a gled?' 'Ye' 'Well then he's steamin' up the road like the wind, he'll be at Little Vituge (about nine miles off) in no time if he hould on.' I never once sighted him, but on coming into Juniper Green there was his steaming, the trout at the gate, neighbour chirrup to Goliath. I went in, he was at the bedside of his friend, and in the mid of prayer his words as I entered were, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee' and he was not the least instant in praver that his blood was up with his tide. He never again saw Mrs. Robertson, or, as she was called when they were young, Sibbie (Sibby) Pirie. On coming out he said nothing but took the chestnut, mounted her, and we came home quietly.

From 'Thackerry's Death'

We cannot resist here recalling one Sunday evening in December, when he was walking with two friends along the Dean road, to the west of Edinburgh—one of the pleasant routes to my city. It was a lovely evening such a sunset as one never forgets, a rich dusk. A cloud hovered over the sun going down behind it. The blustery hills lying bathed in smoky pine bloom, between this cloud and the hills there was a mass of purple, of the purple ether, of a tender cowslip colour, here and there as if it were the very body of heaven in its etherealness, standing out as if etched upon the sky. In north west end of Corstorphine Hill with his trees at his necks, lay in the heart of this pine advance, set there a wooden cross, and in the quarry below a cross. I can imagine the figure of a cross there it was now set up, lifted up against the sky dimly. All three gave out a silent hush. As the purple light uttered, it was tremendous, noble, so I kept silent to let all we feel in the word "Glorious". This he always did in silence, and then turned to other things. All his

evening he was very gentle and serious, speaking, as he seldom did, of divine things—of death of sin, of eternity, of salvation, expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour

From 'Marjorie Fleming'

Sir Walter was in that house almost every day, and had a key, so in he and the hounds went,羞ing them selves in the lobby. 'Marjorie! Marjorie!' shouted her friend, 'where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?' In a moment a bright, eager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. Out came Mrs Keith. 'Come ver wees in, Wettie.' 'No not now. I am going to take Marjorie wi me and you may come to your tea in Duncan Lorn's ca'dan, and bring the burn home in your lip.' 'Tak' Marjorie, and it on am' o' morn,' said Mrs Keith. He said to himself, 'On-dng—that's odd—that's the very word.' Hoot awa' lost here and he displayed the corner of his plaid made to hold lamb—she true shepherd's plaid consisting of two bands sewed together, and uncut at one end, making a pocket or *cuisse* *ret*. 'Tal' ver lamb and she hush'd up the contrivance, and on the bed was first well happy'd up, and then put, laughing silently, into the plaid neck 't l'de shepherd strode off with his lamb—Mairi gawrning through the trees and running trees in her mouth.

'Din't he see' the angry air, and make her bield his bosom, and in o' his or'n room with her, and lock the door, and out with the warm rose, little wife who took it all wi' great composure! There the two remained for three or more hours making the horse ring with their laughter, you can fancy the big man's and Mairi's laugh. Having made the fire cheery he set her down in his ample chair, and a' unding sheepish before her began to say his lesson, which happened to be—'Zicotti, dicotti, doel, the moose ran up the clock the clock stem I ran, down the rioun run, zicotti dicotti, doel.' This done repeat till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, grately and slowly, timing it upon her small fingers—he saying it after her—

'Womery, twaery, tsel ery, seven  
Alibi, crackly ten, and eleven,  
Pin, pin, musky dan,  
Tweeville um, tweeville um, twentys' an  
Lerie, one, onie, you, are, o' n'

He pretended to great difficulty, and she rebuked him with most comical gravity treating him as a child. He used to say that when he came to Alibi Crackly he broke down, and Pin Pan, Musky Dan, Tweeville um, and Twiz Dan especially was beyond endurance, bringing up an Irishman and his hot fresh from the Spice Islands and odiferous Ind, she getting quite bitter in her displeasure at his ill behaviour and stupidness.

Then he would read ballads to her in his own glorious way, the two getting wild with excitement over *Gil Morris* or the *Baron of Smalheln*, and he would take her on his knee and make her repeat Constance's speeches in *King John*, till he swayed to and fro sobbing his fill. Fancy the gifted little creature, like one possessed, repeating—

'For I am sick, and capable of fears,  
Oppressed with wrong, and therefore full of fears,  
A widow, hushandless, subject to fears,  
A woman, naturally born to fears'

'If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,  
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious—'

Or, drawing herself up 'to the height of her great argument'—

'I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.  
Here I and sorrow sit'

Scott used to say that he was amazed at her power over him, saying to Mrs Keith, 'She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does.'

From 'Minchmoor'

Now that everybody is out of town, and every place in the guide books is as well known as Princes Street or Pall Mall, it is something to discover a hill everybody has not been to the top of, and which is not in *Blair*. Such a hill is Minchmoor, nearly three times as high as Arthur Seat, and lying between Tweed and Yarrow.

The best way to ascend it is from Friarburgh. You go up the wild old Bellirk road, alich pieces almost right over the summit, and by which Montrose and his crew here fled from Philiphaugh, where Sir Walter's mother remembred crossing, when a girl, in a coach and six, on her way to a hill at Peebles, several footmen marching on either side of the carriage to prop it up or drag it out of the moss 'n' grit, and where, to our amazement, we learned that the Duchess of Buccleuch had lately driven her ponies. Before this we had passed the grey, old-world entrance to Friarburgh House, and looked down its grassy and untrod avenue to the pallid, sombre mansion, stricken all over with cold, and noticed the wrought iron gate embedded in a scot sleep and more of soil, never hauled, opened since the '45. There are the huge Bradwardine bears on each side—most grotesque supporters—with a superfluity of ferocity and canine teeth. The whole place, like the family whose it has been, seems dying out—everything subdued to settled desolation. The old tree, the old religion, the grunt old house, with its small, deep, comfortless windows, the decaying trees, the stillness about the doors, the grieses overrunning everything, nature reinstating herself in her quiet way—all this makes the place look as strange and pitiful among its fellows in the vale as would the Earl who built it three hundred years ago if we met him tottering along our way in the faded dress of his youth, but it looks the Earl's house 'ill, and has a dignity of its own.

We soon found the Minchmoor road, and took it once to the hill, the ascent being, as often is with other ascents in this world, steepest at first. Nothing could be more beautiful than the view as we ascended, and got a look of the 'eye sweet' Tweed hills and their 'silver stream'. It was one of the five or six good days of this summer—in early morning 'soft' and doubtful, but the mists driving up, and now the noble, tawny hills were dappled with gleams and shadows—

'Sunbeams upon distant hills gliding apace'—

the best sort of day for mountain scenery—that ripple of light and shadow brings out the forms and the depths of the hills far better than a cloudless sky, and the horizon is generally wider.

Before us and far away was the round flat head of Minchmoor, with a dark, rich bloom on it, from the thick, short heather—the hills around being green.

From "The End of Eden"

**Bishop Colenso** (John William Colenso, 1814-93) was born at St Austell in Cornwall and graduating in 1836 from St John's College, Cambridge as second wrangler he was elected a fellow successively assistant master at Harrow, tutor at Cambridge and rector of Fornect St Mary in Norfolk. He published handbooks on algebra in 1843 and on trigonometry in 1851, and a volume of *Lillies & Ferns* in 1853 in which same year he was appointed the first Bishop of Natal. He soon mastered the Zulu language, prepared a grammar and dictionary, and translated the Prayer-Book and part of the Bible. In a Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans (1861) he rejected the doctrine of eternal punishment. Largely through questions asked and puzzles propounded by his Zulu converts he became convinced of the improbability of many statements of facts and numbers in the Bible, and *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined* (7 parts, 1862-79) brought down upon its writer in a fusilade of criticism, and was condemned in both Houses of Convocation. In 1864 he was deposed from his see by his Metropolitan, Bishop Gray of Capetown, but on appeal the Privy Council declared the deposition 'null and void' (1865); and in 1866 the Court of Chancery ordered the payment of his income with interest—though Bishop Gray next publicly excommunicated him, and consecrated a new bishop, so that the field of spiritual jurisdictions and theological controversy lasted for years. In 1874 Colenso visited England and pleaded the cause of Dingane, a deposed Zulu chief. He was author of *Ten Weeks in Natal* (1855), *The New Bible Commentary Literally Translated* (1871-75), *Lectures on the Pentateuch and the Mosaic Stone* (1873), and a volume of Sermons (1873). His works on algebra and arithmetic are still standard school books; his name is remembered as that of, for many years the best abused man in England, but his special arguments and contentions now occupy but an infinitesimal place in the established theory of moderate critics. He was prodigiously ignorant, but he was not a profound or widely read divine, hardly in a professional sense a competent theologian; it was his peculiar hap, being not merely a Churchman but a bishop to insist in an inevitable and irritating way, on facts and figures, incredible or self-contradictory, which were completely irreconcileable with the belief in a God in creation then still professed maintenance by the orthodox British Churches, as Dean Stanley said. 'He made up his mind in Biblical criticism, as in all straightforward studies,' though Churchmen and even Nonconformists now often shrink at some Colenso's preposterous results as for ever convincing, or assumptions and in such work, as the *King James Bible*, propound theories which were 'far wilder than Colenso's fables,' and much more abominable of damnation, according to Prof. E. Sch. Sir G. W. Cox (2 vol. 1882).





Pendennis, he had acquired expensive habits at Cambridge, among which was the taste for gambling. On the authority of Sir Theodore Martin, the vivid satirical story of 'The Amours of Deuceace,' told by Mr Yellowplush, was suggested by his own experience. Years after this period he pointed out in the street at Spa a gambler whom he had not seen 'since he drove me down in his cabriolet to my bankers in the city, where I sold out my patrimony and handed it over to him.' It was about the year 1834 that he was confronted with the necessity of working for a living. Although art was his selection, literature was to prevail. In 1836, the year of the starting of the *Constitutional*, Thackeray married the daughter of Colonel Shawe, of Doneraile in County Cork. The marriage took place in Paris, according to Mr F. G. Muriel, who first made known the official record, at the British Embassy on the 20th August. About a month later he began his contributions to the *Constitutional*, but the paper came to an end in the following summer, and Thackeray returned to London. Much more important than these newspaper speculations was the connection which Thackeray formed about this period with *Fraser's Magazine*. What were his claims to be included in the Fraserian brotherhood, in Macleish's drawing for the January number of 1835, is by no means certain. By 1837, however, he was a member of the staff and a regular contributor.

Thackeray was surely launched on his career through his connection with *Fraser's*. His opportunity had come. It has been asserted that his subsequent contributions to *Punch* gained him immediate popularity. If the *Snob Papers* did more at the time to make his name known than the 'Letters of Mr C. J. Yellowplush,' or such a masterpiece as *Catherine*, or the *Great Hoggarty Diamond*—with which Thackeray signified his admission to the Fraserian circle—the result was due to certain fortuitous circumstances. It is not to be regarded as an instance of the ephemeral triumphing over the more weighty literary production. When Thackeray began his famous studies, which may be called an Anatomy of Snobbery, *Punch* was rising on the top wave of popularity, thanks to the inimitable drawings of Leech. The subject, too, was 'in the air,' it possessed an irresistible social appeal. Now, although the snob is always with us, I doubt if any member of the present generation can conceive the prodigious effect the *Snob Papers* produced on early Victorian society. The theme was new, the exponent was a master. But now the edge of the novelty is worn down, and although we acknowledge the mastery, we are conscious of certain flaws, certain excesses and insobrieties in the satirical analysis that were not perceptible to the contemporary reader. With regard to the correspondence of Mr C. J. Yellowplush, it is different. Time has not modified the force and piquancy of these amusing sketches which ran through *Fraser's* in 1837-38. 'Miss

Shum's Husband' diverts us as it must ever divert. The story of Mr Deuceice, which is told in two sections, is as clear and convincing an example of the blossoming that is the promise of genius as was ever produced by genius. This pungent and bitter little story is unmistakably prophetic—as the sketch of Crab the cynical nobleman alone may show—of the coming *Lamby Fair*. In the *Epistles to the Literati* the satire and burlesque of Mr Yellowplush deal with subjects that enjoy an imperishable vitality. The kind of poetry that is here satirised may take on new guises, but it never dies and ever has admirers of its specious charms. Inflated nonsense in blank verse still passes for poetic drama, and unreal sentiment for pathos or passion. Thackeray's criticism of Bulwer Lytton and Dr Lardner has been censured as savage. He lived to think it too severe, it is said, but I do not think there is any injustice in it. The story of *Catherine*, which appeared in *Fraser's* in 1839-1840, was professedly written in ridicule of certain popular or fashionable novels by Bulwer Lytton, Harrison Ainsworth, and others, in which some criminal or vicious person was endowed with the virtues proper to a hero. The burlesque intent of Thackeray is now the least notable thing about *Catherine*, at the time, however, it served a very real purpose, and one that the author believed in all sincerity was eminently needed. There is no doubt of the seriousness of Thackeray's crusade against shams of all kinds, nor of the didactic aim that was involved in it. But, fortunately, his satiric humour was still stronger, as was also the artistic instinct in the story-teller, hence he does not labour with his didactic aim nor put it to an extreme. The reader of *Catherine* speedily forgets it altogether, and it seems to me that when the author recurs to it, in the person of the pseudonymous Ikey Solomons, junior, it is not without a suggestion of sudden transition, as if he too had been better engorged. After all, a little philosophic reflection convinces the reader that the ascription of heroic qualities to lawless characters like Jack Sheppard or Paul Clifford is a very intelligible and very human foible, of which Claude Duval and even Robin Hood are yet more popular examples. It would be easy to make too much of it, this, it is needless to say, is what Thackeray does not do. In writing *Catherine*, he set out to paint vice as a thing

Of such hideous men  
As to be hated needs but to be seen

He selected from *The Newgate Calendar* a story of murder of the most revolting kind conceivable, told with all the crudity and brutal realism of which plain prose is capable. For once those excellent attorneys Messrs Knapp and Baldwin, the compilers of that gruesome calendar, have no need, as was their wont, to moralise their tale, the horror of it, one thinks, could not be surpassed. Thackeray adopts but the mere framework. Without using one jot of the horrible

details of the narrative—deliberately, indeed, shedding the whole of it—he leaves an impression of horror which far transcends the original, and is in effect the all pervading atmosphere of the story. Mr Trollope has little to say of *Catherine* but that it is ‘certainly not pleasant reading’. To say that is to say nothing. Thackeray has provided the bold Newgate tale with an extraordinarily effective setting, in which we have something of a microcosm of early eighteenth century times and manners. The society, of course, is none of the choicest. There are those finished rascals, Corporal Brock of Cutts’s dragoons, with his commander the showy and trivial Count von Gugenstein, and Lieutenant Macshane, the pretty and evil-hearted Catherine and the sottish John Hynes and young Billings complete the list of characters in the drama. All are sketched with the fine, incisive touch of the master, while the play of wit and irony is exquisitely light and spontaneous. There is evidence, indeed, that should have instantly proclaimed the new writer in *Fraser’s* as a man of genius. Such, for example, is the scene in the Marylebone Gardens, where Gugenstein meets Mrs Cutt after many years, and that which tells of the interview between Billings and the Count. Yet *Catherine* scarcely attracted my notice, and to this day remains underrated in general estimation. It may be worth noting the reference made in *Catherine* to Dickens, who had hitherto written *Oliver Twist*, where Thackeray ironically remarks that ‘to tread in the footsteps of the immortal Fagin requires a genius of inordinate stride’. His next contribution to *Fraser’s* was *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggart Diamond*, a story of the risks that attend speculating in bubble companies, which appeared in 1841. Michael Angelo Titmarsh was announced as its illustrator. The story was no great success at the time, and it is said the author received an editorial intimation to shorten it. While it was in preparation he published, as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, *The Paris Sketch Book*, a collection of sketches grave and gay. Among these ‘A Gambler’s Death,’ a cynical and Désœil-like story, may possibly be a ‘true relation’. The characteristic ‘Meditations at Versailles’ must be noted as containing more than a hint of a famous passage in *The Four Georges*. Thackeray’s next contribution to the magazine, *The Confessions of George Fitz-Boodle, a d other Papers by Mr Fitz-Boodle*, began to appear in 1842, and made no particular stir. In the same year he went for a tour in Ireland, where he met Charles Lever, and the result of the tour was one of his most delightful travel books, *The Irish Sketch Book*, which was published in 1843. The opening month of the year following saw the first instalment in *Fraser’s* of what must be considered his second masterpiece, this was *The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon*. The work originally appeared as written by Mr Fitz-Boodle, with the title *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*. But

the incongruity of the association of Fitz-Boodle with Mr Redmond Barry must have struck Thackeray at once, and when issued as a book it appeared as the *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon*, ‘Written by Himself’. Some judges have declared that Thackeray never surpassed this brilliant and amazingly clever study. It is certain he never wrote anything with more spirit and gusto than this life history of a gambler. The humour and vivacity, the exuberant vanity and cynicism, the prodigious glorification of exploits the reverse of glorious, the excited tone of suave complacency, that unflinchingly mark the whole recital constitute an example of self portraiture of the finest and most finished kind. It has been supposed by some that the idea of the character was suggested by the *Memoirs of Caraman*, but beyond the incident that Barry is a gambler there is nothing in common between the two books. The reference to Caraman in Barry’s famous defence of gaming is a mere indication that the Irish adventurer knew the Italian by repute, this, of course, merely implies that Thackeray was well read in the subject. Redmond Barry has no real resemblance to Caraman, he never forgets—in a genealogical sense—that he is a gentleman, though a decayed one. The qualities that give Thackeray’s work distinction are decidedly not to be discovered in Caraman. While this convincing proof of his genius was being produced in *Fraser’s*, Thackeray had established himself as a popular contributor to *Punch* with burlesque and satire, verse and drawings. From 1842-43 until 1851 he wrote regularly for that journal and seems to have caught the public interest with a completeness that did not it once intend the appearance of *Catherine* or *Barry Lyndon*. There were the ‘Lectures’ of Miss Tickletoby on English History and the ‘History of the Next French Revolution’. These were followed by the amusing ‘Ditty’ and other papers of the admirable Mr James de la Pluche, with the exquisite ‘Billid’ of Berkeley Square. These revelations of life in the ‘upper suckles’ need but cursory reminder. The drollery of James’s contributions on current topics remains a perennial spring of delight, though some of the old topics cease to agitate us. Succeeding these came the *Snob Papers* in 1846, in which every conceivable type of snob is sketched, dissected, or tom-threwed in a brilliant series of satirical portraits. In the execution of these ridicule and sarcasm are used with an unsparing hand, but it is a light though a certain hand, in spite of the tremendous vigour of attack. There is no doubt that the attraction the subject possessed for Thackeray was peculiar and idiosyncratic. It never wholly deserted him. Much of the satire is still fresh and still applicable, the account, for instance, of the costumes of Miss Snobby and Lady Snobby, is quoted from the *Count Circular*, is not without parallel in our day. The author’s comment still holds good of some

of our 'ladies' papers'—'Oh, mothers, aunts, grandmothers of England, this is the sort of writing that is put in the newspapers for you! How can you help being the mothers, daughters, &c. of snobs, so long as this balderdash is set before you?' In the year following the diverting 'Prize Novelists' began to appear. These wonderful parodies of Bulwer Lytton, Lever, Disraeli, G P R. James, and others are among the best of the kind. Some, indeed, are absolutely the best such are the burlesque-parodies—for they are masterly blends of both forms—of Lever and James and Disraeli. The 'Codlingsby' is beyond question the finest, and in fact unique, it was a severe and unforgettable blow to Disraeli. After many years, in the last novel from his pen, he took his revenge with an exceedingly clever sketch of Thackeray. With these diversions must be named several minor writings of the period, the *Sketches and Travels in London*, for example, and M A Titmarsh's *Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*, published in 1846, the result of a tour to Egypt in 1844. Thackeray had made a name and was rapidly increasing in reputation. Settled in Young Street, Kensington, he was now at work on the first of his great novels, *Vanity Fair*, which was to set him side by side with Fielding in the forefront of English novelists.

In *Vanity Fair* the genius of Thackeray found its first complete manifestation. To his contemporaries this brilliant satirical comedy was the revelation of a master, it appeared to them as something absolutely new—new in a sense it is not easy to realise at this date. To appreciate it, one must consider the fiction then current and popular. To us who study Thackeray's previous writings it seems a commonplace of criticism to say that *Vanity Fair* is naturally developed from them, and that it exemplifies, in simpler manner and with richer effects, precisely the same gifts of humour and satire, of analysis and observation. *Catherine* and *Barty Lyndon*, and the rest, are so many phrases in a development of which *Vanity Fair* and its successors are the inevitable harvest. Here was the perfect fruition perfectly in accord with the promise. If the advance was consistently steady, the sum total of evolution was consistently logical. Few writers of the first rank have so clearly revealed in the first essays of their art the personality of their genius, there are many passages in Thackeray's early writings that might have been written in the prime of his fame and the maturity of his powers. Previously he had appealed to the smaller audience of magazine readers. *Catherine*, for instance, was not reprinted from *Fraser's* till many years later. *Vanity Fair*, therefore, was not only something amazingly new to the public, its author was practically an unknown man. In this great novel Thackeray found his range and addressed the world. There was a peculiar significance in describing the book as 'a Novel without a Hero,' it was in the nature

of a challenge. The novelists of the day, while professing to deal with life as it is, put forth the conventionalised hero and painted in the theatric back-cloth to suit him, evading the facts of life with a blind indifference to truth or verisimilitude. Thackeray would sweep away the cult of sham heroics and sham sentiment then fashionable in fiction. Such was his professed aim in writing *Vanity Fair*. It implied a new kind of novel—new, that is to say, to a generation that had forgotten Fielding and neglected Miss Austen. And like the great master with whose genius he had so much affinity, with much of Fielding's serene detachment from any kind of *parti pris*, with a knowledge and a command of his material comparable only with Fielding, he takes the world as the stage of his social comedy. 'Scenes of all sorts,' as he puts it, he gives us, in which the fool and the rogue, the weak and the brave, single eye and double-face, play their parts as in 'the world of all of us,' while the inconsistencies, the blind inconsequences, and illusions of life are set forth with an irony that has something piercing in its conviction. A cynic showman, this of *Vanity Fair*, it has been remarked. And if it be cynical to paint the world as it is, to show selfish, clever schemers like Becky Sharp flourishing, while simple goodness and virtue, in the persons of Dobbin and Amelia Sedley, are sorely smitten by fortune, Thackeray's comedy is cynical indeed. But the deduction from this, that the author himself was a cynic and one who delighted in the display of his cynicism, is ludicrously contrary to all that is known of Thackeray's character, and completely refuted by the book itself. There have been readers who ascribe the sentiments of Miss Sharp, for instance, to the author himself. Probably, since humour and imagination are not the property of everybody, there will always be readers of this kind. We must all be cynics if, as is beyond doubt the case, we are all less interested in the love affairs of the amiable Amelia and the long delayed bliss of the constant Dobbin than in the shifts and wiles with which the immortal Becky Sharp seeks to allure Jos Sedley, Miss Crawley, Sir Pitt, and the rest. It is the social campaign of this brilliant adventuress that yields the main action of the comedy, and in all the rich and diverse characterisation of the novel Becky Sharp is undoubtedly the supreme achievement.

*Vanity Fair* was issued in monthly numbers from January 1847. In November of the following year Thackeray's next triumphant venture, *Pendennis*, was begun, in this delightful novel he further exemplifies his theory of fiction, and he paints life as it is and the society of his time, uninfluenced by any controlling force save the satiric impulse. In the Preface he announces his purpose in the memorable reference to Fielding 'Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN.' *Pendennis*, then, is another novel

'without'—in the conventional sense—'a Hero' Young Pen has his good qualities, but they are inextricably combined with certain elements of weakness which the author, as was his wont, is determined the most careless reader shall not fail to observe. If Pen, for example, slips on the way of right conduct, he will not allow the effect produced to work silently on the reader. Thackeray makes a direct appeal to the reader's conscience, and challenges him as to the truth of his presentation of human weakness. Some, indeed, have found those interpositions of the author too emphatic, and others think them needless, but with the majority Thackeray's method is both useful and popular, since it promotes a certain *intense cordiality*. Pen, however, with all his errors and his weakness, is an attractive young gentleman, and drawn with a sense of reality that is consistent throughout. The same admirable vitality marks the worldly minded Major, the inimitable Foker, the memorable Costigan, and Warrington, who more nearly approaches what ladies consider a hero than any character in the book. Miss Laura Bell is perhaps somewhat colourless, and decidedly less 'real' than Amelia Sedley. In Blanche Amory, Thackeray gives one of his most penetrative and characteristic studies. One is not greatly concerned when it looks as if Pen will be captured by this artificial young lady, but it is impossible not to tremble for the impressionable Foker. One of the cleverest character sketches in the novel is Mr Harry Foker, the exuberant drollery of it is sustained with wonderful spirit and unfailing truth. Following *Pendennis*—though not immediately, for *Esmond* came between—*The Newcomes* was completed in 1854, and brought additional celebrity to the author. The story is somewhat looser in structure than *Lovely Fair* and *Pendennis*, but its characteristics are the same—the elements of satire and humour are as fresh and keen, both in quality and application, as ever. In no other work of Thackeray are the illusions of life illustrated with greater poignancy. But it is to be noted of *The Newcomes* that the author's favourite moral, '*Vanitas vanitatum*', is suggested with a tender melancholy that softens the satirical purpose. The youth of Clive Newcome is painted with a more genial hand, though the story closes with a gloom that insidiously affects the reader long before the curtain falls; so, too, it must be noted that the disasters that befall Colonel Newcome in his old age are not merely to be accounted among the afflictions with which the irony of circumstance overwhelms unselfish and noble characters. The thought of affliction is entirely banished by the dignity of his bearing under misfortune. Everybody knows the variety and beauty of the picture of Colonel Newcome's life in the Charterhouse, the exquisite and incomparable final scene, with its measureless pathos and impressive reticence, is among the imperishable things of literature.

In 1852 appeared *Esmond*, a novel beyond question first of its class in English fiction, and also, I am inclined to think, the finest of all the productions of its author. The story differs from the rest in some remarkable ways. In the first place, it is provided with a historical environment that reveals both a close study and a singularly complete assimilation of the fruits of study. The success with which Thackeray has created the atmosphere of Queen Anne's age is universally admitted, it permeates the whole book, and involves alike ladies and gentlemen, prince and general, wits and men of letters. Excellent is the skill shown by Thackeray in utilising his knowledge of our Augustan age of letters. There is no parade or ostentation. Nothing could be more lightly and deviously contrived than the introduction in Colonel Esmond's narrative of Steele and Addison! And what admirable sketches those two are! It is true, I must own I have not succeeded in recognising Colonel Esmond's sketch of Swift, but his impression of the Dean of St Patrick's is but a fleeting one, and I cannot altogether accept Thackeray's 'Swift' in the *Lectures*. Admirable, again, is the art by which the personal relation of Colonel Esmond requires the impersonal tone proper to a narrative. Who could better become the friend of Steele, a true gentleman and brave officer, than this sinking of himself in his story? I do not take Thackeray seriously when, in a mocking humour, he called Esmond a prig, perhaps he sought thus to revenge himself on a public that convicted him at length of having drawn a hero. In still deeper ways does *Esmond* differ from the other novels. With the exception of *Becky Sharp*, it must be admitted that the women of his novels are much less complex characters than the men. In Lady Casterwood and her daughter Beatrix we have two characters, differing as much as mother and daughter conceivably may, each with a certain waywardness of temper complicated by various antagonistic qualities, and both drawn with a delicacy of finish and a truth to nature that are unsurpassed. Thackeray has deliberately created a most difficult situation in their relations with Esmond. There is the mother's love of the man who loves her daughter. Boldly put in these terms, the situation appears intolerable. Thackeray's handling of it is consummately masterly, without paltry evasions of the various points of the difficulty, and without the least transgression of the immutable conditions of the case, he makes a triumphant solution. Most readers, probably, own a kind of divided allegiance to those two women, for my part, I am of the following of the magnificent Beatrix. Who but Thackeray would have dared to work out inexorably the logical development of this proud, imperious, ambitious beauty? Who would not have faltered after that fruitless engagement of Beatrix with the Duke of Hamilton, and have fallen to some example of 'the happy ending'? Genius forbade that infelicity, and de-

creed the terrible crucial scene that closes the fortunes of Beatrix in this novel and stamps Thackeray as a master of his art. Between 1857 and 1859 *The Virginians*, a sequel to *Esmond*, appeared in monthly numbers. Like most sequels, it is by no means equal in ability to its forerunner, though it is full of the signs of Thackeray's genius. One has to confess, however, that the fortunes of the Warringtons are less interesting than the story of Harry Esmond, and the married life of Beatrix is also of a far less moving character than the days of her stormy youth. I confess to a dislike of thinking that the Baroness Bernstein, in whom the Beatrix of old yet lives, could ever have become Mrs Tasker. But something of disillusion was inevitable.

While the novels that have been mentioned were in progress, Thackeray had gained a great popular success as a lecturer with his 'Lectures on the English Humorists,' and, in America, with the 'Four Georges.' He had also written (while *Vanity Fair* was in progress) his 'Christmas Books' and his delightful burlesques, of which *The Rose and the Ring*, published in 1854, is perhaps the most charming. In 1860 Thackeray entered upon a new field of activity as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. It has been said he was not a good editor, but it is certain he made the new magazine a prodigious success. In its pages appeared the novels *Lovel the Widower* and *The Adventures of Philip*. In the amusing series of 'Roundabout Papers' he expressed his views on many topics with a gaiety and ease which make those occasional papers the most fascinating of essays. Of his last novel, *Denis Duval*, which was left unfinished, it has been well observed by Sir Leslie Stephen that 'it gave great promise of a return to his old standard'—the standard of *Esmond*, one may observe. But what might have been can only be conjectured. In the early morning of the 20th of December 1863, after an attack of illness the previous evening, the great novelist died. He was only in his fifty third year.

#### Sir Pitt Crawley Proposes

The news of Lady Crawley's death provoked no more grief or comment than might have been expected in Miss Crawley's family circle. 'I suppose I must put off my party for the 3rd,' Miss Crawley said, and added, after a pause, 'I hope my brother will have the decency not to marry again.' 'What a confounded rage Pitt will be in if he does!' Rawdon remarked, with his usual regard for his elder brother. Rebecca said nothing. She seemed by far the gravest and most impressed of the family. She left the room before Rawdon went away that day, but they met by chance below, as he was going away after taking leave, and had a parley together.

On the morrow, as Rebecca was gazing from the window, she startled Miss Crawley, who was pliedly occupied with a French novel, by crying out in an alarmed tone, 'Here's Sir Pitt, Ma'am!' and the Baronet's knock followed this announcement.

'My dear, I can't see him. I won't see him. Tell Bowls not at home, or go downstairs and say I'm too ill to receive any one. My nerves really won't bear my brother at this moment,' cried out Miss Crawley, and resumed the novel.

'She's too ill to see you, sir,' Rebecca said, tripping down to Sir Pitt, who was preparing to ascend.

'So much the better,' Sir Pitt answered. 'I want to see you, Miss Becky. Come along with me into the parlour,' and they entered that apartment together.

'I wawnt you back at Queen's Crawley, Miss,' the Baronet said, fixing his eyes upon her, and taking off his black gloves and his hat with its great crape hat band. His eyes had such a strange look, and fixed upon her so steadfastly, that Rebecca Sharp began almost to tremble.

'I hope to come soon,' she said in a low voice, 'as soon as Miss Crawley is better—and return to—to the dear children.'

'You've said so these three months, Becky,' replied Sir Pitt, 'and still you go hanging on to my sister, who'll fling you off like an old shoe when she's wore you out. I tell you I want you. I'm going back to the Funeral. Will you come back? Yes or no?'

'I daren't—I don't think—it would be right—to be alone—with you, sir,' Becky said, seemingly in great agitation.

'I say agin, I want you,' Sir Pitt said, thumping the table. 'I can't git on without you. I didn't see whut it was till you went away. The house all goes wrong. It's not the same place. All my accounts has got muddled agin. You must come back. Do come back. Dear Becky, do come.'

'Come—as what, sir?' Rebecca gasped out.

'Come as Lady Crawley, if you like,' the Baronet said, grasping his crape hat. 'There! will that satisfy you? Come back and be my wife. Your vit vor't.' Birth be hanged. You're as good a lady as ever I see. You've got more brains in your little vinger than any baronet's wife in the county. Will you come? Yes or no?'

'Oh, Sir Pitt!' Rebecca said, very much moved.

'Say yes, Becky,' Sir Pitt continued. 'I'm an old man, but a good'n. I'm good for twenty years. I'll make you happy, zee if I don't. You shall do whut you like, spend what you like, and 'v it all your own way. I'll make you a settlement. I'll do everything reg'lar. Look, year!' and the old man fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr.

Rebecca started back a picture of consternation. In the course of this history we have never seen her lose her presence of mind, but she did now, and wept some of the most genuine tears that ever fell from her eyes.

'Oh, Sir Pitt!' she said. 'Oh, sir—I—I'm married already.'

(from *Vanity Fair*)

#### Rawdon Crawley and Lord Steyne

Rawdon left her and walked home rapidly. It was nine o'clock at night. He ran across the streets and the great squares of *Vanity Fair*, and at length came up breathless opposite his own house. He started back and fell against the railings, trembling as he looked up. The drawing room windows were blazing with light. She had said that she was in bed and ill. He stood there for some time, the light from the rooms on his pale face.

He took out his door key and let himself into the house. He could hear laughter in the upper rooms. He

was in the ball dress in which he had been captured the night before. He went silently up the stairs, leaning against the bannisters at the stair head. Nobody was stirring in the house besides—all the servants had been sent away. Rawdon heard laughter within—laughter and singing. Becky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before a hoarse voice shouted ‘Bravo! Bravo!—it was Lord Steyne’s.

Rawdon opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out—and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sat. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilette, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings, and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon’s white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband, and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He, too, attempted a laugh, and came forward holding out his hand. ‘What, come back! How d’ ye do, Crawley?’ he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to grin at the intruder.

There was that in Rawdon’s face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. ‘I am innocent, Rawdon,’ she said, ‘before God, I am innocent.’ She clung hold of his coat, of his hands, her own were all covered with serpents, and rings, and bubbles. ‘I am innocent—Say I am innocent,’ she said to Lord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. ‘You innocent! Damn you!’ he screamed out. ‘You innocent! Why, every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by——! You’re as innocent as your mother, the bullet girl, and your husband the bully. Don’t think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass,’ and Lord Steyne seized up his hat, and, with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley, springing out, seized him by the neck cloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. ‘You lie, you dog!’ said Rawdon. ‘You lie, you coward and villain!’ And he struck the Peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious.

‘Come here,’ he said—She came up at once.

‘Take off those things.’—She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms, and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering, and looking up at him. ‘Throw them down,’ he said, and she dropped them. He tore the diamond ornament out of her breast, and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on his bald forehead. Steyne wore the scar to his dying day.

‘Come upstairs,’ Rawdon said to his wife. ‘Don’t kill me, Rawdon,’ she said. He laughed savagely—‘I want to see if that man lies about the money as he has about me. Has he given you any?’

‘No,’ said Rebecca, ‘that is——’

‘Give me your keys,’ Rawdon answered, and they went out together.

Rebecca gave him all the keys but one, and she was in hopes that he would not have remarked the absence of that. It belonged to the little desk which Amicia had given her in early days, and which she kept in a secret place. But Rawdon flung open boxes and ward robes, throwing the multifarious trumpery of their contents here and there, and at last he found the desk. The woman was forced to open it. It contained papers, love letters many years old—all sorts of small trinkets and woman’s memoranda. And it contained a pocket book with blank notes. Some of these were dated ten years back, too, and one was quite a sum—one—a note for a thousand pounds which Lord Steyne had given her.

‘Did he give you this?’ Rawdon said.

‘Yes,’ Rebecca answered.

‘I’ll send it to him to-day, Rawdon said (for day had dawned again, and many hours had passed in this search), ‘and I will pay Peels, who was kind to the boy, and some of the debts. You will let me know where I shall send the rest to you. You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Boel, out of all this—I have always shared with you.’

‘I am innocent,’ said Peels. And he left her without another word.

What were her thoughts when he left her? She remained for hours after he was gone, the sunshine pouring into the room, and Rebecca sitting alone on the bed’s edge. The drawers were all opened and their contents scattered about—dresses and feathers, scarfs and trinkets, a heap of tumbled vanity lying in a wreck. Her hair was falling over her shoulders, her gown was torn where Rawdon had wrenches the brilliants out of it. She heard him go downstairs a few minutes after he left her, and the door shutting and closing on him. She knew he would never come back. He was gone for ever. Would he kill himself? she thought. Not until after he had met Lord Steyne. She thought of her long past life, and all the dismal incidents of it. Ah, how dreary it seemed, how miserable lonely, and profitless! Should she take laudanum, and end it too—have done with all hopes, schemes, debts, and triumphs? The French maid found her in this position—sitting in the midst of her miserable ruins with clasped hands and dry eyes. The woman was her accomplice, and in Steyne’s pay. ‘Mon Dieu, Madame, what has happened?’ she asked.

What had happened? Was she guilty or not? She said not, but who could tell what was truth which came from those lips, or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure? All her lies and her schemes, all her selfishness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to this bankruptcy. The woman closed the curtains, and with some entreaty and show of kindness, persuaded her mistress to lie down on the bed. Then she went below and gathered up the trinkets which had been lying on the floor since Rebecca dropped them there at her husband’s orders, and Lord Steyne went away.

(From *Ivanhoe*)

#### Henry Esmond Returns from the Wars

‘And now we are drawing near to home,’ she continued, ‘I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was but to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after

that horrid—horrid misfortune I was half frantic with grief then when I saw you. And I know now—they have told me That wretch, whose name I can never mention, even has said it how you tried to avert the quarrel, and would have taken it on yourself, my poor child but it was God's will that I should be punished, and that my dear lord should fall'

'He gave me his blessing on his death bed,' Esmond said. 'Thank God for that legacy!'

'Amen, amen' dear Henry,' said the lady, pressing his arm 'I knew it Mr Atterbury of St Bride's, who was called to him, told me so And I thanked God, too, and in my prayers ever since remembered it'

'You had spared me many a bitter night had you told me sooner,' Mr Esmond said.

'I know it, I know it,' she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her 'I know how wicked my heart has been, and I have suffered too, my dear I confessed to Mr Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better even that, having parted, we should part But I knew you would come back—I own that That is no one's fault And to day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream," I thought yes, like them that dream—them that dream And then it went, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy, and he that goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him," I looked up from the book and saw you I was not surprised when I saw you I knew you would come, dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head'

She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face.

'Do you know what day it is?' she continued 'It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die and my brain was in a fever, and we had no wine. But now—now you're come again, bringing your sheaves with you my dear' She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, 'bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!'

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depths overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, reverled to him) quite smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving Gracious God, who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain—not in vain has he lived—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him What is ambition compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under the ground, along with idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessing—or precedes you, and intercedes for you *Non omnis moriar*—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two, nor am lost and hopeless

living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me

'If—if 'tis so, dear lady,' Mr Esmond said, 'why should I ever leave you? If God hath given me this great boon—and near or far from me, as I know now, the heart of my dearest mistress follows me, let me have that blessing near me, nor ever part with it till death separate us Come away—leave this Europe, this place which has so many sad recollections for you Begin a new life in a new world My good lord often talked of visiting that land in Virginia which King Charles gave us—give his ancestor Frank will give us that No man there will ask it there is a blot on my name, or inquire in the woods what my title is'

'And my children—and my duty—and my good father, Henry?' she broke out 'He has none but me now! for soon my sister will leave him, and the old man will be alone. He has conformed since the new Queen's reign, and here in Winchester, where they love him, they have found a church for him When the children leave me, I will stay with him I cannot follow them into the great world, where their way lies—it scares me. They will come and visit me, and you will, some times, Henry—yes, sometimes, as now, in the Holy Advent season, when I have seen and blessed you once more'

'I would leave all to follow you,' said Mr Esmond, 'and can you not be as generous for me, dear lady?'

'Hush, boy!' she said, and it was with a mother's sweet plaintive tone and look that she spoke 'The world is beginning for you For me, I have been so weak and sinful that I must leave it, and pray out an expiation, dear Henry Had we houses of religion as there were once, and many divines of our Church would have them again, I often think I would return to one and pass my life in penance But I would love you still—yes, there is no sin in such a love as mine now, and my dear lord in heaven may see my heart, and knows the tears that have washed my sin away—and now—now my duty is here, by my children whilst they need me, and by my poor old father, and'

'And not by me?' Henry said

'Hush!' she said again, and raised her hand up to his lip 'I have been your nurse You could not see me, Harry, when you were in the smallpox, and I came and sat by you Ah! I prayed that I might die, but it would have been in sin, Henry Oh! it is horrid to look back to that time It is over now and past, and it has been forgiven me. When you need me again, I will come ever so far When your heart is wounded, then come to me, my dear Be silent! let me say all You never loved me, dear Henry—no, you do not now, and I thank heaven for it I used to watch you, and knew by a thousand signs that it was so Do you remember how glad you were to go away to college? 'Twas I sent you. I told my papa that, and Mr Atterbury too, when I spoke to him in London And they both gave me absolution—booh—and they are godly men, having authority to bind and to loose And they forgave me, as my dear lord forgave me before he went to heaven'

'I think the angels are not all in heaven,' Mr Esmond said And as a brother holds a sister to his heart, and as a mother cleaves to her son's breast, so for a few moments Esmond's beloved mistress came to him and blessed him

(From Esmond)

**Beatrix Esmond welcomes Captain Henry Esmond**

Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height, and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse after Rameilles, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark, her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders, but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine, except her cheeks which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lovely as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic—there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

So she came holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stairs to greet Esmond.

'She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes,' says my lord, still laughing, 'Oh, my fine mistress! is this the way you set your cap at the Captain?' She approached, shining smiles upon Esmond, who could look at nothing but her eyes. She advanced holding forward her head, as if she would have him kiss her as he used to do when she was a child.

'Stop,' she said, 'I am grown too big! Welcome, cousin Harry,' and she made him an arch curtsey, sweeping down to the ground almost, with the most gracious bend, looking up the while with the brightest eyes and sweetest smile. Love seemed to radiate from her. Harry eyed her with such a rapture as the first lover is described as having by Milton.

'*N'est ce pas?*' says my lady, in a low, sweet voice, still hanging on his arm.

Esmond turned round with a start and a blush, as he met his mistress's clear eyes. He had forgotten her, rapt in admiration of the *fata pulchra*.

'Right foot forward, toe turned out, so now drop the curtsey, and show the red stockings, Trix. They've silver clocks, Harry. The Dowager sent 'em. She went to put 'em on,' cries my lord.

'Hush, you stupid child!' says Miss, smothering her brother with kisses, and then she must come and kiss her mamma, looking all the while at Harry, over his mistress's shoulder. And if she did not kiss him, she gave him both her hands, and then took one of his in both hands, and said, 'Oh, Harry, we're so, so glad you're come!'

(from *Esmond*)

**The Death of Colonel Newcome**

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the Colonel still lay ill

After some days the fever which had attacked him left him, but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was extremely bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr Goodenough, came to him, he hoped too, but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, held by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him—Madame de Lloric, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside, who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old day. He lay us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was, especially when Boy Clive, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bedclothes, or the pockets of his dressing gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red checked, white breasted gown boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways and who, to the old gentleman's unsalfing delight, used to call him, 'Codd Colonel' 'Tell little F— that Codd Colonel wants to see him,' and the little gown boy was brought to him, and the Colonel would listen to him for hours, and hear all about his lessons and his play and prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr Raine and his own early school days. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him, sent him in books and papers to amuse him, and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown boy, and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr Senior.

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very pale stricken face and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half holiday, and they were having a cricket match with the St Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it, he would like to see the game he had played many a game on that green when he was a

boy He grew excited, Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand, and way he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, ure, little white haired gown boy!* Heaven speed you, little friend

Aster the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder, he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, 'Toujours, toujours!' But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him, the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment, Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. 'He is very bad, he wanders a great deal,' the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. 'He is calling for you again, dear lady,' she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling, 'and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know ou.' She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot, the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while, then again he would sigh and be still once more. I heard him say hurriedly, 'Take care of him when I'm in India,' and then with a heart rending voice he called out, 'Léonore, Leonore!' She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs, only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hounds outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called, and lo, he, whose heart was that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

(From *The Newcomes*)

At his own wish Thackeray's family published no Life of the novelist. His daughter Mrs Richmond Ritchie, contributed valuable material to the biographical edition of his works (1898-99); her *Chapters from some Memoirs* (1894) give reminiscences of his later years. Mrs Ritchie also contributed to the article by Sir Leslie Stephen—the chief authority on the subject—in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. In the 'Great Writers' series there is a *Life* by Herman Merivale and F T Marzials. Another biography is by Anthony Trollope in the 'English Men of Letters' series. *The Thackerays in India* by Sir William Hunter, and two books by Mr Eyre Crowe, the artist—*With Thackeray in America* and *Thackeray's Haunts and Homes*—contain interesting matter the first named volume with regard to Thackeray's progenitors. There are many references to the novelist in Forster's *Life of Dickens*, Mrs Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, Hayward's *Correspondence the Personal Recollections* of Sir Frederick Pollock and in many other works by contemporary writers.

Thackeray's works as published are *Flore et Zephyr* (eight lithographs by E. Morton, after sketches by Thackeray 1856) *The Paris Sketch Book* (1840) *Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank* (1840) *Comic Tales and Sketches* edited and illustrated by Mr Michael Angelo Titmarsh (1841) *The Second Funeral of Napoleon* and *The Chronicles of the Drum* (1841) *The Irish Sketch Book* (1843) *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo, &c.* (1846) *Mrs Perkins's Ball* (1847), *Vanity Fair* (1848) *The Book of Snobs* (1848) *Our Street* (1848) *The History of Pendennis* (1849-50) *Dr Birch and his Young Friends* (1849) *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond*

(1849) *Rebecca and Rowena*, illustrated by R Doyle (1850) *Sketches after English Landscape Painters*, by S Marry, with short notices by W M Thackeray (1850), *The Kickleburys on the Rhine* (1850) *The History of Henry Esmond* (1852), *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century* (1853) *The Newcomes*, illustrated by R Doyle (1854-55), *The Rose and the Ring* (1855) *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* (4 vols., comprising *Barry Lyndon*, &c., 1855), *The Virginians* (1858-59), *Lovel the Widower* (1861) *The Four Georges* (1861), *The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World* (1862) *Roundabout Papers* (1863) *Denis Derval* (1867) *The Orphan of Pimlico* and other *Sketches Fragments, and Drawings*, edited by A. T. Thackeray (1876), *Etchings by the late W M Thackeray while at Cambridge* (1878) *Letters—1847-1865* with Introduction by Mrs Brookfield (1887), *Sultan Stork and other Stories* with Bibliography by R H Shepherd (1887), *Loose Sketches, An Eastern Adventure, &c.* (1894). The first library edition of Thackeray appeared in 1867-69, in twenty two volumes. Several other editions followed, until in 1883-85 the Standard edition in twenty six volumes came out. To this edition were added certain contributions to *Fraser's Magazine* such as *Catherine* some newly collected papers from *Punch*, and other *miscellanies*. The 'biographical' edition has been already mentioned. There have been many other editions which need no particular reference.

J. A. BLAIKIE

**Tom Taylor** (1817-80), born at Sunderland, studied at Glasgow and Trinity College, Cambridge, came out third classic in 1840, and was elected to a fellowship. Professor of English for two years at University College, London, he was called to the Bar in 1845, and held the office of secretary to the Board of Health and the Local Government Board from 1854 till 1871, when he retired with a pension. It was computed that he produced about a hundred dramatic pieces, original and translated, many of them highly successful, such as *Masks and Faces* (with Charles Reade), *Our American Cousin* (in which Sothern created 'Lord Dundreary'), *Still Waters Run Deep*, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, *Victims*, *An Unequal Match*, *The Contested Election*, *The Overland Route*, *The Fool's Revenge* (from Victor Hugo), *'Twit Axe and Crown* (an adaptation from a German original), and *Joan of Arc*. The three last mentioned are historical dramas of a higher order than the others, and to *Joan of Arc* Mrs Tom Taylor (Laura Barker, a musical composer) contributed an original overture and entr'acte. At a Literary Fund banquet in June 1873 Tom Taylor said that, 'while serving literature as his mistress, he had served the State as his master—a jealous one, like the law, if not so jealous—and while contributing largely to literature grave and gay, by help of the invaluable three hours before breakfast, he had given the daily labour of twenty-two of his best years to the duties of a public office.' Besides creating—or manufacturing—his dramatic pieces, Tom Taylor was a steady contributor to *Punch*, and on the death of Shirley Brooks in 1874 succeeded him as editor. He gave to biographical literature the *Autobiography of B R Haydon* (1853), compiled and edited from the journals of that unfortunate artist, also the *Autobiography and Correspondence of the late C R Leslie, R A* (1859), and the *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds* (1865)—the last commenced by Leslie shortly before his death.

### Charles Dickens

was born on the 7th of February 1812 in Landport near Portsea, his father, John Dickens, being at that time a clerk in the Navy Pay Office in Portsmouth at a salary of eighty pounds a year. His mother was Elizabeth Barrow, daughter of a lieutenant in the navy, and Charles was the second of the eight children whom she bore to her husband. He received the rudiments of education from his mother. Not being a very strong or healthy child, he was thrown back at a very early age on the companionship of books. Fielding, Smollett, Lesigne, and Cervantes were his friends when his health forbade him to take part in the sports of childhood. Quite early, too, he visited theatres in company with James Lamart, a family connection, and thus began to acquire a taste for the stage which lasted throughout his life. At Chatham, whether the family had removed when Charles was four years old, they stayed till 1823, when John Dickens, whose salary had by that time been increased to £350 a year, was called to duty in London at Somerset House, taking lodgings with his wife and children in Bayham Street, Camden Town. Before this Charles had had a year or two at school under Mr Giles, a Baptist minister at Chatham. John Dickens, however—whose character has been drawn for us by Dickens himself in Mr Micawber—at this time became involved in money troubles. The boy's education was in consequence utterly neglected, he blotted the family books and helped his mother with the younger children, but he still managed to get books and gratify his taste for reading. Eventually the patience of John Dickens's creditors was exhausted, and he was arrested for debt and lodged in the Marshalsea. Charles was provided for by being placed in a blighting warehouse, his chief occupation being the sticking of labels on bottles. On this period of his life he ever afterwards looked back with detestation and bitterness. The family later on followed the father to the Marshalsea and lodged there with him. Later again they moved to Camden Town, Charles, however, remaining, not in, but close to, the prison in another lodging.

Fortunately this period of misery and degradation was not a long one. John Dickens was able at last to pay his debts and to secure his release. In 1825 he left the public service on a pension, and eventually became employed as a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*. Charles in the meantime had been sent to school, in his thirteenth year, at the Wellington House Academy, Hampstead Road, where he stayed two years. After a short interval spent at another school he became a clerk in an attorney's office, first in Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards, from 1827 to 1828, in Gray's Inn. He was now, and had been for some years past, in vigorous health, and he resolved to take every opportunity to improve his education and his prospects by his own efforts. He read in the British Museum, and

became a skilful writer of shorthand. He now obtained the post of reporter for the *True Sun* in the gallery of the House of Commons, and in 1835 transferred himself to the *Morning Chronicle*, the managers of which soon learned to appreciate his remarkable skill and quickness. By them he was sent to meetings all over the country, and in this way acquired that varied experience both of adventures and of people which was to serve him so well later on. From reporting he soon turned to original work. The first article of the series now known as *Sketches by Boz* appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* for December 1833, though it was not until the following August that he used the signature 'Boz,' the nickname of his youngest brother. Begun in the *Monthly Magazine*, the series was continued in the *Evening Chronicle*, an offshoot of the *Morning Chronicle*, to which Dickens was now attached at a weekly salary of seven guineas. In March 1836 the sketches appeared in book form, published by Macrone, who had paid Dickens £150 for the copyright. On 2nd April of the same year Dickens was married to Catherine Hogarth, the eldest daughter of his friend and colleague George Hogarth. At about this time, too, Dickens was writing in a small way for the stage. One piece, *Is She His Wife? or Something Singular*, a comic burletta, was produced at the St James's Theatre in March 1836, another, *The Strange Gentleman*, also a comic burletta, at the same theatre in the following September. Now came the crisis in Dickens's career. Chapman & Hall the publishers were negotiating with Seymour the artist for the publication of a series of plates illustrative of cockney sportsmen. Dickens was applied to by them to write the letterpress. At his suggestion the cockney sporting notion was abandoned, the Pickwick Club was adopted as a basis, and the publication of the monthly parts began in April 1836, Dickens receiving a payment of £15, 15s a number. Shortly before the appearance of the second number Seymour had committed suicide, and, for one number (the third), R. W. Buss replaced him. Thicker amongst others had applied for the vacant post, but eventually Hablot K. Brown ('Phiz') was chosen by Dickens to be his illustrator. The success of *The Pickwick Papers* was enormous. Of the first number four hundred copies were prepared, by the time the fifteenth had been reached the sale had increased a hundredfold, and Dickens's fortune was practically made. *Oliver Twist* began to appear (January 1837) in *Bentley's Miscellany* before *Pickwick* ended, and ran on to March 1839, and long before *Oliver* was finished *Nicholas Nickleby* began. After a short interval *Master Humphrey's Clock* began to appear once a week. Originally this series was to have consisted of detached papers, humorous and satirical, and stories, this plan and the title, however, were soon absorbed into *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*. The last number of this series appeared on 27th November 1841. In January

1842 Dickens sailed for America, with a view to breaking new ground for his next book. He was received with unbounded enthusiasm. This feeling, however, gave way to resentment upon the appearance of *American Notes*, and resentment was followed by a storm of obloquy when *Martin Chuzzlewit* (January 1843 to August 1844) showed Dickens as a merciless satirist of a large number of American characteristics and institutions. The year 1843 saw the appearance of *The Christmas Carol*, the first of the Christmas books. There were four successors—*The Chimes*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *The Battle of Life*, and *The Haunted Man*. From July 1844 to June 1845 Dickens spent the greater part of his time in Italy. In January 1846 he became the first editor of the *Daily News*, but resigned the post after less than three weeks. To the columns of the *Daily News* he contributed a series of 'Travelling Letters,' subsequently republished as *Pictures from Italy*. In June 1846 he settled at Lausanne, where he began *Dombey and Son*, which he finished in 1848. The book had an immense popularity, and its pecuniary results were very large. *David Copperfield* immediately followed (May 1849 to November 1850). At this time, too, he carried out his plan for the establishment of a weekly magazine, *Household Words* was the title selected for it, and W H Wills became assistant editor. *Bleak House* ran in monthly parts from March 1852 to September 1853, *Hard Times* was published in *Household Words* from April to August 1854, and *Little Dorrit* followed in monthly parts from January 1855 to June 1857. This unceasing literary labour did not, however, entirely absorb his energies, for from 1847 to 1852 he occupied himself eagerly with theatrical performances in London and the great provincial towns as actor, stage-manager, and, occasionally, as playwright. During 1855 he spared time to interest himself in various political questions.

In 1856 Dickens bought Gadshill Place, near Rochester, and in 1860, when he sold his London



CHARLES DICKENS

From a Photograph in the possession of Mr F G Kitton

house, he made Gadshill his permanent home. In 1858 he gave his first public reading, and thenceforward he devoted a large part of his time and energy to this form of entertainment, which proved highly profitable to his finances, though it seriously impaired his health and strength. In the same year Dickens separated from his wife. One consequence of the controversy that arose about this matter was that Dickens quarrelled with Bradbury & Evans, who had been his publishers since 1844, and returned to Chapman & Hall. *Household Words* was given up, and *All the Year Round* took its place. The sale of his Christmas stories in *All the Year Round* reached three hundred thousand. In this journal, too, were published *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859) and *Great Expectations* (December 1860 to August 1861). In *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-65) Dickens reverted to the plan of monthly numbers. In November 1867, after a run of extraordinary success as a public reader in England, he sailed for America. He was not in good health; an inflammation of his left foot gave him very great trouble, and the strain of travel upon mind and body overtaxed his strength, but his reception in America

was triumphant, and his readings had a magnificent success wherever he gave them. The Americans had forgiven him his criticisms, and their attendance at his readings swelled his bank-balance by nearly £20,000. He returned to England in May 1868, and began another series of readings, which, however, he was eventually ordered by his doctors to abandon. In the autumn of 1869 he set to work on *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which appeared (first number April 1870) in monthly parts, and was immediately successful. On the 8th of June 1870, after working at his book all day, he had a sudden stroke, and died on the following day. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 14th of June 1870.

So ended, in his fifty-ninth year, the great and beneficent genius who through the course of a whole generation had held the minds of English-speaking

folk spell bound From the time when the publication of the *Pickwick Papers* began to the day when death came upon him with *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* still unfinished, his influence had been as widespread as its strength was uncontested. His life, after its first few wretched years, had been in its broad public aspect a happy one, for he had been able to employ all his powers to the full extent of their capacity. He sprang quickly into fame, and from that moment was able to banish all fear of penury. Thus, with the additional incentive that came to him from the enthusiastic admiration of innumerable readers, he was enabled to throw all the energies of his being into the occupation he consciously excelled in, to say everything he most wanted to say with the knowledge that every word would go straight to its mark. No life could well have been more thoroughly lived or more delightful.

As soon as he had died a question as to the probable endurance of his popularity was raised—chiefly, perhaps, by those who had depreciated it during his life. Dickens, so it was said, depends for his force and his interest on accidents that had passed away even before he ceased to write. Stage coaches have stopped running, their drivers are an extinct type; how will it be possible to interest succeeding generations in the humours of Tony Weller and the mottle-faced man? The Fleet prison and the Marshalsea exist no longer; who can now care about a description of their enormities? The modern sick-nurse is a gentle and refined lady; will anybody believe that a Gamp or a Prig could ever have spread an aroma of gin over suffering humanity? And so forth, and so forth.

In one sense these questions have been quietly answering themselves. Edition after edition of the novels was published during the lifetime of Dickens. He has been dead for a generation, most of the copyrights have expired, but the stream of editions continues to flow. Other publishers have seized upon the books, and send them out in all shapes and sizes. So far as mere popularity is concerned, and so far as it can be tested by sales, this might seem to be a conclusive answer for the present. Nor must it be forgotten that in America, where there was no first-hand knowledge of the accidents to which reference has been made, where there were no Tony Wellers, no Marshals, and no Gamps, and no Courts of Chancery capable of spinning a case out for generations, the popularity of Dickens became at once as great as it was at home, while his readers were even more numerous. France and Germany, too, gave him hosts of admirers. Without pushing the point too far, it is surely to some extent permissible to infer the verdict of posterity from the judgment of foreign readers. To put it in a different way, it seems hardly conceivable that any generation of Englishmen should cease to take pleasure in these home-bred characters which have de-

lighted foreigners utterly separated from them—at any rate so far as their outward presentment is concerned—by temperament and history.

The fact is that a great part of the force of Charles Dickens's books depends not on the permanence of the institutions he describes, or of the particular occupations assigned to his characters, but on the extraordinary sympathy and insight with which he imagined them and on the living strength with which he endowed them. Stage coaches, to be sure, are not now the only method of travelling, but men still drive horses, grow stout in the occupation, and deliver crustic aphorisms on life. Sarah Gamp no longer nurses, but, apart from nursing, the great tribe of Gamps still flourishes, with all the humour, the inverted tenderness, and the indifference to mortality and its sufferings that distinguished its founder. Driven from the sick bed, its members are still occupied as charwomen, caretakers, or as bedmakers in the college rooms of Cambridge. All these characters, in short, remain as true to life in a broad sense as they were when Dickens dragged them forth from their natural obscurity. The non-essentials have changed, the type is still the same. Or take as different examples Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, or Mr. Vincent Crummles and his company. The whole status and many of the duties of solicitors have altered in the course of the last sixty years, but can any one deny that there have been, and are, sharp and 'downy' practitioners ready to take advantage of a foolish client, and basing their hope of costs on the riches of a more modern Pickwick? The jargon they talk is different, because the processes of law have changed, but the nature of Dodsons and Foggs is immutable. As to Crummles and his flock, they are touring somewhere in the provinces at this moment, though they travel by railway instead of along the posting roads. Even now at some remote railway station that sublime manager's successor is straining a Nicholas Nickleby to his breast, exclaiming as he does so, 'Farewell, my noble, my lion-hearted boy,' while the porters and the passengers on the platform are laughing as did the lookers-on round the door of the coach in which the original Nicholas departed for London. So the list might be almost indefinitely extended. Mrs. Bardell, the amorous, with Mrs. Clappins and the rest of her satellites, Mr. Justice Starleigh, the model of grotesque judicial obtuseness, Bumble, the archetype of pudding-headed beadle-dom, Uncle Pumblechook, trampling pompously on the inferior poor, and cringing to the prosperous, Mr. Toots, the non-consequential, Captain Cuttle and Jack Bunsby, those forlorn and soft-hearted marners, helpless against the onslaughts of the implacable MacStinger, Miss Pross, the victor in single combat over Madame Defarge, Mr. F's Aunt, with her trilogy of immortal irrelevancies—'There's mile stones on the Dover Road,' 'I hate a fool,' and 'When we lived at Henley, Barnes's gander was stole by tinkers'—these and a hundred

others, all as broadly conceived and as inevitably described, remain with us and have become a part of the common history and everyday life of our race.

How came Dickens to write as he did, or, indeed, to write at all? His family associations were not literary, his education, such as it was, was un-literary to the last degree. No great school or university can claim him as its pupil. If we had no record except of his childish years of misery, followed by a few glimpses of him in after-life as a successful reader, an excellent actor, and an agreeable host, it might be as hard for some meticulous critics to believe that he wrote *Dombey and Son*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and *A Tale of Two Cities* as it is for Baconian enthusiasts to believe that Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. John Forster's life of his friend may, however, prevent the investigator in the year 2200 from imputing the authorship of the novels to Sir Thomas Talfourd, who, be it remembered, was not only a member of Parliament and a judge, but also wrote four tragedies, one of which, at least, was produced on the stage. In short, this question cannot be answered by a set of formulæ in the case of Dickens any better than in the case of any other great creator. No doubt the difficulty of accounting for Dickens, if the expression may be used, is increased by the very force of his originality. He is not related either to Richardson or to Scott, and though a connection can be established between his work and the tradition bequeathed by Fielding and Smollett, he is widely separated from both of them, as from all his predecessors and contemporaries, by the form he adopted, by the point of view from which he regarded it and the treatment by which he developed it.

What we know of Dickens is this. As a boy he was what he remained all his life through—nervous, highly strung, excitable, profoundly sensitive and imaginative to the last degree, extraordinarily impressionable, and as tenacious in recollecting as he was quick in registering the impressions he received. This boy, so sensitive and shrinking, found himself the sport of fate. The misfortunes of his father were visited upon his innocent head with a force increased tenfold by his helplessness and his sense of the injustice of the visitation. To be degraded through a father's calamity is the sharpest stroke that can fall upon a boy, for a boy can make no allowances, he can only realise the exceeding bitterness of his own lot. My father, he says in effect, is a grown man, he can fight for himself. But I am made a mockery to my companions by his fall, my days are rendered hateful to me, and I cannot lift a hand to better my condition or to help him. So the Marshalsea prisoner's son, forced into an occupation against which his whole being revolted and of which he could never trust himself in after-life to speak, became a lonely and a morbid boy. He took refuge in books and the

fancies their reading gave him, resolving, too, that if ever the chance came to him after he had grown up he would strike a blow against injustice, oppression, and hypocrisy in high places, and against all the wretchedness and pain that they brought upon gentle and innocent creatures. This was the noble revenge he planned for himself. His chance was to come sooner than he could have expected. The *Sketches by Boz* had made him known to a few who were able to appreciate keen powers of observation, strong sympathy, a curious knowledge of human nature, and a lively and direct style of writing as displayed by a man hitherto unknown. The *Pickwick Papers* instantly made him famous. The young man of twenty-five found himself the master of the great public. He had secured an immense army to follow him, and could now lead his crusade. Even in *Pickwick* he had shown us a good man struggling against adversity and temporarily overwhelmed by it. He followed it with *Oliver Twist*, in which he drew directly, not on his own special boyish experiences, but on the feelings roused by them, in order to present to us the terrible picture of a boy wronged from his birth, driven by accident into infamous surroundings, and emerging through horror and despair to justice and peace. *Nicholas Nickleby* takes up the tale again. Nicholas himself (though, like Martin Chuzzlewit, he is nothing but an automaton framed for the display of proper feeling and the utterance of correct phrases), Kate Nickleby, Smike, and the rest of the boys at Dotheboys Hall—they are all based on the suffering of unmerited pain they appeal to us because they are beaten down by the schemes of wicked men no less than by their own circumstances, and their appeal is brought poignantly home to us because their creator had himself suffered, and through their mouths was telling the story of his wrongs. And the same motive runs through most of the novels, strong and direct in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, and *David Copperfield*, less forcible in some of the others, but undeniably present in nearly all. Thus Dickens's books—those, that is to say, on which his fame chiefly rests—were emphatically novels with a purpose. Sometimes, as when he attacked the debtors' prisons, the Yorkshire schools, the Court of Chancery, or the Circumlocution Office, they had not only the broad purpose just indicated, but a special sub purpose of their own. It is unnecessary to argue at length the question raised by those who hold that a story should be told for the story's sake only, that it depends for its excellence as a work of art only on the interest of its scheme and the literary manner in which it is presented, and that any such object as the reform of general humanity or the remedy of special abuses by the inculcation of a moral is not merely alien to the story-teller's craft, but also weakens and degrades his story. We may admit that an attack on the abuses of a public institution or a Government office does

not of itself necessarily make a good story—the chances, perhaps, are rather in favour of its being a bad one, but everything depends on the treatment. There can be no valid reason why a writer who feels strongly with regard to some particular form of inquiry, injustice, or folly should not employ his humour, his knowledge of human nature, and his observation for the purpose of showing the world how mean and unworthy is the object of his dislike. It is absurd to lay down a rule which forbids novelists to have a moral purpose, or permits them to have it only when it is so carefully disguised as to be unrecognisable. In short, we can delight in Scott and Dumas and Robert Louis Stevenson without ceasing to take our pleasure in Victor Hugo, in Dickens, and in Charles Reade. To deprecate a novelist merely because he is also a moralist is like blaming a lighthouse because it does not happen to be a bonfire.

The appearance of the *Pickwick Papers* revealed to the world a new and delightful force. Here was a writer who had thrown off the shackles of convention, who knew the simple everyday life of humble people and portrayed it with a humour as fresh as it was irresistible, who carried his readers with him from scene to scene and incident to incident by the amazing energy of his own animal spirits and his imaginative power. Certainly the publishers had neither intended nor hoped for such a result. Their plan has been already described. In a happy moment for themselves and the English speaking world they pitched upon Dickens as their writer. He took up the plan and developed it to suit his own ideas, altered it and added to it as he went along, and finally reduced it to something like unity. Complete unity, of course, it could not have, for no art could weld together satisfactorily the detached fragments of its beginning or make them harmonise entirely with its progress and its end. The touchstone in this matter is Mr Samuel Pickwick himself. The eponymous President of the Pickwick Club is introduced to us as a grotesque and pompous old noodle, an object not of sympathy, but of ridicule. If we skip from the first chapter to the last page of the book, we find that Mr Pickwick 'retains all his former juvenility of spirit.' He is known to all the poor people about, who never fail to take their hats off, as he passes, with great respect. The children idolise him, and so, indeed, does the whole neighbourhood! Could any one have respected or idolised the Pickwick of Chapter I? The young writer was, however, to show immediately that he was capable of writing a consistent story, and of compelling the attention of his readers by an intense tragic power no less than by humour and pathos. While *Pickwick* was appearing he was engaged upon *Oliver Twist*. Its publication gave him a definite place in English literature. Nothing so grim, so remorseless, and so direct had ever before moved the conscience of the public in the guise of fiction. Its author was recognised as

one who, without the vast learning of Victor Hugo, could do in English what that great master had done in French in *Notre Dame de Paris* a few years before—could show the elemental passions of humanity struggling under the dominating influence of *droiture*, and could purge the emotions by pity and terror. Henceforward his own reputation was on his special ground his only serious rival. But he was in the full flush of his youth and energy, and within the next six years he produced *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge*, an astonishing record of achievement for a man of thirty one. For the rest, the tale of his work may be read in his biography. It would be idle to pretend that he was at all times equal to his highest standard. *Little Dorrit* is not without tediousness, and *Our Mutual Friend* is the least satisfactory of all his efforts. But *Little Dorrit* was followed by *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*, and after *Our Mutual Friend* came his last book, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which proved him to be still possessed of all his ancient power and variety of sympathy and of interest.

One part of Dickens's secret has already been indicated—he had lived amongst the common people, he knew their habits and their modes of speech, and he rendered them with the faithful accuracy of genius—which is a very different thing from the accuracy of the instantaneous photographer who can present to us frictional moments of attitude and gesture never caught by mortal eye. He has been assailed for being a dealer in exaggeration, a caricaturist. The charge may be admitted while the implication is denied. The true caricaturist is not he who gives us a gigantic head perched on a diminutive body supported by infinitesimal legs, but he who in his portrait represents with emphasis those tricks of feature, of gesture, or even of dress that reveal the inward character. In this sense Dickens was a caricaturist. It need not be contended that he always succeeded, or that in his desire for emphasis he never over-drew. Mr Carker and Mr Carker's gleaming teeth are only one example out of many. And in the satire of 'society' Dickens failed. But where he knew the class he could draw the man belonging to it, and draw him with unmatched truth and sympathy and humour. If Carker is to be called for the plaintiff, the defence can retort crushingly with Miss Tox, Dr Blumbe, Mr Toots, and Captain Cuttle. Steerforth and Rosa Dartle can be overwhelmed with the two Peggotys, Mrs Gummidge, Mr Micawber, Traddles, and Miss Trotwood. Those who accuse Dickens of not being 'natural' bring forward the special exceptions. In order to prove their point they are willing to forget the great mass of his characters and the richness of humour and humanity with which he dowered them. We may grant to these accusers that Dickens's occasional use of 'label-names' was a source of some weakness to him, and for this reason. If you call a

character Scrooge, or Verisopht, or Gradgrind, you stamp him once for all and set him apart to be what his name indicates and nothing more. Subsequently you may wish to develop or to change his nature, but the fatal name hinders you. It is harder to believe that a Scrooge could become generous and sympathetic and cheerful than it would be if his name had been, let us say, Roland or Oliver. A man who begins by wanting 'facts, nothing but facts,' might, of course, on some future day 'bend his hitherto inflexible theories to appointed circumstances, making his facts and figures subservient to Faith, Hope, and Charity, and no longer trying to grind that heavenly trio into his dusty little mills,' but before he does it (in a book) he ought to drop the name of Gradgrind. And as to Lord Frederick Verisopht, the case is much the same. The description of his quarrel with Sir Mulberry Hawk and the subsequent duel is one of the most powerful in fiction, but it is vitiated by his absurd name. It seems hardly possible to believe that this mixture of pip and cotton-wool could have behaved like a real man, or that 'he might have lived a happy man, and died with children's faces round his bed'—unless he had merged his family label in some territorial title suggesting peace, reform, and all the domestic virtues.

The pathos of Dickens has been a subject of somewhat bitter controversy. It could move so unsentimental a critic as Jeffrey to tears, it has been assailed by later critics—on whom, by the way, Mr Swinburne has discharged some crashing thunderbolts (*Quarterly Review*, July 1902). Much may be admitted even by the most thorough-going admirers of Dickens. It was not generally in the nature of his impassioned genius to allow the situation he had created to speak for itself, or to submit to the noble and eloquent reticence which has made the death scene of Colonel Newcome a masterpiece. Carried away by the intensity of his emotion, he added detail after detail and sentence after sentence, heaping pathos upon pathos in his ardent desire to impress his own sense of tears upon his readers. These, too, if they once yield to his spell, are carried away, and their hearts are wrung by the bitterness and irreparable affliction that Dickens sets before them. They are inclined to resent as an intrusion upon sacred ground the subsequent appearance of the cold critic who, having analysed the bitterness and dissected the affliction, tells them that by all the rules of art they ought to have scoffed and not to have wept. They may allow his canons, but they will always prefer to abide by the test of their own feelings. Nor must it be forgotten that, even if in the case of Little Nell and Paul Dombey Dickens overcharged the veins of sentiment, he showed more than once, and notably in *A Tale of Two Cities*, that he could describe mortal things without a trace of the excess with which he has been charged.

The general style of Dickens's writing was virile

and direct. He had a full command of nervous English, and he used it with a joyous sort of vigour to give flesh and blood to the shapes that filled his memory and to the creatures of his imagination. Reinforced, as it was, by sympathy and humour, by a drollery as refreshing as it was unexpected, and by a fierce indignation against wrong, this power became irresistible. Sometimes its very force, working under the stimulus of a violent and lurid imagination, led him astray. The wind, the speed of a post-chaise, the gloom and terror of a murky river, become under its influence portentous human elements of the story, and the story teller is lost in the rhapsodist and the prophet. On the other hand, it must be said that this imaginative power often stood him in good stead. To cite only one instance, it would not be easy to match in our literature the tremendous descriptions of Jonas Chuzzlewit's guilty agonies before and after he committed the murder. Even the bluff humour of the guard of the coach and Mr Pecksniff's hypocritical friendliness are fitted into the terrible description of Jonas before the crime, and Mrs Gamp plays her part in the dreadful final scene. This is the Aeschylean side of Dickens, just as in the apostrophes to Tom Pinch with their thinnings and thinnings there is found the sham Euripidean which led him into an excess of sentimentality, finding its expression in long passages of bad blank verse. In the construction of his stories Dickens varied very much. It has already been pointed out how the origin of the *Pickwick Papers* necessarily made the story one of detached scenes. But *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, though they do possess definite plots, scarcely attain nearer to an essential unity than *Pickwick*. Their gloomy plots are in reality subordinate to the detached incidents that give them their living interest. In other books, however, Dickens kept a firm grasp on his central story, and made it control the incidents. In nearly everything he wrote, certainly in every book that preceded *Bleak House*, the astounding vigour and vitality of the writer are the chief elements. Body and soul, heart and brain, and muscular energy—all that he was, and all that he felt or saw—were thrown into his work, which, from the impulse of his own overwhelming animation, took upon it life and energy. And if here and there a reader, and in particular a reader of academic mind, is startled by riotous exuberance or offended by excess of sentimentality, even he can turn for instant relief to innumerable scenes of profound and touching insight. Such passages as the dialogues between little Paul and Mrs Pipchin, or the description of David Copperfield's sorrowful sense of importance when the death of his mother was announced, reveal the master no less surely than the broad humours of the Gamps and Wellers and Micawbers. Indeed, it is possible to make a thousand deductions from the sum of Dickens's merits and yet to leave him

securely established, we may hope for many a generation to come, in the enthusiastic and grateful affection of the race for which he wrote.

#### Mr Lenville's Apology

He [Mr Folair] had no doubt reported that Nicholas was in a state of extreme bodily fear, for when that young gentleman wall ed with much deliberation down to the theatre next morning at the usual hour, he found all the company assembled in evident expectation, and Mr Lenville, with his severest stage face, sitting majestically on a table, whistling defiance.

Now, the ladies were on the side of Nicholas, and the gentlemen (being jealous) were on the side of the dis appointed tragedian, so that the latter formed a little group about the redoubtable Mr Lenville, and the former looked on at a little distance in some trepidation and anxiety. On Nicholas stopping to salute them, Mr Lenville laughed a scornful laugh, and made some general remark touching the natural history of puppies.

'Oh!' said Nicholas, looking quietly round, 'are you there?'

'Slave!' returned Mr Lenville, flourishing his right arm, and approaching Nicholas with a theatrical stride. But somehow he appeared just at that moment a little startled, as if Nicholas did not look quite so frightened as he had expected, and came all at once to an awkward halt, at which the assembled ladies burst into a shrill laugh.

'Object of my scorn and hatred!' said Mr Lenville, 'I hold ye in contempt.'

Nicholas laughed in very unexpected enjoyment of this performance, and the ladies, by way of encouragement, laughed louder than before, whereat Mr Lenville assumed his bitterest smile, and expressed his opinion that they were 'minions'.

'But they shall not protect ye!' said the tragedian, taking an upward look at Nicholas, beginning at his boots and ending at the crown of his head, and then a downward one, beginning at the crown of his head and ending at his boots—which two looks, as everybody knows, express defiance on the stage. 'They shall not protect ye—boy!'

Thus speaking Mr Lenville folded his arms, and treated Nicholas to that expression of face with which, in melodramatic performances, he was in the habit of regarding the tyrannical kings when they said, 'Away with him to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat,' and which, accompanied with a little jingling of fetters, had been known to produce great effects in its time.

Whether it was the absence of the fetters or not, it made no very deep impression on Mr Lenville's adversary, however, but rather seemed to increase the good humour expressed in his countenance, in which stage of the contest, one or two gentlemen, who had come out expressly to witness the pulling of Nicholas's nose, grew impatient, murmuring that if it were to be done at all it had better be done at once, and that if Mr Lenville didn't mean to do it he had better say so, and not keep them waiting there. Thus urged, the tragedian adjusted the cuff of his right coat-sleeve for the performance of the operation, and walked in a very stately manner up to Nicholas, who suffered him to approach to within the requisite distance, and then, without the smallest discomposure, knocked him down.

Before the discomfited tragedian could raise his head from the boards, Mrs Lenville (who, as has been before hinted, was in an interesting state) rushed from the rear rank of ladies, and uttering a piercing scream, threw her self upon the body.

'Do you see this, monster? Do you see *this*?' cried Mr Lenville, sitting up, and pointing to his prostrate lady, who was holding him very tight round the waist.

'Come,' said Nicholas, nodding his head, 'apologise for the insolent note you wrote to me last night, and waste no more time in talking.'

'Never!' cried Mr Lenville.

'Yes—yes—yes,' screamed his wife. 'For my sake—for mine, Lenville—sorgo all idle forms, unless you would see me a blighted corse at your feet.'

'This is affecting!' said Mr Lenville, looking round him, and drawing the back of his hand across his eyes. 'The ties of nature are strong. The weak husband and the father—the father that is yet to be—relents I apologise.'

(From *Nicholas Nickleby*, Chap. XXII.)

#### Mrs Gamp in the Home of the Moulds.

The premises of Mr Mould were hard of hearing to the boisterous noises in the great main streets, and nestled in a quiet corner, where the City strife became a drowsy hum, that sometimes rose, and sometimes fell, and sometimes altogether ceased, suggesting to a thoughtful mind a stoppage in Cheapside. The light came sparkling in among the scarlet runners, as if the churchyard winked at Mr Mould, and said, 'We understand each o'er,' and from the distant shop a pleasant sound arose of coffin making with a low melodious hammer, rat, tat, tat, tat, alike promoting slumber and digestion.

'Quite the buzz of insects,' said Mr Mould, closing his eyes in a perfect luxury. 'It puts one in mind of the sound of animated nature in the agricultural districts. It's exactly like the woodpecker tapping.'

'The woodpecker tapping the hollow elm tree,' observed Mrs Mould, adapting the words of the popular melody to the description of wood commonly used in the trade.

'Ha, ha!' laughed Mr Mould. 'Not at all bad, my dear. We shall be glad to hear from you again, Mrs M. Hollow elm tree, eh? Ha, ha! Very good indeed. I've seen worse than that in the Sunday papers, my love.'

Mrs Mould, thus encouraged, took a little more of the punch, and handed it to her daughters, who dutifully followed the example of their mother.

'Hollow elm tree, eh?' said Mr Mould, making a slight motion with his legs in his enjoyment of the joke. 'It's beech in the song Elm, eh? Yes, to be sure. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my soul, that's one of the best things I know!' He was so excessively tickled by the jest that he couldn't forget it, but repeated twenty times, 'Elm, eh? Yes, to be sure. Elm, of course. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my life, you know, that ought to be sent to somebody who could make use of it. It's one of the smartest things that ever was said. Hollow elm tree, eh? Of course. Very hollow. Ha, ha, ha!'

Here a knock was heard at the room door.

'That's Tacker, I know,' said Mrs Mould, 'by the wheezing he makes. Who that hears him now would suppose he'd ever had wind enough to carry the feathers on his head?—Come in, Tacker.'

'Beg your pardon, ma'am,' said Tacker, looking in a little way, 'I thought our Governor was here'

'Well, so he is,' cried Mould

'Oh! I didn't see you, I'm sure,' said Tacker, looking in a little further 'You wouldn't be inclined to take a walking one of two, with the plun wood and a tin plate, I suppose?'

'Certainly not,' replied Mr Mould, 'much too common Nothing to say to it.'

'I told 'em it was precious low,' observed Mr Tacker

'Tell 'em to go somewhere else. We don't do that style of business here,' said Mr Mould 'Like their impudence to propose it Who is it?'

'Why,' returned Tacker, pausing, 'that's where it is, you see It's the beadle's son in law'

'The beadle's son in law, eh?' said Mould 'Well, I'll do it if the beadle follows in his cocked hat, not else. We may carry it off that way, by looking official, but it'll be low enough then. His cocked hat, mind!'

'I'll take care, sir,' rejoined Tacker 'Oh! Mrs Gamp's below, and wants to speak to you'

'Tell Mrs Gamp to come upstairs,' said Mould — 'Now, Mrs Gamp, what's *your* news?'

The lady in question was by this time in the doorway, curtseyng to Mrs Mould At the same moment a peculiar fragrance was borne upon the breeze, as if a passing fairy had hiccoughed, and had previously been to a wine-vaults

Mrs Gamp made no response to Mr Mould, but curtied to Mrs Mould again, and held up her hands and eyes, as in a devout thanksgiving that she looked so well She was neatly but not gaudily attired, in the weeds she had worn when Mr Pecksniff had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, and was perhaps the turn of a scale more snuffy

'There are some happy creatures,' Mrs Gamp observed, 'as time runs backards with, and you are one, Mrs Mould, not that he need do nothing except use you in his most owlacious way for years to come, I'm sure, for young you are and will be. I says to Mrs Harris,' Mrs Gamp continued, 'only t'other day—the last Monday evening fortnight as ever dwynd upon this Piljian's Projiss of a mortal wale—I says to Mrs Harris when she says to me, "Years und our trials, Mrs Gamp, sets marks upon us all,"—“Say not the words, Mrs Harris, if you and me is to be continual friends, for sech is not the case Mrs Mould,” I says, making so free, I will confess, as use the name' (she curtised here), “is one of them that goes agen the observation straight, and never, Mrs Harris, whilst I've a drop of breath to draw, will I set by, and not stand up, don't think it” “I ast your pardon, ma'am,” says Mrs Harris, “and I humbly grant your grice, for if ever a woman lived as would see her seller creatures into fits to serve her friends, well do I know that woman's name is Sairey Gamp”'

At this point she was fain to stop for breath, and advantage my be taken of the circumstance to state that a fearful mystery surrounded this lady of the name of Harris, whom no one in the circle of Mrs Gamp's acquaintance had ever seen, neither did any human being know her place of residence, though Mrs Gamp appeared on her own showing to be in constant communication with her There were conflicting rumours on the subject, but the prevalent opinion was that she was a phantom of Mrs Gamp's brain—as Messrs Doe and Roe are fictions of the law—created for the express purpose

of holding visionary dialogues with her on all manner of subjects, and invariably winding up with a compliment to the excellence of her nature.

'And likewise what a pleasure,' said Mrs Gamp, turning with a tearful smile towards the daughters, 'to see them two young ladies as I know'd afore a tooth in their pretty heads was cut, and have many a day seen—th, the sweet creatures!—plying at berryins down in the shop, and sollerin' the order book to its long home in the iron safe! But that's all past and over, Mr Mould'—as she thus got in a carefully regulated routine to that gentle man, she shook her head waggishly—'that's all past and over now, sir, an't it?'

'Changes, Mrs Gamp, changes!' returned the undertaker

'More changes, too, to come, afore we've done with changes, sir,' said Mrs Gamp, nodding yet more waggishly than before. 'Young ladies with such faces thinks of something else besides berryins, don't they, sir?'

'I am sure I don't know, Mrs Gamp,' said Mould, with a chuckle.—'Not bad in Mrs Gamp, my dear?'

'Oh, yes, you do know, sir!' said Mrs Gamp, 'and so does Mrs Mould, your 'ansome pardner too, sir, and so do I, although the blessing of a daughter was denigrated me, which, if we had had one, Gamp would certainly have drunk its little shoes right off its feet, is with our precious boy he did, and arterwards send the child a errand to sell his wooden leg for any money it would fetch as matches in the rough, and bring it home in liquor—which was truly done beyond his years, for ev'ry individgle penny that child lost at toss or buy for kidney ones, and come home arterwards quite bold, to break the news, and offring to drown himself if that would be a satisfaction to his parents. Oh, yes, you do know, sir,' said Mrs Gamp, wiping her eye with her shawl, and resuming the thread of her discourse 'There's something besides births and berryins in the newspapers, an't there, Mr Mould?'

Mr Mould winked at Mrs Mould, whom he had by this time taken on his knee, and said, 'No doubt A good deal more, Mrs Gamp—Upon my life, Mrs Gamp is very far from bad, my dear!'

'There's marryings, an't there, sir?' said Mrs Gamp, while both the daughters blushed and tittered 'Bless their precious hearts, and well they knows it! Well you know d it too, and well did Mrs Mould, when you was at their time of life! But my opinion is, you're all of one age now For as to you and Mrs Mould, sir, ever having grandchildren'—

'Oh! Fie, fie! Nonsense, Mrs Gamp,' replied the undertaker 'Devilish smart, though Ca pi tal!' This was in a whisper 'My dear'—aloud again—'Mrs Gump can drink a glass of rum, I dare say—Sit down, Mrs Gump, sit down'

Mrs Gamp took the chair that was nearest the door, and casting up her eyes towards the ceiling, feigned to be wholly insensible to the fact of a glass of rum being in preparation, until it was placed in her hand by one of the young ladies, when she exhibited the greatest surprise.

(From *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Chap. XXV.)

#### Dinner at Dr Blimber's

Grace having been said by the Doctor, dinner began There was some nice soup, also roast meat, boiled meat vegetables, pie, and cheese Every young gentleman had

a massive silver fork, and a napkin, and all the arrangements were stately and handsome. In particular, there was a butler in a blue coat and bright buttons who gave quite a winey flavour to the table beer—he poured it out so superbly.

Nobody spoke, unless spoken to, except Doctor Blimber, Mrs Blimber, and Miss Blimber, who conversed occasionally. Whenever a young gentleman was not actually engrossed with his knife and fork or spoon, his eye, with an irresistible attraction, sought the eye of Doctor Blimber, Mrs Blimber, or Miss Blimber, and modestly rested there. Toots appeared to be the only exception to this rule. He sat next Mr Feeder on Paul's side of the table, and frequently looked behind and before the intervening boys to catch a glimpse of Paul.

Only once during dinner was there any conversation that included the young gentlemen. It happened at the epoch of the cheese, when the Doctor, having taken a glass of port wine, and hemmed twice or thrice, said—

'It is remarkable, Mr Feeder, that the Romans'—

At the mention of this terrible people their implacable enemies, every young gentleman listened his gaze upon the Doctor, with an assumption of the deepest interest. One of the number who happened to be drinking, and who caught the Doctor's eye glancing at him through the side of his tumbler, left off so hastily that he was convulsed for some moments, and in the sequel ruined Doctor Blimber's point.

'It is remarkable, Mr Feeder,' said the Doctor, beginning again slowly, 'that the Romans in those gorgeous and profuse entertainments of which we read in the days of the emperors, when luxury had attained a height unknown before or since, and when whole provinces were ravaged to supply the splendid means of one imperial banquet.'

Here the offender, who had been swelling and straining, and waiting in vain for a full stop, broke out violently.

'Johnson,' said Mr Feeder, in a low reprobative voice, 'take some water.'

The Doctor, looking very stern, made a pause until the water was brought, and then resumed—

'And when, Mr Feeder?'

But Mr Feeder, who saw that Johnson must break out again, and who knew that the Doctor would never come to a period before the young gentlemen until he had finished all he meant to say, couldn't keep his eye off Johnson, and thus was caught in the fact of not looking at the Doctor, who consequently stopped.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Mr Feeder, reddening. 'I beg your pardon, Doctor Blimber.'

'And when,' said the Doctor, raising his voice, 'when, sir, as we read, and have no reason to doubt—incredible as it may appear to the vulgar of our time—the brother of Vitellius prepared for him a feast, in which were served, of fish, two thousand dishes?'

'Take some water, Johnson—dishes, sir,' said Mr Feeder.

'Of various sorts of fowl, five thousand dishes?'

'Or try a crust of bread,' said Mr Feeder.

'And one dish,' pursued Doctor Blimber, rousing his voice still higher as he looked all round the table, 'called, from its enormous dimensions, the Shield of Minerva, and made, among other costly ingredients, of the brains of pheasants!'

'Ow, ow, ow!' (from Johnson)

'Woodcock—'

'Ow, ow, or!'

'The sounds of the fish called sea-'  
—

'You'll burst some vessel in your head,' said Mr Feeder. 'You had better let it come.'

'And the spawn of the lamprey, brought from the Carpathian Sea,' pursued the Doctor, in his severest voice, 'when we read of costly entertainments such as these, and still remember that we have a Titus!'

'What could be your mother's feelings if you died of apoplexy?' said Mr Feeder.

'A Domitian!'

'And you're blue, you know,' said Mr Feeder.

'A Nero, a Tiberius, a Caligula, a Helogabalus, and many more,' pursued the Doctor, 'it is, Mr Feeder—if you are doing me the honour to attend—remarkable, very remarkable sir! —

But Johnson, unable to suppress it any longer, burst at that moment into such an overwhelming fit of coughing, that although both his immediate neighbour thumped him on the back, and Mr Feeder himself held a glass of water to his lip, and the butler walked him up and down several times between his own chair and the side board, like a sentry, it was full five minutes before he was moderately composed and then there was a profound silence.

'Gentlemen,' said Doctor Blimber, 'you so please! Cornelius, lift Dorcas down!—nothing of whom I have a suspicion accordingly seen above the table cloth.' Johnson will repeat to me to-morrow morning before breakfast, with a book, and from the Greek Testimony, the first chapter of the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Philippians. We will resume our studies Mr Feeder, in half an hour.'

(From *Dombey & Son*, Chap. XII.)

### Jack Bunsby's Marriage

These peaceful scenes, in particularly the region of Limehouse Hole and therabouts, were so influential in calming the captain, that he walked on with restored tranquillity, and was, in fact regarding himself, under his breath, with the bullet of Lovley Peg, when on turning a corner, he was suddenly transfixed and rendered speechless by a triumphant procession that he beheld advancing towards him.

This awful demonstration was headed by that determined woman, Mrs MacStinger, who preserving a countenance of inexorable resolution, and wearing conspicuously attached to her obdurate bosom a super-dious watch and appendages, which the captain recognised at a glance as the property of Bunsby, conducted under her arm no other than that sagacious mariner, he, with the distraught and melancholy visage of a captive home into a foreign land, meekly resigning himself to her will. Behind them appeared the young MacStingers in a body, exulting. Behind them, two ladies of a terrible and steadfast aspect, leading between them a short gentle man in a tall hat, who likewise exulted. In the wake appeared Bunsby's boy, bearing umbrella. The whole were in good marching order, and a dreadful smartness that pervaded the party would have sufficiently announced, if the intrepid countenances of the ladies had been wanting, that it was a procession of sacrifice, and that the victim was Bunsby.

The first impulse of the captain was to run away. This also appeared to be the first impulse of Bunsby, hopeless

as its execution must have proved. But a cry of recognition proceeding from the party, and Alexander Mac Stinger running up to the captain with open arms, the captain struck.

'Well, Cap'en Cuttle!' said Mrs MacStinger, 'this is indeed a meeting! I bear no malice now. Cap'en Cuttle, you needn't fear that I'm a going to cast any reflections. I hope to go to the altar in another spirit.' Here Mrs MacStinger paused, and drawing herself up, and inflating her bosom with a long breath, said, in allusion to the victim, 'My 'usband, Cap'en Cuttle!'

The abject Bunsby looked neither to the right nor to the left, nor at his bride, nor at his friend, but straight before him it nothing. The captain putting out his hand, Bunsby put out his, but, in answer to the captain's greeting, spoke no word.

'Cap'en Cuttle,' said Mrs MacStinger, 'if you would wish to heal up past animosities, and to see the last of your friend, my 'usband, as a single person, we should be happy of your company to chapel. Here is a lady here,' said Mrs MacStinger, turning round to the more intrepid of the two, 'my bridesmaid, that will be glad of your protection, Cap'en Cuttle.'

The short gentleman in the tall hat, who it appeared was the husband of the other lady, and who evidently exulted at the reduction of a fellow creature to his own condition, gave place at this, and resigned the lady to Captain Cuttle. The lady immediately seized him, and, observing that there was no time to lose, gave the word, in a strong voice, to advance.

The captain's concern for his friend, not unmingled at first with some concern for himself—for a shadowy terror that he might be married by violence possessed him, until his knowledge of the service came to his relief, and remembering the legal obligation of saying, 'I will,' he felt himself personally safe so long as he resolved, if asked any question, distinctly to reply 'I won't'—threw him into a profuse perspiration, and rendered him for a time insensible to the movements of the procession, of which he now formed a feature, and to the conversation of his fair companion. But as he became less agitated, he learned from this lady that she was the widow of a Mr Bokum, who had held an employment in the Custom House, that she was the dearest friend of Mrs MacStinger, whom she considered a pattern for her sex—that she had often heard of the captain, and now hoped he had repented of his past life, that she trusted Mr Bunsby knew what a blessing he had gained, but that she feared men seldom did know what such blessings were until they had lost them, with more to the same purpose.

All this time the captain could not but observe that Mrs Bokum kept her eyes steadily on the bridegroom, and that whenever they came near a court or other narrow turning which appeared favourable for flight, she was on the alert to cut him off if he attempted escape. The other lady, too, as well as her husband, the short gentleman with the tall hat, was plainly on guard, according to a preconcerted plan, and the wretched man was so secured by Mrs MacStinger, that any effort at self preservation by flight was rendered futile. Thus, indeed, was apparent to the mere populace, who expressed their perception of the fact by jeers and cries, to all of which the dread MacStinger was inflexibly indifferent, while Bunsby himself appeared in a state of unconsciousness.

The captain made many attempts to accost the philospher, if only in a monosyllable or a signal, but always failed, in consequence of the vigilance of the guard, and the difficulty, at all times, peculiar to Bunsby's constitution, of having his attention aroused by any outward and visible sign whatever. Thus they approached the chapel, a neat whitewashed edifice, recently engaged by the Reverend Melchisedech Howler, who had consented, on very urgent solicitation, to give the world another two years of existence, but had informed his followers that then it must positively go.

While the Reverend Melchisedech was offering up some extemporary orisons, the captain found an opportunity of growing in the bridegroom's ear—

'Whit cheer, my lad, what cheer?'

To which Bunsby replied, with a forgetfulness of the Reverend Melchisedech, which nothing but his desperate circumstances could have excused—

'D——d bad!'

'Jack Bunsby,' whispered the captain, 'do you do this here o' your own free will?'

Mr Bunsby answered, 'No.'

'Why do you do it, then, my lad?' inquired the captain, not unnaturally.

Bunsby, still looking, and always looking with an immovable countenance, at the opposite side of the world, made no reply.

'Why not sheer off?' said the captain.

'Eh?' whispered Bunsby, with a momentary gleam of hope.

'Sheer off,' said the captain.

'Where's the good?' retorted the forlorn sage. 'She'd capter me agen.'

'Try!' replied the captain. 'Cheer up! Come! now's your time. Sheer off, Jack Bunsby!'

Jack Bunsby, however, instead of profiting by the advice, said in a doleful whisper—

'It all began in that there chest o' yours. Why did I ever convoy her into port that night?'

'My lad,' faltered the captain, 'I thought as you had come over her, not as she had come over you. A man as has got such opinions as you have!'

Mr Bunsby merely uttered a suppressed groan.

'Come!' said the captain, nudging him with his elbow, 'now's your time! Sheer off! I'll cover your retreat. The time's a flying Bunsby! it's for liberty Will you once?'

Bunsby was immovable.

'Bunsby!' whispered the captain, 'will you twice?'

Bunsby wouldn't twice.

'Bunsby!' urged the captain, 'it's for liberty, will you three times? Now or never?'

Bunsby didn't then, and didn't ever, for Mrs Mac Stinger immediately afterwards married him.

(From *Dombey and Son*, Chap. LX.)

#### David Copperfield hears of his Mother's Death

'David Copperfield,' said Mrs Creakle, leading me to a sofa, and sitting down beside me, 'I want to speak to you very particularly. I have something to tell you, my child.'

Mr Creakle, at whom of course I looked, shook his head without looking at me, and stopped up a sigh with a very large piece of buttered toast.

'You are too young to know how the world changes every day,' said Mrs Creakle, 'and how the people in it

pass away. But we all have to learn it, David, some of us when we are young, some of us when we are old, some of us at all times of our lives.'

I looked at her earnestly.

'When you came away from home at the end of the vacation,' said Mrs Crispin, after a pause, 'were they all well?' After another pause, 'Was your mamma well?'

I trembled without distinctly knowing why, and still looked at her earnestly, making no attempt to answer.

'Because,' said she, 'I grieve to tell you that I hear this morning your mamma is very ill.'

A mist rose between Mrs Crispin and me, and her figure seemed to move in it for an instant. Then I felt the burning tears run down my face, and it was steady again.

'She is very dangerously ill,' she added.

I knew all now.

'She is dead.'

There was no need to tell me so. I had already broken out into a desolate cry, and felt an orphan in the wide world.

She was very kind to me. She kept me there all day, and left me alone sometimes, and I cried, and wore myself to sleep, and awoke and cried again. When I could cry no more, I began to think, and then the oppression on my breast was heaviest, and my grief a dull pain that there was no ease for.

And yet my thoughts were idle, not intent on the calamity that weighed upon my heart, but idly roaming near it. I thought of our house, but up and bushes! I thought of the little baby, who, Mrs. Crispin said, had been pining away for some time, and who, they believed, would die too. I thought of my father's grave in the churchyard, by our house, and of my mother lying there beneath the tree I knew so well. I stood upon a chair when I was left alone, and looked into the glass to see how red my eyes were, and how sorrowful my face. I considered, after some hours were gone if my tears were really hard to flow now, as they seemed to be, what, in connection with my loss, it would affect me most to think of when I drew near home—for I was going home to the funeral. I am sensible of having felt that a dignity attached to me among the rest of the boys, and that I was important in my affliction.

If ever child was stricken with sincere grief, I was. But I remember that this importance was a kind of satisfaction to me, when I walked in the playground that afternoon while the boys were in school. When I saw them glancing at me out of the windows as they went up to their classes, I felt distinguished, and looked more melancholy, and walked slower. When school was over, and they came out and spoke to me, I felt it rather good in myself not to be proud to any of them, and to take exactly the same notice of them all as before.

(From *David Copperfield*, Chap. I.)

*Life of Dickens*, by John Forster (3 vols. 1872, abridged by George Gissing 1902). *Letters*, edited by his sister in law, Miss Hogarth, and his daughter Mary (3 vols. 1880-82). *Charles Dickens*, by G. A. Sala (1870). *Charles Dickens*, by F. T. Marzials, 'Great Writers series' with good bibliography by J. P. Anderson (1887). *Dickens*, by A. W. Ward. 'Men of Letters series' (1882). *Childhood and Youth of Dickens*, by Robert Langton (1883). Article on Dickens in *Dictionary of National Biography*, by Leslie Stephen (1898). *Charles Dickens in Pen and Pencil*, by F. G. Kitton (1889). *Charles Dickens His Life, Writings and Personality* by F. G. Kitton (1902).

R. C. LEHMANN

**John Forster** (1812-76), the eldest son of a cattle dealer at Newcastle, was educated for the Bar, but early devoted himself to periodical writing. His political articles in the *London Examiner*, for which he commenced writing in 1833, attracted more attention than is usually bestowed on new paper border, owing to their vigour and point, consistency, and outspoken honesty. He edited successively the *Forster Quarterly Review*, the *Daily News*, and from 1847 to 1856 the *Examiner*. He was the author of many vigorous and suggestive biographical and historical essays, such as the two volumes of *Early and Quaint* articles reprinted in 1858, and the elaborate series dealing with the times and statesmen of the English Commonwealth—*The History of the Grand Remonstrance* (1862), *The Arrest of the Five Members* (1860); *Sir John Eliot, a Biograph* (1864), and *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealh* (1836-39). These latter give evidence of industrious research, but Dr Gardner has shown that the author was marred by frequent inaccuracies. Forster's literary memoirs are *The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith* (1848, 2nd and improved ed. 1854), one of the most popular biographies in English literature, *Walter Scott, a Biograph* (2 vols. 1868), *The Life of Charles Dickens* (3 vols. 1871-74) and the first volume of a *Life of Scott* (1875). His *Life of Dickens* was accused of having exposed with too great frankness the failings of his hero, a more valid objection is that in the mode of treatment adopted the biographer is almost as prominent as his subject. Forster who became secretary to the Commissioners in Lunacy in 1855, and a Commissioner in Lunacy in 1861, was an indefatigable student and a constant and devoted friend, and, as is said by the *Times* after his death, those who at first slighted the robust hum obstinate and overbearing were ready to confess that they had in reality found him to be one of the tenderest and most generous of men.

#### Literature and Copyright.

'It were well,' said Goldsmith on one occasion, with bitter truth, 'if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy.' The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation, they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor Goldsmith, after his fashion very likely did, that desired position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld. In fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks, with the worthiest and that, on all occasions, to do justice to it, and to each other is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had been thus true to themselves the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it, but while De Foe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling De Foe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as in former pauperis the rights of the English author.

Confiscation is a hard word, but after the decision of the highest English court, it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne for encouragement of literature. That is now superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name, and the same inglorious meaning, for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind any other country in the world, in the amount of their own property secured to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists, and though it may be reasonable, as Dr Johnson argued that it was, to surrender a part for greater efficiency or protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every Continental country this is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty five years, whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. The poet, the historian, the scientific investigator, do indeed find readers to day, but if they have laboured with success, they have produced books whose substantial reward is not the large and temporary but the limited and constant nature of their sale. No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public before they had the chance of remunerating the genius and the labour of their producers.

But though Parliament can easily commit this wrong, it is not in such case the quarter to look to for redress. There is no hope of a better state of things till the author shall enlist upon his side the power of which Parliament is but the inferior expression. The true remedy for literary wrongs must flow from a higher sense than has at any period yet prevailed in England of the duties and responsibilities assumed by the public writer, and of the social consideration and respect that their effectual discharge should have undisputed right to claim. The world will be greatly the gainer when such time shall arrive, and when the biography of the man of genius shall no longer be a picture of the most harsh struggles and mean necessities to which man's life is subject, exhibited as in shameful contrast to the calm and classic glory of his fame. With society itself rests the advent of that time.

(From Forster's *Goldsmith*, Chap. XXII.)

**Samuel Smiles**, born at Haddington in 1813, studied medicine at Edinburgh, and having practised for a while in his native town and in Leeds, became editor of a Leeds paper, but from 1845 till 1866 was a railway secretary. He wrote a Life of George Stephenson (1857), but it was the success of his book on *Self-Help* (1859), ere long translated into nearly a score of languages, which led him to become a professional author and compiler. Books on character, thrift, duty, and life and labour followed, and in 1861 his well known *Lives of the Engineers* (2 vols.). There were further several collections of lives of men notable in the history of invention and industry, books on Boulton and Watt, on Nasmyth, Wedgwood, on John Murray

the publisher, on the humble naturalists Thomas Edward and Robert Dick, as well as on Jasmin the Provençal poet and on the Huguenots in England and in France. He died 16th April 1904.

**William Edmonstone Aytoun** (1813-65) was born in Edinburgh, from the Academy proceeded to the university, and in 1833-34 studied German at Aschaffenburg. In 1835 he became, like his Whig father, a Writer to the Signet, and in 1840 was called to the Scottish Bar. To his mother he owed his love of ballad-lore and Jacobitism, and, taking early to literary work, he entered in 1836 on his lifelong connection with *Blackwood*. A prize poem, *Judith*, had commended him to Professor Wilson (Christopher North), afterwards his father-in law. In 1845 he was appointed to the chair of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the university, and in 1852 was made Sheriff of Orkney and Shetland, his duties as supreme judicial authority for the islands not involving his absence from the courts in Edinburgh. His *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* (1849), some on Macaulayan lines, some on other well known models, made him famous, and the mingled martial verve, tender regrets, and whole hearted Jacobite fervour of the lays (though not free from melodramatic elements) have secured them a permanent vitality—there have been well-nigh half a hundred editions and reprints, some of them elaborately illustrated. The first of the lays, 'The Burial March of Dundee,' was printed in *Blackwood* in 1843. *Bothwell* (1856) was a poem dealing with the tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots. Much of his best work appeared first in *Blackwood*, and many of his contributions, both in prose and verse, are witty and humorous, whether with or without a measure of satire and caricature—the story of the 'Glenmuitchkin Railway' and 'How I became a Yeoman,' notable examples, being amongst the most popular and amusing of the *Tales from Maga Fírmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy* (1854), professedly by 'T. Percy Jones,' was a brilliant skit on (amongst others) George Gilfillan, 'Festus' Bailey, Sydney Dobell, and Alexander Smith, thereafter known as 'the spasmodic school,' it appeared first in *Blackwood* as a bogus criticism with extracts, then as a complete poem. But the thing, 'typifying intellect without principle,' and in some things curiously anticipating Nietzsche, contained so much power, imagination, and poetry that it was for a while accepted by many as a mere original *Norman Sinclair* (1861), a semi-autobiographical (and rather diffuse) novel, was one of the things that first saw the light in the magazine. Along with his friend Theodore Martin, whom he had met in college about 1832, Aytoun had produced the famous *Book of Ballads*, edited by Bon Gaultier—a series of burlesque poems and parodies contributed to *Fair's* and *Fraser's Magazines* in 1842-44, and collected in 1855, and to the same poetical partnership we owe a happy translation

of the ballads of Goethe (1858) The *Bon Gaultier Ballads*—whimsical but not unkindly-meant parodies and imitations of many poets and many styles—well nigh rivalled the *Rejected Idarisses* or the *Invaldsby Legends* in popularity, and though some of them are rather futile, they are still constantly reissued, and have themselves become models for the imitator Aytoun wrote poems on subjects as various as ‘None,’ ‘Blind old Milton,’ and ‘Hermotimus,’ translated from Romnic as well as from German and the classics, and edited a collection of Scottish ballads. There is a Life by Sir Theodore Martin (1867), and see Miss Masson’s *Pollek and Aytoun* (1899).



WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN

After the Bust by P. Park.

From ‘The Burial March of Dundee’

On the heights of Killiecrankie  
Yester morn our army lay  
Slowly rose the mist in columns  
I rom the river's broken way,  
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,  
And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,  
When the clansmen rose together  
From their lair amidst the broom  
Then we belted on our tartans,  
And our bonnets down we drew,  
As we felt our broadswords' edges,  
And we proved them to be true,  
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,  
And we cried the gathering cry,  
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,  
And we swore to do or die!  
Then our leader rode before us,  
On his war horse black as night—  
Well the Cameronian rebels  
Knew that charger in the fight!—

And a cry of exultation

From the bearded warriors rose,  
For we loved the house of Claver'se,  
And we thought of good Montrose,  
But he raised his hand for silence—

‘Soldiers! I have sworn a vow,  
Ere the evening star shall glisten

On Schehallion's lofty brow,  
Either we shall rest in triumph,

Or another of the Gremes  
Shall have died in battle harness

For his country and King James!  
Think upon the royal martyr—

Think of what his race endure—  
Think on him whom butchers murdered

On the field of Magus Muir  
By his sacred blood I charge ye,

By the ruined hearth and shrine—  
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,

By your injuries and mine—  
Strike this day as if the anvil

Lay beneath your blows the while,  
Be they covenanting traitors,

Or the brood of false Argyle!

Strike! and drive the trembling rebels  
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth,

Let them tell their pale Convention  
How they fared within the North

Let them tell that Highland honour  
Is not to be bought nor sold,

That we scorn their prince's anger  
As we loathe his foreign gold

Strike! and when the fight is over,  
If you look in vain for me,

Where the dead are lying thickest  
Search for him that was Dundee!

Loudly then the hills re echoed

With our answer to his call,  
But a deeper echo sounded

In the bosoms of us all

For the lands of wide Breadalbane,

Not a man who heard him speak  
Would that day have left the battle.

Burning eye and flushing cheek  
Fold the clansmen's fierce emotion,

And they harder drew their breath,  
For their souls were strong within them,

Stronger than the grasp of Death  
Soon we heard a challenge trumpet

Sounding in the Pass below,  
And the distant tramp of horses,

And the voices of the foe

Down we crouched 'mid the bracken,  
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,

Panting like the hounds in summer,  
When they scent the stately deer

From the dark defile emerging,

Next we saw the squadrons come,  
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers

Marching to the tuck of drum,  
Through the scattered wood of birches,

O'er the broken ground and heath,  
Wound the long battalion slowly,

Till they gained the field beneath,  
Then we bounded from our covert

Judge how looked the Saxons then,

When they saw the rugged mountain  
Start to life with armed men !  
Like the tempest down the ridges  
Swept the hurricane of steel,  
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—  
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel !  
Vainly sped the withering volley  
Amongst the foremost of our bind—  
On we poured until we met them  
Foot to foot, and hand to hand  
Horse and man went down like drift wood  
When the floods are black at Yule,  
And their carcasses are whirling  
In the Garry's deepest pool  
Horse and man went down before us—  
Living foe there tarry'd none  
On the field of Killiecrankie,  
When that stubborn fight was done !

And the evening star was shining  
On Schehallion's distant head  
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,  
And returned to count the dead  
There we found him gashed and gory,  
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,  
As he told us where to seek him,  
In the thickest of the slain  
And a smile was on his visage,  
For within his dying ear  
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,  
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer  
So, amidst the battle's thunder,  
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
In the glory of his manhood  
Passed the spirit of the Grane !

Open wide the vaults of Athol,  
Where the bones of heroes rest—  
Open wide the hallowed portals  
To receive another guest !  
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—  
Last of all that dauntless race  
Who would rather die unsullied  
Than outlive the land's disgrace !  
Sleep !—and till the latest trumpet  
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,  
Scotland shall not boast a braver  
Chieftain than our own Dundee !

(From *The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*)

#### Sonnet to Britain, by the D— or W—

Halt ! Shoulder arms ! Recover ! As you were !  
Right wheel ! Eyes left ! Attention ! Stand at ease !  
O Britain ! O my country ! words like these  
Have made thy name a terror and a fear  
To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,  
Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,  
Where the grim despot muttered *Sauve qui peut !*  
And Ney fled darkling—silence in the ranks,  
Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash  
Of arms, in the centre of his troop  
The soldier stands—unmovable, not rash—  
Until the forces of the foeman droop,  
Then knocks the Frenchmen to eternal smash,  
Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop !

(From *Bon Gaultier*)

#### From 'Firmilian'

Three hours of study—and what gain thereby ?  
My brain is reeling to attach the sense  
Of what I read, as a drunk mariner  
Who, stumbling o'er the bulwark, makes a clutch  
At the wild incongruity of ropes,  
And topples into mud !

Good Aristotle !

I forgive me if I lay thee henceforth by,  
And seek some other teacher. Thou hast been,  
For many hundred years, the bane and curse  
Of all the budding intellect of man  
Thine earliest pupil, Alexander—he  
The most impulsive and tumultuous sprite  
That ever spurned old systems at the heel,  
And dashed the dust of action in the eyes  
Of the slow porers over antique shards—  
Held thee, at twenty, an especial fool  
And why ? The grand God impulse in his heart  
That drove him over the oblique domain  
Of Asia and her kingdoms, and that urged  
His meteor leap at Porus' giant throat—  
Or the sublime illusion of the sense  
Which gave to Thais that tremendous torch  
Whence whole Persepolis was set on fire—  
Was never I indled surely by such trash  
As I, this night, have heaped upon my brum !  
Hence, vile impostor ! [I flings away the book]

Who shall take his place ?

What horrid dotard of antiquity  
Shall I invite to dip his clumsy foot  
Within the limpid fountain of my mind,  
And stamp it into foulness ? Let me see—  
Following Salerno's doctrine, humin lore  
Divides itself into three faculties,  
The Eden rivers of the intellect  
There's Law, Theology, and Medicine,  
And all beyond their course is barren ground  
So say the Academics, and they're right,  
If learning's to be measured by its gains.  
The Lawyer speaks no word without a fee—  
The Priest demands his tithes, and will not sing  
A gratis mass to help his brother's soul  
The purgatorial key is made of gold  
None else will fit the wards,—and for the Doctor,  
The good kind man who lingers by your couch,  
Compounds you pills and potions, feels your pulse,  
And takes especial notice of your tongue,  
If you allow him once to leave the room  
Without the proper greasing of his palm,  
Look out for Azrael !

So, then, these three  
Maintain the sole possession of the schools,  
Whilst, out of doors, amidst the sleet and rain,  
Thin garbed Philosophy sits shivering down,  
And shares a mouldy crust with Poetry !

And shrill I then take Celsus for my guide,  
Confound my brain with dull Justinian's tomes,  
Or stir the dust that lies o'er Augustine ?  
Not I, in truth ! I've leaped into the air,  
And clove my way through ether, like a bird  
That flits beneath the glimpses of the moon,  
Right eastward, till I lighted at the foot  
Of holy Helicon, and drank my fill  
At the clear spout of Agamippe's stream

I've rolled my limbs in ecstasy along  
 The self same turf on which old Homer lay  
 That night he dreamed of Helen and of Troy  
 And I have heard, at midnight, the sweet strains  
 Come quiring from the hill top, where, enshrined  
 In the rich foldings of a silver cloud,  
 The Muses sang Apollo into sleep  
 Then came the voice of universal Pan,  
 The dread earth whisper, booming in mine ear—  
 ‘Rise up, Firmilian—rise in might !’ it said,  
 ‘Great youth, baptised to song ! Be it thy task,  
 Out of the jarring discords of the world,  
 To recreate stupendous harmonies  
 More grand in diapason than the roll  
 Among the mountains of the thunder psalm !  
 Be thou no slave of passion Let not love,  
 Pity, remorse, nor any other thrill  
 That sways the actions of ungifted men,  
 Affect thy course Live for thyself alone  
 Let appetite thy ready handmaid be,  
 And pluck all fruitage from the tree of life,  
 Be it forbidden or no If any comes  
 Between thee and the purpose of thy bent,  
 Launch thou the arrow from the string of might  
 Right to the bosom of the impious wretch,  
 And let it quiver there ! Be great in guilt !  
 If, like Busiris, thou canst rack the heart,  
 Spare it no pang So shalt thou be prepared  
 To make thy song a tempest, and to shake  
 The earth to its foundation—Go thy way !’  
 I woke, and found myself in Badajoz.  
 But from that day, with frantic might, I’ve striven  
 To give due utterance to the awful shrieks  
 Of him who first imbued his hand in gore—  
 To paint the mental spasms that tortured Cain !

**Sir Theodore Martin**, K C B, born in Edinburgh in 1816, was educated at the High School and university, and in 1846 settling in London, became a prosperous parliamentary solicitor. Besides his poetical labours in collaboration with Aytoun (see page 475), he translated Horace, Catullus, Virgil, and Goethe’s *Faust*, the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, the *Correggio* and *Aladdin* of the Danish poet Oehlenschläger, *King René’s Daughter*, a Danish lyrical drama by Henrik Hertz, and *Poems and Ballads* by Heine. He was selected by Queen Victoria to write the *Life of the Prince Consort* (5 vols 1874–80), on its completion being made a K C B. He wrote Lives also of Professor Aytoun (1867), of Lord Lyndhurst (1883), of the Princess Alice (1885), and of his own wife (1901), whom he married in 1851—Helen Faucit (1820–1898), the accomplished actress, and author of the delightful studies *On Some of Shakespeare’s Female Characters* (1885).

**Sir Arthur Helps** (1813–75), born at Streatham in Surrey, passed from Eton to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was a member of the famous Apostles’ Club, along with Maurice, Trench, Monckton Milnes, and Tennyson. He was private secretary first to Spring-Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, next to Lord Morpeth, the Irish Secretary, and on the fall of

the Melbourne Ministry he retired to enjoy twenty years of lettered leisure. Appointed Clerk to the Privy-Council (1860), he became well known to Queen Victoria, who formed a high opinion of his character and talents. Thus he was employed to edit the *Principal Speeches and Addresses of the late Prince Consort* (1862), and the Queen’s own *Leaves from a Journal of Our Life in the Highlands* (1868). His first work was a series of aphorisms, *Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd*, published as early as 1835, his next, *Essays written in the Intervals of Business* (1841). Two poor plays followed, then *The Claims of Labour* (1844). *Friends in Council* (two series, 1847–59) was a collection of wonderfully attractive discussions on social questions, thrown into a conversational form. The same familiar speakers (Milverton, Ellesmere, and Dunsford) reappeared in *Realmah* (1869), *Conversations on War and General Culture* (1871), and *Talk about Animals and their Masters* (1873). His strong interest in the question of slavery prompted his *Conquerors of the New World* (1848–52), and the greater work, *The Spanish Conquest in America* (4 vols 1855–61). Out of his studies for this history grew his admirable biographies of Las Casas, Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortes. Other books were a Life of Thomas Brassey, *Companions of my Solitude*, *Casmur*, *Maremma*, *Brevia*, and treatises on government and social pressure. Helps, who was made successively D C L, C B, and K C B (1872), was a most suggestive essayist, revealing everywhere acuteness, humour, a satire which gives no pain, and a keen sense of man’s social responsibilities; his style is unusually clear and graceful. But though many of his works—especially *Friends in Council* and *Realmah*—were eminently popular, his message was mainly to his contemporaries.

#### Discovery of the Pacific by Balboa

Early in September 1513 Vasco Nuñez de Balboa set out on his renowned expedition for finding ‘the other sea’, accompanied by a hundred and ninety men well armed, and by dogs, which were of more avail than men, and by Indian slaves to carry the burdens. He went by sea to the territory of his father in law, King Careta, by whom he was well received, and accompanied by whose Indians he moved on into Poncha’s territory. This cacique took flight, as he had done before, seeking refuge amongst his mountains, but Vasco Nuñez, whose first thought in his present undertaking was discovery and not conquest, sent messengers to Poncha, promising not to hurt him. The Indian chief listened to these overtures, and came to Vasco Nuñez with gold in his hands. It was the policy of the Spanish commander on this occasion to keep his word: we have seen how treacherous he could be when it was not his policy, but he now did no harm to Poncha, and, on the contrary, he secured his friendship by presenting him with looking glasses, hatchets, and hawk bells, in return for which he obtained guides and porters from among this cacique’s people, which enabled him to prosecute his journey. Following Poncha’s guides, Vasco Nuñez and his men commenced the ascent of the mountains, until he entered the country of an Indian chief called

Quarequa, whom they found fully prepared to resist them. The brave Indian advanced at the head of his troops, meaning to make a vigorous attack, but they could not withstand the discharge of the firearms, indeed, they believed the Spaniards to have thunder and lightning in their hands—not an unreasonable fancy—and, flying in the utmost terror from the place of battle, a total rout ensued. The rout was a bloody one, and is described by an author, who gained his information from those who were present at it, as a scene to remind one of the shambles. The king and his principal men were slain, to the number of six hundred. In speaking of these people, Peter Martyr makes mention of the sweetness of their language, and how all the words might be written in Latin letters, as was also to be remarked in that of the inhabitants of Hispaniola. This writer also mentions—and there is reason for thinking that he was rightly informed—that there was a region not two days' journey from Quarequa's territory, in which Vasco Nuñez found a race of black men, who were conjectured to have come from Africa, and to have been shipwrecked on this coast. Leaving several of his men, who were ill, or over weary, in Quarequa's chief town, and taking with him guides from this country, the Spanish commander pursued his way up the most lofty sierras there, until, on the 25th of September 1513, he came near to the top of a mountain from whence the South Sea was visible. The distance from Poncha's chief town to this point was forty leagues, reckoned then six days' journey, but Vasco Nuñez and his men took twenty-five days to do it in, suffering much from the roughness of the ways and from the want of provisions. A little before Vasco Nuñez reached the height, Quarequa's Indians informed him of his near approach to it. It was a sight which any man would wish to be alone to see. Vasco Nuñez bade his men sit down while he alone ascended and looked down upon the vast Pacific, the first man of the Old World, so far as we know, who had done so. Falling on his knees, he gave thanks to God for the favour shown to him in his being the first man to discover and behold this sea, then with his hand he beckoned to his men to come up. When they had come, both he and they knelt down and poured forth their thanks to God. He then addressed them in these words: 'You see here, gentlemen and children mine, how our desires are being accomplished, and the end of our labours. Of that we ought to be certain, for as it has turned out true what King Comogre's son told of this sea to us, who never thought to see it, so I hold for certain that what he told us of there being incomparable treasures in it will be fulfilled. God and his blessed mother who have assisted us, so that we should arrive here and behold this sea, will favour us that we may enjoy all that there is in it.' Every great and original action has a prospective greatness, not alone from the thoughts of the man who achieves it, but from the various aspects and high thoughts which the same action will continue to present and call up in the minds of others to the end, it may be, of all time. And so a remarkable event may go on requiring more and more significance. In this case, our knowledge that the Pacific, which Vasco Nuñez then beheld, occupies more than one half of the earth's surface, is an element of thought which in our minds lightens up and gives an awe to this first gaze of his upon those mighty waters. To him the scene might not at that moment have suggested much more than it would have done to a mere conqueror,

indeed, Peter Martyr likens Vasco Nuñez to Hannibal showing Italy to his soldiers.

**Sir William Smith** (1813-93), who by his dictionaries of classical and Christian learning rendered great service to general culture in the nineteenth century, was the son of an Enfield householder. He studied classics at University College, London, after being articled to a solicitor, and becoming a teacher, was soon editing classical manuals and writing for the *Penny Cyclopaedia*. His *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, largely his own work, with contributions from scholars like J. W. Donaldson, Benjamin Jowett, Henry George Liddell, and George Long, appeared in 1842, and was ultimately much extended. Other dictionaries of which he was mainly editor were those of Greek and Roman biography and mythology (1849), of ancient geography (1857), of the Bible (1860-65), of Christian antiquities (with Cheetham, 1875-80), and of Christian biography (1877-87). He also edited smaller dictionaries of classical subjects, a 'Principia' series of school books, students' manuals of various kinds, and in annotated Gibbon, he wrote a 'student's' history of Greece, and from 1867 till his death he edited the *Quarterly Review*. LL.D., D.C.L., and Ph.D. of Leipzig, he was knighted in 1892.

**Mark Pattison** (1813-84) was born at Hornby in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and brought up in the neighbouring parish of Hauxwell, of which his father had become rector. The eldest of twelve children (of whom ten were daughters), he was educated at home until he entered Oriel College, Oxford, in 1832. A shy and awkward lad, dissident and hesitating, he suffered much in his first years as an undergraduate, but duly took his Bachelor's degree in 1836 with a second class in classics, was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College, and ordained deacon. Under the dominant influence of Newman he gave himself first to the study of theology, wrote two *Lives of the Saints*, translated for the 'Library of the Fathers,' and almost followed his master into the fold of Rome. We have his own account of his spiritual growth out of the Puritanism of his home into Anglicanism, and see how the still wider horizon of the Catholic Church opened itself up before his eyes, only to disappear before 'the highest development, when all religions appear in their historical light as efforts of the human spirit to come to an understanding with that Unseen Power whose presence it feels, but whose motives are a riddle.' The reaction from Newmanism reawakened his zeal for pure scholarship, he became a tutor of exceptional influence, and acting head of the college as sub rector, under Dr Redford. At Redford's death (1851) Pattison was kept out of the headship which was his right, and a further unsuccessful attempt was made to deprive him of his fellowship on a technical plea. The result of his disappointment was that for ten years he took little real interest in the life of Oxford. He published

an article on education in the *Oxford Essays*, acted on a commission on education in Germany, and served for three months of 1858 as *Times* correspondent at Berlin. Meanwhile he gave himself to severe and unbroken study, and scholars soon came to recognise his Roman hand in the columns of the *Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, and the *Saturday Review*. His report on German education appeared in 1859, his paper on 'Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688-1750,' was one of the famous *Essays and Reviews* (1860). At length in 1861 he was elected Rector of his college, but, though he made an exemplary head, the spring and elasticity of earlier days were gone. In 1862 he married the accomplished Emily Frances Strong, afterwards Lady Dilke, who helped him to make Lincoln a social and intellectual centre for a world much wider than the walls of Oxford. Down to his last illness he lived wholly for study, maintaining the mediæval rather than the modern ideal of the scholar's life. Everything he wrote was characteristic, nowhere else among contemporaries could be found such fullness of knowledge set in such terse and vigorous English. Yet his standard of perfection was so high that his actual achievement is rather suggestive than representative of his powers, and the greatest project of his life—the study of Scaliger—remains a fragment printed in his collected *Essays* (1889). He actually published *Suggestions on Academical Organisation* (1868), admirably annotated editions of Pope's *Essay on Man* (1869) and *Satires and Epistles* (1872), the monograph on Isaac Casaubon (1875), which grew out of his Scaliger studies, *Milton*, almost the best book in the 'English Men of Letters' series (1879), the *Sonnets of Milton* (1883), and a collection of *Sermons* (1885). His volume of posthumous *Memoirs* (1885) was a strikingly frank judgment of himself and others, and a remarkable revelation of a singular moral and intellectual personality.

**George Gilfillan** (1813-78), son of the Secession minister at Comrie, studied at Glasgow University, and from 1836 till his death was minister of a Secession (later United Presbyterian) congregation in Dundee. But it was by a series of papers on the literary men of the time that he became known. These, ultimately published as a *Gallery of Literary Portraits* (3 vols. 1845-54), were originally contributed to a Dumfries newspaper edited by Gilfillan's friend Thomas Aird, and from the first were immensely popular and stimulating. He had a high reputation as an eloquent preacher and genial liberal theologian, but henceforward wrote, edited, and compiled incessantly, being remarkable rather for the warmth and width of his literary sympathies than for his critical acumen. For Nichol, an Edinburgh publisher, he edited a comprehensive series of British poets, with memoirs, dissertations, and notes (48 vols. 1853-1860). He celebrated the Scottish Covenanters, the English Puritans, and the Secession preachers

in volumes, wrote *Lives of Burns, Scott, David Vedder, and others*, published, besides sermons, lectures, and smaller theological works, *Alpha and Omega* (1850), a volume of Bible studies, and *Bards of the Bible* (1851), which reached a seventh edition in 1887, and in his *History of Man* (1856) produced a curious melting of autobiography and fiction (*The Sketches Literary and Theological*, published in 1881 after his death, were excerpts from an unfinished continuation of this work.) His only poem in verse—though much of his prose was dithyrambic, rhetorical, and full of audacious flights of fancy—was *Aight, a Poem* (in nine books, 1867), which, spite of many years' polishing, turned out to be less poetic and popular than his prose.

**David Livingstone** (1813-73), greatest of missionary explorers, was born at Blantyre in Lanarkshire, and from ten till twenty-four years old worked in a cotton mill there. Resolving to become a missionary, he was trained for the service of the London Missionary Society, and sailing for Africa a fully equipped medical missionary in 1849, he laboured for years amongst the Bechuanas. Repulsed by the Boers when he attempted to establish native missionaries in the Transvaal, he struck north and discovered Lake Ngami, and between 1852 and 1856 made his famous journey westward across the continent to the Atlantic, amidst sicknesses, perils, and difficulties without number. The story of his adventures and of his discovery of the Victoria Falls of the Zambezi awakened extraordinary enthusiasm, and was recorded in his *Missionary Travels* (1857). He next took service under Government as chief of an expedition for exploring the Zambezi, and between 1858 and 1863, when he was recalled, studied the Zambezi, Shiré, and Rovuma rivers, discovered Lakes Shirwa and Nyassi, and became convinced that, spite of Portuguese officials and slave-traders, Nyassi and its basin was the best field for missionary and commercial enterprise. His second book, *The Zambezi and its Tributaries* (1865), was largely designed to expose the Portuguese slave-dealers. His next journey, begun in 1866, was undertaken on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, to settle vexed questions as to the sources of the Nile and the watershed of Central Africa. He discovered Lakes Moero and Bangweolo, saw the Lualiba, which he supposed to be the upper Nile, though not certain it was not (what it proved to be) the upper Congo, and, after severe illness, found Mr Stanley, or was found by him, at Ujiji on Tanganyika (in November 1871). Stanley had been sent by the *New York Herald* to look for and succour him, and the two examined Tanganyika and decided it was not part of the Nile basin. But spite of ill health determined to solve the problem, he returned to Bangweolo, and in Hala was found dead by his attendants (1st May 1873), who, faithful to the last, carried his body to the coast. By his strenuous and self-denying labours and his singularly great

and valuable geographical discoveries, he had worthily earned the resting place in Westminster Abbey to which he was borne nearly a year after his death in Central Africa. His own *Last Journals*, published in 1874, bring the record of his great third journey down to within a few days of its tragic close.

The indomitable and powerful but simple and noble character of the man is reflected in his literary work, which is artless and straightforward, without any attempt at securing literary effect. His books are but an accident of his work. His most exciting adventures and his most brilliant discoveries are told in the man with the same unaffected simplicity as the most ordinary daily experiences, though episodes like his first great adventure with the lion and his first view of the Victoria Falls stand out from the background of prudently plotted marchings and deliv'ry, daily recurring successes and failures, and frankly recorded hopes and aspirations.

**Robert Nicoll** (1814-37) was the son of a ruined farmer at Auchtergaven in Perthshire. After being an apprenticeship grocer at Perth, he managed a circulating library at Dundee, and having steadily cultivated his mind by reading and writing, he became editor of the *Leeds Times*, a weekly paper representing extreme Liberal opinions. He overworked himself in an election contest at twenty-three died of consumption at Trinity near Edinburgh, and is buried in Leith. He wrote songs and occasional poems marked by simplicity, tenderness, and some humour. Some of the Scotch poems of this lad of twenty-three are still remembered by his countrymen, among the best known are 'We are Brethren a!', 'Thoughts of Heaven,' 'The Dew is on the Summer's greenest Grass.'

See the Memoir by Mrs Johnstone in the edition of 1844, and the biography by P. R. Drummond (1884).

**Charles Mackay** (1814-89), author of 'Cheer, Boys! Cheer!' and a hundred other songs vastly popular in their day, was born, the son of a half-pay naval lieutenant, at Perth. His mother being dead, he spent his first eight years with a nurse in a lonely house on the Firth of Forth. He was educated at the Caledonian Asylum in Hatton Garden, and later at Brussels acquired a knowledge of French, German, Italian, and Spanish. While acting as private secretary to an ironmaster near Liège he began contributing French articles and English poems to Belgian newspapers. In 1834, having returned to London, he published his first volume, *Songs and Poems*, and began his career as a journalist. From the office of the *Sun* he passed to that of the *Morning Chronicle*, and in 1844 became editor of the *Glasgow Argus*. Meanwhile he had written a *History of London*, a romance, *Longbeard, Lord of London*, and books on *The Thames and its Tributaries* and on *Popular Delusions*, as well as two further volumes

135

of poetry. It was while he was in Glasgow in 1846 that some of his songs were set to music by Henry Russell, and suddenly attained a world wide popularity, selling in editions of hundreds of thousands. Glasgow University conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1846, and in 1852 he became editor of the *Illustrated London News*. In the previous year this paper had begun to issue musical supplements, each containing an original song by Mackay set to an old English air by Sir Henry Bishop. These also proved immensely popular, and were afterwards collected and published as *Songs by Charles Mackay*. He was entertained to a banquet at the Reform Club to celebrate his starting of the *London Review* in 1860, but neither this nor *Robin Goodfellow*, another periodical he took in hand, proved successful. As *Times* correspondent during the American Civil War he discovered and revealed the Fenian conspiracy in America. During his later years many volumes, both of prose and poetry, came from his pen. Among others were a *History of the Mormons*, a fantastic book on Grecian etymology, and two interesting volumes of reminiscences. By his first wife he had three sons (one of them Eric—1851-98—author of half a dozen volumes of verse) and a daughter, and Miss Marie Corelli was his adopted child.

#### Cheer, Boys! Cheer!—The Departing Emigrants

Cheer, boys! cheer! no more of idle sorrow,  
Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on our way!  
Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow,  
Let us forget the darkness of to-day  
So farewell, England! Much as we may love thee,  
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before,  
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?  
So farewell, England! farewell evermore!  
Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother England!  
Cheer, boys! cheer! the willing strong right hand,  
Cheer, boys! cheer! there's work for honest  
labour—  
Cheer, boys! cheer!—in the new and happy land!

Cheer, boys! cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,  
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast,  
The world shall follow in the track we're going,  
The star of empire glitters in the West  
Here we find toil, and little to reward it,  
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,  
And ours shall be the mountain and the forest,  
And boundless prairies ripe with golden grain  
Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother England!  
Cheer, boys! cheer! united heart and hand!—  
Cheer, boys! cheer! there's wealth for honest  
labour—  
Cheer, boys! cheer!—in the new and happy land!

Who shall be fairest?

Who shall be surest?

Who shall be rarest?

Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?

She who is kindest

When Fortune is blindest,

Bearing through winter the blooms of the spring,

Charm of our gladness,  
 Friend of our sadness,  
 Angel of life when its pleasures take wing !  
 She shall be surest,  
 She shall be rarest,  
 She shall be first in the songs that we sing !

Who shall be neatest,  
 Noblest, and dearest,  
 Named but with honour and pride evermore ?  
 He, the undaunted,  
 Whose banner is planted  
 On Glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar,  
 Fearless of danger,  
 To falsehood a stranger,  
 Looking not back while there's Duty before !  
 He shall be nearest,  
 He shall be dearest,  
 He shall be first in our hearts evermore

**Frederick William Faber** (1814-63) was born at Calverley in Yorkshire, passed from Shrewsbury School to Harrow, and thence to Balliol College, Oxford, where in 1834 he was elected a scholar of University College, in 1837 a Fellow. Already he had come under the influence of Newman, and in 1845, after three years' tenure of the rectory of Elton in Huntingdonshire, he followed him into the Roman fold, and at Birmingham founded a community of converts, 'the Wilfridines,' he himself being Brother Wilfrid, from his *Life of St Wilfrid* (1844). With his companions he joined in 1848 the Oratory of St Philip Neri, of which a branch was then established in England by Newman, next year a branch under Faber's care was established in London, and finally located at Brompton in 1854. Faber wrote many theological works, but his fame rests upon his hymns—'The Pilgrims of the Night,' 'The Land beyond the Sea,' 'My God, how wonderful Thou art,' 'Souls of men, why will ye scatter?' are amongst those in use by Christians of all denominations, for though they were designed for the use of English Roman Catholic fellow believers, many of them have been heartily adopted as a fervent expression of their faith alike by English Churchmen and by evangelical Nonconformists. A collection of a hundred and fifty of them was published in 1862. See the Lives by J. E. Bowden (1869, new ed. 1892) and his brother, F. A. Faber (1869).

**Sir John William Kaye** (1814-70), son of a London solicitor, was educated at Eton and Addiscombe, served in the Bengal Artillery for ten years, and was ultimately John Stuart Mill's successor as secretary of a department in the East India Company's office in London. He wrote a memorable series of works, begun by a novel in 1845, and including the famous history of *The War in Afghanistan* (2 vols. 1851) and *The Sepoy War in India* (3 vols. 1857-58, completed by Milleson as *The History of the Indian Mutiny*, 6 vols. 1890), besides histories of the East India Company and of Christianity in India, and Lives of Sir John Malcolm and

other Indian soldiers and statesmen. His works showed not only conscientious research but much of the true historical spirit, and were written with a dignity suited to his subjects. His name was a household word in India, both amongst Anglo-Indians and natives. He was K.C.S.I. and F.R.S.

**William Henry Giles Kingston** (1814-80), though born in London, was the son of a merchant in Oporto, and there spent much of his youth. He had already published two stories and a book of Portuguese travel, when he found his life work in the immediate success of *Peter the Whaler* (1851), the first of over a hundred and fifty similar books for boys, simple, vigorous, healthy in tone, and full of daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Among the most popular were *The Three Midshipmen* (1862), *The Three Lieutenants* (1874), *The Three Commanders* (1875), and *The Three Admirals* (1877). Kingston took an active interest in many philanthropic schemes, such as seamen's missions and assisted emigration. A Portuguese knighthood was conferred on him in 1842 for helping to bring about a commercial treaty with England.

**Samuel Phillips** (1814-54), son of a Hebrew shopkeeper in Regent Street, tried the stage, studied at London and Gottingen, and at Cambridge was qualifying for orders in the Church of England when his father died. After a vain struggle with the family business, he took to writing for a livelihood, his best-known novel, *Caleb Stutely* (sent to *Blackwood* in 1842) just serving to save him and his wife from starvation. In 1845 he became a leader-writer to the *Times*, a post he held all the rest of his life; he was also 'literary director' to the *Crystal Palace* from 1853.

**Charles Reade** was born at Ipsden House in Oxfordshire, on the 8th of June 1814. The youngest of eleven, he came on both sides of good lineage, his father a squire, from his mother, a clever woman of strong Evangelical convictions, he 'inherited his dramatic instinct.' After five years (largely flogging) at Iffley, and six under two other and milder private tutors, in 1831 he gained a demyship at Magdalen College, Oxford, and in 1835, having taken a third-class in honours, was duly elected to a lay fellowship. Next year he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in 1843 was called to the Bar, having meanwhile made the first of many tours abroad and at home, and developed a craze for trading in violins. 'I studied the great art of Fiction for fifteen years before I presumed to write a line of it,' is his own report, and it was not till 1850 that he put pen seriously to paper, 'writing first for the stage—about thirteen dramas, which nobody would play.' Through one of these dramas, however, he formed his platonic friendship with Mrs Seymour, a warm-hearted actress, who from 1854 till her death in 1879 kept house for him. She animated, counselled, guided him, and, apart from his quarrels and lawsuits—which were many

—his life after 1852 is little except a record of the production of plays and novels, by the former of which he generally lost money, though by the latter he won profit and fame. The plays include *Masks and Faces* (1852), written in conjunction with Tom Taylor, and having Peg Woffington for its leading character, *Gold* (1853), the germ, and *Sera Nunquam* (1865), the dramatised form, of *Never too Late*, and *Drink* (1879), an adaptation of Zola's *L'Assommoir*. Of his eighteen novels may be mentioned *Peg Woffington* (1853), *Christie Johnstone* (1853), with a Newhaven fisher-lass for its central figure, *It is Never too Late to Mend* (1856), a tale of prison abuses and life in Australia, *The Cloister and the Hearth* (1861), its hero the father of the great Erasmus, *Hard Cash* (1863), levelled against private lunatic asylums, *Griphill Gaunt, or Jealousy* (1866), *Foul Play* (1869), in conjunction with Dion Boucicault, against ship knackers, *Put I myself in his Place* (1870), against trades unions, *A Terrible Temptation* (1871), and *A Woman-hater* (1877), on behalf of woman's rights. His last years clouded by sorrow and ill-health, he died at Shepherd's Bush on Good Friday, 11th April 1884, and was buried in Willesden churchyard beside his 'beloved friend.'

Charles Reade has not been usually accounted one of the greatest novelists of the nineteenth century, though Sir Walter Besant unhesitatingly ranked him with Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, but few would hesitate to place him foremost, or amongst the very foremost, of the second order. He is sometimes coarse, theatrical sometimes rather than dramatic, and sometimes even dull, weighed down with his authorities—the blue books, the books of travel, the all too copious scrip-books and note books with which he fettered his imagination. With the greatest novelists the reader is conscious only of the story, with him one is always conscious of the story-teller, some tone or mannerism from time to time jars upon us. And yet what a story-teller he is—how he carries us with him, stirs us, saddens, gladdens, terrifies, delights! By critics, however, he has been very variously judged. Thus humour and pathos have been denied him by some, and by others recognised as peculiarly his gifts, it has been affirmed that 'Reade invented the True Woman,' and contrariwise declared that 'of the woman who is essentially of our time he has never had even the faintest conception,' one enthusiastic admirer has discovered 'in the short *Wandering Her* at least half-a-dozen situations all new and all strong,' and to a not unfriendly censor it appeared 'very decidedly the worst of Reade's shorter stories.' These things need not perplex the admirers of *Griphill Gaunt*, of the fight with the pirates, of the bursting of the reservoir, and of the scenes at the gold-diggings. But it may be broadly asserted that critics pass a unanimously favourable verdict on *The Cloister and the Hearth*, which Mr Swinburne—from whom praise is praise indeed—places

'among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative,' extolling its stirring adventure and inexhaustible incident not more than 'its tender truthfulness of sympathy, its ardour and depth of feeling, the constant sweetness of its humour, the frequent passion of its pathos.' And Mr Swinburne does not understand how any competent judge of letters could possibly hesitate to affirm of Reade that 'he was at his very best, and that not very rarely, a truly great writer of truly noble genius.'

#### The Fight with the Bear

Gerard did not answer, for his ear was attracted by a sound behind them. It was a peculiar sound, too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the



CHARLES READE.

From a Photograph by Lombard.

dead leaves. He turned round with some little curiosity. A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces distant.

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first, but the next moment he turned ashy pale.

'Denys!' he cried. 'Oh, God! Denys!'

Denys whirled round.

It was a bear as big as a cart horse.

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent.

The very moment he saw it Denys said in a sickening whisper—

'THE CUB!'

Oh! the concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely, with dilating eyes! For in that syllable it all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the bloody trul, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, and *it* DEATH.

All this in a moment of time. The next, she saw them. Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her long hair bristling with rage) she roused her head big as a bull's, her swine shaped jaws opened wide

at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them, scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came

'Shoot!' screamed Denys, but Gerard stood shivering from head to foot, useless

'Shoot, man! ten thousand devils, shoot! Too late! Tree! tree!' and he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it, Gerard the same on his side, and as they fled, both men uttered inhuman howls like savage creatures grazed by death

With all their speed one or other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree, but the bear stopped a moment at the cub

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all round, and found, how, her Creator only knows, that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard, nor dreamed to be in nature, and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey.

Denys's evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shrub, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none, and if he jumped down, he knew the bear would be upon him ere he could recover the fall, and make short work of him. Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned to bay.

'My hour is come,' thought he. 'Let me meet death like a man.' He kneeled down and grasped a small shoot to steady himself, drew his long knife, and clutching his teeth, prepared to job the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach.

Of this combat the result was not doubtful.

The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blindish rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the crossbow, which he had dropped in the road, and running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout. The bear gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned its head irresolutely.

'Keep aloof!' cried Denys, 'or you are a dead man.'

'I care not,' and in a moment he had another bolt ready and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming, 'Take that! take that!'

Denys poured a volley of oaths down at him. 'Get away, idiot!'

He was right. The bear, finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind him, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the bear came rearing and struck with her fore paw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed, and climbed, and presently he heard as it were in the air a voice saying, 'Go out on the bough!' He

looked, and there was a long massive branch before him shooting upwards at a slight angle. He threw his body across it, and by a series of convulsive efforts wrenched it to the end.

Then he looked round panting.

The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more freely. The bear either heard him, or found by scent she was wrong. She paused presently; she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily, then quietly descended to the fork.

Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff old branch, sound as iron. Instinct taught the creature this. It crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled. The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue tied.

As the fearful monster crawled growling towards him, incongruous thoughts coursed through his mind. Margaret the Vulgate, where it speaks of the rage of a she-bear robbed of her whelps—Rome—Eternity.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death fell on the doomed man, he saw the open jaws and bloodshot eyes coming, but in a mist.

As in a mist he heard a twang, he glanced down. Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang, but crawled on. Again the crossbow twanged, and the bear snarled, and came nearer. Again the crossbow twanged, and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end, and eyes starting from their sockets, palsied. The bear opened her jaws like a grave, and hot blood spouted from them upon Gerard as from a pump. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was reeling, it clung, it stuck its sickles of claws deep into the wood, it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up, till he felt her hot fetid breath. Then huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of bristled bite. The ponderous carcass rent the claws out of the bough, then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump. There was a shout of triumph below, and the very next instant a cry of dismay, for Gerard had swooned, and without an attempt to save himself, rolled headlong from the perilous height.

(From *The Cloister and the Hearth*)

#### Captain Dodd's Battle with the Pirates

The pirate, bold as he was, got sick of fair fighting first, he hoisted his mainsail and drew rapidly ahead, with a slight bearing to windward, and dismounted a carronade and stove in the ship's quarter boat, by way of a parting kick.

The men hurled a contemptuous cheer after him, they thought they had beaten him off. But Dodd knew better. He was but retiring a little way to make a more deadly attack than ever he would soon wear, and cross the *Agra's* defenceless bows, to take her fore and

ast it pistol shot distance or grapple, and board the enfeebled ship two hundred strong.

Dodd flew to the helm, and with his own hands put it hard 'a weather, to give the deck guns one more chance, the last, of sinking or disabling the *Destroyer*. As the ship obeyed, and a deck gun bellowed below him, he saw a vessel running out from Long Island, and coming swiftly up on his lee quarter.

It was a schooner. Was she coming to his aid?

Horror! A black flag floated from her foremast head.

While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at this death blow to hope, Monk fired again, and just then a pale face came close to Dodd's, and a solemn voice whispered in his ear 'Our ammunition is nearly done!'

Dodd seized Sharpe's hand convulsively, and pointed to the pirate's consort coming up to finish them, and said, with the calm of a brave man's despair, 'Cutlasses' and die hard!'

At that moment the master gunner fired his last gun. It sent a chain shot on board the retiring pirate, took off a Portuguese head and spun it clean into the sea, ever so far to windward, and cut the schooner's foremast so nearly through that it trembled and nodded, and presently snapped with a loud crack, and came down like a broken tree, with the yard and sail, the latter over lipping the deck and burying itself, black flag and all, in the sea, and there, in one moment, lay the *Destroyer* buffeting and wriggling—like a heron on the water with his long wing broken—an utter cripple.

The victorious crew raised a stunning cheer.

'Silence!' roared Dodd, with his trumpet. 'All hands make sul!'

He set his courses, bent a new jib, and stood out to windward close hauled, in hopes to make a good offing, and then put his ship dead before the wind, which was now rising to a stiff breeze. In doing this he crossed the crippled pirate's bows, within eighty yards, and sore was the temptation to rake him, but his ammunition being short, and his danger being imminent from the other pirate, he had the self-command to resist the great temptation.

He hailed the mizen top 'Can you two hinder them from firing that gun?'

'I rather think we can,' said Fullalove, 'eh, colonel?' and tapped his long rifle.

The ship no sooner crossed the schooner's bows than a Malay ran forward with a linstock. Pop went the colonel's ready carbine, and the Malay fell over dead, and the linstock flew out of his hand. A tall Portuguese, with a movement of rage, snatched it up, and darted to the gun. The Yankee rifle cracked, but a moment too late. Bang! went the pirate's bow chaser, and crashed into the *Agra*'s side, and passed nearly through her.

'Ye missed him! Ye missed him!' cried the rival theorist, joyfully. He was mistaken the smoke cleared, and there was the pirate captain leaping wounded against the mainmast with a Yankee bullet in his shoulder, and his crew uttering yell of dismay and vengeance. They jumped, and raged, and brandished their knives, and made horrid gesticulations of revenge, and the white eyeballs of the Malays and Papuans glittered fiendishly, and the wounded captain raised his sound arm and had a signal hoisted to his consort, and she bore up in chase, and jumming her fore latine

is flat as a board, lay far nearer the wind than the *Agra* could, and sailed three feet to her two besides. On this superiority being made clear, the situation of the merchant vessel, though not so utterly desperate as before Monk fired his lucky shot, became pitiable enough. If she ran before the wind, the fresh pirate would cut her off; if she lay to windward, she might postpone the inevitable and fatal collision with a foe as strong as that she had only escaped by a rare piece of luck, but this would give the crippled pirate time to resist and unite to destroy her. Add to this the failing ammunition and the thinned crew!

Dodd cast his eyes all round the horizon for help.

The sea was blank.

The bright sun was hidden now, drops of rain fell, and the wind was beginning to sing, and the sea to rise a little.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'let us kneel down and pray for wisdom, in this sore strait.'

He and his officers kneeled on the quarter deck. When they rose, Dodd stood rapt about a minute, his great thoughtful eye saw no more the enemy, the sea, nor anything external, it was turned inward. His officers looked at him in silence.

'Sharpe,' said he at last, 'there must be a way out of them both with such a breeze as this is now, if we could but see it.'

'Ay, if,' groaned Sharpe.

Dodd mused again.

'About ship!' said he, softly, like an absent man.

'Ay, ay, sir!'

'Steer due north!' said he, still like one whose mind was elsewhere.

While the ship was coming about, he gave minute orders to the mates and the gunner, to ensure co-operation in the delicate and dangerous manoeuvres that were sure to be at hand.

The wind was WNW he was standing north one pirate lay on his lee boom stopping a leak between wind and water, and hacking the deck clear of his broken mast and yards. The other fresh, and thirsting for the easy prey, came up to weather on him and hang on his quarter, pirate fashion.

When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate, to meet the ship's change of tactics, changed his own, luffed up, and gave the ship a broadside, well aimed but not destructive, the guns being loaded with ball.

Dodd, instead of replying immediately, put his helm hard up and ran under the pirate's stern while he was jummed up in the wind, and with his five eighteen pounders raked him fore and aft, then paying off, gave him three carronades crammed with grape and canister, the rapid discharge of eight guns made the ship tremble, and enveloped her in thick smoke, loud shrieks and groans were heard from the schooner. The smoke cleared, the pirate's mainsail hung on deck, his jib boom was cut off like a carrot and the sail struggling, his foresail looked lace, lanes of dead and wounded lay still or writhing on his deck, and his lee scuppers ran blood into the sea. Dodd squared his yards and bore away.

The ship rushed down the wind, leaving the schooner staggered and all abroad. But not for long, the pirate wore and fired his bow chasers at the now flying *Agra*, split one of the carronades in two, and killed a Lascar,

and made a hole in the foresail, this done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, flung his dead overboard, to the horror of their foes, and came after the flying ship, yawing and firing his bow chasers. The ship was silent. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take these blows like a coward, but all signs of life disappeared on her, except two men at the wheel, and the captain on the main gangway.

Dodd had ordered the crew out of the rigging, armed them with cutlasses, and laid them flat on the forecastle. He also compelled Kenealy and Fullalove to come down out of harm's way, no wiser on the smooth bore question than they went up.

The great patient ship ran environed by her foes, one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance, and pounding away at her—but no reply.

Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.

Yet nothing fresh had happened.

Yes, this had happened—the pirates to windward, and the pirates to leeward, of the *Agra* had found out, at one and the same moment, that the merchant captain they had lashed, and bullied, and tortured was a patient but tremendous man. It was not only to rake the fresh schooner he had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring masterstroke to hurl his monster ship bodily on the other. Without a foresail she could never get out of her way. The pirate crew had stopped the leak, and cut away and unshipped the broken fore mast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the foresail to draw, but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction swift.

After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses, as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and ruse the sail, while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by an heroic, able villain. A stern the consort thundered, but the *Agra*'s response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides.

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo Saxon fights.

One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, conned and steered the great ship down on a hundred matchlocks and a grunting broadside, just as they would have conned and steered her into a British harbour.

"Starboard!" said Dodd, in a deep calm voice, with a motion of his hand.

"Starboard it is."

The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The man forward made a silent signal to Dodd.

"Port!" said Dodd quietly.

"Port it is."

But at this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischievous shot and knocked one of the men to atoms at the helm.

Dodd waved his hand without a word, and another man rose from the deck, and took his place in silence, and laid his unshaking hand on the wheel stained with that man's warm blood whose place he took.

The high ship was now scarce sixty yards distant, *she seemed to know* she reared her lofty figure head with great awful shoots into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new foresail hoisted with a joyful shout, it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort close on the *Agra*'s heels just then scourged her deck with grape.

"Port!" said Dodd, calmly.

"Port it is."

The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate. That acre of coming canvas took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail, it flapped oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her, the Papuans and Sooloos, their black faces livid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea, or crouched and whimpered, the yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one colour now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon slap into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and matchlocks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gangway, and out flew their knives like crushed wasps' stings. CRASH! the Indiaman's cutwater in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside down went her masts to leeward like fishing rods whipping the water, there was a horrible shrieking yell, wild forms leaped off on the *Agra*, and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck—a surge, a chasm in the sea, filled with an instant rush of engulphing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel—and the fearful majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awe struck on her deck, a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relic of the blotted out destroyer, and a wounded man staggering on the gangway, with hands uplifted and staring eyes.

Shot in two places, the head and the breast!

With a loud cry of pity and dismay, Sharpe, Fullalove, Kenealy, and others rushed to catch him, but, ere they got near, the captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and knees, his head sunk over the gangway, and his blood ran fast and pattered in the midst of them, on the deck he had defended so bravely.

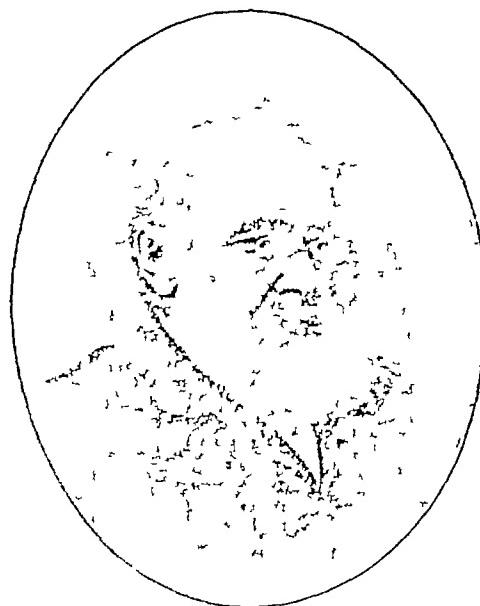
(From *Hard Cash*)

The *Memoir* (1882) by his brother and a nephew is not a happy piece of biography. *Readiana* (1882) is a collection of the novelist's fragments and Extracts from his works, with an Introduction by Mrs Ireland, appeared in 1891. See Mr Swinburne's *Miscellanies* (1886) for an estimate, and Coleman's *Charles Reade as I Knew Him* (1903). Mr Justin McCarthy's *Recollections* (1899), recognising his merits, insists on his self-complacency and litigiousness.

**Anthony Trollope** (1815-82), third son of Mrs Frances Trollope (see page 276), was born in London and brought up at Harrow. His childhood and boyhood were made singularly squalid and miserable by the disorder of his home and the misfortunes of his father, an eccentric barrister who ruined himself by bad temper and foolish speculations. Boarded—one can hardly say educated—at Harrow School and Winchester College for nearly eleven years, he was snubbed and neglected by the masters, and bullied and excluded from all games and companionship by the boys. A final catastrophe in his father's affairs in 1834 drove the family to Belgium, where Anthony somehow got the offer of a commission in an Austrian cavalry regiment, and proceeded to acquire the necessary knowledge of French and German as usher in a private school.

at Brussels. An appointment in the British Post-Office, however, brought him speedily back to London, and from 1834 to 1841 he was a junior clerk in the head office at St Martin's le-Grand. Notorious as a hopelessly incompetent public servant, and leading, according to his own account, a somewhat irregular life, he yet contrived to pick up a fair knowledge of English literature, mastering French and Latin for reading purposes, and even thinking it possible he might write a novel. The turning point of his career came in 1841, when he accepted the unpromising situation of a 'surveyor's clerk' in the postal service in the west of Ireland. Severed from the mean associations of his youth, he suddenly developed remarkable energy and ability; at his work as well as an unexpected passion for fox-hunting, gained the confidence of his superiors, married happily in 1844, and three years later realised his visions by publishing his first novel, *The Macdermots of Ballycloran*. That effort, however, and its two immediate successors, *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* (1848) and *La Vendée* (1850), fell almost dead from the press, and it was not till 1855 that he attracted notice by *The Warden*, the first and not the least pleasing of the 'Barchester' novels. It was followed in 1857 by *Barchester Towers*, which in the formidable Mrs Proudie added a new character to English fiction, and by the other volumes of the series—*Doctor Thorne* (1858), *Framley Parsonage* (1861), *The Small House at Allington* (1864), and *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867). These novels, which contain the best of his work, were the fruit of a two-years' expedition through the south west of England for the improvement of the rural delivery of letters, but it is noteworthy that Trollope seems never to have been familiar in that cathedral town society which he is acknowledged to have described so well. He wrote in all about fifty novels, some of which, like *The Three Clerks* (1858) and *Orley Farm* (1862), were founded on memories of his early life. Others were *Castle Richmond*, *Can You Forgive Her?* *Miss Mackenzie*, *The Claverings*, *Phineas Finn*, *He Knew He Was Right*, *John Caldigate*, *Ayala's Angel*, *The Fixed Period*, and *An Old Man's Love*. His last novel, *The Land Leaguers*, was unfinished at his death in 1882. In addition, he utilised his business journeys and pleasure tours for the rather too hasty production of volumes on *The West Indies* (1859), *North America* (1862), *Australia and New Zealand* (1873), and *South Africa* (1878). He was one of the founders of the *Fortnightly Review*, became first editor of *St Paul's* magazine in 1867, and in 1868 stood without success as a parliamentary candidate for Beverley. Most of his ventures outside of fiction were unlucky; Dean Merivale somewhat cruelly acknowledged a presentation copy of his contribution to the series of 'Ancient Classics for English Readers' with a tribute of thanks for 'your comic Cesar,' and it must be acknowledged that his monographs on

Cicero and Thackeray are unsatisfactory. Artistically his novels are faulty enough, as indeed they were bound to be from his practice of writing to time with his watch upon the desk. He is lacking, moreover, in good taste and intellectual elevation. Yet the readability and essential healthiness of his best work are uncontested, and just as little can it be denied that he had a shrewd eye for certain aspects of life and society, a gift of character-drawing, and the knack of telling a story. Probably the best criticism of his work as a novelist is his own summing up of one of his books: 'The story was thoroughly English. There was a little fox hunting and a little tuff hunting, some Christian



ANTHONY TROLLOPE  
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

virtue and some Christian cant. There was no heroism and no villainy. There was much Church, but more love making. And it was downright honest love.'

#### Mr Slope Bids Farewell

'Mr Slope,' said the bishop, 'it has become necessary that I should speak to you definitively on a matter that has for some time been pressing itself on my attention.'

'May I ask whether the subject is in any way connected with myself?' said Mr Slope.

'It is so—certainly—yes, it certainly is connected with yourself, Mr Slope.'

'Then, my lord, if I may be allowed to express a wish, I would prefer that no discussion on the subject should take place between us in the presence of a third person.'

'Don't alarm yourself, Mr Slope,' said Mrs Proudie, 'no discussion is at all necessary. The bishop merely intends to express his own wishes.'

'I merely intend, Mr Slope, to express my own wishes—no discussion will be at all necessary,' said the bishop, reiterating his wife's words.

'That is more, my lord, than we any of us can be

sure of,' said Mr Slope, 'I cannot, however, force Mrs Proudie to leave the room, nor can I refuse to remain here if it be your lordship's wish that I should do so.'

'It is his lordship's wish, certainly,' said Mrs Proudie.

'Mr Slope,' began the bishop in a solemn, serious voice, 'it grieves me to have to find fault. It grieves me much to have to find fault with a clergyman, but especially so with a clergyman in your position.'

'Why, what have I done amiss, my lord?' demanded Mr Slope, boldly.

'What have you done amiss, Mr Slope?' said Mrs Proudie, standing erect before the culprit, and raising that terrible forefinger. 'Do you dare to ask the bishop what you have done amiss? Does not your conscience—'

'Mrs Proudie, pray let it be understood, once for all, that I will have no words with you.'

'Ah, sir, but you will have words,' said she, 'you must have words. Why have you had so many words with that Signora Neroni? Why have you disgraced yourself, you a clergyman too, by constantly consorting with such a woman as that—with a married woman—with one altogether unfit for a clergyman's society?'

'At any rate, I was introduced to her in your drawing room,' retorted Mr Slope.

'And shamefully you behaved there,' said Mrs Proudie, 'most shamefully. I was wrong to allow you to remain in the house a day after what I then saw. I should have insisted on your instant dismissal.'

'I have yet to learn, Mrs Proudie, that you have the power to insist either on my going from hence or on my staying here.'

'What!' said the lady, 'I am not to have the privilege of saying who shall and who shall not frequent my own drawing room! I am not to save my servants and dependents from having their morals corrupted by improper conduct! I am not to save my own daughters from impurity! I will let you see, Mr Slope, whether I have the power or whether I have not. You will have the goodness to understand that you no longer fill any situation about the bishop, and as your room will be immediately wanted in the palace for another chaplain, I must ask you to provide yourself with apartments as soon as may be convenient to you.'

'My lord,' said Mr Slope, appealing to the bishop, and so turning his back completely on the lady, 'will you permit me to ask that I may have from your own lips any decision that you may have come to on this matter?'

'Certainly, Mr Slope, certainly,' said the bishop, 'that is but reasonable. Well, my decision is that you had better look for some other prebendaries. For the situation which you have lately held I do not think that you are well suited.'

'And what, my lord, has been my fault?'

'That Signora Neroni is one fault,' said Mrs Proudie, 'and a very abominable fault she is, very abominable and very disgraceful. Fie, Mr Slope, fie! You an evangelical clergyman indeed!'

'My lord, I desire to know for what fault I am turned out of your lordship's house.'

'You hear what Mrs Proudie says,' said the bishop.

'When I publish the history of this transaction, my lord, as I decidedly shall do in my own vindication, I presume you will not wish me to state that you have discarded me at your wife's bidding—because she has

objected to my being acquainted with another lady, the daughter of one of the prebendaries of the chapter?'

'You may publish what you please, sir,' said Mrs Proudie. 'But you will not be insane enough to publish any of your doings in Barchester. Do you think I have not heard of your kneelings at that creature's feet—that is, if she has any feet—and of your constant slobbering over her hand? I advise you to beware, Mr Slope, of what you do and say. Clergymen have been unfrocked for less than what you have been guilty of.'

'My lord, if this goes on I shall be obliged to indict this woman—Mrs Proudie I mean—for defamation of character.'

'I think, Mr Slope, you had better now retire,' said the bishop. 'I will enclose to you a cheque for any balance that may be due to you, and, under the present circumstances, it will of course be better for all parties that you should leave the palace at the earliest possible moment. I will allow you for your journey back to London, and for your maintenance in Barchester for a week from this date.'

'If, however, you wish to remain in this neighbourhood,' said Mrs Proudie, 'and will solemnly pledge yourself never again to see that woman, and will promise also to be more circumspect in your conduct, the bishop will mention your name to Mr Quiverful, who now wants a curate at Puddingdale. The house is, I imagine, quite sufficient for your requirements, and there will, moreover, be a stipend of fifty pounds a year.'

'May God forgive you, madam, for the manner in which you have treated me,' said Mr Slope, looking at her with a very heavenly look, 'and remember this, madam, that you yourself may still have a fall,' and he looked at her with a very worldly look. 'As to the bishop, I pity him.' And so saying, Mr Slope left the room. Thus ended the intimacy of the Bishop of Barchester with his first confidential chaplain.

(From *Barchester Towers*)

#### Frank Gresham's First Speech.

He felt rather sick at heart when Mr Baker got up to propose the toast as soon as the servants were gone. The servants, that is, were gone officially, but they were there in a body, men and women, nurses, cooks, and ladies' maids, coachmen, grooms, and footmen, standing in the two doorways to hear what Master Frank would say. The old housekeeper headed the mounds at one door, standing boldly inside the room, and the butler controlled the men at the other, marshalling them back with a drawn corkscrew.

Mr Baker did not say much, but what he did say, he said well. They had all seen Frank Gresham grow up from a child, and were now required to welcome as a man amongst them one who was so well qualified to carry on the honour of that loved and respected family. His young friend, Frank, was every inch a Gresham. Mr Baker omitted to make mention of the infusion of De Courcy blood, and the countess, therefore, drew herself up on her chair and looked as though she were extremely bored. He then alluded tenderly to his own long friendship with the present squire, Francis Newbold Gresham the elder, and sat down, begging them to drink health, prosperity, long life, and an excellent wife to their dear young friend, Francis Newbold Gresham the younger.

There was a great jingling of glasses, of course, made

the merrier and the louder by the fact that the ladies were still there as well as the gentlemen. Ladies don't drink toasts frequently, and, therefore, the occasion coming rarely was the more enjoyed. 'God bless you, I rank!' 'Your good health, Frank!' 'And especially a good wife, Frank!' 'Two or three of them, Frank!' 'Good health and prosperity to you, Mr Gresham!' 'More power to you, Frank, my boy!' 'May God bless and preserve you, my dear boy!' and then a merry, sweet, eager voice, from the far end of the table, 'Frank! Frank! do look at me, pray do, Frank, I am drinking your health in real wine, ain't I, papa?' Such were the addresses which greeted Mr Francis Newbold Gresham the younger as he essayed to rise upon his feet for the first time since he had come to man's estate.

When the clatter was at an end, and he was fairly on his legs, he cast a glance before him on the table, to look for a decanter. He had not much liked his cousin's theory of sticking to the bottle, nevertheless, in the difficulty of the moment, it was well to have any system to go by. But, as misfortune would have it, though the table was covered with bottles, his eye could not catch one. Indeed, his eye at first could catch nothing, for the things swam before him, and the guests all seemed to dance in their chairs.

Up he got, however, and commenced his speech. As he could not follow his preceptor's advice as touching the bottle, he adopted his own crude plan of 'making a mark of some old covey's head,' and therefore looked dead at the doctor.

'Upon my word, I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen and ladies—ladies and gentlemen I should say—for drinking my health, and doing me so much honour, and all that sort of thing. Upon my word I am Especially to Mr Baker. I don't mean you, Harry, you're not Mr Baker.'

'As much as you're Mr Gresham, Master Frank.'

'But I am not Mr Gresham, and I don't mean to be for many a long year if I can help it, not at any rate till we have had another coming of age here.'

'Bravo, Frank! and whose will that be?'

'That will be my son, and a very fine lad he will be, and I hope he'll make a better speech than his father. Mr Baker said I was every inch a Gresham. Well, I hope I am.' Here the countess began to look cold and angry. 'I hope the day will never come when my father won't own me for one.'

'There's no fear, no fear,' said the doctor, who was almost put out of countenance by the orator's intense gaze. The countess looked colder and more angry, and muttered something to herself about a bear garden.

'Gardez Gresham, eh? Harry! mind that when you're sticking in a gap and I'm coming after you. Well, I'm sure I am very much obliged to you for the honour you have all done me, especially the ladies, who don't do this sort of thing on ordinary occasions. I wish they did, don't you, doctor? And talking of ladies, my aunt and cousins have come all the way from London to hear me make this speech, which certainly is not worth the trouble, but, all the same, I am very much obliged to them.' And he looked round and made a little bow at the countess. 'And so I am to Mr and Mrs Jackson, and Mr and Mrs and Miss Bateson, and Mr Baker—I'm not at all obliged to you, Harry—and to Mr Oriel and Miss Oriel, and to Mr Umbleby, and to Dr Thorne, and to Mary—I beg her pardon, I mean

Miss Thorne.' And then he sat down, amid the loud plaudits of the company, and a string of blessings which came from the servants behind him.

After this the ladies rose and departed. As she went Lady Arabella kissed her son's forehead, and then his sisters kissed him, and one or two of his lady cousins, and then Miss Bateson shook him by the hand. 'Oh, Miss Bateson,' said he, 'I thought the kissing was to go all round.' So Miss Bateson laughed and went her way, and Patience Oriel nodded at him, but Mary Thorne, as she quietly left the room, almost hidden among the extensive draperies of the grander ladies, hardly allowed her eyes to meet his.

He got up to hold the door for them as they passed, and as they went he managed to take Patience by the hand, he took her hand and pressed it for a moment, but dropped it quickly, in order that he might go through the same ceremony with Mary, but Mary was too quick for him.

'Frank,' said Mr Gresham as soon as the door was closed, 'bring your glass here, my boy,' and the father made room for his son close beside himself. 'The ceremony is over now, so you may leave your place of dignity.' Frank sat himself down where he was told, and Mr Gresham put his hand on his son's shoulder and half caressed him, while the tears stood in his eyes. 'I think the doctor is right, Baker, I think he'll never make us ashamed of him.'

'I am sure he never will,' said Mr Baker.

'I don't think he ever will,' said Dr Thorne.

The tones of the men's voices were very different. Mr Baker did not care a straw about it, why should he? He had an heir of his own as well as the squire, one also who was the apple of his eye. But the doctor—he did care, he had a niece, to be sure, whom he loved, perhaps as well as these men loved their sons, but there was room in his heart also for young Frank Gresham.

After this small *exposé* of feeling they sat silent for a moment or two. But silence was not dear to the heart of the Honourable John, and so he took up the running.

'That's a niceish nag you give Frank this morning,' said he to his uncle. 'I was looking at him before dinner. He is a Monsoon isn't he?'

'Well, I can't say I know how he was bred,' said the squire. 'He shows a good deal of breeding.'

'He's a Monsoon, I'm sure,' said the Honourable John. 'They all have those ears, and that peculiar dip in the back. I suppose you gave a goodish figure for him?'

'Not so very much,' said the squire.

'He's a trained hunter, I suppose?'

'If not, he soon will be,' said the squire.

'Let Frank alone for that,' said Harry Baker.

'He jumps beautifully, sir,' said Frank. 'I haven't tried him myself, but Peter made him go over the bar two or three times this morning.'

The Honourable John was determined to give his cousin a helping hand, as he considered it. He thought that Frank was very ill used in being put off with so incomplete a stud, and thinking also that the son did not spirit enough to attack his father himself on the subject, the Honourable John determined to do it for him.

'He's the making of a very nice horse, I don't doubt. I wish you had a string like him, Frank.'

Frank felt the blood rush to his face. He would

not for worlds have his father think that he was discontented, or otherwise than pleased with the present he had received that morning. He was heartily ashamed of himself in that he had listened with a certain degree of complacency to his cousin's tempting, but he had no idea that the subject would be repeated—and then repeated, too, before his father, in a manner to vex him on such a day as this, before such people as were assembled there. He was very angry with his cousin, and for a moment forgot all his hereditary respect for a De Courcy.

I tell you what, John,' said he, 'do you choose your day, some day early in the season, and come out on the best thing you have, and I'll bring, not the black horse, but my old mare, and then do you try and keep near me. If I don't leave you at the back of God speed before long, I'll give you the mare and the horse too.'

(From *Doctor Thorne*)

Trollope's character and career are best described in his frank and amusing *Autobiography* (1883), in the kindly estimate in Sir Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer* (1902) and in the sketch in Mr Bryce's *Studies in Contemporary Biography* (1903).

ROBERT AITKEN

**Thomas Adolphus Trollope** (1810-92), elder brother of the novelist, was educated at Winchester and Oxford in happier circumstances than poor Anthony, in 1841 settled in Italy, and died at Clifton. He wrote several books on Italian history and biography, the most notable of which are *The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici*, *A Decade of Italian Women*, *A History of Florencia*, and a *Life of Pius IV*, and produced a number of novels such as *La Beata*, *Marietta*, *Lindisfarne Chase*, *Gemma*, *The Garstangs*, and *The Dream Numbers*. His second wife, Frances Eleanor Trollope, wrote *Aunt Margaret's Trouble* (1866), *Black Spirits and White* (1877), *That Unfortunate Marriage* (1888), and, with her husband *The Homes and Haunts of the Italian Poets* (1881). See his autobiographical *What I Remember* (1887-89).

**Henry Cockton** (1807-52), comic novelist, born in London, died at Bury St Edmunds, where in 1841 he had married and become a maltster. Save for their illustrations, his ten works are almost wholly forgotten but one—*Valentine Vox, the Lectroloquist* (1840), which is largely extravaganza.

**John Stuart Blackie** (1809-95), born in Glasgow of Kelso ancestry, was educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh Universities, and during 1829-30 studied at Göttingen, Berlin, and Rome. In 1834 he published a good verse translation of Goethe's *Faust*, and passed advocate at the Edinburgh Bar, but from 1841 to 1852 was Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen, and then of Greek at Edinburgh till 1882. A versatile, vivacious, irrepressible writer and talker, he took an active part in educational reform, figured as the champion of Scottish nationality, and in 1874-76 raised funds for the foundation of a Celtic chair in Edinburgh University. He published an admirable metrical translation of *Æschylus* in 1850, and

one of the *Iliad* in ballad metre in 1866, as well as several volumes of verse. His prose works dealt with subjects in moral and religious philosophy, the method of history, and the land laws, and included *Self-Culture* (1873), *Hora Hellenica* (1874), and a short *Life of Burns*. There is a *Life of Blackie* by Miss Stoddart (2 vols. 1895), and a shorter sketch by his nephew (1895).

**William Bell Scott** (1811-90), poet painter and brother of the Blake-like painter David Scott, was born in Edinburgh and settled in London in 1837, but exhibited only twenty pictures between 1840 and 1869, on subjects mostly historical or poetical. From 1843 till 1858 he was in charge of the government school of art at Newcastle, and till 1885 a South Kensington examiner. His principal work was the series of pictures of Northumbrian history at Wellington Hall, he also executed a series from *The King's Quair* at Penkill Castle near Girvan. He published five volumes of poetry, a Memoir of his brother (1850), *Half-hour Lectures on Art* (1861), *Albert Durer* (1869), and *The Little Masters* (1879) in the 'Great Artists' series. He was one of Rossetti's intimates. His *Autobiography*, edited by Professor Minto (1892), created not a little surprise and irritation by its frank personal criticisms.

**Sir Thomas Erskine May** (1815-86), educated at Bedford School, became assistant librarian of the House of Commons in 1831, clerk assistant in 1836, and Clerk of the House in 1871. Successively C B and K C B., he was on his retirement (1886) created Baron Farnborough. His *Treatise on the Law, Privileges, Proceedings, and Usage of Parliament* (1844, 10th ed. 1901) has been translated into various languages. His *Constitutional History of England, 1760-1860* (1861-63, 3rd ed. 1871), is practically a continuation of Hallam. His *Democracy in Europe* (1877) showed varied learning and studious impartiality.

**Whitworth Elwin** (1816-1900), born at his father's house of Thurning in Norfolk, studied at Caius College, Cambridge, served as curate in Somerset, and succeeding in 1849 to the family living of Booton in his native county, lived in his country rectory all the rest of his life. In 1813 he began to write in the *Quarterly*, and was editor, in succession to Lockhart, from 1853 to 1860, coming to London once a quarter only for a short sojourn. His best articles were perhaps those on Johnson and Goldsmith, Sterne and Fielding, Gray and Cowper. In 1860 he undertook to complete Croker's edition of Pope, and by 1872 had published five volumes of it, but, becoming tired of the task, left the other five volumes of the magisterial edition to be edited by Mr Courthope. Like his articles in the *Quarterly*, his notes and introductions in the *Pope* are important and admirably written contributions to English literary history and to criticism. As editor of the *Quarterly*

Elwin was eminently autocratic, put a swift end to the dominion of Croker, and freely altered, condensed, expanded, and reconstructed his contributors' work without respect of persons. He rarely or never answered letters, and often left them in piles unopened. He had strong opinions and prejudices—cared little for Tennyson and was contemptuous of Browning, Matthew Arnold, and George Eliot. He loved science, but derided Darwin and belittled Huxley and Tyndall. In printing and music he had equally strong and individual likes and dislikes, and he rebuilt his church on imposing lines from his own plans without professional advice. A collection of his essays was published by his son, with a Memoir, as *Some Eighteenth Century Men of Letters* (2 vols. 1902).

**Martin Farquhar Tupper** (1810-89) was born at Marylebone, son of an eminent surgeon, and studied at the Charterhouse and at Christ Church, Oxford, where in 1831 he defeated Gladstone over a theological essay. Prevented by a stammer from taking orders, he yet was called to the Bar (1835), but soon found the vocation that pleased him in a life of authorship. His first volume, *Sacra Poesis*, had been published anonymously in 1832, *Geraldine* (1838), designed as a continuation of *Christabel*, was severely handled by the critics. But of his forty works, one had an amazing success—*Proverbial Philosophy* (1838-76) brought him and his publisher a profit of 'some thing like £10,000 apiece.' The first of the four series ran through sixty editions, by 1881 a million copies of the work had been sold in America, and it was translated into French and Danish. Though *Proverbial Philosophy* is but a heap of platitudes in stilted prose cut into lengths which have neither rhyme nor rhythm, texts from it were quoted as authoritative, and put to strange uses—thus it is recorded that Mr Spurgeon proposed to the lady who became his wife by help of a passage from Tupper. His practical inventions were less successful—safety horse shoes, glass screw-tops to bottles, steam vessels with the paddles inside, and the like. And his *War Ballads*, *Rifle Ballads* (in support of the Volunteer movement), and *Protestant Ballads* never attained to popularity. *Rides and Reveries of Mr Alsop Smith* (1857) was a satire, on his novel, *The Crock of Gold* (1844), a two act melodrama was founded by Edward Fitzbill Tupper was elected to the Royal Society, and received the Oxford D.C.L., as well as Prussian and other foreign distinctions, and he was twice received in America with enthusiasm. His home was at Albury in Sussex, from time to time he gave readings from his own works to audiences in England and Scotland. In 1873 he received a pension of £120, and next year Allibone's *Dictionary* intimated that a baronetcy was expected to be conferred. But he had some savage tomahawking to endure at the hands of the reviewers—as from *Fraser* in October 1852. From his huge

'archives' (in Bozzy's self-complacent use of the word) he compiled *My Life as an Author* (1886).

#### The Child of Sensibility

Yet I hear the child of sensibility moaning at the wintry cold,  
Wherein the mists of selfishness have wrapped the society of men  
He grieveth, and hath deep reasons, for falsehood hath wronged his trust,  
And the breaches in his bleeding heart have been filled with the brims of suspicion  
For, alas, how few be friends, of whom charity hath hoped well!



MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER

From a Photograph by Maull & Fox

How few there be among men who forget themselves for other!  
Each one seeketh his own, and looketh on his brethren as rivals,  
Masking envy with friendship, to serve his secret ends  
And the world, that corrupteth all good, hath wronged that sacred name,  
For it calleth any man friend, who is not known for an enemy,  
And such be as the flies of summer, while plenty sitteth at thy board  
But who can wonder at their flight from the cold denials of want?  
Such be as vultures round a carcass, assembled together for the feast,  
But a sudden noise scattereth them, and forthwith are they specks among the clouds  
There be few, O child of sensibility, who deserve to have thy confidence  
Yet weep not, for there are some, and such some live for thee

To them is the chilling world a drear and barren scene,  
And gladly seek they such as thou art, for seldom find  
they the occasion  
For, though no man excludeth himself from the high  
capability of friendship,  
Yet verily the man is a marvel whom truth can write a  
friend  
(From *Proverbial Philosophy*)

**Albert Smith** (1816-60)—in full ALBERT RICHARD SMITH—was the son of a surgeon at Chertsey, was educated at Merchant Taylors', and having qualified in London, commenced practice with his father, but taking to lecturing and light literature, he had ere long published over a score of books, some of them illustrated by Leech. He wrote much for *Bentley's Miscellany* and for *Punch*, and produced or adapted many pieces for the stage. His novels include *The Adventures of Mr Ledbury* (1844), *The Scattergood Family* (1845), *The Marchioness of Brimwilles* (1846), *Christopher Tadpole* (1848), and *The Pottleton Legacy* (1849), of his 'entertainments,' the first (after a tour in the East) was 'A Month at Constantinople,' the most successful was 'The Ascent of Mont Blanc' (1852). Edmund Yates prefixed a Life of him to an edition (1860) of the *Mont Blanc*.

**Edwin Waugh** (1817-90), the Lancashire poet, was born a shoemaker's son at Rochdale, and after a little irregular schooling was apprenticed to a local printer and bookseller, he read industriously all books he could find about Lancashire and its traditions, as well as general literature, and on the expiration of his apprenticeship worked as journeyman in London and elsewhere. At Rochdale he on his return established a literary institute, and in 1847 was made assistant-secretary to the Lancashire Public School Association, and with his removal to Kelsal near Manchester he became one of the most active members of the Manchester Literary Club. His first sketches of Lancashire life and character appeared in the *Manchester Examiner*, and at once attracted friendly attention to the author. Among his numerous prose writings may be cited his *Factory Folk during the Cotton Famine*, the *Besom Ben Stories* (possibly the best of his humorous pieces), *The Chimney-Corner* (a series of exquisite village idylls), and the admirable descriptions of natural scenery in his *Tufts of Heather*, *Irish Sketches*, and *Rambles in the Lake Country*. But it is as a singer rather than as a story teller that our author will be best remembered. For several years he had been in the habit of contributing dialect songs to various periodicals, and these pieces, first collected in 1859 as *Poems and Songs*, secured for their author immediate recognition as a poet rivalling all known north of England dialect poems, and comparing favourably with the best work of the rustic followers of Burns, these rude lyrics won the hearts of his countrymen by the power, pathos, and kindly humour with which he paints the homely ways and thoughts of his

country-people, indeed, few poems enjoy such popularity in Lancashire as Waugh's 'Come whorm to the childer an' me.' As an expositor of dialect Waugh merits high praise. The nice shades of local *patois* current in villages separated by only a few miles are tenderly discriminated, and the idiom is nowhere maintained to the tedium of the general reader, but relieved by brilliant descriptive passages written in terse and pure English. Outside his native country Waugh's rendering of dialect is somewhat less happy, and the specimens of the country speech of Cumberland and Ireland, as given in *Jannock and Irish Sketches*, can scarcely be accounted a success. For some years he lived solely by writing in prose and verse, giving occasionally readings from his own pieces, and in 1882 received a small pension from the Civil List. In failing health he removed to New Brighton, Cheshire, where he spent his last years.

The best edition of Waugh's collected works is that in eleven volumes with Caldecott's illustrations (1881-89). A selection in eight volumes (1892-93) has a Memoir of him by the editor, Mr Milner.

**Charles William Shirley Brooks** was born 29th April 1816, in London, and was the son of an architect. At the age of sixteen he was articled to his uncle, a solicitor at Oswestry, and passed the examination of the Incorporated Law Society, but drifted into journalism, and became a contributor of poetry and prose to the periodicals. For five sessions he was in the reporters' gallery in the House of Commons, and wrote the parliamentary summary for the *Morning Chronicle*. Much miscellaneous writing was done by him for this journal, and in 1853 he was its special commissioner to inquire into the condition and labour of the poor in Russia, Syria, and Egypt. The result of his investigations was given in a series of letters, subsequently reprinted in a book called *Russians of the South*. Brooks edited the *Literary Gazette* 1858-59, and for a time the *Home News*. He wrote several light and bright pieces for the stage, and two novels, *Aspen Court* (1853) and *The Gordian Knot* (1858). For a while a contributor to rival comic papers, in 1851 Brooks joined the staff of *Punch*, and was soon recognised as its leading contributor, his 'Essence of Parliament' being extremely popular. At the death of Mark Lemon in 1870 he was appointed editor, and conducted the paper until his death on 23rd February 1874. On his deathbed he wrote *Election Epigrams* and *The Situation*, which appeared in *Punch* after his death. His best poetical pieces contributed to *Punch* were issued in book form in 1883 under the title of *Wit and Humour*.

**Francis Edward Smedley** (1818-64), a cripple born at Marlow, took early to writing, his half dozen works including *Frank Fairleigh* (1850), *Lewis Arundel* (1852), and *Harry Corderdale's Courtship* (1855), in which horsemanship and

hunting divide the interest with the orthodox passion Bright cheery books, these appeared originally in *Sharpe's Magazine*, of which he for a time was editor, and they were illustrated by Cruikshank and 'Phiz.'

**Frederick William Robertson** (1816-53) was born in London, the son of an artillery captain, and was educated for the army at Beverley, at Tours, at Edinburgh Academy, and at Edinburgh University Resolving, however, to take orders, he studied at Brasenose, Oxford, from 1837 to 1840, but was in nowise moved by the current Newmanism to depart from the Evangelicalism in which he had been brought up Ordained in 1840, he for nearly a year held a curacy at Winchester, where his health broke down, but a walking tour on the Continent restored it, and at Geneva he married the daughter of a Northamptonshire baronet In 1842 he became curate of Christ Church, Cheltenham Here he suffered much from despondency, and having passed through a severe mental struggle, he found his faith in Evangelicalism shaken by the intolerance of its partisans After preaching to the English church at Heidelberg for a time, and holding a curacy in Oxford, in 1847 he became incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, where his earnestness, originality, and wide sympathy arrested public attention But the comprehensiveness of his Christian ideal exposed him to not a little odium—he was suspected alike by Evangelicals and High Churchmen, for he was unquestionably a Broad Church thinker, though not of the school of Maurice or of Kingsley Indeed, he could not be said to belong to any school, and while he sympathised warmly with what was best in all schools, he was strongly conscious of his differences from them, and never hesitated to denounce what he thought contrary to his own fervent conception of Christian truth, based essentially on the historical significance of the life of Christ, revealing at once sonship with God and brotherhood with man He was naturally vehement and even passionate, and his keen, perhaps morbid, sensitiveness contributed its share to the power of emotion, the spirituality of thought, the delicate suggestiveness, the infectious enthusiasm of his sermons, which, without rhetorical eloquence or striking originality, wielded a quite extraordinary influence on English religious temper During his last years he suffered from disease of the brain He resigned in June 1853 because the vicar of Brighton had refused to confirm his nomination of a curate, and died two months later He published but one sermon—the five series (1855-90) so well known over the English-speaking world are really recollections, sometimes dictated and sometimes written out by himself for friends, but in abbreviated form, yet even so they reveal an exceptional religious genius and an unique type of the preacher's power Expository lectures on the

*Epistle to the Corinthians* (1859) and notes on *Genesis* (1877) were printed, and a volume of *Lectures and Addresses* (1858), reissued with additions as *Literary Remains* (1876) He had translated Lessing's *Education of the Human Race* (1858), and prepared an admirable analysis of *In Memoriam* (1862) Some early verses, not of much importance, were privately printed His letters are hardly inferior to his sermons in charm and power, and the *Life and Letters* by Mr Stopford Brooke (1865) at once took a place amongst classic English biographies The extracts are from lectures delivered in 1852 to the Mechanics' Institute at Brighton

#### Poetry and the Working Classes

And this alone would be enough to show that the Poetry of the coming age must come from the Working Classes In the upper ranks, Poetry, so far at least as it represents their life, has long been worn out, sickly, and sentimental Its manhood is escheat Feudal aristocracy with its associations, the castle and the tournament, has passed away Its last healthy tones came from the harp of Scott Byron sang its funeral dirge But tenderness, and heroism, and endurance still want their voice, and it must come from the classes whose observation is at first hand, and who speak fresh from nature's heart What has Poetry to do with the Working Classes? Men of work! we want our Poetry from you—from men who will dare to live a brave and true life, not like poor Burns, who was swayed with flattery, mindful as he was, and dazzled by the vulgar splendours of the life of the great, which he despised and still longed for, but rather like Ebenezer Elliot, author of the *Corn Law Rhymes*. Our soldier ancestors told you the significance of high devotion and loyalty which lay beneath the smoke of battlefields Now rise and tell us the living meaning there may be in the smoke of manufactories, and the heroism of perseverance, and the poetry of invention, and the patience of uncomplaining resignation Remember the stirring words of one of your own poets

'There's a light about to break,  
There's a day about to dawn  
Men of thought, and men of action!  
Clear the way!'

#### Poetry and War

Through the physical horrors of warfare, Poetry discerned the redeeming nobleness For in truth, when war is not prolonged, the kindling of all the higher passions prevents the access of the baser ones A nation split and severed by mean religious and political dissensions suddenly feels its unity, and men's hearts beat together at the mere possibility of invasion And even women, as the author of the *History of the Peninsular War* has well remarked, sufferer as she is by war, yet guns, in the more chivalrous respect paid to her, in the elevation of the feelings excited towards her, in the attitude of protection assumed by men, and in the high calls to duty which rouse her from the frivolousness and feebleness into which her existence is apt to sink I will illustrate this by one more anecdote from the same campaign to which allusion has been already made—Sir Charles Napier's campaign against the robber tribes of Upper Scinde.

A detachment of forty men, marching along a ridge, the cliffs emerging which were covered by the enemy, in secret, "an officer then charged to become separated from the rest; taking the side of a ravine, which the English used to term 'the' , but which rendered desperate no one approached the same. The officer is soon after shot to death, giving an order to return. They are on the ground for a command to charge, the brave fellow is shot again with a pistol, and charged. At the corner of the steep mountain was a triangular platform used as a breastwork, behind which were two of the four. On it the men, charging up, made a last effort, and on again retreat. The English still were in doubtful view each other. One of the

to treat their captives worse will respect, and the Christians of the Eastern Church offered their services with enthusiasm to their conqueror, who had built many crosses planted to the plain, before concluding an agreement as they had been before a war.

A few years preceding this story is "The Host & His Hostess" in *The Vicar of Wakefield* and other Poems (1859).

**Benjamin Jowett** (1817-95), Master of Balliol, was born at Camberwell and educated at St Paul's School and Balliol, Oxford where he was eminent, distinguished—for he won the Herford in 1837, a class first in 1839, and the Lucas in 1841. At Cambridge, a Fellow in 1836, he was tutor from 1849 till his election as Master in 1853, from 1855 to 1873 also as Pegasus Professor of Greek. He fought for toleration when the Jesuit fathers were being persecuted in Oxford, and as himself early regarded as hemicalli, 'Broad Church'. The mastership of his college was not given him in 1854, and strenuous agitation kept from him the usual emoluments awarded to the Greek professor for years. For no article 'On the Interpretation of Scripture' in *Essays and Reviews* (1850), he was tried but acquitted by the Vice-Chancellor's court. He published a famous commentary on the Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Ephesians (1853, 3rd ed. 1873), in which his attitude to orthodoxy and to the doctrine of the Atonement was to consider it as regarded as unsatisfactory. But it is best known by his translation, with learned and suggestive introductions, of the dialogues of Plato (1871, 3rd ed. 1872), and his less happy version of Thucydides (1863) and the *Politics* of Aristotle (1865). With Professor Campbell he was responsible for an edition of Plato's *Republic* (1874). As Master of Balliol his influence permeated the college to a degree almost unexampled. He was made Doctor by Leiden (1873), Edinburgh (1873) and Cambridge (1879), and was Vice-Chancellor of the university, from 1872 till 1876. On the 21st of May, it may be said that his work on Plato was more remarkable for the perfect English of the translation and the pregnant thoughts of the introductions than for his exact philological scholarship in regarding the Greek. He made no attempt to reconstruct Plato's philosophy as a system, nor did he find this possible or desirable. He did not greatly value a system in philosophy or theology; that of those now unfriendly to him thought the sum of his own beliefs was no system, but a series of compromises. He certainly founded no party, and headed to school, was to the end charged with vagueness and indecision, and gave an uncertain sound on doctrines the Church has always regarded as fundamental. But he was an eminent, pregnant and suggestive teacher and writer, warmly attached to what he regarded as the central truths of religion. His pupils included many of the men who have become most eminent in their time, and most of them regarded him with warm devotion.

BENJAMIN JOWETT  
From a Print, by Eliza & Fr,

and here they fell in upon the *Host*, the *Host* who had buried his friends, but not upon I think half his number, though their own number. There is a reason, we must tell, among the hill-men, that when a great division of the host falls in battle, no man is buried in a trench, either of red or green, in red denoting the Infidels to be. According to our own, they stripped the dead, and threw them before a precipice. When in a corner came, they saw their countrymen and friends, but could not help in the sight of every British hero was struck the fatal thread.

I think you will perceive how Poetry, expressing in this rude, symbolical uncouthable admiration of heroic daring, has given even a poet to war than that of butchery, and has still unchristianized, with such a soul, and such a general as the English commander, as is more than once refused battle because the wives and children of the enemy were in the hostile camp, and he feared for their lives, carnage disgraced its character, and became chivalry, and here it was that the British troops learned

In the latter years of his mastership he was the subject of a kind of hero worship in Oxford, in spite of his formidable power of snubbing the inconsiderate, he was very popular with the students. His witty sayings were in everybody's mouth, and many others were fathered on him he would have failed to recognise. He cherished warm friendships with old pupils, delighted in the intimacy of his most eminent contemporaries, and was rather a striking than an eloquent talker, he uttered himself more copiously in letters to his friends. He worked hard for the well being of his college, and was zealous in promoting educational reform. His essays and translations rank him high amongst English writers. Three collections of his sermons have been published (1895-1901), *College Sermons*, sermons on biographical subjects and the like, and *Sermons on Faith and Doctrine*.

#### Immortality

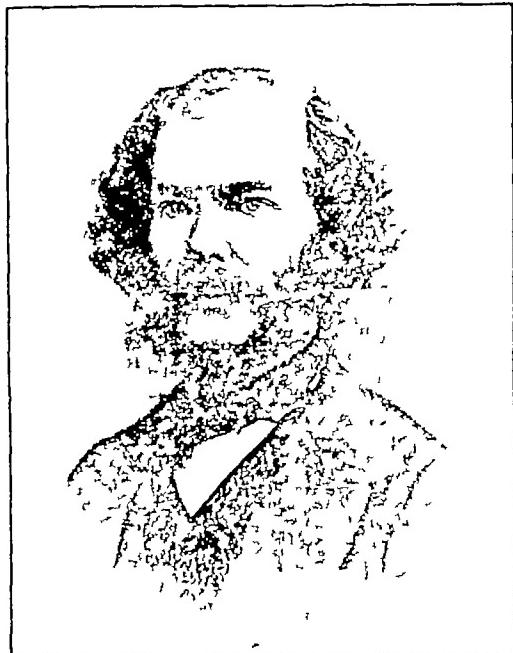
Agnus, believing in the immortality of the soul, we must still ask the question of Socrates, 'What is that which we suppose to be immortal?' Is it the personal and individual element in us, or the spiritual and universal? Is it the principle of knowledge or of goodness, or the union of the two? Is it the mere force of life which is determined to be, or the consciousness of self which cannot be got rid of, or the fire of genius which refuses to be extinguished? Or is there a hidden being which is allied to the Author of all existence, who is because he is perfect, and to whom our ideas of perfection give us a title to belong? Whatever answer is given by us to these questions, there still remains the necessity of allowing the permanence of evil, if not for ever, at any rate for a time, in order that the wicked 'may not have too good a bargain'. For the annihilation of evil at death, or the eternal duration of it, seem to involve equal difficulties in the moral order of the universe. Sometimes we are led by our feelings, rather than by our reason, to think of the good and wise only as existing in another life. Why should the mean, the weak, the idiot, the infant, the herd of men who have never in any proper sense the use of reason, reappear with blinking eyes in the light of another world? But our second thought is that the hope of humanity is a common one, and that all or none have a right to immortality. Reason does not allow us to suppose that we have any greater claims than others, and experience sometimes reveals to us unexpected flashes of the higher nature in those whom we have despised. Such are some of the distracting thoughts which press upon us when we attempt to assign any form to our conceptions of a future state.

Agnus, ideas must be given through something, and we are always prone to argue about the soul from analogies of outward things which may serve to embody our thoughts, but are also partly delusive. For we cannot reason from the natural to the spiritual, or from the outward to the inward. The progress of physiological science, without bringing us nearer to the great secret, has perhaps tended to remove some erroneous notions respecting the relations of body and mind, and in this we have the advantage of the ancients. But no one imagines that any seed of immortality is to be discerned in our mortal frames. The result seems to be that those

who have thought most deeply on the immortality of the soul have been content to rest their belief on the agreement of the more enlightened part of mankind, and on the inseparable connection of such a doctrine with the existence of a God and our ideas of divine justice—also in a less degree on the impossibility of thinking otherwise of those whom we reverence in this world. And after all has been said, the figure, the analogy, the argument, are felt to be only approximations in different forms to the expression of the common sentiment of the human heart.

(From the Introduction to the *Phaedo of Plato*)

The official *Life and Letters* by Dr Evelyn Abbott and Professor Lewis Campbell appeared in 1897 followed by another volume of *Letters* (1899). Studies of him were published by Mr Tollemache (1895) Sir Leslie Stephen (1898) and Mr C. G. Montefiore (1900). And two volumes of selections from his sacred and secular writings have been published by Professor Lewis Campbell (1902).



GEORGE HENRY LEWES  
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

**George Henry Lewes** (1817-78) was born in London, the grandson of the comedian Charles Lee Lewes. Educated partly at Greenwich under Dr Burney, and partly in Jersey and Brittany, he spent some time in a notary's office, and then in the house of a Russian merchant, tried medicine, but could not stand the operating-room, and in 1838 went to Germany for two years. On his return to London he tried the stage as a profession, but soon was at work as a Penny Encyclopædist and Morning Chronicler, as contributor to a dozen journals, reviews, and magazines, and as editor of the *Leader* (1851-54), and of the *Fortnightly* (1865-66), which he himself had founded. His versatility was remarkable, many of his innumerable articles are on dramatic subjects—the drama in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and Ancient Greece—but also on Browning, Tennyson,

Disraeli, Macaulay, Dumars, and Leopardi. He had exceptional gifts as a theatrical critic. In Mr Frederic Harrison's words, he 'began life as a journalist, a critic, a novelist, a dramatist, a biographer, and an essayist, he closed it as a mathematician, a physicist, a chemist, a biologist, a psychologist, and the author of a system of abstract general philosophy.' An intellect clear and sharp if not profound, a wit lively and piquant if not very rich, and a style both firm and graceful made Lewes an eminent critic, biographer, and populariser of science and of what he accepted as philosophy.

The last twenty-four years of his life were coloured by his close relations with George Eliot. He had been married, but unhappily, in 1840, divorce was not practicable, but in 1854 he and Miss Evans went to Germany, and thenceforward till his death they lived as man and wife, not without embarrassment to both. Lewes greatly helped to encourage George Eliot in her literary work, though one cannot but believe that his advice and influence must in many respects have been disadvantageous. Neither of his own novels, *Rantherope* (1847) and *Rose, Blanche, and Violet* (1848), had or could have any permanent place in literature, and their slender merits consist in direct borrowings from the French, the second, aiming to illustrate three types of character, the gay, the gentle, the decided, stirrises current fallacies, follies, and delusions. His successful play, *The Game of Speculation*, is largely a reproduction of Balzac's *Mercadet*, his comparatively original *Noble Heart* and *Chain of Events* were failures on the stage and are now forgotten.

His *Biographical History of Philosophy* (1845) was in the third edition recast and expanded as *The History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte*. He had a singular gift in popularising dissertations on philosophical and psychological subjects, but as he started from the Comtean position that metaphysics leads to nothing, his history of philosophy is rather a history of the vanity of philosophising. By degrees he drifted farther from Comte's position, and insisted that psychology was entitled to rank as a scientific study. As he was neither trained in philosophy nor a completely equipped biologist, there is much of the amateur in all his works on philosophical subjects, which are rather unsystematic but frequently brilliant disquisitions, sometimes containing original and luminous suggestions that have been adopted by authoritative physiologists such as Wundt. He associated psychology and physiology more closely than was then usual. Among works in this department are his exposition of Comte's *Philosophy of the Sciences* (1853), *The Physiology of Common Life* (1859-60), *Aristotle* (1864)—showing that his anticipations of modern scientific results were smaller than sometimes alleged), and *Problems of Life and Mind* (1874-79), dealing in five volumes with the foundations of a creed, the physical basis of

mind, the study of psychology, and mind as a function of the organism. Among Lewes's works were also *Seaside Studies* (1858) and *Studies in Animal Life* (1862), a book on *The Spanish Drama* (1846), an apologetic Life of Robespierre (1848), *On Actors and the Art of Acting* (1875). But by far his best-known work is his *Life and Works of Goethe* (2 vols. 1855), which not merely took its place as the standard English Life, but was made the basis of two French works on Goethe, and had before the end of the century passed through sixteen editions in the German translation. It has defects, no doubt, especially in the view of those who emphasise the spiritual element in Goethe. Lewes disliked mysticism, allegory, and much that Germans love, but the book is eminently interesting and readable, and is sane and sensible and independent in criticism. *The Story of Goethe's Life* (1873) is an abridgment.

#### Weimar in 1775

Weimar is an ancient city on the Ilm, a small stream rising in the Thuringian forests, and losing itself in the Saal at Jena, a stream on which the sole navigation seems to be that of ducks, and which meanders peacefully through pleasant valleys, except during the rainy season, when mountain torrents swell its current and overflow its banks. The Trent, between Trentham and Stafford—'the smug and silver Trent,' as Shakespeare calls it—will give you an idea of this stream. The town is charmingly placed in the Ilm valley, and stands some eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. 'Weimar,' says the old topographer Mathew Merian, 'is Wennar, because it was the wine market for Jena and its environs. Others say it was because some one here in ancient days began to plant the vine, who was hence called Wennar.' But of this each reader may believe just what he pleases.'

On a first acquaintance, Weimar seems more like a village bordering a park than a capital with a court, and having all courtly environments. It is so quiet, so simple, and though ancient in its architecture, has none of the picturesqueness which delights the eye in most old German cities. The stone coloured, light brown, and apple green houses have high peaked, slanting roofs, but no quaint gables, no caprices of architectural fancy, none of the mingling of varied styles which elsewhere charm the traveller. One learns to love its quiet, simple streets and pleasant paths, sit theatre for the simple actors moving across the scene, but one must live there some time to discover its charm. The aspect it presented when Goethe arrived was of course very different from that presented now, but by diligent inquiry we may get some rough image of the place restored. First be it noted that the city walls were still erect, gates and portcullis still spoke of days of warfare. Within these walls were six or seven hundred houses, not more, most of them very ancient. Under these roofs were about seven thousand inhabitants—for the most part not handsome. The city gates were strictly guarded. No one could pass through them in cart or carriage without leaving his name in the sentinel's book, even Goethe, minister and favourite, could not escape this tiresome formality, as we gather from one of his letters to the Frau von Stein, directing her to go out alone, and meet him beyond the



tions, where they still form a most conspicuous feature Layard erroneously identified Nimrud, where he exposed several palaces, with Nineveh (really at Kuyunjik) instead of with Calah. But his discoveries were great and brilliant, and his book on *Nineveh and its Remains* (1848), followed by *The Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon* (1853), after he had excavated with success at Kuyunjik and elsewhere, made him famous as 'Nineveh Layard,' although his first book had little to do with Nineveh, but with the palaces of Ashur-nasir-pal, Esarhaddon, and Shalmaneser II at Calah, another capital of the Assyrian kings. Received with enthusiasm as a great discoverer, he was presented with the freedom of the city of London, was made D.C.L. by Oxford, and was Lord Rector of Aberdeen University 1855-56, and he became M.P. for Aylesbury 1852-57, for Southwark 1860-69, Foreign Under Secretary 1861-66, Chief Commissioner of Works 1868-69. In 1869 he went as British Ambassador to Spain, and in 1877 to Constantinople, where he strenuously supported Beaconsfield's policy. His pro-Turkish sympathies during and after the war provoked comment at home, and in 1878, having been made a G.C.B., he withdrew from public life. Two volumes of bas-reliefs in plates were called *Monuments of Nineveh* (1849 and 1853), and he issued abridged editions of his two descriptive books. He was a skilled excavator and a good describer, but no archaeologist, the decipherment of the inscriptions was done by Rawlinson and others. But he was keenly interested in Italian art, revised Kugler's *Handbook of Painting*, edited a handbook to Rome, and wrote the Introduction to the English version of Morelli's great book on the Julian painters and their methods. In 1887 he published an interesting volume on his *Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia*, his *Autobiography and Letters* was edited in 1903 by the Hon. W. N. Bruce, who made it known that a work by Layard on his diplomatic experiences would at some future date be given to the public. The extracts are from his first book.

#### Nimroud.

It was evening as we approached the spot. The spring rains had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows which stretched around it were covered with flowers of every hue. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation were partly concealed a few fragments of bricks, pottery, and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well defined wedges of the cuneiform character. Did not the remains mark the nature of the ruin, it might have been confounded with a natural eminence. A long line of consecutive narrow mounds, still retaining the appearance of walls or ramparts, stretched from its base, and formed a vast quadrangle. The river flowed at some distance from them; its waters, swollen by the melting of the snows on the Armenian hills, were broken into a thousand foaming whirlpools by an artificial barrier built across the stream. On the eastern bank the soil had been washed away by the current, but a solid mass of masonry still withstood its impetuosity. The Arab who guided

my small raft gave himself up to religious ejaculations as we approached this formidable cataract, over which we were carried with some violence. Once safely through the danger, my companion explained to me that this unusual change in the quiet face of the river was caused by a great dam which had been built by Nimrod, and that in the autumn, before the winter rains, the huge stones of which it was constructed, squared, and united by cramps of iron, were frequently visible above the surface of the stream. It was, in fact, one of those monuments of a great people, to be found in all the rivers of Mesopotamia, which were undertaken to ensure a constant supply of water to the innumerable canals spreading like network over the surrounding country, and which, even in the days of Alexander, were looked upon as the works of an ancient nation. No wonder that the traditions of the present inhabitants of the land should assign them to one of the founders of the human race! The Arab was telling me of the connection between the dam and the city built by Arthur, the lieutenant of Nimrod, the vast ruins of which were now before us—of its purpose as a causeway for the mighty hunter to cross to the opposite palace, now represented by the mound of Hammam Ali—and of the histories and fate of the kings of a primitive race, still the favourite theme of the inhabitants of the plains of Shinar, when the last glow of twilight faded away, and I fell asleep as we glided onward to Bighdad.

#### The Unearthing of a Winged Bull.

On the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd ur Rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them—'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself! Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God,' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his

basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd ur rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried together, 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!' It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. 'This is not the work of men's hands,' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the prophet—peace be with him!—has said that they were higher than the tallest date tree, this is one of the idols which Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood.' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

**Sir George Webbe Dasent** (1817-96) was born in St Vincent, of which his father was Attorney-General, the family, of Norman-French extraction, had owned property in the West Indies since the Restoration. He was educated at Westminster School and King's College, London, and graduated B A from Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1840. Through John Sterling he came to know his father 'The Thunderer,' Carlyle, Mill, Julius Hare, and Thackeray. In 1841 he went to Stockholm as secretary to the British Envoy, and during his four years' sojourn there developed his love for the Scandinavian literature and mythology, in which he was encouraged by Jakob Grimm. About 1840 he had begun to write for the *Times*, on his return to England in 1845 he became assistant editor to Mr Delane (whose sister he married), and for twenty-five years filled this post with great ability. Called to the Bar in 1852, and made D C L, he was for thirteen years Professor of English Literature and Modern History at King's College. He often acted as Civil Service examiner in English and modern languages, from 1870 to 1892 was a Civil Service Commissioner, and was knighted in 1876. He more than once visited Iceland. Among his works were four novels—*The Annals of an Eventful Life*, *Three to One*, *Half a Life*, and *The Vikings of the Baltic*, an Icelandic grammar, a translation of *The Prose or Younger Edda* (1842), dedicated in gratitude for encouragement to Carlyle, *Popular Tales from the Norse* (1859) and *Tales from the Fjeld* (1874), both from the Norwegian of Asbjørnsen, and translations from the Icelandic of the *Saga of Burnt Njal* (1861) and the *Story of Gisli the Outlaw* (1866), as also of the Orkney and Hicton sagas for the Rolls Series in 1894. A Life of Delane by him has been withheld from publication till 'the times are ripe.' His Introduction to Asbjørnsen's *Popular Tales* was a solid contribution to folklore, and was by him considered his best piece of work, his com-

mand of terse and vigorous English is best known to the average reader from *Burnt Njal*. He wrote frequently for the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and *Fraser's Magazine*. A new edition of the *Popular Tales*, with a biographical Preface by his son, was issued in 1903.

**Sir William Stirling-Maxwell** (1818-78) was the son of Mr Stirling of Keir, and it was only on the death of his uncle, Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, in 1865, and his succession to the estates, that he assumed the baronetcy and changed his name to Stirling-Maxwell. He was born at Kenmure House near Glasgow, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, travelled in Italy, Spain, and the Levant (1839-42), and sat in the House of Commons as Conservative representative for Perthshire. He repeatedly visited Spain, and lived mainly a life of learned leisure, but was Rector of the Universities of St Andrews and of Edinburgh, Chancellor of Glasgow University, D C L, and K T, and he died of fever at Venice. His second wife was the Hon Mrs Norton (see page 386). His minor publications—see the first, poems published in 1839—mainly concern bibliography and engravings. His first important work was *The Annals of the Artists of Spain* (3 vols 1848), part of which was rewritten and published separately as *Velazquez and his Works* (1855). The book showed remarkably wide information and great good taste, proved highly entertaining, and completely eclipsed all earlier works dealing with the subject, though the style was somewhat laboured. *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V* (1852) supplied deficiencies and corrected errors in the popular account of the emperor in Robertson's History. Stirling-Maxwell had access to documents unknown to Robertson, and was greatly more familiar with Spanish literature, and his story, while adding materially to what had been known of Charles's last years, rather impured the romantic conception till then prevalent. At once accepted as authoritative and admirable by scholars like Richard Ford, Prescott, and Motley, it is still by far the most complete and interesting account in English, though Mignet in France and Grichard in Belgium have both dealt more exhaustively with the same subject. Stirling-Maxwell's most elaborate work, at which he had been working ever since he finished the *Cloister Life*, was not published till 1883, five years after his death—*Don John of Austria, or Passages from the History of the Sixteenth Century*. He had bestowed much labour on precise verification of facts, and on the perfecting of the style, which is simpler and clearer than in his earlier works.

Charles V, even after his retirement to the cloisters at Yuste (in February 1557), continued to wield the imperial power as firmly and almost as fully as he had done at Augsburg or Toledo, though he joined earnestly in the religious observances of the monks, and even performed special rites

himself. In the *Cloister Life* Stirling-Maxwell thus tells how

#### Charles performed a Funeral Service for Himself.

About this time [August 1558], according to the history of St Jerome his thoughts seemed to turn more than usual to religion and its rites. Whenever during his stay at Yuste any of his friends, of the degree of princes or Knights of the blood, had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honour to their memory, by causing their obsequies to be performed by the friars, and these lugubrious services may be said to have formed the festivals of the gloomy life of the cloister. The daily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother, and wife. But now he ordered further solemnities of the funeral kind to be performed in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bearing a taper, and joining in the chant, in a very devout and audible manner, out of a tattered prayer book. These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his Majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about the matter. 'But,' persisted Charles, 'would it not be good for my soul?' The monk said that certainly it would, pious works done during life being far more efficacious than when postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot, a catafalque, which had served before on similar occasions, was erected, and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax lights, the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. 'The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies.' While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the trembling throne and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canopy whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed. The funeral rites ended, the emperor dined in his western alcove. He ate little, but he remained for a great part of the afternoon sitting in the open air and basking in the sun, which, as it descended to the horizon, beat strongly upon the white walls. Feeling a violent pain in his head, he returned to his chamber and lay down. Mathisio, whom he had sent in the morning to Zarandilla to attend the Count of Oropesa in his illness, found him when he returned still suffering considerably, and attributed the pain to his having remained too long in the hot sunshine. Next morning he was somewhat better, and was able to get up and go to mass, but still felt oppressed, and complained much of thirst. He told his confessor, however, that the service of the day before had done him good. The sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there he sat for a portrait of the empress, and hung for some

time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of Our Lord Praying in the Garden, and then for a sketch of the Last Judgment, by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares and years and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame. Thus occupied, he remained so long abstracted and motionless that Mathisio, who was on the watch, thought it right to wake him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and complained that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. Again the afternoon sun was shining over the great walnut tree, full into the gallery. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Ver, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

There is a biographical note in the six volume edition of Stirling Maxwell's *Works* (1891), which includes *The Artists of Spain* (new ed.), *The Cloister Life* (4th ed.) and a volume of *Essays, Addresses &c.*

#### James Anthony Froude.

Like his master, Carlyle, Froude holds a place apart among the historical writers of his age; both the one and the other (due proportion guarded) are, in the first place and pre-eminently, prophets and men of letters rather than historical specialists. In choosing to write history, both were primarily determined not by the simple scientific desire of ascertaining what had actually happened in the past, but by the consideration that historical narrative was a suitable vehicle for the expression of their individual views regarding man's life and destiny. In the case of Froude the distinction is forced upon us at once by the character of his work as a whole, and by the special gifts and temperament of which it is the expression. He belongs to a different order of spirits from Hallam or Macaulay or Freeman, and it is as a literary artist and a teacher of complex and illusive nature that he presents himself equally in his writings and in his mental history.

James Anthony Froude was born at Dartington near Totnes, Devonshire, 23rd April 1818. His father was Archdeacon of Totnes, and, according to his son, was a typical English Churchman of the period preceding the upheaval caused by the Tractarian movement. The Church 'he regarded as part of the constitution, and the Prayer book as an Act of Parliament which only folly or disloyalty could quarrel with.' 'Dissent in all its forms,' adds his son, 'was a crime in our house.' In certain traits of the archdeacon's character we find suggestions at once of contrast and resemblance to his distinguished son. He had been 'a hard rider' in youth, and it was a marked trait in his son that all through life he was passionately fond of outdoor

sports, and was never happier than when he had a row or a gun in his hand, or was steering his yacht in the English Channel. The archdeacon was 'a sort of the old school,' and, after a fiction of his own Anthony was likewise a 'sort of increasing intensity to the close of his day. On the other hand, there was 'a sort of Stoicism about Archdeacon Froude's character which sometimes surprised those who had only seen him for a day or two.' His son admitted the Stoical type beyond all others, and

Stoicism is the best characteristic we should think of attributing to him either in youth or age. It is evident indeed, that father and son were of essentially different natures, and that the one never quite understood the other. And not only with his father but also with his two elder brothers, Hurstell and William, Froude never appears to have been in cordial sympathy. Hurstell, whose brilliant gifts and enthusiastic temper made him one of the most distinguished figures among his contemporaries at Oxford, was one of Newman's most ardent associates in his mission of de-Protestantising

the Church of England, and, as Anthony's future career was to show, the mission was one which appealed neither to his heart nor his head. As for the second brother, William, his tastes lay in another direction than those of Anthony—mechanical science being the subject to which he devoted himself with all the ability which was the common inheritance of the family.

From his early years, we are told by a friend of the family, 'Anthony felt chilled, crushed, and fettered,' and, as such an experience is never outlived, it may partly explain that undertone of austerity which is seldom absent from anything he wrote. But, if his home was uncongenial, he was in lively sympathy with the surroundings where his home lay. It was in youth that he acquired that

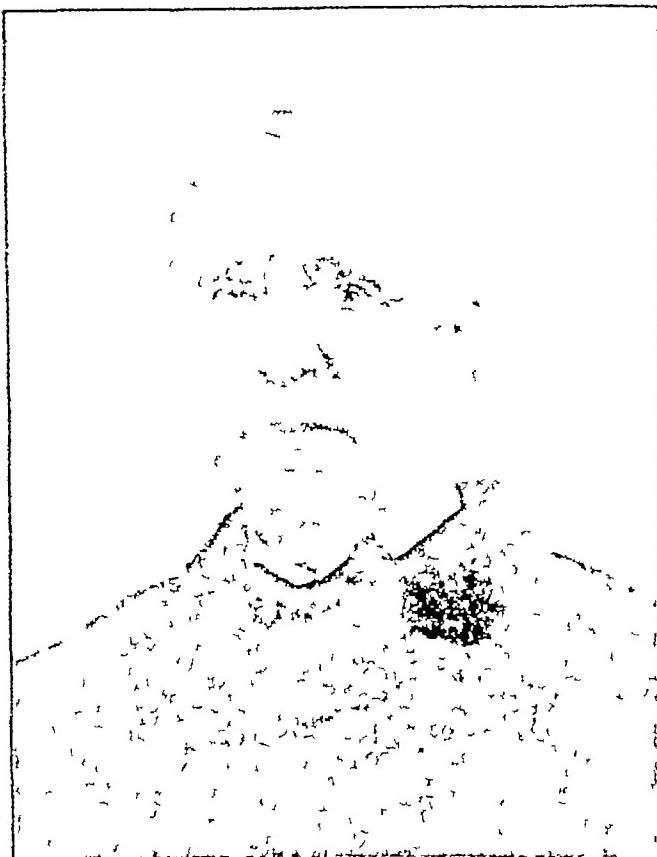
love of the sea which remained the chief pleasure of his life, and it was then, also, that he acquired that interest in those 'forgotten worthies'—the naval heroes of his native Devon—to whose exploits he has devoted some of his most brilliant pages. And from these two interests we may deduce another characteristic—his passionate patriotism, which to foreigners is the predominating note of his work as a historian.

After three years (1830-33) spent at Westminster

School, and other two at a private school at Merton, Froude proceeded to Oriel College, Oxford, at the age of seventeen. The High Church movement of which Newman, a Fellow of Oriel, was the inspiring leader, was then in full flood, and from the example of his brother Hurstell, it was to be expected that Anthony would naturally be drawn into it. Newman was prepared to give him a warm welcome but from the first Froude showed that he meant to take a way of his own. He held himself aloof from Newman and his friends, and gave the general impression 'that he combined in a rare degree self confi-

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDÉ

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry



dence, imagination, and inquiry.' His experience in his college was thus a repetition of his experience of home, and he was again thrown in upon himself by uncongenial surroundings. Though he took only a second class in the Final Schools, he showed his aptitude for the studies of his later life by winning the Chancellors English prize for an essay on 'The Influence of Political Economy on the Moral and Social Welfare of the Nation,' while in the same year (1842) he was elected to a fellowship in Exeter College. Froude had as yet shown no enthusiasm for the new religious movement, but his action now proved that, for a time at least, he was to some degree under its influence. In the *Life of St. Ninian*, which he wrote for Newman's series of the Lives of the English Saints, his mental

and spiritual attitude is as correct as either his brother Hurrell or Newman could have wished, he speaks of the 'awful note of heresy' with pure sacramental fervour, and he virtually accepts all the astonishing miracles of the saint. As about the same date (1844) he also took Deacon's orders, it seemed as if he had definitely chosen his career.

But the spell of Newman over Froude, if it was ever real, was of brief duration. In 1847 he published a volume entitled *Shadows of the Clouds*, under the pseudonym of Zeta, and in 1848 his *Venom of Faith* (anonymously). Taken together these two books reveal a moral and intellectual distemper which is a vivid commentary on the spiritual strain which their author had undergone. Morally, they are the product of a nature which had lost its bearings in the conflict of morbid sentiments and emotions; intellectually, they prove that Froude had lost his faith not only in Tractarianism, but in the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. The loss of his fellowship, his abandonment of the Church, and his resignation of the headmastership of the High School of Hobart Town in Tasmania, to which he had been appointed, were the necessary consequences of his spiritual transformation. His 'Sturm und Drang' period, the only period at which we have a glimpse into his inner life, was now at an end, and a fortunate destiny had brought him into contact with a teacher who renewed his moral basis and gave a direction to his life which he was henceforth to follow with such happy results for English literature. Froude ungrudgingly acknowledged his debt to the teaching and example of Carlyle, and the whole scope and tendency of his work bear manifest proof of the extent of his obligation. The fundamental ideas of Carlyle—his views regarding the function of great men, his contempt for the *var populi*, his desiccation of force as the expression of ethical value, his antagonism to the developments of modern civilisation—all these are likewise the stock ideas of Froude, who saves his originality only by his individual manner of expressing them.

Froude had turned his thirtieth year when he broke with his past by the publication of his *Venom of Faith*, and henceforward the world knows him only as the indefatigable author who speedily took his place among the chief literary figures of his time. In the *Westminster Review* he began that series of papers, continued in *Fraser's Magazine* (of which he was editor from 1860 to 1874) and in other magazines, which are collected in the four volumes entitled *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. The general character of these papers is the sufficient proof that their author was essentially the 'man of letters' rather than the historical specialist. The historical specialist hesitates to pass beyond his proper domain, knowing as he does what accumulated knowledge is necessary towards a well-grounded judgment, but Froude in these short studies discusses philosophers and

poets, theologians and saints, statesmen and commanders of every age and country. He made no pretension to add to our knowledge regarding the different subjects which he treated, but only pedantry would deny that, in adorning as he did every theme that he touched, he clothed them with an interest which it is not the least valuable function of literature to evoke.

In 1856 appeared the first two volumes of his greatest literary achievement, his *History of England from the Fall of Cardinal Wolsey to the Spanish Armada*, which, in his own words, was 'the companion of twenty years of pleasant but intermittent labour'. Like all Froude's historical work, it was conceived with a controversial intention, and it expressed at once the new influence of Carlyle and his rebound of feeling from his Tractarian bondage. In his delineation of Henry VIII., the most original part of his work, both of these tendencies were focussed, he made him a figure in the mould of Carlyle's 'heroes,' and in so doing passed judgment on the High Church view that Henry was merely the unscrupulous author of an unhappy schism. Few books have been subjected to more searching criticism, but no fair reader will deny the justice of the estimate of the work as a whole pronounced by Bishop Stubbs, a historian whose methods and general views were so fundamentally opposed to Froude's own. It is a book, says Bishop Stubbs, to 'which even those who differ in principle from the writer will not refuse the tribute of praise, as a work of great industry, power, and importance.' Equally polemical in intention and equally inspired by the Carlylean oracle was *The English in Ireland*, which appeared in three volumes between 1871 and 1874. The immediate occasion of the book was Mr Gladstone's policy of conciliation towards Ireland, and its object was to prove that only by the strong hand could Ireland be made a prosperous country and a tolerable neighbour. His *Cæsar, a Sketch* (1879), in which the hero is again the providential 'strong man,' Froude regarded as his best book, an opinion which was not shared by Carlyle, whose brief comment on it was—'It tells me nothing of Cæsar.'

From the beginning of his career as an author, Froude had shown that he deliberately meant that each of his books should produce a sensation, and an opportunity now came to him of surpassing all his previous efforts in this direction. As literary executor of Carlyle, it devolved on him to be at once his editor and his biographer, and by the manner in which he performed both tasks he evoked a storm of controversy which is hardly to be paralleled in the history of English literature. Of his edition of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* (1881) it may be safely said that no English writer of eminence ever gave a work to the public with such cynical disregard of the primary duties of an editor. To take but one example of his negligence—surely Froude should have laid his hand on his heart

when he made Carlyle speak of his friend Sir Henry Taylor's 'morbid vanity,' when the words he actually wrote were 'marked veracity' Inaccuracy had from the first been Froude's besetting sin, but the general public now first realised the full measure of the sins of which he was capable under this head With regard to the portrait of Carlyle which he has drawn in the biography (1882-84), there will probably be always a difference of opinion, but it is to be noted that to the great majority of those who knew Carlyle as well as Froude himself (the only fitting judges) it seemed an essentially distorted image, the creation of the idiosyncrasies of the man who drew it Nevertheless, of all Froude's books it is doubtless the one which will preserve his name longest, the eminence and distinctiveness of its subject and the skill of the biographer combine to make it a representative book of an epoch, and as such it has its only companion in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*

A few pleasant incidents had diversified Froude's somewhat stormy career as a man of letters In 1869 he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of St Andrews—an honour which he described as the first public recognition which he had received, in 1876 he was appointed a member of the Scottish University Commission, and in 1875 he was sent out as a commissioner to South Africa, for whose troubles he prescribed his borrowed panacea of a benevolent dictatorship Two unofficial journeys, one to the Australian colonies and the other to the West Indies, resulted in his *Oceana* (1886) and the *West Indies, or the Bow of Ulysses* (1888)—in both of which, though he expressed the hope it might be otherwise, he as usual 'trod on many corns' But the distinction of his life which he valued most came to him near its close. In 1892 he was made Regius Professor of History in Oxford, and thus, by an irony which he keenly appreciated, he came to sit in the chair of his adversary Freeman, who in season and out of season had denounced him as a sciolist and a charlatan He held his appointment only for two years, but in that space he crowned his long and industrious life by the most charming books that came from his hand—*The Life and Letters of Erasmus* (1894), *Elizabethan Seamen of the Sixteenth Century* (1895), and *Lectures on the Council of Trent* (1896). He died on the 20th of October 1894, at Salcombe, his home in his native Devon

In many passages of his writings Froude has told us how he thought history should be conceived and written 'The address of history,' he says, 'is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions' 'History,' he says again, is 'nature's drama,' should be written like a drama, and should teach like a drama A science of history he scouted as a vain imagination, and maintained that, if our knowledge of the past taught us anything, it was 'that we should draw no horoscopes' But, if history cannot be reduced to a science for the guidance of states, it performs a service of no less

importance 'It is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong' In his own treatment of history Froude gave the freest play to these conceptions The essential character of his chief historical writings is that they are conceived and written as dramas Ever in his foreground there is a great central figure—hero or villain—round whom all events cluster, and with reference to whom they are selected and appraised This personage develops in his hands, not as the rigid scrutiny of facts should determine, but in the fashion in which a character grows in the mind of the creative artist Such are his delineations of Henry VIII., of Thomas Cromwell, of Murray Stewart, of Charles V., of Julius Caesar, and, it may be added, of Carlyle—all of whom, before he has done with them, become gigantesque figures with their natural traits distorted beyond recognition Equally characteristic of Froude as a historian is his insistence on the ethical import of persons and events In this respect he, of course, resembles his master, Carlyle, but, though he owes to Carlyle his fundamental ethical principles, it was by his own natural instincts that he was primarily concerned with the problems of human destiny In the case of Froude, as in the case of Carlyle, it was but the accident of circumstances that made him a historian and not an official preacher, and to his ethical fervour is doubtless due the polemical tone which is present in most of what he wrote 'Having nobody to abuse,' he writes to his friend [Sir] John Skelton, with reference to his *Oceana*, 'I am like trying to fly a kite without wind'

History thus conceived makes a wide popular appeal, and Froude possessed precisely the requisite gifts for the successful exemplification of his theories He was master of a style which by its rapidity, clearness, and idiomatic grace is unsurpassed for the purposes of pure narrative. As much a man of the world as a student, he knew the range of common interests, selected his facts accordingly, and in his presentation of them had an unerring instinct as to the limits of the average intelligence. Moreover, though the only dull book he ever wrote was his romance, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, he had in a high degree that 'picturesque sensibility' which instinctively apprehends the poetic aspects of persons and events, and can make them visible to others From these eminent merits, however, large abatements have to be made, his inaccuracy was such that in matters of fact he cannot be quoted with confidence, and there are few writers of equal intellectual force whose judgments carry less authority than Froude's Yet, after every reserve, he remains one of the most interesting and important literary figures of his time. For the general public he has done the invaluable service of making history an attractive study, and English literature owes him a debt of another kind and of not less account no writer has done more than Froude to maintain the best

traditions of English prose in that middle style which is the work *a-day* instrument of every literature.

### History

What, then, is the use of History? and what are its lessons? If it can tell us little of the past and nothing of the future, why waste our time over so barren a study?

First, it is a voice for ever sounding across the centuries—the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity the price has to be paid at last not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one. Justice and truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long lived, but doomsday comes, it last to them, in French revolutions and other terrible ways.

That is one lesson of History. Another is, that we should draw no horoscopes, that we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass. Revolutions, re-formations—the vast movements into which heroes and saints have flung themselves, in the belief that they were the dawn of the millennium—have not borne the fruit which they looked for. Millenniums are still far away. These great convulsions have the world changed—perhaps improved—but not improved as the actors in them hoped it would be. Luther would have gone to work with less heart could he have foreseen the Thirty Years' War, and in the distance the theology of Tubingen. Washington might have hesitated to draw the sword against England could he have seen the country which he made as we see it now [February 1864].

The most reasonable anticipations fail us—antecedents the most opposite mislead us, because the conditions of human problems never repeat themselves. Some new feature alters everything—some element which we detect only in its after operation.

But this, it may be said, is but a meagre outcome. Can the long records of humanity, with all its joys and sorrows, its sufferings and its conquests, teach us no more than this? Let us approach the subject from another side.

If you were asked to point out the special features in which Shakespeare's plays are so transcendently excellent, you would mention, perhaps, among others, this, that his stories are not put together, and his characters are not conceived, to illustrate any particular law or principle. They teach many lessons, but not any one prominent above another, and when we have drawn from them all the direct instruction which they contain, there remains still something unresolved—something which the artist gives, and which the philosopher cannot give.

It is in this characteristic that we are accustomed to see Shakespeare's supreme *truth* lies. He represents real life. His drama teach us life teaches—neither less nor more. He builds his fabrics as nature does, on right and wrong, but he does not struggle to make nature more systematic than she is. In the subtle interflow of good and evil—in the unmerited sufferings of innocence—in the disproportion of penalties to desert—in the seeming blindness with which justice, in attempting to assert itself, overwhelms innocent and guilty in a common ruin—Shakespeare is true to real experience. The mystery of life he leaves as he finds it, and, in his most tremendous positions, he is addressing rather the intellectual emotions than the understanding—knowing well that

the understanding in such things is at fault, and the sage is ignorant as the child.

(From 'The Science of History in Short Studies on Great Subjects, vol. 1')

### Flight of Mary Stuart from Holyrood to Dunbar after the Murder of Rizzio

The important point gained, Darnley would not awake suspicion by returning to the Queen, he sent her word privately that 'all was well,' and at eight in the evening Stewart of Traquair, Captain of the Royal Guard, Arthur Erskine, 'whom she would trust with a thousand lives,' and Standen, a young and gallant gentleman, assembled in the Queen's room to arrange a plan for the escape from Holyrood. The first question was where she was to go. Though the gates were no longer occupied, the Palace would doubtless be watched, and to attempt flight and to fail would be certain ruin. In the Castle of Edinburgh she would be safe with Lord Erskine, but she could reach the Castle only through the streets, which would be beset with enemies, and unfit as she was for the exertion, she determined to make for Dunbar.

She stirred the blood of the three youths with the most touching appeal which could be made to the generosity of man. Pointing to the child that was in her womb, she adjured them by their loyalty to save the unborn hope of Scotland. So addressed, they would have flung themselves naked on the pikes of Morton's troopers. They swore they would do her bidding be it what it would, and then, 'after her sweet manner and wise directions, she dismissed them till midnight to put all in order as she herself excellently directed.'

The rendezvous appointed with the horses was near the broken tombs and demolished sepultures in the ruined Abbey of Holyrood. A secret passage led underground from the palace to the vaults of the abbey, and at midnight Mary Stuart, accompanied by one servant and her husband—who had left the lords under pretence of going to bed—'crawled through the charnel house, among the bones and skulls of the ancient kings,' and 'came out of the earth' where the horses were shivering in the March midnight air.

The moon was clear and full. 'The Queen with incredible nimosity was mounted *en croute* behind Sir Arthur Erskine upon a beautiful English double gelding,' 'the King on a courser of Naples,' and then away—away—past Restalrig, past Arthur's Seat, across the bridge and across the field of Musselburgh, past Seton, past Prestonpans, fast as their horses could speed, 'six in all—their Majesties, Erskine, Traquair, and a chamberer of the Queen.' In two hours the heavy gates of Dunbar had closed behind them, and Mary Stuart was safe.

(From the *History of England*, Chap. XLIV.)

Froude's account of the escape is based on a letter of Standen. The King is Darnley, and *nimosity* means 'spirit'. Prestonpans is nearer Edinburgh than Seton, and should accordingly come first.

### Character of Erasmus

Trouble enough and anxiety enough! Yet in the midst of bad health and furious monks—it is the noblest feature in him—his industry never slackened, and he drew out of his difficulties the materials which made his name immortal. He was for ever on the wing, searching libraries, visiting learned men, consulting with politicians or princes. His correspondence was enormous. His letters on literary subjects are often treatises in themselves, and go where he would his eyes were open

to all things and persons. His writings were passing through edition on edition. He was always adding and correcting, while new tracts, new editions of the Fathers, show an acuteness of attention and an extent of reading which to a modern student seems beyond the reach of any single intellect. Yet he was no stationary scholar confined to desk or closet. He was out in the world, travelling from city to city, gathering materials among all places and all persons, from palace to village alehouse, and missing nothing which had meaning or amusement in it. In all literary history there is no more extraordinary figure. Harassed by orthodox theologians, uncertain of his duties in the revolutionary tempest, doubtful in what country to find rest or shelter, anxious for his future, anxious for his life (for he knew how Orthodoxy hated him, and he had no wish to be a martyr in an ambiguous cause), he was putting together another work which, like *Moria*, was to make his name immortal. Of his learned productions, brilliant as they were, Erasmus thought but little. He considered them hastily and inaccurately done, he even wondered how any one could read them. But his letters, his *Moria*, and now the *Colloquies*, which he was composing in his intervals of leisure, are pictures of his own mind, pictures of men and things which show the hand of an artist in the highest sense, never spiteful, never malicious, always delightful and amusing, and finished photographs of the world in which he lived and moved. The subject might be mean or high, a carver of genius will make a work of art out of the end of a broomstick. The journey to Brindisi was a common adventure in a fly boat, Horace has made it live for ever. Erasmus had the true artist's gift of so handling everything that he touched, vulgar or sublime, that human interest is immediately awakened, and in these *Colloquies*, which are the record of what he himself saw and heard, we have the human inhabitants of Europe before us as they then were in all countries except Spain, and of all degrees and sorts, bishops and abbots, monks and parish priests, lords and commoners, French grisettes, soldiers of fortune, treasure seekers, quacks, conjurers, tavern keepers, there they all stand, the very image and mirror of the time. Miserable as he often considered himself, Erasmus shows nothing of it in the *Colloquies*. No bitterness, no complainings, no sour austerity or would-be virtuous earnestness, but everywhere a genial human sympathy which will not be too hard upon the wretchedest of rogues, with the healthy apprehension of all that is innocent and good.

(From *Life and Letters of Erasmus*,  
Lecture II.)

Froude left injunctions that no authorised biography of him should be written. For the early part of his life our chief sources of information are his *Essay*, entitled 'The Oxford Counter Reformation (Short Studies, vol. IV) and Canon Mozley's *Reminiscences* (vol. II). Regarding his later life there are interesting details in *The Table Talk of Shirley* ([Sir] John Skelton). See also Mr Pollard's article in the Appendix to the *Dictionary of National Biography* and Mr David Wilson's *Mr Froude and Carlyle* (1898). Estimates of Froude are given by Sir Leslie Stephen (*National Review* January 1901) and by Mr Goldwin Smith (*North American Review* clix. 677). In 1901, in reply to criticism by Mr Alexander Carlyle and Sir James Crichton Browne, there appeared a posthumous volume, entitled *A Few Recollections with Carlyle*, in which Froude defended his estimates of Carlyle and his wife and maintained his own fairness as executor printing a letter from his co-executor Sir James Stephen completely approving Froude's discharge of his trust. *The Nemesis of Froude* was a rejoinder by Sir James Crichton Browne.

P HUME BROWN

**Ernest Jones** (1819-69)—in full, ERNEST CHARLES JONES—Chartist poet, was the son of Major Charles Jones, equerry to the Duke of Cumberland who became King of Hanover. The major lived long on his German estate, and the son, born at Berlin, was carefully educated at Luneburg, and early became a poet and a politician. He came to England with his father in 1838, was popular in society, published a highly romantic novel, *The Wood Spirit* (1841), and in 1841 was called to the Bar. In 1846 he threw himself strongly into the Chartist movement, supported Feargus O'Connor energetically on the platform and in the press, and was believed to have resigned brilliant prospects to become a political agitator. In 1848 he was active as far north as Aberdeen, but, arrested at Manchester, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for seditious speeches. On his release he was for a while the leader of the lost cause, and in his *Notes to the People* wrote a history of the democratic movement and edited a *People's Paper*. When the Chartists disappeared as a party he, to the disgust of the faithful remnant, was content to energise as a mere Radical and advocate land nationalisation. About the same time he resumed practice at the Bar, and began to write industriously—at first sensational novels and tales, such as *The Lass and the Lady*, *The Maid of Warsaw*, *Woman's Wrongs*, *Beldagan Church*, *The Painter of Florence*. Landor praised enthusiastically the poem that gave name to *The Battle Day and other Poems* (1855). In 1857 Jones published *The Revolt of Hindostan* (privately printed in 1850), a poem said to have been written with his own blood in an old Prayer-book while he was in prison, *Corayda and other Poems* appeared in 1859. He continued to issue pamphlets and lecture in the democratic cause, had stood unsuccessfully for Parliament repeatedly from 1847 on, and was expected to get in for Manchester as Radical member when he suddenly died. His best-known lyrics were 'The Song of the Poor,' 'The Song of the Dry-labourers,' 'The Song of the Factory Slave,' and 'The Song of the Poorer Classes.'

**Angus Bethune Reach** (1821-56), born at Inverness, came to London in 1842, and wrote much for *Punch*, for many of the magazines, and for the newspapers. His two novels were *Clement Lorimer* (1848, illustrated by Cruikshank) and *Leonard Lindsay* (1850), but, spite of failing health, he produced innumerable satirical and social sketches and dramatic trifles.

**Thomas Mayne Reid** (1818-83), known as a story-teller to a world wide circle of readers as 'Captain Mayne Reid' (he dropped the 'Thomas'), was born at Ballymoney, County Down, a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian minister's son, his mother being of Scottish Borderer blood, and was himself educated for the ministry in Ulster. But with quite other ambitions he in 1840 emigrated to New

Orleans, and either by stress of circumstances or a happy instinct entered on the oddly diversified career that in his novels he turned to such good account. Successively storekeeper and negro-overseer, schoolmaster and play-actor, hunter and sharpshooter in the Indian wars, he from time to time plunged into journalism, but in 1847 he took service in the United States army, and as lieutenant distinguished himself in the Mexican war—especially at the storming of Chapultepec, where he was so severely wounded that his life was despaired of, and he never completely recovered from his injuries. When convalescent he began his first novel, *The Rifle Rangers* (published 1850). But in 1849, a United States captain, he came to Europe to offer his sword to the Hungarian revolutionists. Finding that the revolutionary movement had already been crushed, he established himself in or near London and embarked on the business of novel writing, and this was henceforward the work of his life, varied only by unlucky building speculations and three years' journalistic enterprise in New York.

His last years he spent at Ross in Herefordshire. In a long succession of novels—well over thirty in number—he utilised to the full the strangely varied adventures of his own early career. His vigorous style and the profusion of daring feats, perils, histrionical escapes, and romantic episodes riveted the attention of two or three generations of young readers. His romances are lacking in artistic form, but at times he attained to high excellence in narrative style and in description of scenery and character. Among the best known of his stories (in which he sometimes at least took Fenimore Cooper as model) are *The Scalp Hunters* (1851), *The Boy Hunters* (1852), *The Young Voyageurs* (1853), *The War Trail* (1857), *The Maroon* (1862), *The Headless Horseman* (1866), *The Castaways* (1870), and *The Free Lances* (1881). Many of these titles were translated into French and German.

Mayne Reid soon learned to write also books on natural history for boys and on croquet. The *Memor* published by his widow in 1870 was in 1870 expanded into a full record of his life and adventures.



THOMAS MAYNE REID  
From a Photograph by Maull & Fox

**Ebenezer Jones** (1820-60) was born at Islington, of a Welsh family, and was bred a Calvinist. In 1837 he was forced by his father's long illness to turn clerk in a City warehouse, his hours were from eight to eight six days a week. But long ere this he had been writing verses, and now he was powerfully stimulated by influences so various as those of Shelley, Carlyle, and Robert Owen. In 1843 he published his *Studies of Sensation and Event*, poems amazingly unequal, crude, eccentric,

and faulty, or even at times 'excruciatingly bad,' yet 'full of the very essence of poetry,' as was ultimately recognised by Browning and Rossetti. But at the time—spite of kindly encouragement from Bryan Waller and Hengist Horne-Jones saw his work was rejected by the world, and he published no more, save a pamphlet on the *Land Monopoly* (1849), which anticipated Henry George by thirty years in proposing to nationalise the land, and three powerful poems, 'To the Snow,' 'To Death,' and 'When the world is burning,' not long before his death. He lived by professional work as an accountant. In

1844 he had married a niece of Edwin Atherstone (see page 146), but the marriage brought only misery and a separation. See three articles by Mr Watts Dunton in the *Athenaeum* (1878), and two notices by Sumner Jones (Ebenezer's elder brother, himself a poet) and W J Linton prefixed to a reprint of the *Studies* (1879).

**John Tulloch** (1823-86), born at Bridge of Earn, studied at St Andrews and Edinburgh, and after holding charges in Dundee and elsewhere, was in 1854 appointed Principal and Professor of Divinity in St Mary's College, St Andrews. In 1879-80 he was the editor of *Fraser*. He wrote on theism, on the Reformation and its leaders (1859 and 1861), on Pascal, on sin, and on modern religious thought (1884-85). But his principal work was *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in the Seventeenth Century* (1872, new ed 1886), a standard authority. Mrs Oliphant wrote his Life (1888).

### Philip James Bailey.

Philip James Bailey (1816-1902), poet, was born at Nottingham on 22nd April 1816. His father, Thomas Bailey, owned and edited the *Nottingham Mercury* from 1845 to 1852. Educated at various schools in his native town, in 1831 he matriculated at Glasgow University, which in 1901 conferred on him the degree of LL.D. In 1836 he settled at Basford, just out of Nottingham, and devoted himself to the production of his masterpiece, *Festus*, which was published anonymously by William Pickering in 1839. In 1840 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, but he never practised. In 1856 he received a Civil List pension of £100. From 1864 to 1876 he lived in Jersey, travelling from time to time in Switzerland, France, and Italy. Returning to England, he resided near Ilfracombe till 1885, when he moved to Blackheath. In his later years he lived in retirement with his wife, whose death in 1896, after a union of thirty three years, tried him sorely. On 6th September 1902, at the age of eighty six, he died at his house in the Ropewalk, Nottingham. He was never in close touch with literary circles, though about 1870 he was sometimes present at Westland Marston's symposia, where Rossetti, Swinburne, 'Orion' Horne, and other celebrities were wont to meet. He was sweet, gentle, and rather timid in nature. Superbly handsome in physique and countenance, he rivalled Tennyson in the art of looking like a poet.

No poem like *Festus* has ever been written by a boy of twenty. It is a miracle of mature immaturity. Its vogue was almost Byronic. Twelve editions have been issued in England, and over thirty in America. The poem was praised by Tennyson, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, and other eminent men. 'I can scarcely trust myself,' wrote Tennyson, 'to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling into extravagance.' The success of *Festus* stereotyped Bailey's poetic impulse, which was wasted in vain attempts to imitate himself. *The Angel World* (1850), *The Mystic* (1855), *The Age* (1858, a weak satire), and *The Universal Hymn* (1867) failed. The poet rashly tried to propitiate oblivion by incorporating 'The Angel World' and portions of the other poems in later editions of *Festus*. The result was disastrous. A new generation recoiled in dismay from a philosophical poem of over forty thousand lines, and *Festus* joined the limbo of books that are revered unread. If the poem is to recapture its first fame, its earlier and better form must be restored.

*Festus* is a variant of that Faust legend which has haunted literature since its birth in the Book of Job. It owes little to Goethe or to Marlowe, their Fausts are incarnations of pessimism, *Festus* is an incarnation of optimism. It has been called an epic drama, but although it is divided into fifty-two scenes, the action is epic rather than dramatic. The sublimity of its action equals, and

its moral altitude surpasses, other epics. Modern thought sees far beyond the spiritual horizon of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton. Their poetry is imperishable, much of their morality is outworn. *Festus* presents a loftier view of God and Man than any other world-poem. In it deity is more humane and humanity more divine. It adumbrates a prophetic ideal of a divine humanity which will ultimately transmute all evil into all good. Doomsman of time, Festus impersonates the destiny of humanity, moving through cycles of sin and suffering towards that harmony with itself which is harmony with the Infinite Lucifer,



PHILIP JAMES BAILLY  
From a Photograph by A W Cox, Nottingham

who guides him through the universe of sensation, is not the more conventional fiend of Marlowe or of Goethe, but a subtle symbol of the evil that is half good and the good that is half evil. The action sweeps through celestial, terrestrial, and infernal space towards its stupendous culmination, the apotheosis of Festus, the last man, whose attainment of spiritual sovereignty is the signal for the end of all things. Magnificent is the passage in which Festus describes the withering of the world:

The earth is breaking up, all things are thriving,  
River and mountain melt into their atoms,  
A little time and atoms will be all  
The sea boils, and the mountains rise and sink  
Like marble bubbles bursting into death  
O thou Heresiarch, on whose shore I stand,  
Waiting each toppling moment to engulf me,  
Whit am I? Say, thou Present say, thou Past,  
Ye three wise children of Eternity!  
A life, a death, and an immortal? all?  
Is this the threefold mystery of man?  
The lower darker Trinity of earth?

'Tis vain to ask. Nought answers me, not God  
 The air grows thick and dark. The sky comes down  
 The sun draws round him streaky clouds, like God  
 Gleaning up wrath. Hope hath leapt off my heart,  
 Like a false sibyl, fear smote, from her seat,  
 And overturned it I am bound to die  
 God, why wilt thou not save? The great round world  
 Hath wasted to a column 'neath my feet  
 I'll hurl me off it, then, and search the depth  
 Of space in this one infinite plunge Farewell  
 To earth and heaven and God Doom, spread thy lap,  
 I come, I come But no, may God forbear  
 So judge the tempted purpose of my heart.  
 Me hath he established here, and he will save,  
 And I can smile destruction in the face  
 Let his strong hand compress the marble world,  
 And wring the stony fire blood from its heart,  
 Still on this earth core I rejoice in God,  
 I know him and believe in him as Love,  
 And this divinest truth he hath inspired,  
 Mercy to man is justice to himself  
 Open thine arms, O death, thou fine of woe  
 And warranty of bliss. I feel the last  
 Red mountainous remnant of the earth give way  
 The stars are rushing upwards to the light,  
 My limbs are light and liberty is mine  
 The spirit's infinite purity consumes  
 The sullied soul Eternal destiny  
 Opens its bright abyss I am God's  
 Go!

Mun, die!

Judged solely and separately by the moral and spiritual grandeur of its imaginative conception, *Festus* is not inferior to any other epic. Issuing with volcanic intensity out of the fiery heart of youth, it moves majestically amid the stars. The poet, unlike Antaeus, filters only when he touches earth. It is in the more familiar scenes that his genius flags. Youth is not ripely humorous or nobly patient, and in the frantic haste of his feverish toil, Bailey failed to fuse all the episodes and incidents, characters and conceptions, into a lucid and harmonious whole. In architectonic symmetry *Festus* is as far below the great epics as it is above them in imaginative conception. Bailey knew better than he built. His soul outran his hand, his imagination outstripped his technique. The poem lacks not only the vaster rhythms and deeper harmonies, but it is full of minor technical flaws. Metrical irregularities abound, the lyrical interludes are feeble, many of the characters are shadowy. The amorous ratiocinations of Festus, Angela, Clara, Helen, and Elissa mir the austerity of the theme. Doubtless they are meant to show the regenerative nobility of womanhood, but this platonic parliament of platonic loves brings a breath of incongruity into the severe heroism of the action. Nevertheless in spite of its manifold defects, *Festus* stands unchallengeably among the great spiritual epics of the world. Its profound significance will be gradually perceived as religion emerges from the mists and morasses of mechanical theologies, for it foreshadows the only Christian philosophy which can endure. Bailey, indeed, was far in advance of

his time and of our time. His mystical optimism is equally repugnant to scientific and to religious materialism, but as science and religion abandon their unreal antagonisms for common and co-ordinated research in the unexplored field of spiritual experience, his imaginative solution of the problem of life will find a juster evaluation. Like all possible solutions, it is and must always be a splendid hypothesis, but until a still more magnificent hypothesis be evolved, it will be supreme.

In the realm of absolute poetry *Festus* has never been adequately appraised. It occupies a lonely pinnacle whose altitude has not yet been measured by a comparative criticism which is apt to over-value purely literary skill and purely technical virtuosity. What is Bailey's place in Victorian literature? In our judgment, not far below Tennyson and Browning. At its best, his blank verse is as fine as any since Marlowe or since Milton. His imaginative energy is of the first order. He sees in flashing symbols, he thinks in thunder and lightning. His passionate mind pours out mighty torrents of majestic imagery. An artificer of terse phrase and gnomic epigram, his incandescent style is shaped by the powerfully wielded hammer of his imagination on the iron anvil of his thought. In his work there are faint vestiges of Miltonic and Shakespearian influence, his lyrics are debased by Byronicisms, but of other poets there is barely an echo. On the other hand, many poets, both contemporary and posterior, dead and living, great and small, have borrowed from Bailey. *Festus* is a vast quarry of poetry out of which many a block has been and will be hewn, and although its author is not yet numbered by literary pundits among the great poets of the nineteenth century, it is certain that a critic will arise, or soon or late, to do for him what Addison did for Milton. In the meantime, this brief estimate may help to broaden the basis of a reputation hitherto perilously poised on the sliding sands of religious whim.

The best passages in *Festus* are too long to be quoted here, and too fine to be mutilated, but the quality of its poetry may be shown by a few characteristic lines:

The visionary landscapes of the skies,  
 The golden capes far stretching into heaven  
 It was the rush of God's world winnowing wing  
 Earth heaves with tomblets as the sea with waves  
 Love's heart turns sometimes faint, like a sick pearl  
 Why, deathling, wilt thou long for heaven?  
 Lips like rosebuds peeping out of snow  
 Nought happens but what happens to oneself

A wreck  
 Whose board scarce floats flush with the face of death  
 The dreamy struggles of the stars with light  
 To most man's life but showed  
 A bridge of groans across a stream of tears

God's hand hath scooped the hollow of the world  
I feel death blowing hard at the lump of life.  
Art is man's nature, nature is God's art.  
Like autumn's leaves distained with dusky gold  
To live like light or die in light like dew  
Drowned lands and verdurous meadows submarine  
And age but presses with a halo's weight

It is the sun,  
God's crest upon his azure shield, the heavens  
Loaded with golden rain of annual stars.  
The heavens grow darker as they purer grow  
Time's sun, declining down the eternal skies,  
Leaves his last shining shadow upon the sea.

Bailey's blank verse often reaches a serene spontaneity of verbal beauty. In such passages as Lucifer's address to Night, the large rhythm moves on the surface of the thought as the waves move on the surface of the sea

Night comes, world jewelled, as my bride should be  
Start forth the stars in myriads at the sign  
Of light, divine usurper, as to wage  
War with the lines of darkness, and the moon,  
Pale ghost of light, comes haunting the cold earth  
After the sun's red sea death, quietless  
Immortal Night, I love thee Thou and I  
Are of one strain, the eldest blood of God  
We make, we mar, together, all things, all  
But our own selves.

The poem marches with spurious strides through a dazzling pageant of symbol and simile, massively epic in its grandeur

As when by sunset hues  
Invited, some fair falcon, whose broad eye  
Mirrors the welkin, through air's shadowy blue  
Wheeling with wing unwavering, every plume  
Stretched tense, 'mid sky serenely balanced, calls  
Forth from his eyrie, crown of sea faced crag,  
Her mightier mate, these twain each other now  
In unconceived ellipse, curve following curve,  
Redoubled rainbow like, outsweep, thrice o'er  
Snatch from ambition's touch the zenith mock  
With playful fall the expectant earth, now, thwarted,  
In arbitrary and intercircling flights,  
Their mutual orbits emulous, this below  
Echoing the other's cry on high, till heaven  
Closes, by hint of stars, the rapt contest.

The whole range of poetic vision is found in *Festus*. The audacity of the theme would be ridiculous were it not made sublime by the most solemn, the most sombre, and the most tremendous images, swift, simple, concrete, concentrated, direct. The dream of Festus is in impression and piercing fantasy

Up we flew

Sheer through the shining air, far past the sun's  
Broad blazing disk,—past where the great, great snake  
Binds in his bright coil half the host of heaven,—  
Past that great sickle saved for one day's work  
When he who sowed shrill reaps creation's field,—  
Past those bright diademmed orbs which show to man

His crown to come, up through the starry strings  
Of that high harp close by the feet of God,  
Which he, methought, took up and struck, till heaven  
In love's immortal madness rang and reeled,  
The stars fell on their faces, and far off  
The wild world halted, shoul his burning mane,  
Then, like a fresh blown trumpet blast, went on,  
Or like a god gone mad On, on we flew,  
I and the spirit, far beyond all things  
Of measure, motion, time, and aught create,  
Where the stars stood on the edge of the first nothing,  
And looked each other in the face and fled,—  
Past even the last long starless void, to God,  
Whom straight I heard, methought, commanding thus  
Immortal, I am God He back to earth  
And say to all that God doth say—love God!

*Lucifer* God visits men a dreaming I, awake.

*Festus* And my dream changed to one of general doom

Wilt hear it?

*Lucifer* Ay, say on. 'Tis but a dream

*Festus* God made all mind and motion cease, and lo!  
The whole was death and peace An endless time  
Obtained in which the power of all made failed  
God bade the worlds to judgment and they came,  
Pale, trembling, corpse like To the souls therein  
Then spake the Maker deathless spirits, rise!  
And straight they thronged around the throne. His arm  
The Almighty then uplift, and smote the worlds  
Once, and they fell in fragments like to spray  
And vanished in their native void He shook  
The stars from heaven like raindrops from a bough,  
Like tears they poured adown creation's face  
Spirit and space were all things Matter, death,  
And time left nought, not even a wake, to tell  
Where once their track o'er being

Magnificent, too, is the paean which Festus chants to the sun

Shepherd of worlds and harmonist of heaven,  
The music of whose golden lyre is light

The holiest mystery of poetic magic trembles in such lines as these

Jewels are baubles only, whether pearls  
From the sea's lightless depths, or diamonds  
Culled from the mountain's crown, or chrysolith,  
Cat's eye, or moonstone, or hot carbuncle,  
That, from the bed of Eden's sunniest stream  
Extracted, lamped the ark, what time the roar  
Of lions pining for their free sands smote  
The hungry darkness.

Not even Shakespeare confronted the irony of existence with a more august regard

Long we live thinking nothing of our fate,  
For in the morn of life we mark it not,  
It falls behind but as our day goes down  
We catch it lengthening with a giant's stride,  
And ushering us unto the feet of night.

Not even Milton carved sterner thoughts in more adamantine phrase than the inspired singer who sang of

Men who walk up to fame as to a friend,  
Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir  
They have wrested, from the world's hard hand and  
gripe,

Men who, like death, all bone and all unarmed,  
Have ta'en the giant world by the throat and thrown  
    him,  
And made him swear to maintun their name and fame  
At peril of his life, who shed great thoughts  
As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves  
In a kindly largesse to the soil it grew on,  
Whose names are ever on the world's broad tongue,  
Like sound upon the falling of a force,  
Whose words, if winged, ire with angel's wings,  
Who play upon the heart as on a harp,  
And make our eyes bright as we speak of them,  
Whose hearts have a look southwards, and are open  
To the whole noon of nature, these I have wiked  
And wept o'er night by night, oft pondering thus  
Homer is gone, and where is Jove? and where  
The rival cities seven? His song outlives  
Time, tower, and god—all that then was, save heaven

Not even Wordsworth has surpassed the heavy  
beauty of the four glamour-laden words into which  
Bailey pours the cosmic romance of the soul

The rich star travelled stranger

Not even Dante forged imaginative utterance  
more fierily poignant than the simple words in  
which Festus, with sword like pathos, addresses  
the spirit of his Beatrice

Immortal, from thine eye

Wipe out the tear of time

And where in all poetry can we find a more  
tremulously ecstatic sob of love than this?—

Come to the light, love Let me look on thee  
Let me make sure I have thee. Is it thou?  
Is this thy hand? Are these thy velvet lips,  
Thy lips so lovable? Nay, speak not yet,  
For oft, as I have dreamt of thee, it was  
Thy speaking woke me. I will dream no more  
Am I alive? And do I really look  
Upon these soft and sea blue eyes of thine,  
Wherein I half believe I can esp<sup>y</sup>  
The riches of the sea? Nay, heavenly hued,  
As though they had gained from gazing on the skies  
Their high and starry beauty These dark rolled  
locks'

Oh God, art thou not glad, too, he is here?

Shimmering with romantic innuendo, these lines  
are the very voice of love, uttering in ecstasy of  
sobbing joy and trembling rapture that suddenly  
flames into a glory of divine invocation tran-  
scendently daring in its triumphant egoism The  
angels in *Festus* are mystically incorporeal

Light as a leaf they step, or the arrowy  
Foot of breeze upon a waveless pool,  
Sudden and soft, too, like a w<sup>a</sup>st of light,  
The beautiful immortals come to me

Often the poet chisels out of verbal marble a  
subtle beauty that rivals the rhythmic curves of  
plastic art Here is a statue of death which a  
Michelangelo could hardly better

Behold there Death!

Throned on his tomb, entombed in his throne,  
Just as he ceased he rests for aye, his scythe

Still wet out of his bloody swath, one hand  
Tottering sustains, the other strikes the cold  
Drops from his bony brow, his mouldy breath  
Tainteth all air

Another nuance of visionary glamour glimmers in  
this ravishing nightscape

Eve came, the dewy night stole forth dim veiled,  
Arcturus, heavenly oxherd, bowed his knee  
Star cusped, upon the hill, as though with all  
His worlds he worshipped God, his conquering head  
Bowed 'neath the orb gemmed crown, hollow with  
heaven,  
God o'er him holds as one who had striven with God,  
And gained the day o'er deity

And yet another in this magical symphony of  
gloom

#### Wave

On wave of darkness, like the shadowy tides  
Of that tenebrous sea which billowing breaks  
Soundless on lunar promontories

The poet brandishes the bright sword of optim-  
ism in the procession of mortality

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood,  
'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart,  
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.  
One generous feeling, one great thought, one deed  
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem  
Than if each year might number a thousand days,  
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.  
We live in deeds, not years, in thought, not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial  
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best  
Life's but a means unto an end, that end,  
To those who dwell in Him, He most in them,  
Beginning, mean, and end of all things, God  
The dead have all the glory of the world  
Why will we live and not be glorious?  
We never can be deathless till we die.  
It is the dead win battles, and the breath  
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,  
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close  
It dims his well worn scythe But no, the brave  
Die never Being deathless, they but change  
Their country's arms, for more, their country's heart.  
Give then the dead their due 'tis they who saved us,  
Saved us from woe and want and servitude.  
The rapid and the deep, the fall, the gulph,  
Have likenesses in feeling and in life,  
And life so varied hath more loveliness  
In one day, than a creeping century  
Of sameness

The heroically youthful optimism of *Festus* fills  
like a snowflake on the feverish lips of the modern  
pessimist It rejects the superstitious creeds of  
cynicism and the blind dogmas of materialism,  
affirming that life is lifeworthy, being an endless  
pursuit of an eternal ideal by everlasting runners

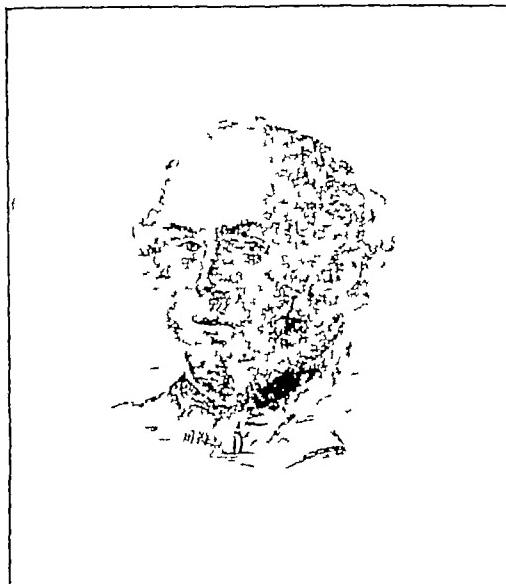
Star on star the heavens fulfil  
Their issue, and truth quickens here the soul  
Dipped in substantial lighting of the sun  
Spiritual, and with the eternal saving saved

JAMES DOUGLAS

**Arthur Hugh Clough** (1819-61) was born at Liverpool, the son of a cotton-merchant of good Denbighshire stock, who in 1822 emigrated to Charleston in South Carolina. There the boy lived a home-life of singular happiness, until in 1828 he was sent back to school first at Chester, and next year at Rugby, where Dr Arnold profoundly impressed him. Here he gained every honour the school had to bestow, became a powerful swimmer and a crack goalkeeper, and edited and wrote much for the *Rugby Magazine*. In November 1837 he went to Balliol College, Oxford, astonished all who knew his powers by obtaining only a second-class in 1841, but in 1842 was elected a Fellow of Oriel. As tutor from 1843 he laboured for five years, usually spending the long vacation among the Welsh mountains, by the Cumberland lakes, or in the Scottish Highlands. For a time he fell under the spell of Newman's influence, but this was soon followed by a period of severe inward struggle, ere long he shook himself free of the neo Catholic movement, and in 1848 felt it his duty to withdraw from Oriel. A little earlier in the same year he had published his first long poem, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, a 'Long Vacation pastoral' in rough hexameter verse. He next spent some time in travelling in France and Italy, part of the time with Emerson, and was appointed on his return (October 1849) Warden of University Hall, London. His life here was far from congenial, but he found much help in the warm friendship of Carlyle. At Rome, in 1849, he had produced his *Amours de Voyage*, also in hexameter, and at Venice, during a holiday in 1850, he wrote *Dipsychus*, a poem of much deeper significance, in which the representative of idealism is vanquished by the spirit of the world. In 1852 he resigned his office, and sailed to America in the same ship with Lowell and Thackeray, but an examinership in the Education Office soon recalled him to England, and in June 1854 he married. He took a keen interest in the work of his wife's cousin, Florence Nightingale, his life was truly described as uneventful but full of work. In the spring of 1856 he was nominated secretary to a Commission for examining military schools on the Continent, but his health now began to give way, and after visits to Greece, Constantinople, the Pyrenees, and Italy, he was carried off at Florence by paralysis succeeding a malarial fever.

Clough's poetry reflects with singular sincerity all the spiritual unrest and conflict of his life, his passionate love of truth, and intense longing for reality. His hexameters are extraordinarily rugged, at times even harsh and unrhymed, though in the later editions of the '*Bothie*' (originally called *The Bothie of Toper na Fuosich*) their uncouthness was much toned down. Even at the best this peculiarity imparts an air of something approaching burlesque. His few short lyrics are much more perfect in form and matter, but his best gift was doubtless his humour, which is of a rare and

indeed exceptional quality, and is well exemplified in the prose epilogue to *Dipsychus*. He had command also of pathos and of irony, possessed the gift of character drawing, conveyed a sense of joy in life and the beauties of nature, and was perhaps too trenchant in satire and sceptical speculation. His defects repel many readers, and Mr Swinburne pronounces him simply a bad poet. Lowell, on the other hand, thinking more of matter than form, is recorded in his *Life* to have said the *Bothie* was to his thinking one of the most charming books ever written, and he thus forecast its author's true significance 'We have a



ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

From an Engraving by C. H. Jeens, by permission of  
Messrs Macmillan & Co., Ltd

foreboding that Clough, imperfect as he was in many respects, and dying before he had subdued his sensitive temperament to the sterner requirements of his art, will be thought a hundred years hence to have been the truest expression in verse of the moral and intellectual tendencies, the doubt and struggle towards settled convictions, of the period in which he lived. Clough is the subject of Matthew Arnold's elegy *Thyrsis*, one of the finest tributes of passionate admiration to the dead in the English language, and almost worthy to be compared with *In Memoriam*.

#### Woman and Man

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones! oh,  
could they see, could  
But for a moment discern, how the blood of true gallantry  
kindles,  
How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi quixotic,  
Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate  
woman  
Serving him, toiling—for him, and the world, some  
tenderest girl, now  
Over weighted, expectant, of him, is it? who shall, if only

his Cambridge lectures. Neither a profound metaphysician nor a precise logician, he was a picturesque rather than a deeply read or accurate historian, and his lectures were rather severely handled by the critics. *Water Babies* (1863), called 'a fairy-tale for a land baby,' took a place of its own in the literature of fantasy for children, other works were, besides many volumes of sermons, *Glaucus*, on the wonders of the shore (1854), *The Heroes*, Greek fairy-tales (1856), *Town Geology* (1872), *Prose Idylls* (1873), *Health and Education* (1874). In 1869 Kingsley resigned his professorship and was appointed a canon of



CHARLES KINGSLEY  
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

Chester, in 1871 he made his voyage to the tropics, of whose scenery he had written so enthusiastically, and on his return to Eversley from the West Indies he gave to the world one of its most charming books of travel, *At Last*. In 1873 he was appointed a canon of Westminster and chaplain to the Queen, he died at Eversley on 23rd January 1875. By nature he was hot-tempered, frank, and combative, his 'muscular Christianity' (a phrase he himself disliked) was cheerful and robust. He had to live down much animosity and suspicion alike on political and theological grounds, and though ultimately he became apparently reconciled to the existing social order, he remained to the last an outspoken Broad-Churchman and an eager polemic. His controversy with Newman, in which the Cardinal secured a great dialectical success, has already been referred to at page 338. Many of Kingsley's essays are charming.

His poetry, like his prose works, reflects his eager, strenuous, open, sympathetic character, and is frank, simple, and straightforward, not seeking

to probe spiritual depths, but not without its own characteristic charm. Two lyrics have by universal consent become everywhere well known as proverbs—'The sands of Dee' and 'Three fishers went sailing,' both tender, musical, simple, and perfect in their own way, but they are less characteristic of the man and his temperament than verses that ring with his own joy in free and strenuous life—'The Last Buccaneer,' 'The Outlaw,' the 'Ode to the North-East Wind,' 'The Delectable Day'

#### Sixteenth Century Lotus-Eaters

Forth Amyas went, with Ayacanora is a guide, some five miles upward along the forest slopes, till the girl whispered, 'There they are,' and Amyas, pushing him self gently through a thicket of bamboo, beheld a scene which, in spite of his wrath, kept him silent, and perhaps softened, for a minute.

On the farther side of a little lawn, the stream leaped through a chasm beneath overarching vines, sprinkling eternal freshness upon all around, and then sank foam ing into a clear rock basin, a bath for Dian's self. On its farther side, the crag rose some twenty feet in height, bank upon bank of feathered ferns and cushioned moss, over the rich green beds of which dropped a thousand orchids, scarlet, white, and orange, and made the still pool gorgeous with the reflection of their gorgeousness. At its more quiet outfall, it was half hidden in huge fantastic leaves and tall flowering stems, but near the waterfall the grassy bank sloped down toward the stream, and there, on palm leaves strewed upon the turf, beneath the shadow of the crags, lay the two men whom Amyas sought, and whom, now he had found them, he had hardly heart to wake from their delicious dream.

For what a nest it was which they had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves, while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth or the deep toll of the bell bird came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need? And what which palate could need either? For on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge wild plantains bent beneath their load of fruit.

There, on the stream bank, lay the two renegades from civilised life. They had cast away their clothes, and painted themselves, like the Indians, with annatto and indigo. One lay lazily picking up the fruit which fell close to his side, the other sat, his back aginst a cushion of soft moss, his hands folded languidly upon his lap, giving himself up to the soft influence of the narcotic coca juice, with half shut dreamy eyes fixed on the ever lasting sparkle of the waterfall—

'While beauty, born of murmuring sound,  
Did pass into his face.'

Somewhat apart crouched their two dusky brides, crowned with fragrant flowers, but working busily, like true women, for the lords whom they delighted to honour. One sat plaiting palm fibres into a basket, the other was boring the stem of a huge milk tree, which rose like some mighty column on the right hand of the lawn, its broad canopy of leaves unseen through the dense underwood of



on his breast Amyas stood spell bound. The effect of the narcotic was all but miraculous in his eyes. The sustained eloquence, the novel richness of diction in one seemingly drowned in sensual sloth, were in his eyes the possession of some evil spirit. And yet he could not answer the Evil One. His English heart, full of the divine instinct of duty and public spirit, told him that it must be a lie but how to prove it a lie? And he stood for full ten minutes searching for an answer, which seemed to fly farther and farther off the more he sought for it.

A rustle! a roar! a shriek! and Amyas lifted his eyes in time to see a huge dark bar shoot from the crag above the dreamer's head, among the group of girls. A dull crash, as the group flew asunder, and in the midst, upon the ground, the tawny limbs of one were writhing beneath the fangs of a black jaguar, the rarest and most terrible of the forest kings. Of one? But of which? Was it Ayacanora? And sword in hand, Amyas rushed madly forward before he reached the spot those tortured limbs were still.

It was not Ayacanora, for, with a shriek which rang through the woods, the wretched dreamer, wakened thus at last, sprang up and felt for his sword. Fool! he had left it in his hammock! Screaming the name of his dead bride, he rushed on the jaguar as it crouched above its prey, and seizing its head with teeth and nails, worried it, in the ferocity of his madness, like a mastiff dog.

The brute wrenched its head from his grasp, and raised its dreadful paw. Another moment, and the husband's corpse would have lain by the wife's. But high in air gleamed Amyas's blade down, with all the weight of his huge body and strong arm, fell that most trusty steel, the head of the jaguar dropped grinning on its victim's corpse.

'And all stood still who saw him fall,  
While men might count a score'

'O Lord Jesus,' said Amyas to himself, 'thou hast answered the devil for me!' And this is the selfish rest for which I would have bartered the rest which comes by working where thou hast put me!'

They bore away the livid corpse into the forest, and buried it under soft moss and virgin mould, and so the fair clay was transfigured into fairer flowers, and the poor gentle untaught spirit returned to God who gave it. And then Amyas went sadly and silently back again, and Parracombe walked after him, like one who walks in sleep Ebsworthly, sobered by the shock, entreated to come too, but Amyas forbade him gently. 'No, lad, you are forgiven. God forbid that I should judge you or any man. Sir John shall come up and marry you, and then, if it still be your will to stay, the Lord forgive you, if you be wrong, in the meanwhile, we will leave with you all that we can spare. Stay here, and pray to God to make you, and me too, wiser men.'

And so Amyas departed. He had come out stern and proud, but he came back again like a little child.

(From *Westward Ho!*)

#### The Last Buccaneer

Oh England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,  
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I,  
And such a port for manners I ne'er shall see again  
As the pleasant Isle of Aves, beside the Spanish Main.

There were forty craft in Aves that were both swift and stout,

All furnished well with small arms and cannons round about,

And a thousand men in Aves made laws so fair and free  
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,

Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old,

Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,

Who flog men and keel haul them, and starve them to the bone

Oh the palms grew high in Aves, and fruits that shone like gold,

And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold,

And the negro maids to Aves from bondage fast did flee,  
To welcome gallant sailors, a sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Aves to hear the landward breeze

A swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,  
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar

Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore

But Scripture saith, in ending to all fine things must be,  
So the King's ships sailed on Aves, and quite put down were we

All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night,

And I fled in a pirogue, sore wounded, from the fight

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,  
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died,

But as I lay a gasping, a Bristol sail came by,  
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where,

One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse off there

If I might but be a sea dove, I'd fly across the main,  
To the pleasant Isle of Aves, to look at it once again.

#### Ode to the North-East Wind

Welcome, wild North easter!

Shame it is to see

Odes to every zephyr,

Ne'er a verse to thee

Welcome, black North easter!

O'er the German foam,

O'er the Danish moorlands,

From thy frozen home

Tired we are of summer,

Tired of gaudy glare,

Showers soft and steaming,

Hot and breathless air

Tired of listless dreaming,

Through the lazy day

Jovial wind of winter

Turn us out to play!

Sweep the golden reed beds,  
Crisp the lazy dyke,  
Hunger into madness  
Every plunging pike  
Fill the lake with wild fowl,  
Fill the marsh with snipe,  
While on dreary moorlands  
Lonely curlew pipe.  
Through the black fir forest  
Thunder harsh and dry,  
Shivering down the snowflakes  
Off the curdled sky  
Hurk ! The brave North-easter !  
Breast high lies the scent,  
On by holt and headland,  
Over heath and bent  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Through the sleet and snow  
Who can override you ?  
Let the horses go !  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Down the roaring blast,  
You shall see a fox die  
 Ere an hour be past.  
Go ! and rest to morrow,  
Hunting in your dreams,  
While our slates are ringing  
O'er the frozen streams  
Let the luscious South wind  
Breathe in lovers' sighs,  
While the lazy gallants  
Bask in ladies' eyes.  
What does he but soften  
Heart alike and pen ?  
'Tis the hard grey weather  
Breeds hard English men  
What's the soft South wester ?  
'Tis the ladies' breeze,  
Bringing home their true loves  
Out of all the seas  
But the black North easter,  
Through the snow storm hurled,  
Drives our English hearts of oak  
Seaward round the world  
Come, as came our fathers,  
Herded by thee,  
Conquering from the eastward,  
Lords by land and sea  
Come, and strong within us  
Stir the Vikings' blood,  
Bracing brain and sinew,  
Blow, thou wind of God !

#### Young and Old.

When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green,  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen,  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away,  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day  
  
When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown,  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down,

Creep home, and take your place there,  
The spent and maimed among,  
God grant you find one face there  
You loved when all was young

(From *The Water Babies*)

His widow published his *Lies and Letters* in 1876 (2 vols.) and there is a monograph on Kingsley as a 'Christian Socialist and reformer' by Kaufmann (1892). A collected edition of his works appeared in twenty-eight volumes in 1879-81, an *édition de luxe* of the *Life and Works* was issued in 1901-3 in nineteen volumes, of which the sixteenth was occupied by the poems. Mrs Harrison distinguished as a novelist under the pen name of Lucas Malet, is his youngest daughter

**George Henry Kingsley** (1827-92), the second brother in a gifted family, was born at Islington, was educated at King's College School, and graduated in medicine at Edinburgh and at Paris. His devotion to professional duty in a time of cholera was commemorated by his brother in *Two Years Ago*. In attendance on patients he travelled much, and he wrote, besides *Notes on Sport and Travel*, one famous book, *South Sea Bubbles, by the Earl and the Doctor*—his *compagnon de voyage* on this occasion being the Earl of Pembroke.—His daughter, **Mary Henrietta Kingsley**, was educated mainly at home on account of her weak health, and early became a voracious but desultory reader of books of all kinds. And after the death of both father and mother she resolved to travel and study the manners and customs of uncivilised peoples. She made two journeys in the Congo country, in the Cameroons, and on the Ogowe, her *Travels in West Africa* (1897), besides being 'rich in incident and bubbling over with racy humour,' showed a marvellous instinct for looking at savage rites, religions, and usages from the native point of view, and her original and unconventional views on some missionary methods, and on the services of the traders to Europe and civilisation, provoked criticism, but proved the writer's absolute good faith and scrupulous desire to do justice to all aspects of truth. She had planned another voyage to study 'fishes and fetishes,' but at Cape Town volunteered to nurse sick Boer prisoners, and fell a victim to enteric fever in the Simon's Town hospital

**Henry Kingsley** (1830-76), the younger brother of Charles, was born at Barnack rectory, near Stamford, and was brought up at Clevelly and Chelsea. From King's College, London, he passed in 1850 to Worcester College, Oxford, but went down in 1853 without a degree, and started for the Australian gold-diggings. He never talked of his colonial experiences, but is known to have been for a time in the mounted police. He turned up again at Chelsea in 1858, and next year wrote at Eversley *The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn*, which, like *The Hillyars and the Burtons* (1865), is full of the strong, vivid life of the antipodes. Still, *Ravenshoe* (1861) is his masterpiece. *Austin Elliot* (1863), *Mademoiselle Mathilde* (1868), and *Stretton* (1869) deserve men-



If there is, let me tell you that I feel more kind and hearty toward you and Hamlyn for coming to me like this to day than I've felt toward any man this twenty year By the bye, let no man go to the gallows without clearing himself as far as he may Do you know that I set on that red haired villain, Moody, to throttle Bill Lee, because I hadn't pluck to do it myself?

'Poor Lee' said the Major

'Poor devil' said Hawker 'Why, that man had gone through every sort of villainy, from (so and so up to so and so, he said, I shall not particularise) before my beard was grown Why, that man laid such plots and snares for me when I was a lad, that a bishop could not have escaped. He egged me on to forge my own father's name. He drove me on to ruin And now, because it suited his purpose to turn honest, and act as faithful domestic to my wife for twenty years, he is mourned for as an exemplary character, and I go to the gallows He was a meaner villain than ever I was'

'George,' I asked, 'have you any message for your wife?'

'Only this,' he said, 'tell her I always liked her pretty face, and I'm sorry I brought disgrace upon her Through all my rascallities, old Jeff, I swear to you that I respected and liked her to the last I tried to see her last year, only to tell her that she needn't be afraid of me, and should treat me as a dead man, but she and her blessed pig headed lover, Tom Troubridge, made such knife and pistol work of it that I never got the chance of saying the word I wanted She'd have saved herself much trouble if she hadn't acted so much like a frightened fool I never meant her any harm You may tell her all this if you judge right, but I leave it to you Time's up, I see I ain't so much of a coward, am I, Jeff? Good bye, old lad, good bye'

That was the last we saw of him, the next morning he was executed with four of his comrades

(From *Geoffry Hamlyn*)

F HINDS GROOML.

**Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley** (1797-1851), born in London, was the only child of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft In her seventeenth year she eloped to the Continent with Shelley, and after living with him for two years, she was married to him when his first wife, Harriet, had committed suicide In the summer of 1816 Byron, Shelley, and Mary were living on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, and the Shelleys often passed their evenings with Byron at his house at Diodati Having during a week of rain amused themselves with reading German ghost stories, they agreed to write something in imitation of them Thus began Byron's tale of the *Vampire*, which Polidor, his physician, completed and published as his patron's But the most memorable result of the story-telling compact was Mrs Shelley's romance of *Frankenstein*, recognised on its publication in 1817 as worthy of Godwin's daughter and Shelley's wife. It is on the model of *St Leon* A native of Geneva, Frankenstein is sent to the University of Ingolstadt, where, having already dabbled in magic and mystery, he pores over books on physiology, makes chemical experiments, visits

sepulchres and dissecting rooms, and after days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue succeeds in discovering the secret of life Full of his discovery, he proceeds to create a man, and after revolting experiments constructs a gigantic figure eight feet high, and, a veritable modern Demiurge, breathes into its nostrils the breath of life The Monster ultimately becomes a terror to his creator, haunts him like a spell, murders his friend, and strangles his bride. Frankenstein pursues him to the Arctic regions, and then perishes of cold and anguish, while the Monster disappears from the scene, resolved to put a period to his unhallowed existence



MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY

From the Portrait (1841) by R. Rothwell, R.H.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

After the death of her husband, Mrs Shelley—who was left with an only surviving son to inherit the baronetcy—returned to London, and devoted herself to literary pursuits, producing *Valperga* (1823), *The Last Man* (1826), *Perkin Warbeck*, *Lodore* (1835, largely autobiographical), and other works of fiction, none of which merited the success of *Frankenstein*, though several of them contain admirable passages Her father-in-law, when making her an allowance, insisted on the suppression of the volume of Shelley's *Posthumous Poems* which she had issued in 1824. She wrote industriously and gracefully for the annuals, contributed biographies of foreign artists and men of letters to the *Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, edited and wrote prefaces to Shelley's *Poetical Works* (1839), and also edited Shelley's *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments* (1840). Her last book

was a record of her travels with her son in Italy and Germany She was buried at Bournemouth

There are Lives by Mrs Julian Marshall (1885) and Mrs W W Rossetti (in the 'Eminent Women Series,' 1890).

**Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury** (1812–80) was born at Measham, Derbyshire, and from 1854 lived at Chelsea, to be near her intimate friends, the Carlyles. *The Half-Sisters* and *The Sorrows of Gentility* were by far the best known of the series of novels which included also *Zoe*, *Marian Withers*, *Constance Herbert*, and *Right or Wrong*—not to speak of stories for children and short tales of various kinds. Delicate health alone prevented her from becoming a regular writer for the *Times*, she was for many years a constant contributor to the *Athenaeum* and a member of its staff, her theological views were 'advanced,' and her brilliant and humorous conversational gifts 'made her a social force in literary and artistic circles.' Her indiscreet gossip unduly affected Froude's view of the relations between Mr and Mrs Carlyle. See her *Letters to Mrs Carlyle*, edited by Mrs Ireland (1892)—Her sister, Maria Jane (1800–33), wrote poetry, articles in the annuals and in the *Athenaeum*, *Phantasmagoria, or Sketches of Life and Character* (1825), *Letters to the Young* (1828), and *The Three Histories* (of an enthusiast, a nonchalant, and a realist, 1830). Wordsworth addressed his poem of *Liberty* to her. She married in 1832 an Indian chaplain, the Rev W K Fletcher, and died of cholera at Poonah.

**Lady Georgiana Fullerton** (1812–85), a daughter of the first Earl Granville, was born at Tivall Hall in Staffordshire, and in 1833 married Alexander George Fullerton, an officer in the Guards. Her father was ambassador in Paris, and the young couple were for the first eight years of their married life in Lord Granville's household. The husband became a Catholic in 1843, and Lady Georgiana, two years after publishing her first story, *Ellen Middleton* (1844), also became a convert to Catholicism. The rest of her life was mainly devoted to charitable and religious works and the writing of tales of religious subject or tendency—amongst them *Grantley Manor* (1847), *Too Strange not to be True* (1864), *Constance Sherwood* (1864), *A Stormy Life* (1864), *Mrs Gerald's Niece* (1871), and *A Will and a Way* (1881). Two were written and first published in French—*La Comtesse de Bonneval* (1857) and *Rose Leblanc* (1861). She published two volumes of verse, and wrote or translated the story of several saintly lives. After her son's death she became one of the Tertiaries of the order of St Francis, she helped in establishing the Sisters of St Vincent de Paul in England, and was herself one of the founders of a minor order of women. Dying at Bournemouth, she was buried in the cemetery of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton. Several of her novels are still read and reprinted, the most popular, *Too Strange not to be True*,

being the history of a pious but much-afflicted French emigrant to Canada. See her Life by Father Coleridge, from the French of Mrs Craven (1888), and Miss Yonge in *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* (1897).

**Mrs Henry Wood** (1814–87), novelist, whose maiden name was Ellen Price, was born at Worcester, married early Mr Henry Wood, a ship agent living in France, and after his death settled in London, and commenced writing for the *New Monthly Magazine* and *Bentley's Miscellany*. Her temperance story, *Danesbury House* (1860), was followed by *East Lynne* (1861), which had an almost unexampled success. Having found her public, Mrs Wood poured forth upwards of thirty more novels, perhaps the best *The Channings* (1862) *The Shadow of Ashlydyat* (1863), *Oswald Cray* (1864), *A Life's Secret* (1867), *Dene Hollow* (1871), *Within the Maze* (1872), and *Pomeroy Abbey* (1878). Her work rarely rises above the commonplace, though she revealed some power in the analysis of character in her anonymous *Johnny Ludlow* stories (1874–80). In 1867 she acquired the monthly *Argosy*, and her novels went on appearing in it long after her death. No novelist of her day was more popular with girls of the middle class. Her son published *Memorials* of her in 1895.

**Charlotte Brontë**, third child of the Rev Patrick Brontë and Mary Branwell, his wife, was born at Thornton, Bradford, 21st April 1816. Her father was an Irishman of County Down, a man of strong character and some literary talent. His wife, who was a native of Penzance, died of cancer on 15th September 1821, leaving behind her six children. By this time Patrick Brontë had removed to Haworth, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where he remained to his death. It was a large village of nearly five thousand inhabitants, most of the people being engaged in the woollen manufacture.

The motherless children were cared for by their aunt, Miss Branwell, and they displayed an extraordinary precocity of talent. Their father treated them as his intellectual equals, and discussed with them the public affairs of the day. They had very little intercourse with their neighbours, their refuge was in the unenclosed, untilled, heathery moors, with their becks and hollows. The two eldest daughters were sent, in July 1824, to a school for clergymen's daughters at Cowan Bridge near Kirby Lonsdale, and Charlotte and Emily followed in September. A low fever broke out in the school, and Maria and Elizabeth became seriously ill, and were taken home only to die. Though Charlotte was but eight years old, the habit of observation had set in, and she attributed the death of her sisters to their cruel treatment in the school, an injury avenged in the opening scenes of *Jane Eyre*. At Haworth, where the diminished family now gathered, Miss Branwell gave the girls

lessons, and their father told them the news. The three sisters, Charlotte, Emily Jane, and Anne, and their brother, Branwell, devoted themselves to writing, and Charlotte composed in a few years some twenty or thirty tales as well as many poems. In 1831 she went again to school at Roe Head, a country house between Leeds and Huddersfield, and made the friendship of Ellen Nussey and Mary and Martha Taylor. On her letters to Miss Nussey our knowledge of her life is mainly based. Mary and Martha Taylor suggested the Rose and Jessy Yorke of *Shirley*. Returning to her home in 1832, Miss Brontë found that her brother Branwell had contracted vicious habits, and he was to the last a source of increasing misery to the family. She had experiences as a school teacher, and as a governess at a salary of £20 a year, the discipline of teaching was pronounced 'equally painful and priceless'. The sisters began to think of starting a school, and in February 1842 Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels in order to improve their knowledge of foreign languages. They entered the school kept by M. Héger and his wife in the Rue d'Isabelle.

There can be no doubt that this was the decisive event in Miss Brontë's life. It was then she began to live and to write out of her heart. She was nearly twenty-six, and had written incessantly but without the smallest success. Though she had received two proposals of marriage, her heart had never been touched. She had never met a man of intellect, culture, and imagination. Yet through all the years she craved for intellectual sympathy, and at last she found it. M. Héger, then twenty-six, was a man of accomplishment, enthusiastic, passionate, tender, and religious in his nature. His pupil regarded him with steadily growing affection and admiration. He recognised her gifts and pitied her loneliness. After spending nine months at Brussels, the Brontë girls returned to Haworth. Vicarage on the death of their aunt. Emily remained at home to keep house for her father, but Charlotte returned to Brussels. She wrote to Miss Nussey: 'I returned to Brussels after aunt's death against my conscience, prompted by what then seemed an irresistible impulse. I was punished for my selfish folly by a total withdrawal, for more than two years, of happiness and peace of mind.' The attempts to explain away these words make them only more significant. During her second period at Brussels Charlotte Brontë instructed M. Héger and his brother-in-law in English. She suffered much from low spirits, and on one occasion paid a visit to the confessional. She says to Emily: 'I actually did confess—a real confession, a confession doubtless not of sin but of pain. By the advice of her friend Mary Taylor she suddenly returned on 18th January 1844. A month after she wrote: "I suffered much before I left Brussels. I think however long I live I shall not forget what the parting with M. Héger cost me." She carried on a corre-

spondence with her teacher for eighteen months, but it was sharply ended through the intervention of Madame Héger. There was nothing dishonourable in the episode, and it is obvious that M. Héger never felt for his pupil anything more than friendship. But the result was deep and abiding.

She returned to a very gloomy home. Her brother Branwell, who had become thoroughly vicious—an opium eater, a drunkard, and a confirmed liar—was dismissed from a situation as tutor, returned to his father's house, and after years of steady deterioration, during which his sisters endured unspeakable agonies, died in September 1848. He was intellectually the weakest of the family, there is little trace of talent in his writings. The enforced contact with shameless vice from which the sisters had to suffer left its mark upon their works.

Miss Brontë's thoughts turned to literature, and the three sisters put together a little volume of verses, published at their expense, in May 1846, by Messrs Aylott & Jones. The sisters adopted the pseudonyms Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. These corresponded with their initials. One or two critics recognised the excellence of Ellis Bell's work, but it appears that only two copies of the book were sold. Later on Miss Brontë reissued the volume with additional poems from the literary remains of Ellis and Acton Bell. Miss Brontë had written a novel, *The Professor*, based on her Brussels experience, and sent it to various publishers. The manuscript shows that the title originally chosen was *The Master*. It went to six publishers, and was returned without comment, but Mr W. S. Williams, the reader to Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co., and a critic of rare discernment, saw its value, and Miss Brontë was advised to write a novel of the three-volume size. *The Professor* made only two regulation volumes, otherwise it would probably have been accepted. The book did not appear till after Miss Brontë's death, and has been unaccountably deprecitated by critics, it is, however, an exquisitely fresh and tender love story, and the heroine, Frances Evans Henri, is perhaps the most charming in Charlotte Brontë's gallery. It gives full proof of the writer's power, and Miss Brontë herself never swerved in her high estimate of its value. It is a story of the love between a master and his pupil, a subject from which Miss Brontë's thoughts never moved far. Messrs Smith and Elder couched their refusal of the tale in such reasonable and courteous terms as were almost an encouragement. Miss Brontë replied that she had a second narrative in three volumes now in progress and nearly completed, to which she had endeavoured to impart a more vivid interest than belonged to *The Professor*. The publishers desired to see the manuscript, which was despatched to them on 24th August. It was accepted, printed, and published by 16th October, and in a very short time, and without the aid of the critics, attained a great success. One of its

reviewers thus commenced his article 'Since the publication of *Grantley Manor* no novel has created so much sensation as *Jane Eyre*' The secret of Miss Brontë's triumph is not at all obscure. She combined passion with power of expression. The glow and energy of the story held its readers captive. Very soon there came fierce protests against its unconventionality. Miss Rigby (see page 387), in the *Quarterly Review*, went so far as to suggest that the writer might be a woman 'who for some sufficient reason had long forfeited the society of her sex,' and the *North British Review* followed suit by saying that 'if *Jane Eyre* be the production of a woman, she



CHARLOTTE BRONTË

From an Engraving after the Drawing by G. Richmond, R.A.,  
by permission of Messrs Smith, Elder & Co.

must be a woman unsexed.' Doubtless the book was unusually outspoken. The obsession of Branwell's conduct and conversation at the time she wrote it goes further than anything else to account for this. There is also abundant testimony that her father and one or two men who visited her home talked before her, if not to her, with as little reticence as Rochester talked to *Jane Eyre*. Her experience of Brussels school-girls must also be reckoned. However, the main point to be noted is that the subject in itself was absolutely unconventional. In this, as in all her novels, she describes love not from the man's but from the woman's point of view. She lifts the veil from the love-agonies of her heroines, and expresses the suffering which women are doomed to bear in silence. It has often been said that Charlotte Brontë's books are autobiographical,

and this is true in a very real sense. She drew her characters from life, some of them, she admitted, were merely photographs. But in another sense, equally important, her books do not render the outward part of her own experience. As we know her, Charlotte Brontë was a martyr to her sense of duty. She lived for her family—her father, her sisters, her brother, her servants. She would suffer nothing to shake the supremacy of her home duties, and almost denied herself the solace of friendship. But her heroines have no tie to home or family—they are able to choose and shape their destinies, they enter the world free, and yet with qualities of culture and feeling that bring to them at last the full investiture of life through love. She writes much of love rejected, but her main theme is the suffering of love which is in doubt, the pain of unrequited affection. Did she know it? For answer we quote her own words: 'Details, situations which I do not understand and cannot personally inspect, I would not for the world meddle with. Besides, not one feeling on any subject, public or private, will I ever affect that I do not really experience.' The grounds of the main objections that have been taken to Miss Brontë's novels are their occasional outspokenness and their unsparing revelations of the heart. The second edition of *Jane Eyre*, with a dedication to Thackeray, appeared in January 1848. Thackeray had already expressed his admiration of the book, though he complained that the plot was familiar to him. Miss Brontë said meekly that she had read few novels, and that she imagined the plot was original. Her intense but strictly critical and qualified admiration of Thackeray seems to have been based entirely on *Vanity Fair*, the first number of which appeared in January 1847 and the last in July 1848.

There was eager speculation on the authorship of *Jane Eyre*. Many critics thought the book must have been written by a man. Others believed that a man and a woman had been at work together, and the names of Barry Cornwall and his wife were suggested. But one, the able critic in the *Christian Remembrancer*, said 'We, for our part, cannot doubt that the work is written by a female, and, as certain provincialisms indicate, by one from the north of England.' It is impossible to trace the literary connections of *Jane Eyre*, but it has been suggested that in Charlotte Brontë's conception of love there are distinct traces of Harriet Martineau's forgotten novel, *Deerbrook*. There are also hints of the influence of *Pamela*, which, we know, was read by her father, and imitated by him in a little book. The attempts to suggest foreign origins are not plausible.

Miss Brontë, who had kept her secret even from her publishers, went up to London in July 1846 with her sister Anne and revealed herself. After a short visit, they returned to a sorely tried home. Branwell Brontë died, as we have said, in September

1848, Emily in December, and Anne Brontë in May 1849. During this painful time Miss Brontë was writing *Shirley*, which is the brightest of her stories. She had partially escaped from sweet and bitter memories. Nearly every character in the book was a Yorkshire friend. It was impossible any longer to hide the secret of the authorship. The Yorke family in particular were 'almost daguerreotypes' of the Taylors. Shirley Keeldar, the heroine, represents traces of her sister Emily, Louis Moore, the tutor, is the inevitable M. Héger, Mr Helstone is a Mr Roberson, a fighting Tory parson of the thirties. The love story of Robert and Caroline is even more beautiful than that of Louis and Shirley. In both cases the man is dominant. *Shirley* expressed Charlotte Brontë in her happiest mood, and will always be the favourite novel of many readers, though *Jane Eyre* has been more esteemed by the public and *Villette* by the critics.

Miss Brontë's genius had by this time brought her into a circle of friendly admirers, and among others she came to know Thackeray, G. H. Lewes, Mrs Gaskell, and Miss Martineau. With none of these, however, was she on terms of real intimacy. She was shy and shrinking, melancholy and self-conscious, and her feeble, nervous, suffering body was always sinking to its fill. There could be no greater contrast than that between her fiery soul and her extreme reserve and timidity. Outwardly her life was one of decorous, uneventful simplicity, but as a writer she plunged boldly into the whirl of passion, and never hesitated to lay bare the inner sanctuary of feeling. Yet her friendships and her fame gave her pleasure. 'How should I be with youth past, sisters lost, a resident in a moorland parish where there is not a single educated family? In that case I should have no world at all; the raven, weary of surveying the deluge and without an ark to return to, would be my type. As it is, something like a hope and motive sustains me still.'

*Villette*, her last completed story, and artistically the most perfect of all, is a reproduction of her life in Brussels, with touches from more recent experience. It appeared in the beginning of 1853. Her publisher, Mr George Smith, and his mother are among the characters, and it contains a description of Rachel's acting which Miss Brontë had seen in London. The book was received with a burst of acclamation. Harriet Martineau protested against the place it gave to love, and Anglican journals against its attacks on sacerdotism. But its picture of love, its romance, its poetry, its sarcasm, and occasional playfulness captivated the world. *Villette* is an autobiography in the fullest sense of the word. Charlotte herself is Lucy Snowe, and M. Héger is Paul Emmanuel. Her father urged that the story should end happily with the marriage of the professor and his pupil. Miss Brontë, however, was inflexible. The lovers are left unwedded. Amidst all the praise the writer's heart was sinking. Her courage was

failing, the oppressive quietness of her home life, and, above all, the haunting memories of Brussels, crushed her spirits. Solitude fearfully aggravated other evils. She sat day by day in her chair, with saddest memories for her only company, late into the night, conversing with the spirits of the dead. A gleam of happiness came before the end. Her father's curate, Mr A. B. Nicholls, had long loved her. Though Miss Brontë esteemed him, she thought him narrow and uncongenial in feelings and tastes. Her father furiously opposed the match, he thought that his famous daughter would be throwing herself away on a curate with £100 a year. Miss Brontë was touched at last by the steadfast devotion of Mr Nicholls, her father yielded, and she was married on 19th June 1854. After a visit with her husband to his Irish relations, she returned to Haworth. Her married life was very happy, but her health became precarious, she sank steadily, and died on 31st March 1855 of an illness incidental to childbirth. Her last words were 'Oh, I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy.' So ended a deeply shadowed life. Her early friend, Mary Taylor, declared that Mrs Gaskell's biography was 'not so gloomy as the truth,' that Miss Brontë had lived all her days in a walking nightmare of poverty and self-suppression. For her three great books she received only £1500, practically all this sum was saved and bequeathed to her husband. It was her lot to be unfortunate in almost all things, but her fortitude remained unshaken. She was rigidly faithful to her views of duty, and though often wounded she was never stained. It has been well said that 'no apology need be offered for any single feature of Charlotte Brontë's life and character.' The vitality of her works is undiminished, and to-day they are as widely read as ever.

#### Mine Rachel

The theatre was full crammed to its roof royal and noble were there palace and hotel had emptied their inmates into those tiers so thronged and so hushed. I wondered if she would justify her renown with strange curiosity, with feelings severe and austere, yet of riveted interest. I waited. She was a study of such nature as had not encountered my eyes yet a great and new planet she was but in what shape? I waited her rising.

She rose at nine that December night above the horizon I saw her come. She could shine yet with pale grandeur and steady might, but that star verged already on its judgment day. Seen near, it was a chaos—hollow, half consumed, an orb perished or perishing—half lava, half glow.

What I saw was the shadow of a royal Vashti a queen, fair as the dry once, turned pale now like twilight, and twisted like wax in flame. I found upon her something neither of woman nor of man in each of her eyes sat a devil. These evil forces bore her through the tragedy, kept up her feeble strength—for she was but a frail creature, and as the actions rose and the stir deepened, how wildly they shook her with their passions of the pit! They wrote HELL on her straight,

haughty brow They tuned her voice to the note of torment They writhed her regal face to a demoniac mask Hate and Murder and Madness incarnate she stood

It was a marvellous sight a mighty revelation

It was a spectacle low, horrible, immoral

Swordsmen thrust through, and dying in their blood on the arena sand, bulls goring, horses disembowelled, made a meeker vision for the public—a milder condiment for a people's palate—than Vashti torn by seven devils devils which cried sore and rent the tenement they haunted, but still refused to be exorcised.

Suffering had struck that stage empress, and she stood before her audience, neither yielding to, nor enduring, nor, in finite measure, resenting it she stood locked in struggle, rigid in resistance. She stood, not dressed, but draped in pale antique folds, long and regular like sculpture A background and entourage and flooring of deepest crimson threw her out, white like alabaster—like silver rather, be it said like Death

Where was the trust of the Cleopatra? Let him come and sit down and study the different visions Let him seek here the mighty brawn, the muscle, the abounding blood, the full fed flesh he worshipped let all materialists draw nigh and look on

I have said that she does not resent her grief No, the weakness of that word would make it a lie To her, what hurts becomes immediately embodied she looks on it as a thing that can be attacked, worried down, torn in shreds Scarcely a substance herself, she grapples to conflict with abstractions. Before calamity she is a tigress, she rends her woes, shivers them in convulsed abhorrence Pain, for her, has no result in good tears water no harvest of wisdom on sickness, on death itself, she looks with the eye of a rebel Wicked, perhaps, she is, but also she is strong , and her strength has conquered Beauty, has overcome Grace, and bound both at her side, captives peerlessly fair and docile as fair Even in the uttermost frenzy of energy is each mad movement royally, imperially, exceedingly up borne Her hair, flying loose in revel or war, is still an angel's hair, and glorious under a halo Fallen, insurgent, banished, she remembers the heaven where she rebelled Heaven's light, following her exile, pierces its confines and discloses their forlorn remoteness

(From *Villette*, Chap. XXIII.)

#### Rain.

But Jessie, I will write about you no more This is an autumn evening wet and wild There is only one cloud in the sky, but it curtains it from pole to pole The wind cannot rest it hurries sobbing over hills of sullen outline, colourless with twilight and mist Rain has beat all day on that church tower it rises dark from the stony enclosure of its graveyard the nettles, the long grass, and the tombs all drip with wet This evening reminds me too forcibly of another evening some years ago a howling, rainy autumn evening too—when certain who had that day performed a pilgrimage to a grave new made in a heretic cemetery, sat near a wood fire on the hearth of a foreign dwelling They were merry and social, but they each knew that a gap never to be filled had been made in their circle. They knew they had lost something whose absence could never be quite atoned for so long as they lived , and they knew that heavy falling rain was soaking into the wet earth

which covered their lost darling, and that the sad sighing gale was mourning above her buried head The fire warmed them, Life and Friendship yet blessed them, but Jessie lay cold, coffined, solitary—only the sod screening her from the storm

(From *Shirley*, Chap. XXIII.)

#### Hope Dead.

Jane Eyre—who had been an ardent, expectant woman—almost a bride—was a cold solitary girl again her life was pale, her prospects were desolate. A Christmas frost had come at midsummer, a white December storm had whirled over June, ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses, on hay field and corn field lay a frozen shroud lanes which last night blushed full of flowers, to day were pathless with unbroken snow, and the woods which twelve hours since waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread, waste, wild, and white as pine forests in wintry Norway My hopes were all dead—struck with a subtle doom, such as, in one night, fell on all the first born in the land of Egypt I looked on my cherished wishes, yesterday so blooming and glowing, they lay stark, chill, livid corpses that could never revive I looked at my love, that feeling which was my master's—which he had created , it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold cradle, sickness and anguish had seized it , it could not seek Mr Rochester's arms—it could not derive warmth from his breast Oh, never more could it turn to him, for truth was blighted—confidence destroyed ! One idea only still throbbed life like within me—a remembrance of God it begot an unuttered prayer these words went wandering up and down in my restless mind, as something that should be whispered , but no energy was found to express them—

'Be not far from me, for trouble is near there is none to help '

It was near , and as I had lifted no petition to Heaven to avert it—as I had neither joined my hands, nor bent my knees, nor moved my lips—it came in full heavy swing the torrent poured over me

(From *Jane Eyre*, Chap. XXVI.)

#### Villette by Moonlight

Hush! The clock strikes. Ghostly deep as is the stillness of this house, it is only eleven While my ear follows to silence the hum of the last stroke, I catch faintly from the built art capital a sound like bells, or like a band—a sound where sweetness, where victory, where mourning blend Oh to approach this music nearer, to listen to it alone by the rushy basin! Let me go—oh let me go! What hinders, what does not aid freedom? Quiet Rue Fossette' I find on this pavement that wanderer wooing summer night of which I mused , I see its moon over me , I feel its dew in the air But here I cannot stay , I am still too near old haunts , so close under the dungeon, I can hear the prisoner's moan This solemn peace is not what I seek, it is not what I can bear to me the face of that sky bears the aspect of a world's death The park also will be calm—I know, a mortal serenity prevails everywhere —yet let me seek the park.

Villette is one blaze, one broad illumination , the whole world seems abroad moonlight and heaven are banished the town, by her own flambeau, beholds her own splendour—gaily dresses, grand equipages, fine horses, and gallant riders throng the bright streets. I see even scores of masks It is a

strange scene, stranger than dreams That festal night would have been safe for a very child Half the peasantry had come in from the outlying environs of Villette, and the decent burghers were all abroad and around, dressed in their best My straw hat passed amidst cap and jacket, short petticoat, and long calico mantle, without, perhaps, attracting a glance, I only took the precaution to bend down the broid leaf gipsy wise, with a supplementary ribbon—and then I felt safe as if masked

Safe I passed down the avenues—safe I mixed with the crowd where it was deepest To be still was not in my power, nor quietly to observe I drank the elastic night air—the swell of sound, the dubious light, now flashing, now fading (From *Villette*, Chap. XXVIII)

### Prayer

Not always do those who dare such divine conflict prevail. Night after night the sweat of agony may burst dark on the forehead, the suppliant may cry for mercy with that soundless voice the soul utters when its appeal is to the Invisible. ‘Spare my beloved,’ it may implore. ‘Heal my life’s life Rend not from me what long affection entwines with my whole nature God of heaven—bend—hear—be clement!’ And after this cry of strife, the sun may rise to see him worsted That opening morn which used to salute him with the whisper of zephyrs, the carol of skylarks, may breathe as its first accents, from the dear lips which colour and heat have quitted—‘Oh, I have had a suffering night This morn ing I am worse I have tried to rise I cannot Dreams I am unused to have troubled me’

Then the watcher approaches the patient’s pillow and sees a new and strange moulding of the familiar features, feels at once that the insufferable moment draws nigh, knows it is God’s will his idol shall be broken, and bends his head, and subdues his soul to the sentence he cannot avert, and scarce can bear

Happy Mrs Pryor! She was still praying, unconscious that the summer sun hung above the hills, when her child softly wove in her arms No pitous unconscious moaning—sound which so wastes our strength that, even if we have sworn to be firm, a rush of unconquerable fears sweeps away the oath—preceded her waking No spicce of deaf apathy followed The first words spoken were not those of one becoming estranged from this world, and already permitted to stray at times into realms foreign to the living Caroline evidently remembered with clear ness what had happened (From *Shirley*, Chap. XXV)

### Love

‘Love a crime! No, Shirley love is a divine virtue—obtrusiveness is a crime, forwardness is a crime, and both disgust but love!—no purest angel need blush to love. And when I see or hear either man or woman couple shame with love, I know their minds are coarse, their associations debased’

‘You sacrifice three fourths of the world, Caroline.’

‘They are cold—they are cowardly—they are stupid, on the subject, Shirley! They never loved—they never were loved!’

‘Thou art right, Lina! And in their dense ignorance they blaspheme living fire, seraphs—brought from a divine altar’

‘They confound it with sparks mounting from Tophet!’ (From *Shirley*, Chap. XVII)

The Brontë literature is considerable, but practically all the facts are contained in Mrs Gaskell’s biography, edited by Clement Shorter, and in Mr Shorter’s *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle* (1886). The latter work contains many letters to Miss Nussey, W S Williams, and others. *Charlotte Brontë, a Monograph*, by T Wemess Reid (1877) is based on Miss Nussey’s letters. Some information may be obtained from *Pictures of the Past*, by F H Grundy (1879) and F A Leyland’s *The Brontë Family* (1886), but neither book is quite trustworthy Dr Wright’s work, *The Brontës in Ireland* (1893), is legendary A very convenient reprint of Miss Brontë’s letters, in chronological order, was issued by Mr J Horsfall Turner for private circulation but very few copies are extant. Mr Auguste Birrell’s little book in the Great Writers series is marked by its sense and humanity Almost all the existing material is now in print the letters to M Héger having probably been destroyed A complete edition of her Works, with Introductions by Mrs Humphry Ward, was issued in 7 vols. in 1899–1900 a complete edition, with some new matter, and Introductions by the present writer, was published in 1903. Criticisms are very numerous the most important is *A Note on Charlotte Brontë*, by Mr Swinburne (1877) A work full of judicious comment is *The Brontës Fact and Fiction*, by Angus M Mackay (1897) The *Transactions of the Brontë Society* include some valuable papers and an excellent bibliography Of the numerous critical essays among the most important are two articles on *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by Eugène Forcade (1848 and 1849); these were considered by Charlotte Brontë the best interpretations of her novels. The *Christian Remembrancer* in 1848, 1853, and 1857 published acute criticisms to one of which Miss Brontë replied (see *Christian Remembrancer*, vol. xxxv) We may note also the essays by W C Roscoe in the *National Review*, reprinted in his *Essays* (1860) Sir Leslie Stephen *Hours in a Library* (3rd series, 1879), and his article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Sir John Skelton in *Essays in History and Biography* (1883).

W ROBERTSON NICOLL

**Emily Jane Brontë** was born at Thornton in 1818, and died at Haworth on 19th December 1848, leaving behind her one imperishable novel, *Wuthering Heights*, and some poems which cannot be forgotten She was an enigma in life, she remains an enigma in death She went in infancy to the school at Cowan Bridge, and was for some time in 1836 a teacher in a school at Halifax, where she worked from six in the morning till eleven at night. Later on, she was with Charlotte during her first period at Brussels For the rest, she remained at Haworth, and is said to have been an excellent housekeeper She had no intimacies except with her sister Anne, and their correspondence has been destroyed Her two sisters, her father, her brother, her dog, and the old servant in the house were necessary to her, but she never studied their comfort nor returned their confidence It was said of her that she never showed a regard for any human creature, that all her love was reserved for animals This is an exaggeration, but her reserve was extreme She could not live away from the moors, and whenever she was absent she suffered from vehement home sickness Miss Nussey tells us that on the top of a moor or in a deep glen she was a child in spirit for glee and enjoyment, that few people had the gift of looking and smiling as she could look and smile. The only man for whom she showed any friendship was a curate, Mr Weightman She had an exceptional gift for music Her poems showed remarkable force and vigour, as well as deep feeling Her creed was never put into explicit form, but it is manifest that she was far

from adopting the doctrines of the Church. In December 1847 her novel, *Wuthering Heights*, was published by T C Newby, with her sister's story, *Agnes Grey*, the two making three volumes. Newby was a commission publisher of no high character. The sisters paid him £50, and he issued an edition of two hundred and fifty copies. Charlotte Bronte went over it carefully after Emily's death, and it is now printed with Charlotte's corrections. Emily Bronte did not live long enough to witness its recognition, she died on 19th December 1848, refusing medical advice, doggedly rejecting sympathy, and clinging passionately to life. The earlier critics of *Wuthering Heights* dwelt on its inhuman characteristics, and it obtained its first recognition from Sydney Dobell in an article published in the *Palladium*. Dobell refused to believe that Ellis Bell and Currer Bell were distinct, and urged Currer Bell to write as she wrote in *Wuthering Heights*. Though he deprecated the employment of the author's wonderful pencil on a picture so destitute of moral beauty and human worth, he declared that *Wuthering Heights* was such an elaboration of a rare and fearful form of mental disease—so terribly strong, so exquisitely subtle—with such niceties in its transitions, such intimate symptomatic truth in its details, as to be at once a psychological and medical study. The book bore everywhere the stamp of high genius, though one looked back at the whole story as to a world of brilliant figures in an atmosphere of mist. Mr Dobell's judgment was confirmed by Matthew Arnold, who wrote of Emily as one

Whose soul  
Knew no fellow for might,  
Passion, vehemence, grief,  
Daring since Byron died

Mr Swinburne in a noble panegyric reckons her the greatest genius of the Bronte sisters.

The attempts made by Dr Wright to find the origin of *Wuthering Heights* in Irish stories, and by Mrs Humphry Ward to connect the book with the German romantic movement, have failed. Equally without foundation is the story that Branwell Bronte had a share in the book. Charlotte Bronte writes after his death: 'My unhappy brother never knew what his sisters had done in literature—he was not aware that they had ever published anything.' She also points out that her sisters wrote from the impulse of nature, the dictates of intuition, and their stores of observation. Emily Bronte remains the sphinx of literature.

#### Distraction.

She found childish diversion in pulling the feathers from the rents she had just made, and ranging them on the sheet according to their different species her mind had strayed to other associations.

'That's a turkey's,' she murmured to herself, 'and this is a wild duck's, and this is a pigeon's. Ah, they put pigeons' feathers in the pillows—no wonder I couldn't die! Let me take care to throw it on the floor

when I lie down. And here is a moor cock's, and this—I should know it among a thousand—it's a lapwing's Bonny bird, wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor! It wanted to get to its nest, for the clouds had touched the swells, and it felt rain coming. This feather was picked up from the heath, the bird was not shot we saw its nest in the winter, full of little skeletons. Heath cliff set a trap over it, and the old one, dired not come. I made him promise he'd never shoot a lapwing after that, and he didn't. Yes, here are more! Did he shoot my lapwings, Nelly? Are they red, any of them? Let me look'

'Give over that baby work,' I interrupted, dragging the pillow away and turning the holes towards the mattress, for she was removing its contents by handfuls. 'Lie down and shut your eyes you're wandering There's a mess! The down is flying about like snow'

I went here and there collecting it

'I see in you, Nelly,' she continued dreamily, 'an aged woman you have grey hair and bent shoulders. This bed is the fury cave under Penistone Crags, and you are gathering elf bolts to hurt our heifers, pretending, while I am near, that they are only locks of wool. That's what you'll come to fifty years hence. I know you are not so now. I'm not wandering you're mistaken, or else I should believe you really were that withered hag, and I should think I was under Penistone Crags, and I'm conscious it's night, and there are two candles on the table making the black press shine like jet.'

(From *Wuthering Heights*, Chap. XII.)

#### The Old Stoic

Riches I hold in light esteem,  
And Love I laugh to scorn,  
And lust of fame was but a dream,  
That vanished with the morn

And if I pray, the only prayer  
That moves my lips for me  
Is, 'Leave the heart that now I bear,  
And give me liberty'  
Yes, as my swift days near their goal,  
'Tis all that I implore,  
In life and death, a chainless soul,  
With courage to endure.

Anne Bronte would have been forgotten if it had not been for her sisters. Born at Thornton in 1819, she died at Scarborough in May 1849. She had two unhappy experiences as a governess, but, with the exception of a visit to London, she only once left her native county. She was in every way more normal than her sisters, gentle, pleasing in appearance, and intellectually commonplace. She was devoutly evangelical, but declined to believe in the doctrine of eternal punishment. Her two books, *Agnes Grey* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, have value as throwing light on the Bronte experience, in some of her religious poems she rises above mediocrity. But it is perhaps to be regretted that her novels, especially *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, should continue to be reprinted. This was Charlotte Bronte's opinion. Anne had none of the power and fire of her sisters, but was almost as taciturn as they.

Practically everything that is known of Emily Brontë is to be found in Chapter VI of Mr Shorter's *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*. The Preface by Charlotte Brontë for the reprint of *Wuthering Heights* in 1850 is singularly affecting. Mr Dobell's article appeared in the *Palladium* for September 1850, the *Palladium* was an Edinburgh magazine written mainly by members of the spasmodic school. It is reprinted in his *Biography* (vol. 1 p. 163). Some of Emily's school exercises appear in *The Woman at Home* (vol. ii. p. 445). The volume on Fanny Brontë by A. M. F. Robinson is of little value, and is mainly concerned with Branwell Brontë. For Anne reference may be made to Currer Bell's biographical notice, and to the chapter in Mr Shorter's book.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL

**Mrs Gaskell** (ELIZABETH CLEGHORN STEVENSON) was born in Lindsay Row, now part of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on 29th September 1810. She was the daughter, by his first marriage, of William Stevenson, an ex-Unitarian minister, who, after a chequered career, had settled as Keeper of the Records to the Treasury in London. Her mother, who was a Miss Holland, daughter of Mr Holland of Sandlebridge in Cheshire, died within a month after the child's birth. The infant was transferred almost immediately to the care of her mother's sister, Mrs Lumb, at Knutsford in Cheshire, a quaint little country-town about fifteen miles from Manchester. Knutsford is the place she afterwards described as Crinfold in her book bearing that title, and as Hollingsford in *Wives and Daughters*, there Mrs Gaskell spent most of her childhood and girlhood, growing up a beautiful and accomplished girl. She was two years a pupil in a school at Stratford-on-Avon, and paid lengthened visits to London, Edinburgh, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. On 30th August 1832 she was married to the Rev. William Gaskell, minister of Cross Street Unitarian Chapel, Manchester. Her first publication was a poem, written in conjunction with her husband and published in *Blackwood*, January 1837, under the title 'Sketches among the Poor'. It was followed by a sketch of Clopton Hall near Stratford-on-Avon, contributed to William Howitt's book, *Visits to Remarkable Places* (1838). In 1847 she finished her first novel, *Mary Barton*, the scene was laid in Manchester, and the book dealt with the period of distress which suggested Disraeli's *Sybil*. Her aim was to represent the thoughts and feelings of the workman. The novel appeared anonymously in 1848, and was received with enthusiasm, winning the praise of Miss Edgeworth, Carlyle, and Landor. Early in 1850 Dickens invited Mrs Gaskell's co-operation in his new venture, *Household Words*, and the first number contained the beginning of a short story, 'Lizzie Leigh'. This was followed by many short stories and articles covering a long period. Her second important novel, *Ruth*, though written with more finish than *Mary Barton*, dealt, perhaps unsuccessfully, with a difficult ethical problem, and was less popular. Her most enduring work, *Cranford*, appeared irregularly in *Household Words* from 1851 to 1853. It sold slowly, but its place in English literature is assured. It shows a specially clear and tender comprehension of a calm autumnal

existence, as clear as Miss Austen's and much more tender, it had a marked effect on the early work of George Eliot. More ambitious was her next novel, *North and South*, published in 1855, which returns to the problem of the working classes. In 1857 Mrs Gaskell published her biography of Charlotte Brontë, based on personal knowledge and full and accurate investigation, and written with conspicuous skill and charm. Recent investigations have only confirmed its substantial truth. It must be admitted, however, that Mrs Gaskell showed herself singularly reckless in her treatment of living people, and she had to withdraw various passages under threat



MRS GASKELL

From a Drawing by G. Richmond R.A. in the possession of  
Miss Gaskell, Manchester

of libel. In 1859 she published a volume of short stories, under the title *My Lady Ludlow. Sylvia's Lovers* (1863), which is perhaps the least satisfactory of her novels, depends for its story on the press gang at the close of the eighteenth century, its scene being laid in Whitby. To 1863 also belongs the beautiful little idyl, *Cousin Phillis*. Mrs Gaskell's last story, *Wives and Daughters*, is her fullest and ripest, but she did not live to finish it. On Sunday, 12th November 1865, without a moment's warning, she died from disease of the heart, in the company of her daughters, and at the country house at Holybourne, Hampshire, which she had purchased with the proceeds of her last book. Mrs Gaskell wrote many articles, which have never been collected, in *All the Year Round*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Her short stories have been collected in several volumes, and the complete edition of her novels and tales was issued in eight volumes in 1872-73. Though not a writer of

the first rank, she succeeded more than most in measuring her powers and in achieving her ambitions. Her work moves between the manufacturing cities and the quiet country towns, and she is more successful in the latter than in the former, her effects are produced by a multitude of tender and delicate touches, rather than by dark shadows or brilliant lights. No one describes like her a society where the stage of life to which belonged vivid passion, forcible incident, and absorbing motives has passed by for the principal personages of her story, and has not yet arrived for the secondary characters.

There is no authorised Life of Mrs Gaskell, but see *Mrs Gaskell* by Miss Flora Masson (1903), the article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by the same writer, and that in the *Dictionary of National Biography* by Dr A. W. Ward. The best criticism is by William Minto in the *Fortnightly Review* (vol. xxii.) See also the obituary notice in the *Saturday Review* (1865) by Mr John Morley (†).

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL

pathos, and sympathy are conspicuous characteristics, perhaps the ballads best show her power to move. She wrote many admirable stories for and about children, like *Mopsa the Fairy* (5th ed. 1891) and *Stories told to Children*, and a series of successful novels, amongst them *Off the Shetlands* (1872), *Fated to be Free* (1875), *Don John* (1876), and *Sarah de Breslauer* (1879). A one volume edition of her poems was issued in 1898, *Some Recollections of Jean Ingelow*, published anonymously, appeared in 1901.

**Eliza Cook** (1818-89), daughter of a London brazier, contributed to magazines from an early age, and issued volumes of poetry in 1835 (*Lays of a Wild Harp*), 1838, 1864, and 1865. For five years she conducted *Eliza Cook's Journal* (1849-1854), and reissued great part of her contributions to it in *Jottings from my Journal* (1860). *Diamond Dust* (1865) contained aphorisms and apophthegms, her last book of verse, *New Echoes*, had appeared in 1864. 'The Englishman' ('There's a land that bears a well known name'), and 'The Rover's Song' ('I'm afloat—I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide') are among her most successful things. 'The Old Arm-Chair,' 'God Speed the Plough,' and 'The Raising of the Maypole' also appealed to a wide audience, but many of her poems are very conventional and wooden. She sometimes affected a kind of imitation Scotch, apostrophised 'Charlie O'Ross, w' the sloe black een,' as 'the laddie wha blithely comes woorin' o' me,' and celebrated Burns's memory in stanzas with the refrain 'Oh, bonnie sweet Robin is nae dead and gane.'

**Adelaide Ann Procter** (1825-64) inherited her poetic gift from her father, B. W. Procter ('Barry Cornwall,' see page 227), and at eighteen as contributor to a *Book of Beauty* was writing verses. But most of her poems were published in *Household Words* (from 1853) and *All the Year Round*, though Dickens, her father's friend, did not for some time know who was the 'Miss Berwick' from whom her verses professedly came. Her poems were collected in two volumes, *Legends and Lyrics*, in 1858, a tenth edition appeared in 1866, and there were reprints in 1895, 1900, and 1901. Miss Procter, who became a Roman Catholic in 1851, took a lively interest in schemes for furthering the well-being of working women. The later years of her life were clouded by sickness, and she died of consumption after a long illness. Amongst the best known of her narrative poems are the legends of Provence and of Bregenz, 'The Angel's Story,' and 'The Story of a Faithful Soul.' Most of her best poetry is of a serious cast. 'Cleansing Fires' and 'The Lost Chord,' familiar household words, are more solemn and significant than many hymns, and 'The Message' is grave and tender. Of her actual hymns two in common use are 'I do not ask, O Lord,' and 'My God, I thank Thee who hast made.'



JEAN INGELOW

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons

**Jean Ingelow** (1820-97) was the daughter of a banker at Boston in Lincolnshire, her mother being of Aberdeenshire stock, and lived in the fen country or at Ipswich till about 1863, when she settled permanently in London. Her first efforts in verse were published anonymously as *A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings* (1850). It was her second volume of *Poems* (1863), which ran through four impressions in a year, that revealed her gift and her accomplishment—seen especially perhaps in 'High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire in 1571.' Much of her poetry is of a religious, introspective cast, simplicity, grace, tenderness,

### George Eliot

is the name by which the great English novelist, MARY ANN or MARIAN EVANS, elected to be known as an author. The youngest daughter of the second family of Robert Evans, a Warwickshire land agent, she was born at Arbury Farm, near Nuneaton, on the 22nd November 1819. Four months later her father removed to the farm of Griff, 'a charming, red-brick, ivy-covered house,' and this was her home for the first twenty one years of her life. Evans was a man of strongly marked and strenuous character, many of the leading traits of which were transferred by his daughter to Adam Bede and Caleb Farth, and of the life at Griff, many of the features are given in the sketch of Maggie Tulliver's and Tom's childhood in *The Mill on the Floss*, especially her relation to her brother Isaac. Between five and nine she was at school at Attleboro, then at Nuneaton, and between thirteen and sixteen at Coventry. She lost her mother, whom she loved devotedly, in 1836, and from the marriage of her elder sister Christiana (1837) took entire charge of her father's house. Masters came over from Coventry to teach her German, Italian, and music, and of music she was passionately fond throughout life. She was also an immense reader. Her worship for Scott dated, she tells us, from the age of seven, 'and afterwards when I was grown up and living alone with my father, I was able to make the evenings cheerful for him during the last five or six years of his life by reading aloud to him Scott's novels.' In 1841 her brother Isaac married and took Griff, and her father removed to Coventry, where she became acquainted with Charles Bray, a writer on the philosophy of necessity from the phrenological standpoint, and with his brother in-law, Charles Hennell, who had published in 1838 a rationalistic *Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity*. Evangelicalism had a strong hold on her from fifteen to two and-twenty, and she seems at first to have hoped to convert her new friends, but by 1842 she had so greatly offended her father by refusing to go to church that he threatened to break up his household and go to live with his married daughter. Subsequently she withdrew her objection to church-going, and the breach was avoided. At the opening of 1844 the work of translating Strauss's *Leben Jesu* was transferred from Mrs Hennell to Marian Evans, and at this she worked laboriously and in very scholar-like fashion until its publication in 1846. Her father died in May 1849, and in June she went abroad with Mr and Mrs Bray, who left her at Geneva. In March 1850 she returned to England, and began to write for the *Westminster Review*, and in September 1851 she became its assistant-editor and the centre of a literary circle, two of whose members were Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewes (q.v.). It was then that she translated Fuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*, the only book that bore her real name.

Gradually her intimacy with Mr Lewes grew, and in 1854 she formed a connection with him which lasted until his death in 1878. In the July of that year they went abroad together, staying three months at Weimar, where Lewes was preparing for his *Life of Goethe*. After a longer stay at Berlin, they returned and took up their abode first at Dover, then at East Sheen, and finally at Richmond. At Berlin she had read to him a bit of description of life in a farmhouse, and to Lewes's influence the impulse to novel writing is almost certainly due, but if we judge from the defects of Lewes's own novels, we may doubt whether his influence on her work was



GEORGE ELIOT

From the Etching by P. Rajon after Sir F. Burton's Drawing,  
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altogether for good. In 1856 she attempted her first story, *The Sad Fortunes of the Rev Amos Barton*, it came out in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1857, and at once showed that a new author of great power had risen. *Mr Gilfil's Love Story* and *Jane's Repentance* followed, the former based on an Arbury episode. All three were reprinted as *Scenes from Clerical Life* (1857), 'by George Eliot,' that pseudonym being adopted 'because George was Mr Lewes's Christian name, and Eliot was a good mouth filling, easily pronounced name.' The brilliant story of *Adam Bede* (1859) had the most marvellous success, but, to George Eliot's amazement and annoyance, a Mr Liggins, who had lived in the same district of the Midlands as herself, laid the effrontery to claim the authorship, and Mr Blackwood had actually to intervene ere Liggins was discredited. *The Mill on the Floss* (1860) is, as has been said, largely autobiographical in its earlier part, but its 'St Ogg's' is Gainsborough, which George Eliot visited in September

1859 *Silas Marner* (1861), *Romola* (1863), and *Felix Holt, the Radical* (1866), appeared next in succession. *Romola*, a story of Florence in Savonarola's time, appeared originally in the *Cornhill*, and brought her £7000. Her first poem, *The Spanish Gypsy* (1868), was followed next year by *Agatha, The Legend of Jubal*, and *Armgaard*, and in 1871-1872 appeared *Middlemarch*, by some considered her greatest work. After that *Daniel Deronda* (1876), a Jewish story, showed a marked falling off, so, too, did *Impressions of Theophrastus Such* (1879), a volume of somewhat miscellaneous essays. *Essays and Leaves from a Notebook* (1884) consisted of old articles from the *Westminster*, *Fraser's*, and other serials.

After the death of Mr Lewes in 1878 George Eliot, who was always exceedingly dependent on some one person for affection and support, fell into a very melancholy state, from which she was roused by the solicitous kindness and attention of Mr John Cross, a friend of her own and of Mr Lewes's since 1869, and to him she was married on the 6th May 1880. Their married life lasted but a few months; she died in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on the 22nd December of the same year, and is buried in Highgate Cemetery, in the grave next to that of Mr Lewes.

As a novelist, George Eliot will probably always stand among the greatest of the English school, above Richardson, whom she greatly admired, and with whose prunstiking and elaborate style of portraiture she had something in common, though in her preference for studies taken from simple rural life, from commonplace subjects so delineated as to bring out the humorous side of human shortcomings and the overwhelming power of pitiable passions, she approached nearer to the still greater genius of Fielding. But her mind had not the movement and vivacity of Fielding's. If it had had that movement, that elasticity, that freedom of life in it, her genius would probably have shown itself much earlier than it did, and not waited till she was close upon forty before it betrayed even its existence. In early life she seems to have given her whole mind to the higher problems of life, and to have declared them virtually insoluble before she took refuge in portraying the disappointments, the breakdowns, the narrow discontents, as well as the generous hopes and unsatisfied ideals of other human beings. Having accepted with her usual too great docility the negative view of those who held that Christianity is a mere dream dreamt in the idealising mood of eager human aspiration, she passed on sidly to a pitying study of man in the frame of mind of one who is determined to make the best of a bad business. And she extracted, perhaps, from our human lot all the good that it is possible for any one to extract from it who has once come deliberately to the conclusion that, though something may be done to elevate, and a good deal to alleviate it, and though not a little amusement may be

extracted from it, yet that no power can really transfigure it, and that the more modest the aim, the less serious will be the inevitable disappointment. This subdued tone of regret that the highest human endeavour is destined to be baffled runs through all her tales, and it can hardly be doubted that their pervading melancholy is at least in some degree due to the false step which she herself, under the influence of a negative school of religious thought, had deliberately taken, when she sacrificed her own life to the ends of a connection out of which most of the joy, and almost all the sacredness, were taken by the unnatural and morally humiliating circumstances under which she entered upon it. It was greatly to her credit that in spite of these circumstances she steadily refused to lower the moral ideal at which she aimed, though she pursued it with scanty hope and without the assistance of the faintest trust in the help of any higher power.

George Eliot's mind was one of extraordinary reflective power, but deficient in vivid personal instincts. She notices in *Silas Marner* how slowly impressions grow up within us, and how little we are sometimes aware of the origin of even those impressions which are destined to produce the greatest effects upon our character and external life. 'Our consciousness,' she says, 'rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us. There have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.' Her *Life and Letters* appear to show that the slow and long drawn melancholy and somewhat artificial condition of self-repression in which she lived grew upon her more and more as 'the sap circulated' and fed her ideal of the true relation of husband and wife. In story after story she attempted to impress upon others the absolute sacredness of the relations to which her own action had apparently shown her to be indifferent. Her most impressive stories, *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda* were all penetrated with the desire to show how selfish and desecrating what is called love may be without marriage, and how equally selfish and desecrating marriage may be without love, yet at every return to that subject there seems to be, in her treatment of the theme, less of hopefulness, less of awe, less of testimony to the sharp remorse which follows wrong doing, less of vivid instinct, more of the tone of tragic warning, more of a tendency to acquiescence in inevitable misery.

Her studies of English farmers and tradesmen and of the lower middle class of the Midland counties are hardly surpassed in English literature, and give us at least as good a view of the life of the Midland counties, as masterly and full length portraits of the slow-moving, beef consuming, habit-ridden population of those counties in the earlier nineteenth century, as Sir Walter Scott

has given us of the Borders and Highlands in older days, with their wilder and more adventurous people. But there is a great difference in method between the two novelists, corresponding pretty closely to the difference between their favourite subjects. Sir Walter loved to show his favourites embarked in perilous adventures. George Eliot, on the other hand, is seldom so successful as when she patiently develops her characters in rather slow but humorous dialogue—such dialogue as Shakespeare loved to interpolate in his plays when he chose to show us how the ‘Goodman Dull’ of the Midlands talked away in his stupid but comfortable self-satisfaction. Perhaps now and then she a little overdoes this microscopic view of inarticulate natures. In that curious short story of hers, *The Lifted Veil*, she gives a picture of a man with a quite preternatural insight into the vagrant and frivolous background of the minds of those amongst whom he lives, who is made to complain of ‘the obtrusion on my mind of the mental process going forward in first one person and then another, with whom I happened to be in contact, the vagrant, frivolous ideas and emotions of some uninteresting acquaintance would force themselves on my consciousness like an importunate, ill-played musical instrument, or the loud activity of an imprisoned insect.’ Had not George Eliot herself some curious gift of the same kind? She seems sometimes to have had the buzz of dull but excited gossip almost revealed to her by a kind of disagreeable intuition, and to have written it down at too great length in order to rid herself of its leaden predominance over her imagination.

At all events, she is greatly inferior to Scott in play and richness of pictorial imagination, in rapidity of movement, and in warmth of colour. *Romola*, her one historical romance—though it is full of subtlety of conception, contains some very striking figures, and is painted with a surprising minuteness of realistic detail—is a doubtful success. Sir Walter Scott never failed in making the chief historical figure of his historical romances the most interesting figure in his group. George Eliot did not thus succeed in printing *Syonians*; it was in *Tito and Tessi* that she achieved her great successes. As regards the historical background of *Romola*, one can hardly say that it holds its place at all as compared with even the least successful historical romance of Sir Walter Scott. George Eliot’s imagination was not buoyant enough to travel back into these far regions of history, and create them anew for us, nor does her story move rapidly enough to make up for the difficulty of transporting our sympathies to so distant a region. We miss the vividness and we miss the action which are needful for the art of historical romance.

In her poetry, too, George Eliot falls far short of Sir Walter Scott; she is sombre, stately, even Miltonic after a fashion of her own, but Miltonic

without Milton’s felicity and charm. She is as grandiose as Milton without being as grand. Sometimes she attains true grandeur—though not Milton’s sweet and winning grandeur—as in her delineation of the selfishness that remained at the heart even of the inspired musician Jubal:

This little pulse of self that living glowed  
Through thrice three centuries, and divinely strowed  
The light of music through the vague of sound,  
Ached smallness, still in good that had no bound

Usually she falls quite short of true grandeur in her poetry, and seems to be impressive without actually impressing the reader. The rhythm is laboured, the thought is laboured, the feeling is laboured, and the effect is more trifacial than artistic.

Perhaps the most curious feature of George Eliot’s genius is that she wrote so very much better and with so much more ease when she was writing dramatically than she did when she was writing her own thoughts in her own name. There is hardly a good letter—considered as a letter—in the whole three volumes, made up chiefly out of her letters, which Mr Cross gave to the world. There is, on the contrary, hardly an ineffective speech put into the mouth of any of the characters whom she delineated in her novels. Sir Walter Scott has given us a far larger proportion of effectively painted characters than George Eliot, though also a greater number of effectively painted characters. There is hardly a country squire, or dairy maid, or poacher, or innkeeper, or country lad or lass to whom George Eliot does not give a thoroughly individual voice, but when she comes to speak for herself, her voice is measured, artificial, monotonous, and a little over sweet. Her letters read as if they were turned out by machinery, though machinery invented by some gently intellectual and laborious mind. Scott’s letters are delightful reading, Miss Brontë’s are full of interest, even Miss Austen’s, though they disappointed everybody, give the impression of a lively and observant mind. But George Eliot’s have no freedom or personal stamp upon them, unless the absence of personal feeling be itself a personal stamp. It almost seems as if her mind had been intended more as an instrument for interpreting the minds of others, more as a phonograph through the agency of which the natures of all the various interlocutors with whom she met could be delicately registered and made to report themselves to the world, than as a distinct organ of her own taste and purpose. George Eliot is in the highest degree original in her power of interpreting others, but she gives an effect of faded second hand savour when she comes to interpret herself. Nevertheless she will be named in the same category with Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, perhaps even above Miss Austen, if only for the richness and quantity of her admirable work.

## George Eliot

## Death of Mrs Barton

The following Wednesday, when Mr and Mrs Hackit were seated comfortably by their bright hearth, enjoying the long afternoon afforded by an early dinner, Rachel, the housemaid, came in and said—

'If you please 'm, the shepherd says, have you heard as Mrs Burton's wuss, and not expected to live?'

Mrs Hackit turned pale, and hurried out to question the shepherd, who, she found, had heard the sad news at an alehouse in the village. Mr Hackit followed her out and said, 'You'd better have the pony chuse, and go directly.'

'Yes, and Mrs Hackit, too much overcome to utter any exclamations. 'Rachel, come in help me on wi my things. When her husband was wrapping her clo' round her feet in the pony chuse, she said—

'If I don't come home to night I shall s'nd back the pony chuse, and you'll know I'm wanted there.'

'Yes, yes.' It was a bright frosty day and by the time Mrs Hackit arrived at the Vicarage the sun was near its setting. There was a carriage and four standing at the gate, which she recognised as Dr Madeley's, the physician from Rotherby. She entered at the Kitchen door that she might avoid惊动ing and quietly questioned Nanny no one in the kitchen but passing on she saw the sitting room door open, and Nanny with Walter in her arms removing the knives and forks which had been laid for dinner three hours ago.

'Mister says he can't eat no dinner was Nanny's first word. 'He's never tasted nothin sin yesterda' mornin' but a cup o' tea.'

'When was your missis took worse?

'O Monday night. They sent for Dr Madeley i' the middle o' the day yesterday, an' he's here yean now.'

'Is the baby alive?'

'No, it died last night. The children's ill at Mrs Bond's. She come and took 'em in last night but the master says they must be fetched soon. He's up stairs now, wi Dr Madeley and Mr Brand.'

At this moment Mrs Hackit heard the sound of a heavy, slow foot, in the passage, and presently Amos, unshaven. He expected to find the sitting room as he left it, with nothing to meet his eyes but Millie's woful basket in the corner of the sofa, and the children's toys overturned in the bow window. But when he saw Mrs Hackit come towards him with answering sorrow in her face, the pent up fountain of tears was opened, he threw himself on the sofa, hid his face, and sobbed aloud.

'Bear up, Mr Parson,' Mrs Hackit ventured to say at last. 'bear up, for the sake o' them dear children.'

'The children,' said Amos, starting up. 'They must be sent for. Some one must fetch them. Millie will want to—'

He couldn't finish the sentence, but Mrs Hackit understood him, and said, 'I'll send the man with the pony carriage for 'em.'

She went out to give the order, and encountered Dr Madeley and Mr Brand, who were just going

Mrs Hackit. 'I am very glad to see you are here, children. Mrs Barton wants to see them.'

'Do you quite give her up, then?' 'She can hardly live through the night. She begged

us to tell her how long she had to live, and then asked for the children.'

The pony carriage was sent, and Mrs Hackit returned to Mr Burton's room, and she would like to go upstairs now. He went upstairs with her and opened the door. The chamber fronted the west, the sun was just setting and the red light fell full upon the bed, where Millie lay with the hand of death visibly upon her. The scatter bed had been removed, and she lay low on a mattress with her head lightly raised by pillows. Her long fair hair seemed to be straggling with a painful effort her features were pallid and pinched, and her eyes were closed. There was no one in the room but the two girls. The mistress of the free school, who had come to the help from the beginning of the change Amos, and Mrs Hackit stood beside the bed, and Millie opened her eyes.

'My darling, Mr Hackit is come to see you. Millie smiled and looked at her with thin strained face off to which belongs to old age and pain.

'Are the children coming?' she said timidly.

'Yes, they will be here directly. She set her eyes on me.

'Presently the pony carriage was heard, and Amos motioned to Mr. Hackit to follow him. I fit it to their way down stairs we could see that the carriage should remain to take them away afterwards, and Amos entered.

There they stood in the mercifully quiet room—the six sweet children, from Patti to Chubbin—all with their mothers eyes all except Patti looking up with awe, as their father as he entered. Patti uttered a shriek, as she heard her papa footsteps, tried to catch her sob as she heard her papa footsteps, 'My children, said Amos, taking Chubbin in his arms.

'God is going to take you, your dear mamma from us. She wants to see you to say good bye. You must try to be very good and not cry. He could say no more but turned round to see if Nanny was there with Walter, and then led the way upstairs, leaving Dickie with the other half. Mrs Hackit followed with Sophie and Patti and then came Nanny with Walter and Fred.

It seemed as if Millie had heard the little footsteps on the stairs, for when Amos entered her eyes were wide open, eagerly looking towards the door. They all stood by the bedside—Amo nearest to her holding Chubbin and Dickie. But she motioned for Patti to come first and clasping the poor pale child by the hand, said—

'Patti, I'm going to you from you. Love your papa. Comfort him and take care of your little brothers and sisters. God will help you.'

Patti stood perfectly quiet, and said, 'Yes, mamma.' The mother motioned with her pallid lips for the dear child to lean towards her and kiss her, and then Patti's great anguish overcame her, and she burst into sobs. Amos drew her towards him and pressed her head gently to him, while Millie beckoned Fred and Sophie, and said to them more faintly—

'Patti will try to be your mamma when I am gone, my darlings. You will be good and not vex her.' They leaned towards her, and she stroked their fur heads, and kissed their tear-stained cheeks. They cried because mamma was ill and papa looked so unhappy, but they thought perhaps next week things would be better, they used to be again.

The little ones were listed on the bed to kiss her Little Walter said, 'Mamma, mamma,' and stretched out his fat arms and smiled, and Chubby seemed gravely wondering, but Dickey, who had been looking fixedly at her, with lip hanging down, ever since he came into the room, now seemed suddenly pierced with the idea that mamma was going away somewhere, his little heart swelled and he cried aloud

Then Mrs Hackit and Nanny took them all away Patty at first begged to stay at home and not go to Mrs Bond's again, but when Nanny reminded her that she had better go to take care of the younger ones, she submitted at once, and they were all packed in the pony carriage once more.

Milly kept her eyes shut for some time after the children were gone Amos had sunk on his knees, and was holding her hand while he watched her face By and by she opened her eyes, and, drawing him close to her, whispered slowly—

'My dear—dear—husband—you have been—very—good to me. You—have—made me—very—happy'

She spoke no more for many hours They watched her breathing becoming more and more difficult, until evening deepened into night, and until midnight was past About half past twelve she seemed to be trying to speak, and they leaned to catch her words.

'Music—music—didn't you hear it?'

Amos knelt by the bed and held her hand in his He did not believe in his sorrow It was a bad dream He did not know when she was gone. But Mr Brand, whom Mrs Hackit had sent for before twelve o'clock, thinking that Mr Barton might probably need his help, now came up to him, and said—

'She feels no more pain now Come, my dear sir, come with me.'

'She isn't dead?' shrieked the poor desolate man, struggling to shake off Mr Brand, who had taken him by the arm But his weary, weakened frame was not equal to resistance, and he was dragged out of the room

(From *The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton*)

#### Mr Tulliver and the Uncles and Aunts

'Why,' said Mr Tulliver, not looking at Mrs Glegg, but at the male part of his audience, 'you see, I've made up my mind not to bring Tom up to my own business I've had my thoughts about it all along, and I made up my mind by what I saw with Garnett and his son I mean to put him to some business, as he can go into without capital, and I want to give him an eddication as he'll be even wi' the lawyers and folks, and put me up to a notion now an' then'

Mrs Glegg emitted a long sort of guttural sound with closed lips, that smiled in mingled pity and scorn

'It 'ud be a fine deal better for some people,' she said after that introductory note, 'if they'd let the lawyers alone'

'Is he at the head of a grammar school, then, this clergyman—such as that at Market Bewley?' said Mr Deane.

'No—nothing o' that,' said Mr Tulliver 'He won't take more than two or three pupils—and so he'll have the more time to attend to 'em, you know'

'Ah, and get his eddication done the sooner they can't learn much at a time when there's so many of 'em,' said Uncle Pullet, feeling that he was getting quite an insight into this difficult matter

'But he'll want the more pay, I doubt,' said Mr Glegg

'Ay, ay, a cool hundred a year—that's all,' said Mr Tulliver, with some pride at his own spirited course 'But then, you know, it's an investment, Tom's eddication 'ull be so much capital to him'

'Ay, there's something in that,' said Mr Glegg 'Well, well, neighbour Tulliver, you may be right, you may be right'

'When land is gone and money's spent,  
Then learning is most excellent'

I remember seeing those two lines wrote on a window at Buxton But us that have got no learning had better keep our money, eh, neighbour Pullet?' Mr Glegg rubbed his knees and looked very pleasant

'Mr Glegg, I wonder at you,' said his wife. 'It's very unbecoming in a man o' your age and belongings'

'What's unbecoming, Mrs G?' said Mr Glegg, winking pleasantly at the company 'My new blue coat as I've got on'

'I pity your weakness, Mr Glegg I say it's unbecoming to be making a joke when you set your own kin going headlong to ruin'

'If you mean me by that,' said Mr Tulliver, considerably nettled, 'you needn't trouble yourself to fret about me I can manage my own affairs without troubling other folks'

'Bless me,' said Mr Deane, judiciously introducing a new idea, 'why, now I come to think of it, somebody said Wakem was going to send his son—the deformed lad—to a clergyman, didn't they, Susan?' (appealing to his wife)

'I can give no account of it, I'm sure,' said Mrs Deane, closing her lips very tightly again Mrs Deane was not a woman to take part in a scene where muskets were flying

'Well,' said Mr Tulliver, speaking all the more cheerfully, that Mrs Glegg might see he didn't mind her, 'if Wakem thinks o' sending his son to a clergyman, depend on it I shall make no mistake i' sending Tom to one Wakem's as big a scoundrel as Old Harry ever made, but he knows the length of every man's foot he's got to deal with Ay, ay, tell me who's Wakem's butcher, and I'll tell you where to get your meat'

'But lawyer Wakem's son's got a hump back,' said Mrs Pullet, who felt as if the whole business had a funeral aspect, 'it's more nat'r'al to send him to a clergyman'

'Yes,' said Mr Glegg, interpreting Mrs Pullet's observation with erroneous plausibility, 'you must consider that, neighbour Tulliver, Wakem's son isn't likely to follow any business. Wakem 'ull make a gentleman of him, poor fellow'

'Mr Glegg,' said Mrs G, in a tone which implied that her indignation would fizz and ooze a little, though she was determined to keep it corked up, 'you'd far better hold your tongue Mr Tulliver doesn't want to know your opinion nor mine neither There's folks in the world as know better than everybody else'

'Why, I should think that's you, if we're to trust your own tale,' said Mr Tulliver, beginning to boil up again.

'O, I say nothing,' said Mrs Glegg sarcastically 'My advice has never been asked, and I don't give it'

'It'll be the first time, then,' said Mr Tulliver 'It's the only thing you're over ready at giving'

'I've been over ready at lending, then, if I haven't been over ready at giving,' said Mrs Glegg. 'There's folk I've lent money to, as perhaps I shall repent o' lending money to kin.'

'Come, come, come,' said Mr Glegg soothingly. But Mr Tulliver was not to be hindered of his retort.

'You've got a bond for it, I reckon,' he said, 'and you've had your five per cent, kin or no kin.'

'Sister,' said Mrs Tulliver pleadingly, 'drink your wine, and let me give you some almonds and raisins.'

'Bessy, I'm sorry for you,' said Mrs Glegg, very much with the feeling of a cur that seizes the opportunity of diverting his bark towards the man who carries no stick. 'It's poor work, talking o' almonds and raisins.'

'Lors, sister Glegg, don't be so quarrelsome,' said Mrs Pullet, beginning to cry a little. 'You may be struck with a fit, getting so red in the face after dinner, and we are but just out o' mourning, all of us—and all wi' gowns draped alike and just put by—it's very bad among sisters.'

'I should think it is bad,' said Mrs Glegg. 'Things are come to a fine pass when one sister invites the other to her house o' purpose to quarrel with her and abuse her.'

'Softly, softly, Jane—be reasonable—be reasonable,' said Mr Glegg.

But while he was speaking, Mr Tulliver, who had by no means said enough to satisfy his anger, burst out again.

'Who wants to quarrel with you?' he said. 'It's you as can't let people alone, but must be gnawing at 'em for ever. I should never want to quarrel with any woman, if she kept her place.'

'My place, indeed!' said Mrs Glegg, getting rather more shrill. 'There's your betters, Mr Tulliver, as are dead and in their grave, treated me with a different sort o' respect to what you do—*though* I've got a husband as'll sit by and see me abused by them as ud never ha' had the chance if there hadn't been them in our family as married worse than they might ha' done.'

'If you talk o' that,' said Mr Tulliver, 'my family's as good as yours—and better, for it hasn't got a damned ill-tempered woman in it.'

'Well!' said Mrs Glegg, rising from her chair, 'I don't know whether you think it's a fine thing to sit by and hear me swore at, Mr Glegg, but I'm not going to stay a minute longer in this house. You can stay behind, and come home with the gig—and I'll walk home.'

'Dear heart, dear heart!' said Mr Glegg in a melancholy tone, as he followed his wife out of the room.

'Mr Tulliver, how could you talk so?' said Mrs Tulliver, with the tears in her eyes.

'Let her go,' said Mr Tulliver, too hot to be damped by any amount of tears. 'Let her go, and the sooner the better she won't be trying to domineer over me again in a hurry.'

(From *The Mill on the Floss*)

#### A Conversation in the 'Rainbow'

The conversation, which was at a high pitch of animation when Silas approached the door of the 'Rainbow,' had, as usual, been slow and intermittent when the company first assembled. The pipes began to be puffed in a silence which had an air of severity, the more important customers, who drank spirits and sat nearest the

fire, staring at each other as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked, while the beer drinkers, chiefly men in fustian jackets and smock frocks, kept their eyelids down and rubbed their hands across their mouths, as if their draughts of beer were a funeral duty attended with embarrassing sadness. At last Mr Snell, the landlord, a man of a neutral disposition, accustomed to stand aloof from human differences as those of beings who were all alike in need of liquor, broke silence, by saying in a doubtful tone to his cousin the butcher:

'Some folks ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Bob?'

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, was not disposed to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat and replied, 'And they wouldn't be fur wrong, John.'

After this feeble delusive thaw, the silence set in as severely as before.

'Was it a red Durham?' said the farrier, taking up the thread of discourse after the lapse of a few minutes.

The farrier looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at the butcher, as the person who must take the responsibility of answering.

'Red it was,' said the butcher, in his good-humoured husky treble—'and a Durham it was.'

'Then you needn't tell me who you bought it of,' said the farrier, looking round with some triumph, 'I know who it is has got the red Durhams o' this country side. And she'd a white star on her brow, I'll bet a penny.'

The farrier leaned forward with his hands on his knees as he put this question, and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

'Well, yes—she might,' said the butcher slowly, considering that he was giving a decided affirmative. 'I don't say contrary.'

'I knew that very well,' said the farrier, throwing himself back with a groan, and speaking defiantly, 'if I don't know Mr Lammetter's cows, I should like to know who does—that's all. And as for the cow you've bought, bargain or no bargain, I've been at the drenching of her—contradick me who will.'

The farrier looked fierce, and the mild butcher's conversational spirit was roused a little.

'I'm not for contradicting no man,' he said, 'I'm for peace and quietness. Some are for cutting long ribs—I'm for cutting 'em short myself, but I don't quarrel with 'em. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss—and anybody as was reasonable, it'd bring tears into their eyes to look at it.'

'Well, it's the cow as I drenched, whatever it is,' pursued the farrier angrily, 'and it was Mr Lammetter's cow, else you told a lie when you said it was a red Durham.'

'I tell no lies,' said the butcher, with the same mild huskiness as before, 'and I contradict none—not if a man was to swear himself black—he's no meat o' mine, nor none o' my bargains. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss. And what I say I'll stick to, but I'll quarrel wi' no man.'

'No,' said the farrier, with bitter sarcasm, looking at the company generally, 'and p'rhaps you aren't pig-headed, and p'rhaps you didn't say the cow was a red Durham, and p'rhaps you didn't say she'd got a star on her brow—stick to that, now you're at it.'

'Come, come,' said the landlord, 'let the cow alone. The truth lies between you—you're both right and both wrong, as I always say. And as for the cow's being Mr

Lammeter's, I say nothing to that, but this I say, as the "Rainbow" 's the "Rainbow" And for the matter o' that, if the talk is to be o' the Lammeters, you know the most upo' that head, eh, Mr Macey? You remember when first Mr Lammeter's father come into these parts, and took the Warrens?

Mr Macey, tailor and parish clerk, the latter of which functions rheumatism had of late obliged him to share with a small featured young man who sat opposite him, held his white head on one side, and twirled his thumbs with an air of complacency, slightly seasoned with criticism He smiled pityingly, in answer to the land lord's appeal, and said

'Ay, ay, I know, I know, but I let other folks talk. I've laid by now, and gev up to the young uns Ask them as have been to school at Tarley they've learnt pernouncing, that's come up since my day.'

(From *Silas Marner*)

#### O may I Join the Choir Invisible

O may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man to search  
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven  
To make undying music in the world,  
Breathing its beauteous order that controls  
With growing sway the growing life of man

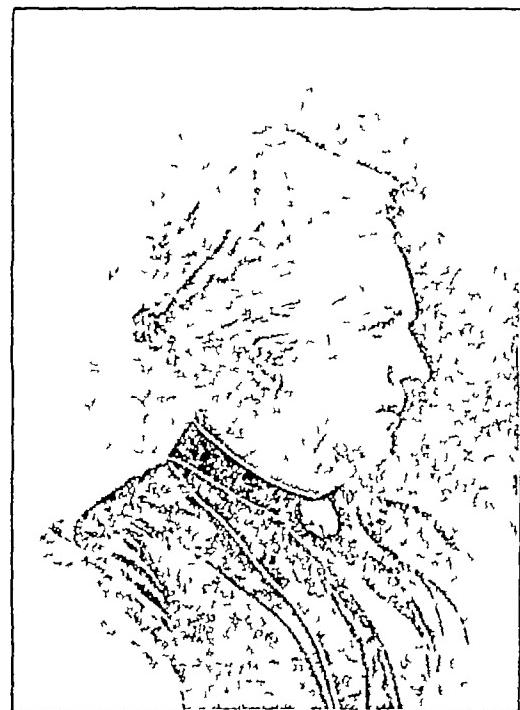
This is life to come,  
Which martyred men have made more glorious  
For us who strive to follow May I reach  
That purest heaven, be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardour, seed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—  
P'e the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense.  
So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world

(1867)

[The above article on George Eliot is abridged from that originally written for *Chambers's Encyclopædia* in 1889 by Richard Holt Hutton. See the Life of her edited by J. W. Cross (3 vols 1885-86), the books on her by Miss Blind (1883) Mr Oscar Browning (1890) Joseph Jacobs (1891) and Sir Leslie Stephen ('Men of Letters' 1902) Essays, by F. W. H. Myers (1883) Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot Jane Austen—Studies in their Works by H. H. Bonnell (1903) R. H. Hutton's Essays (1871) and his Modern Guides of English Thought and Scherer's Essays in English Literature Scherer said George Eliot was inferior to no one of her sex except Madame de Staél (George Sand not being excepted) in depth, brilliancy, and flexibility of genius, and he endorsed Lord Acton's opinion that George Eliot was the most considerable literary personality that had till then appeared since the death of Goethe.]

**Charlotte Mary Yonge** (1823-1901), the only daughter of a Hampshire squire and magistrate, was born at Otterbourne near Winchester, and when Keble came to Hursley vicarage (to which the living of Otterbourne was annexed) he found her an intellectual, impressionable, and well educated girl of thirteen When she began to write authorship was considered unladylike, and

a family council consented to the publication of *Abbey Church* only on condition that she should not accept the pecuniary returns for any personal end—a condition she then and afterwards cheerfully complied with She gained a large constituency of readers by her *Heir of Redclyffe* (1853) and its successors, and her industry may be judged from the fact that within forty-four years (1848-92) she had published well over a hundred volumes (almost three annually), besides books translated and edited, and work done as editor of the *Monthly Packet* Her novels are straightforward and natural, show not a little dramatic skill and literary grace, and inculcate a high and healthy morality, though they



CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

have not the charm of works of genius Many of them are made the vehicle of High Church opinions, for though Miss Yonge was bred in an evangelical household, the teaching of the Tractarians and her close personal friendship with Keble were the most outstanding influences in the formation of her life and thought An unwonted element of chivalry was happily grafted on the realism of contemporary English domestic life Charles Kingsley said *Heartsease* was the most wholesome and delightful novel he had ever read, and, singular to relate (as it seems to us now), William Morris, Burne Jones, and their group at Oxford adopted as their model the hero of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, Sir Guy Morville, a Crusader in modern life The profits from the *Heir of Redclyffe* were largely devoted to fitting out a missionary schooner for Bishop Selwyn, as were the returns from the *Daisy Chain*

to building a missionary college in New Zealand Miss Yonge published several historical works (including eight volumes of *Cameos from English History*), books on military commanders, good women, and golden deeds, a work on *Christian Names* (1863), a *Life of Bishop Patteson* (1873), and a monograph on *Hannah More* (1888), with whom she had so much in common An illustrated edition of her more popular novels was issued in 1888-89 in thirty five volumes There is a Life of her by Miss Christabel Coleridge (1903)

**Mrs Craik** (1826-87) was better known by her maiden name of Dinah Maria Mulock, and better still as 'the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*' The daughter of a Nonconformist minister of Irish extraction, she was born at Stoke upon Trent,



MRS CRAIK

From the Portrait by Hubert Herkomer R A by permission of Mr G L Crut

but, settling in London at twenty, she published in succession a series of stories for the young, of which *Cola Monti* was the best known, and then *The Oglvies* (1849), *Olive* (1850), *The Head of the Family* (1851), and *Agatha's Husband* (1853) She never surpassed or even equalled her *John Halifax, Gentleman* (1857), a story of middle-class English life, her ideal, a generous, high minded man, carried about with him an old Greek Testament, in which, after an ancestor's name, was the epithet 'gentleman'—to John a motto, a talisman, a charter, imposing on him truth, honour, fidelity, and purity The story was eminently popular at home, and was ere long translated into French, German, Italian, Greek, and Russian A pension (1864) of £60 she set aside for authors less fortunate than herself, in 1864 she married Mr George Lillie Craik, a partner in the publishing house of Macmillan, and spent the rest of her

life in quiet happiness and literary industry at Corner House, Shortlands, Kent Much of Mrs Craik's verse is collected in *Thirty Years' Poems* (1881) *Avillion, and other Tales*, contained some of her most imaginative work She produced in all nearly fifty works—more than a score of novels, including *A Life for a Life*, *Mistress and Maid*, and *Christian's Mistake*, and several volumes of prose essays, such as *A Woman's Thoughts about Women* (1858) and *Concerning Men, and other Papers* (1888)

**Eliza Lynn Linton** (1822-98) was born at Keswick, a daughter of the Rev James Lynn, vicar of Crosthwaite. She did not get on with her family, and at the age of twenty-three left home and settled in London as a woman of letters, publishing her first novel, *Azeth the Egyptian*, in 1846 In 1858 she married **William James Linton** (1812-98), an eminent wood-engraver and zealous Chartist, and also something of a poet and man of letters, who edited Republican papers and wrote (besides many pamphlets and occasional verses) *The Plait of Freedom* (a remarkable poem, 1852), *Claribel, and other Poems* (1865), an important work on *The Masters of Wood-Engraving* (1890), and *Lives of Tom Prine and J G Whittier* He prepared the illustrations for the volume on *The Lake Country* which she wrote, and published in 1864, but in 1867 they separated, Linton going to America and settling at New Haven in Connecticut, while his wife remained in England and made literature her career She produced about a score of novels, of which the most notable are *The True History of Joshua Davidson* (1872), a daring and striking adaptation of the gospel story to modern conditions, *Patricia Kemball* (1874), *Christopher Kirkland* (1885), and *The One Too Many* (1894) She wrote much for the magazines and reviews, and her 'Girl of the Period' articles in the *Saturday* were collected in 1883 In her latter years she showed herself an equally caustic critic of the 'new woman' A rather masculine temper, a strong confidence of opinion, and a faculty of vigorous utterance were among her characteristics

See her autobiography, *My Literary Life* (1899), and George Somes Layard's *Eliza Lynn Linton her Life, Letters, and Opinions* (1907). Her husband wrote a volume of autobiographical *Memories* (1895).

**Frances Power Cobbe** was born at Newbridge near Dublin on the 4th December 1822, the daughter of a county gentleman and magistrate, and went to school at Brighton Her interest being early aroused in theological questions, she found spiritual guidance in Theodore Parker's works and lost her faith in the Trinity, but said nothing of her heresies to vex her invalid mother When after her mother's death she revealed her change of view to her father, he banished her from home for a time, and never till his death quite forgave her, even though she was allowed to keep house for him Her first published work, in

1855, was an *Essay on the Intuitive Theory of Morals*, published anonymously, which created a good deal of controversy, but none of her critics suspected the author to be a woman. After her father's death in 1857 she travelled in Italy and the East, wrote *Cities of the Past* (1864) and *Italics* (1864), and engaged in philanthropic and reformatory work with Miss Carpenter at Bristol. She began to write for the magazines, and ere long was a busy journalist, being from 1868 to 1875 leader-writer for the *Echo*. A strong Theist, a supporter of women's rights, a strong social reformer in all directions, and a prominent anti-vivisectionist, she published more than thirty works, among them *Friendless Girls* (1861), *Criminals, Idiots, Women, and Minors* (1869), *Darwinism in Morals* (1872), *The Hopes of the Human Race Hereafter and Here* (1874), *Re-echoes* (1876), *The Peak in Darien* (1882), *The Scientific Spirit of the Age* (1888), and an Autobiography (1894). In spite of her many controversies, she had a happy life, being at all times optimist in her views of life and buoyant in temperament. She knew most of the people best worth knowing in her time, was on kindly terms with people of the most various faiths and political views, and was only irreconcilably bitter against vivisectionists of all shades of opinion. She bestowed more care on the substance of her arguments than on polishing her style, and thought more of the effect she could produce in abating social evils than in securing fame as an authoress. But she had the pen of a ready, copious, earnest, and effective writer. She died 5th April 1904.

**Mrs Oliphant** (1828-97), till her marriage in 1852 Margaret Oliphant Wilson, was born at Wallyford near Musselburgh in Midlothian. Her father's business took him to Glasgow and ultimately to Liverpool, where he held a post in the Customs, and her education was in nowise specially adapted to a life of letters. But she early cherished literary ambitions and made literary experiments. In 1849 she published her first work, *Passages in the Life of Miss Margaret Volland*, which instantly won attention and approval by the tender humour and insight of its presentation of Scottish life and character on both their higher and lower levels. This work was followed by *Caleb Field* (1850), *Merkland* (1850), *Adam Graeme* (1852), *Harry Muir* (1853), *Magdalen Hepburn* (1854), *Lillesleaf*, and *Katie Stewart*, which, like three others, appeared in succession in *Blackwood's Magazine*, with which the authoress had formed a life long connection. These stories are of varying merit, but are all rich in the minute detail dear to the womanly mind, show nice and subtle apprehension of character, and have a flavour of quiet fun; they often display a charming delicacy in the treatment of the gentler emotions.

Meanwhile she had for a while been in London looking after a brother, and in 1852 she married a cousin, Francis Wilson Oliphant, a designer of

stained glass windows. His health was feeble, in 1859 he was far gone in consumption, and he died at Rome before the end of that year, leaving her not merely unprovided for but deep in debt. She addressed herself bravely to her life-work—thenceforward a continuous embarrassed struggle, complicated by her generosity to an unfortunate brother and his children, and her amazing and reckless determination to give her sons the best (and most expensive) education Eton and Oxford could provide. She also considered it her duty or her privilege to live in something like luxury and to dispense an almost lavish hospitality, and



MRS OLIPHANT  
From a Photograph by Hills & Saunders.

it was only on the posthumous publication of her autobiography that her friends and the public knew what anxious, monotonous toil was daily demanded from the gracious mistress of what seemed an affluent household. Her daughter died in 1864, her two sons, who lived on her labours, both predeceased her, but her last years still found her hard at work as ever, writing with almost undiminished vivacity and energy.

Her early novels had been well received, and had secured a market for all she wrote. But it was by the *Chronicles of Carlingford* (published in *Blackwood's*, 1861-65) that her reputation as a novelist was established, the most notable of the series, *Salem Chapel*, perhaps indicates a wider and more vigorous grasp than is to be found in any other of her works. Certain of the unlovelier

features of English dissent, as exhibited in a small provincial community, are here graphically sketched, and adapted with admirable skill to the purposes of fiction. The 'Carlingford' series comprised *The Perpetual Curate* and *Miss Marjoribanks*, *Phæbe Junior*, in 1876, was a continuation. The long series of her novels included *Madonna Mary* (1866), *The Primrose Path*, *He that Will Not when he May*, *The Ladies Lindores*, *The Wizard's Son*, *Hester*, and *Kirsteen* (1890), and, if we consider the circumstances under which they were produced, maintained a surprisingly high and equal level.

In some respects she touched a deeper note in *A Belaguered City* (1880), based on a legend of a city besieged by the dead, and *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen* (1882), both of which revealed a mystical element in an otherwise rather matter-of-fact temper, little disturbed by philosophising or speculative profundity. Her lives of Edward Irving, of her cousin Laurence Oliphant, and of Principal Tulloch were sympathetic studies though not great biographies, her sketch of Sheridan in the 'Men of Letters' series was unsympathetic and an obvious failure. Other contributions to general literature, marred by want of thoroughness though often containing interesting suggestions, were *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II* (1869), *St Francis of Assisi* (1871), *Memoir of the Comte de Montalembert* (1872), *The Makers of Florence* (1876), *Dress* (1878), *The Literary History of England*, from 1790 to 1825 (1882), *The Makers of Venice* (1888), *Dante and Cervantes* in 'Foreign Classics for English Readers', and *Chalmers* in another series, *Royal Edinburgh* (1890), *The Reign of Queen Anne* (1894), *The Makers of Modern Rome* (1895), *Jeanne d'Arc* (1896), *The Two Brontës* (1897), besides a child's history of Scotland (1896), and a history of the publishing house of Blackwood (2 vols 1897—the third completing volume being by another hand).

She wrote too rapidly and she wrote too much. Having a strong natural gift of story telling, she wrote easily, with a running pen, in a simple, plain, conversational style, not without a certain vigour of her own and frequent felicities of phrase. But she took no pains with her style, did not pause to amend her clumsiest sentences, and evidently did not realise the beauty and power of well ordered, compact, rhythmical clauses, sentences, and paragraphs. Taking novels and other works together, she is computed to have produced upwards of a hundred and twenty separate publications in some two hundred and fifty volumes, and she has paid the inevitable penalty. *Salem Chapel* and the *Belaguered City* are still current literature, *Magdalen Hepburn*, *The Perpetual Curate*, and *Miss Marjoribanks* and one or two others of her stories, are not yet forgotten, on much of her work oblivion already scatters its poppy. She had little joy in her work, no love for her own inventions, and accordingly she took up with equal willingness

tasks in miscellaneous literature for which she was ill too slenderly equipped. She as readily undertook books on Sheridan as on Dante, on Jerusalem as on Florence. And the result shows that she had neither historical grasp nor critical insight, lacking original familiarity with the subjects, she could not atone for the defect by patient study, acuteness, and vivacity of presentation. But her inexhaustible fertility, her command of humour and pathos, her mastery of multitudinous details are illustrated in all her novels, which, spite of defects, have often an indisputable interest and charm.

### The Convert's Wife

'Oh, Frank, I am so glad you are come!' said Louisa through her tears. 'I felt sure you would come when you go my letter. Your father thinks I make a fuss about nothing, and Cuthbert and Guy do nothing but laugh at me, as if they could possibly know, but you always understand me, Frank. I like it as just as good as sending for a brother of mine, indeed better,' said Mrs Wentworth, wiping her eyes, 'for though Gerald is using me so badly, I would not expel him out of his own family, or have people making remarks—oh, no! for the world!'

'Expose him!' said the Curate, with unutterable astonishment. 'You don't mean to say you have any complaint to make about Gerald?' The idea was so preposterous that Frank Wentworth laughed, but it was no laugh pleasant to hear.

'Oh, Frank, if you but knew all,' said Louisa, 'what I have had to put up with for months—all my best feelings outraged and so many things to endure that were dreadful to think of. And I that was always brought up so differently, but now,' cried the poor little woman, bursting into renewed tears, 'it's come to such a pass that it can't be concealed any longer. I think it will break my heart. People will be sure to say I have been to blame, and how I am ever to hold up my head in society, and what is to be my name, and whether I am to be considered a widow?—'

'A widow!' cried the Perpetual Curate, in utter consternation.

'Or worse,' sobbed Gerald's poor little wife. 'It feels like being divorced—as if one had done something wrong, and I am sure I never did anything to deserve it, but when your husband is a Romish priest,' cried the afflicted woman, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, 'I would just ask anybody what are you? You can't be his wife, because he is not allowed to have any wife, and you can't go back to your maiden name, because of the children, and how can you have any place in society? Oh, Frank, I think I shall go distracted,' said poor Louisa, 'it will feel as if one had done something wicked, and been put out of the pale. How can I be called Mrs Wentworth any more when my husband has left me? and even if he is a priest, and can't have any wife, still he will be alive, and I shall not have the satisfaction of being a widow even. I am sure I don't know what I say,' she concluded, with a fresh outburst, 'for to be a widow would be a poor satisfaction, and I don't know how I could ever, ever live without Gerald, but to feel as if you were an improper person, and all the children's prospects in life!—Oh, Frank!' cried the weeping Louisa, burying

her face in her handkerchiefs, 'I think I shall go dis  
tracted, and my heart will break.'

To all this strange and unexpected revelation the startled Curate listened like a man in a dream. Possibly his sister in law's representation of this danger, as seen entirely from her own point of view, had a more alarming effect upon him than any other statement of the case. He could have gone into Gerald's difficulties with so much sympathy and fellow feeling that the shock would have been trifling in comparison, and between Rome and the highest level of Anglicanism there was no such difference as to frighten the accustomed mind of the Curate of St Roques. But, seen from Louisa's side, matters appeared very different; here the foundations of the earth were shaking, and life itself going to pieces, even the absurdity of her distress made the whole business more real, and the poor little woman, whose trouble was that she herself would neither be a wife nor a widow, had enough of truth on her side to unfold a miserable picture to the eyes of the anxious spectator. He did not know what answer to make to her, and perhaps it was a greater consolation to poor Louisa to be permitted to run on—

'And you know it never needed to have come to this if Gerald had been like other people,' she said drying her tears, and with a tone of remonstrance. 'Of course it is a family living, and it is not likely his own father would have made any disturbance, and there is no other family in the parish but the Skipwiths and they are great friends, and never would have said a word. He might have preached in six parishes if he had liked, tried poor Louisa—'who would have minded? And as for confession, and all that, I don't believe there is anybody in the world who has done any wrong that could have helped confessing to Gerald—he is so good—oh, Frank, you know he is so good!' said the experienced little wife, overcome with fondness and admiration and impatience, 'and there is nobody in the parish that I ever heard of that does not worship him but when I tell him so, he never pays the least attention. And then I heard Plumstead and he goes on talking about subscription, and signing articles, and nonsense, till they make my head swim. Nobody, I am sure, wants Gerald to subscribe or sign articles. I am sure I would subscribe any amount,' cried the poor little woman, once more filling into tears—'a thousand pounds if I had it, Frank—only to make him hear reason, for why should he leave Wentworth, where he can do what he likes, and nobody will interfere with him? The Bishop is an old friend of my father's, and I am sure he never would say anything and as for candles and crosses and—anything he pleases, Frank.'

Here poor Louisa paused, and put her hand on his arm, and looked up wistfully into his face. She wanted to convince herself that she was right, and that the faltering dread she had behind all this, of something more mysterious than candles or crosses—something which she did not attempt to understand—was no real spectre after all. 'Oh, Frank, I am sure I never would oppose him, nor your father, nor anybody, and why should he go and take some dreadful step, and upset everything?' said Mrs Wentworth. 'Oh, Frank! we will not even have enough to live upon, and as for me, if Gerald leaves me, how shall I ever hold up my head again, or how will anybody know how to behave

to me? I can't call myself Miss Leighton again, after being married so long and if I am not his wife, what shall I be?' Her crying became hysterical as she came back to this point, and Mr Wentworth sat by her trying to soothe her, as wretched as herself.

(From *The Perpetual Curate*)

*Mrs Oliphant's Autobiography and Letters* was published in 1899

**Frederick Tennyson** (1807–98) was eldest of the nest of singing birds in the Lincolnshire rectory of Somersby, and from Eton passed to Trinity College, Cambridge. He travelled much on the Continent, spent nearly twenty years of his life at Florence, found a wife in the daughter of the chief magistrate at Siena, and from 1859 till within two years of his death lived in Jersey. With his brothers Charles and Alfred he was one of the authors of the so-called *Poems by Two Brothers*, but he shrank from authorship and from criticism, and did not till 1854 publish anything in his own name. *Days and Hours*, a collection of lyrics, was praised by Charles Kingsley for its luxuriant fancy, terseness, scholarship, and grace, but some of the poems in it were somewhat freely criticised as diffuse. The too sensitive or irritable poet—overshadowed, like Charles, by Alfred's fame—now kept silence till 1890, when he published *The Isles of Greece*, an epic dealing with Sappho and Daphne (1891) contained 'tender and beautiful idylls,' and *Poems of the Day and Night* (1895) reproduced some pieces from the earlier *Days and Hours*. Frederick has no little share of his greater brother's imagination and power, as many splendid passages in his *Greek Legends* and in his shorter poems show. But he lacked that power to concentrate and construct which goes to the making of a consummate artist. A temporary adhesion to Swedenborgianism and spiritualism is reflected in some of his poems.

**Charles Tennyson Turner** (1808–79), second son of the Tennyson house, went to school at Louth, graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1832, and became vicar of Grasby in Lincolnshire. He took the name of Turner under the will of a relation, and married a sister of the lady who was to be his brother Alfred's wife. Besides his share in the *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827) he wrote upwards of three hundred and forty sonnets, published in volumes in 1830, 1864, 1868, and 1873, and collected, with a Life by the second Lord Tennyson and an essay by Spedding, in 1880. Though Charles's genius was not so robust as that of his brothers, Coleridge had greeted the first sonnet series with warm commendation, the sonneteer's more famous brother, Lord Tennyson, unhesitatingly pronounced some of his sonnets as amongst the finest in the language. And Professor Paley described them as 'idyllic, sincere, pathetic, and subtle, as sometimes verging on quaintness, and as "covering in their pensive range a vast number of motives from English country ways."

### Lord Tennyson.

Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th of August 1809, at Somersby, Lincolnshire, in the rectory of his father, Dr Tennyson. He was one of a numerous house, being the fourth born of twelve sons and daughters, the eldest of whom died in infancy. His two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles, were poets of a high order, though never widely recognised (see above), but the poetic work of each of the three brothers was not merely quite original, but was absolutely distinct, bearing not the faintest family likeness to that of the others in manner or method.

Alfred Tennyson gives his own account of his beginning to write: 'According to the best of my recollection, when I was about eight years old I covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers for my brother Charles, who was a year older than I was—Thomson then being the only poet I knew. Before I could read I was in the habit on a stormy day of spreading my arms to the wind, and crying out, "I hear a voice that's

speaking in the wind," and the words "far, far away" had always a strange charm for me. About ten or eleven Pope's *Homer's Iliad* became a favourite of mine, and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popean metre—nay, even could improvise them, so could my two elder brothers, for my father was a poet, and could write regular metre very skilfully. My father once said to me, "Don't write so rhythmically, break your lines occasionally for the sake of variety." "Artist first, then poet," some writer said of me I should answer, "Poeti nascitur, non fit," indeed, "Poeta nascitur et fit." I suppose I was nearer thirty than twenty before I was anything of an artist. At about twelve and onward I wrote an epic of six thousand lines *a la* Walter Scott—full of battles, dealing too with sea and

mountain scenery—with Scott's regularity of octo-syllables and his occasional varieties. I thought the performance was very likely worth nothing, I never felt myself more truly inspired. I wrote as much as seventy lines at one time, and used to go shouting them about the fields in the dark. All these early efforts have been destroyed, only my brother in law, Edmund Lushington, begged for a page or two of the Scott poem. Somewhat later (at fourteen) I wrote a drama in blank verse, which I have still, and other things. It seems to me I wrote them all in perfect metre. These poems made his father say, with pardonable pride, 'If Alfred dies, one of our greatest poets will have gone,' and suggest it another time, 'I should not wonder if Alfred were to revive the greatness of his relative, William Pitt.' But it was not Thomson and Pope and Scott who were to be really permanent influences. Part of *The Bridal*, one of the most remarkable of the boy-poems, is quoted below.

Alfred was educated by his father, and at the Louth Grammar School. In 1827 Charles and Alfred, with

LORD TENNYSON  
From the Chalk Drawing, from life, by M. Arnault, in the National Portrait Gallery



some help from Frederick, published anonymously *Poems by Two Brothers*, showing a wide range of subject and command of varied metres. In 1827 Frederick had gone to Trinity College, Cambridge, and there next year Charles and Alfred joined him becoming associates of the brilliant group that included Tennyson, Monckton Milnes, Merivale, Alford, Lushington, and Arthur Hallam. Alfred wrote *The Lotus's Tale* (first published in 1829) and (1829) the university prize poem *Timbuctoo*.

The earliest volume of Alfred Tennyson's poems (*Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, 1830) did not take the world by storm. Critics were then too conventional and too conservative, they looked askance at a new departure, they disapproved of the young poet's style and his modes of expression. Some affect-

tions of the time, some mannerisms and hyphened epithets, almost hid from them the extraordinary beauty of the verse, the youthful blemishes they pounced on and held up to ridicule. Not one of them recognised that Alfred Tennyson had struck a keynote that would echo down the years, and to which almost all succeeding poets of the century would attune their lyres. His son writes 'If I may venture to speak of his special influence over the world, my conviction is that its main and enduring factors are his power of expression, the perfection of his workmanship, his strong common-sense, the high purport of his life and work, his humility, and his open-hearted and helpful sympathy—*lorzeza ed umiltade, e largo core*'. Among the first to make the *Poems* of 1830 known by favourable criticism were Sir John Bowring in the *Westminster Review*, Leigh Hunt in the *Letter*, and Arthur Hallam in the *Literary Magazine*. Christopher North in *Blackwood* was hardly as hostile as might have been expected—'somewhat too chaffish and petulant'. Tennyson himself thought the notice amidst boisterous assaults was something of real appreciation particularly shown by copious extracts. The stupidity and brutality of the *Quarterly* on the *Poems* of 1833 were generally condemned and did not count with real lovers of poetry but the criticism tended to check the poet's productiveness for years. Honour to whom honour is due. While England had as yet given her new poet but a hesitating welcome America received his 1833 volume with open arms. The younger and more impulsive nation had been it once fascinated, and Tennyson's poetry was already in the hearts and on the lips of the best Americans while it was being damned with faint praise by the great majority of his own countrymen. But his triumph was sure if slow. His two volumes published in 1842 conquered his English world, and set him at once and for ever in his rightful place. *Lord of the Isles* was perhaps the most popular of these poems. The poet himself always declared that one of his finest similes occurred here:

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,  
Sounding the chord of Self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

His humour, that after years reached its high-water mark in the *Northern Farmers*, the *Northern Cobbler*, and the *Churchwarden and the Curate*, began to show itself in a delightful form in *Will-Wat*, *proof* and *The Tallying Oak*. *The Lotos-eaters* is a wonderful example of exquisitely modulated verse and rich imagery. But it is difficult to select among such masterpieces as *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, *The Poet*, *The Sea-fairies*, *Love and Death*, *Oriana*, *The Lady of Shalott*, *Mariana*, *The Two Voices*, *The Sisters*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Dream of Fair Women*, the poems on Freedom, the *Monte d'Arthur*, *Ulysses*, *St Agnes' Eve*, *Sir Galahad*, *The Lord of Burleigh*, *Dora*,

an English idyll of a type which Tennyson invented, and, almost the most perfect of its kind, 'Break, break, break.'

Let it never be forgotten, is one of his chief glories, that Alfred Tennyson, even in the first flush and fervour of his young manhood, never wrote an unclean line, he treated the mysteries of love and passion with an exquisite reverence that was almost awe. And in the divinest thrill of that young love poem, *The Gardener's Daughter*, he silenced himself almost suddenly

Love with knit brows went by,  
And with a flying finger touched my lips,  
And spake 'Be wise not easily forgiven  
Are those who, setting wide the doors that bar  
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,  
Lie in the dry.'

All his life Alfred Tennyson maintained that noble reticence, that reserved emotion, passionate as his poetic nature was, anything like impurity of expression was impossible to him, 'because his heart was pure'.

*The Princess*, 'the herald melody' of the higher education of women, appeared in 1847. 'The character of Idyl,' wrote Coventry Patmore in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'who is "the very Idyl of the intellect," seems to be intended to represent that of science, or the simple intellect, in the most exclusive and exalted form which it is capable of reaching by its own unaided efforts. In its rebellion against an exorbitant authority, it has fallen into the grievous mistake of refusing to recognise any authority at all. It is much in the right and much in the wrong, and has to undergo a disastrous course of error before it can be taught the knowledge of the truth.' Some of the blank verse in this poem is among the best Tennyson ever wrote—such passages as

Not peace she took down—the Head but rising up  
Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so  
To the open window moved, remaining there  
Fixt like a beacon tower above the waves  
Of tempest, when the crimson rolling eye  
Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light  
Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd her arms and call'd  
Across the tumult and the tumult fell

And every one knows the beautiful lyrics, 'The Splendour falls!', 'Ask me no more' and 'Tears, idle tears'.

The most important poems in Tennyson's life work were *In Memoriam* and the epic *Idylls of the King*, both of them works that helped to give back faith in God and Immortality to many of his generation in a time of doubt and scepticism. *In Memoriam*, though not published till 1850, was begun directly after the death of his beloved friend Hallam, and continued, section by section, through succeeding years. We cannot doubt that the loss of this dearest 'first friendship' greatly contributed to the development of Alfred Tennyson's genius. It might never,

perhaps, have attained to its ultimate splendour but for that bitter awakening from the happy poetic dreams of personal inexperience. He 'built up all his sorrow with his song,' and the poet was built up at the same time, coming to his full stature in the throes of that abiding pain. Professor Palgrave has spoken of *In Memoriam* as 'that elegiac treasury in which the poet has stored the grief and meditation of many years after his friend's death, a series of lyrics which in pathos, melody, range of thought, and depth of feeling may stand with the *Canzoniere* of Petrarch and the Sonnets of Shakespeare.'

*Maud* (1855) gave to the personal lyric its deepest and widest extension. The first four of the twelve *Idylls of the King* appeared in 1859. This most important—for some critics his greatest—work was completed in 1870, 1872, and 1885. The story of the old Celtic hero, Christianised ere Malory took it up, is here 'interfused with the vital atmosphere of the Victorian era,' shadowing Sense it war with Soul.' *In Memoriam* had greatly raised the poet's reputation, *Maud*, although a favourite with Tennyson himself, met with a good deal of uncomplimentary criticism, but the first *Idylls* (1859) won the heartiest recognition from critics of the most various schools, and secured for Tennyson the unique position and popularity he thenceforward enjoyed throughout the English speaking world. In 1850 his standing in the realm of poetry was marked by his appointment to be successor to Wordsworth, the greatest poet of the second half of the century succeeding the great creative poet of the first half.

In June 1850 he married Emily Sellwood. It was a boy and girl attachment, but circumstances long deferred their union, an extraordinarily happy one. She was his true helpmate, his complement, the one thing needful to make his life a whole. They settled at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, three years after their marriage, and Farringford became the ideal home of a poet. Here he lived with his wife and his boys, Hallam and Lionel, in ever-growing happiness, fame, and prosperity. And here, in the library he added to his house, in the lovely lawns of his garden, or piping his 'noble down,' with the lark's song far over his head and the breaking seas far below his feet for sole accompaniment, he composed some of his favourite poems, *Maud*, *The Idylls of the King*, *Enoch Arden*, *Queen Mary*, and many another idyll, lyric, and drama. And here as time went on his friends gathered round him—the surviving friends of his youth, the friends of his middle age, of his advancing years, the unknown friends from distant lands who crossed the seas to pay their homage to him in his simple sylvan court.

The Arthurian romance, all but *Balin and Balan*, was completed in 1869, in Dean Alford's words, 'a great connected poem dealing with the very highest interests of man,' King Arthur being typical of the higher soul of man. Tennyson

was fondest of reading aloud *Guinevere* and *The Passing of Arthur*.

In 1869 he built his new house, Aldworth, at Haslemere, where until the end of his life he always passed the summer, and here he wrote a considerable part of his later plays, *Harold* (1877), *The Falcon* (1879), *The Cup* (1881), *The Promise of May* (1882), *Becket* (1884). Both *Becket* and *The Cup*, under Mr (afterwards Sir Henry) Irving's management, were very successful on the stage. Of *Becket* Sir Henry Irving wrote to the present Lord Tennyson 'We have passed the fiftieth performance of *Becket*, which is in the heyday of its success. I think that I may, without hereafter being credited with any inferior motive, give again the opinion which I previously expressed to your loved and honoured father. To me *Becket* is a very noble play, with something of that losty feeling and that far-reaching influence which belong to a passion-play. There are in it moments of passion and pathos which are the aim and end of dramatic art, and which, when they exist, atone to an audience for the endurance of long acts. Some of the scenes and passages, especially in the last act, are full of sublime feeling, and are, with regard to both their dramatic effectiveness and their poetic beauty, as fine as anything in our language. I know that such a play has an ennobling influence on both the audience who see it and the actors who play in it.'

Other volumes were *The Lover's Tale* (1879), *Ballads* (1880), *Tiresias* (1885), *Locksley Hall—Sixty Years After* (1886), *Demeter* (1889), *The Death of Cœnone, Akbar*, and other pieces (1892).

The later volumes show a mûture and perfect art, and a range wide enough to include history—mostly English, as in the splendid *Ballad of the Revenge*, tales in dialect—that chiefly of Lincolnshire, a few beautiful classical pieces, narratives, idyllic and lyrical, of the profoundest pathos, and poems treating great problems in religion and morality, philosophy and science.

Tennyson's keen and abiding interest in religious and ethical problems is shown throughout his work, his fervid patriotism was conspicuous at all times, and he took his side unhesitatingly in the great political issues of the day. Long before colonial federation was a popular subject, he was amazed that England could not see that 'her true policy lies in a close union with our colonies.' In his personal friendships, as in his literary tastes, he was unusually catholic. Amongst his friends he ranked Carlyle as well as Gladstone, and Huxley as well as Ruskin. He loved to read aloud Shakespeare, Milton, and Chaucer, he revered Wordsworth, said that Keats, if he had lived, 'would have been among the very greatest of us,' thought Goethe among the wisest of mankind as well as a great artist, and in his friend Browning recognised a mighty intellect, 'though he seldom attempts the marriage of sense with sound' Shakespeare was his constant study till on his

deathbed the power to read failed him. In a Cyclopaedia of English Literature it is appropriate to record that the most perfect master of musical English verse thought the statehest English prose was, after the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, that of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, De Quincey, and Ruskin, with some of Sir Thomas Browne.

He enjoyed travel, thus he made short journeys to the Pyrenees in 1831 and 1861, and, between 1853 and 1892, to the Western Highlands, Staffs, and Iron, Portugal, Cornwall, Derbyshire and Yorkshire, Weimar and Dresden, Dartmoor and Silcombe, North Wales, Suffolk, Ireland, Stonehenge, Venice, Verona, and the Italian Lakes, Dovedale, and sea trips to Orkney, Norway, and Denmark, and the Channel Islands.

In January 1884 Queen Victoria created Tennyson a peer of the United Kingdom, and the poet laureate became Baron Tennyson of Freshwater and Aldworth. It was in April 1886 that his younger son, Lionel died as he was returning from India, a young man of high promise, his life too early quenched by untimely death—‘a grief as deep as Life or Thought.’ After 1887 the poet peer suffered attack upon attack of illness, until the last illness which ended in his death at Aldworth on the 6th October 1892, in his eighty-fourth year. At Aldworth, too, his widow passed away, in her eighty-fourth year, on the 10th August 1896. *June Bracken and Heather*, quoted below, was the last poem written to her. The nation buried its great poet in Westminster Abbey; his wife lies in the God’s acre of that island village where, as she had herself said, they spent their happiest days. On the tablet to his father’s memory in Freshwater Church, the inscription ends with these fine lines by the present Lord Tennyson:

Speak, living Voice! to thee death is not death,  
Thy life outlives the life of dust and breath.

#### The Bridal—after reading the ‘Bride of Lammermoor’

The lamps were bright and gay  
On the merry bridal day,  
When the merry bridegroom  
Bore the bride away!  
A merry, merry bridal,  
A merry bridal day!  
And the chapel’s vaulted gloom  
Was misted with perfume.  
‘Now, tell me, mother, pray,  
Why the bride is white as clay,  
Although the merry bridegroom  
Bears the bride away,  
On a merr, merr, bridal,  
A merry bridal day?  
And why her black eyes burn  
With a light so wild and stern?’  
In the hall, at close of day,  
Did the people dance and play,  
For now the merry bridegroom  
Hath borne the bride away

He from the dance hath gone,  
But the revel still goes on  
Then a scream of wild dismay  
Thro’ the deep hall forced its way,  
Altho’ the merry bridegroom  
Hath borne the bride away,  
And, staring as in trance,  
They were shrik’n from the dance —  
Then they found him where he lay  
Whom the wedded wife did slay,  
Tho’ he a merry bridegroom  
Had borne the bride away,  
And they saw her standing by,  
With a laughing crazed eye,  
On the bitter, bitter bridal,  
The bitter bridal day

(Written in boyhood)

#### From ‘The Talking Oak’

To yonder oak within the field  
I spoke without restraint,  
And with a larger futh appeal’d  
Than Papist unto Saint

For oft I talk’d with him apart,  
And told him of my choice,  
Until he plagiarised a heart,  
And answer’d with a voice.

Tho’ what he whisper’d, under Heaven  
None else could understand,  
I found him garrulously given,  
A babbler in the land

But since I heard him make reply  
Is many a weary hour,  
‘Twere well to question him, and try  
If yet he keeps the power

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,  
Broad Oak of Sumner chace,  
Whose topmost branches can discern  
The roofs of Sumner place!

Say thou, whereon I carved her name,  
If ever maid or spouse,  
As fair as my Olivia, came  
To rest beneath thy boughs —

‘O Walter, I have shelter’d here  
Whatever maiden grace  
The good old Summers, year by year,  
Made ripe in Sumner chace

‘Old Summers, when the monk was fat,  
And, issuing shorn and sleek,  
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat  
The girls upon the cheek,

‘Ere yet, in scorn of Peter’s pence,  
And number’d bead, and shrift,  
Bluff Harry broke into the spence,  
And turn’d the cowls adrift

‘And I have seen some score of those  
Fresh faces, that would thrive  
When his man minded offset rose  
To chase the deer at five,

'And all that from the town would stroll,  
Till that wild wind made work  
In which the gloomy brewer's soul  
Went by me, like a stork

'The slight she slips of loyal blood,  
And others, passing pruse,  
Strait laced, but all too full in bud  
For puritanic stays

'And I have shadow'd many a group  
Of beauties, that were born  
In teacup times of hood and hoop,  
Or while the patch was worn,

'And, leg and arm with love knots gay,  
About me leap'd and laugh'd  
The modish Cupid of the day,  
And shrill'd his tinsel shaft

'I swear (and else my insects prick  
Each leaf into a gall)  
This girl, for whom your heart is sick,  
Is three times worth them all,

'For those and theirs by Nature's law,  
Have faded long ago,  
But in these latter springs I saw  
Your own Olivia blow,

'From when she gamboll'd on the greens,  
A baby germ, to when  
The maiden blossoms of her teens  
Could number five from ten

'I swear, by leaf, and wind and sun,  
(And hear me with thine ears,)  
That tho' I circle in the sun  
Five hundred rings of years—

'Yet, since I first could cast a shade,  
Did never creature pass  
So slightly, musically made,  
So light upon the grass

'I or as to fairies, that will sit  
To make the greensward fresh,  
I hold them exquisitely knit,  
But far too sprue of flesh'

Oh, hide thy knotted knees in fern,  
And overlook the chace,  
And from thy topmost branch discern  
The roots of Sumner place

But thou, whereon I carved her name,  
That oft hast heard my vows,  
Declare when last Olivia came  
To sport beneath thy boughs

'And here she came, and round me play'd,  
And sang to me the whole  
Of those three stanzas that you made  
About my "giant bole,"

'And in a fit of frolic mirth  
She strove to span my waist  
Alas, I was so broad of girth,  
I could not be embriced

'I wish'd myself the fair young beech  
That here beside me stands,  
That round me, clasping each in each,  
She might have lock'd her hands.

'Yet seem'd the pressure thrice as sweet  
As woodbine's fragile hold,  
Or when I feel about my feet  
The berried briony fold'

O muffle round thy knees with fern,  
And shadow Sumner chace!  
Long may thy topmost branch discern  
The roots of Sumner place!

But tell me, did she read the name  
I carved with many a vow  
When last with throbbing heart I came  
To rest beneath thy boughs?

'O yes, she wond'red round and round  
These knotted knees of mine,  
And found, and kiss'd the name she found,  
And sweetly murmur'd thine

'A teardrop trembled from its source,  
And down my surface crept  
My sense of touch is something coarse,  
But I believe she wept.

'Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,  
She glanced across the plain,  
But not a creature was in sight  
She kiss'd me once again

'Her kisses were so close and kind,  
That, trust me on my word,  
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,  
And yet my sap was stirr'd

'And even into my inmost ring  
A pleasure I discern'd,  
Like those blind motions of the Spring,  
That show the year is turn'd'

May never saw dismember thee,  
Nor wielded axe disjoint,  
That art the fairest spoken tree  
From here to Lizard point

O rock upon thy towery top  
All throats that gurgle sweet,  
All stirry culmination drop  
Balm dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow—  
And while he sinks or swells  
The full south breeze around thee blow  
The sound of minster bells.

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,  
That under deeply strikes!  
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,  
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,  
But, rolling as in sleep,  
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,  
That makes thee broad and deep!

And hear me swear a solemn oath,  
That only by thy side  
Will I to Olive plight my troth,  
And gain her for my bride.

From 'The Lotos-Eaters'

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,  
And dear the last embraces of our wives  
And their warm tears—but all hath suffer'd change,  
For surely now our household hearths are cold  
Our sons inherit us—our looks are strange  
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy  
Or else the island princes over bold  
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,  
And our great deeds, as half forgotten things  
Is there confusion in the little isle?  
I let what is broken so remain  
The Gods are hard to reconcile  
It is hard to settle order once again  
There is confusion worse than death,  
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
Long labour unto aged breath,  
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars  
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars  
But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
How sweet (while warm airs lull us blowing lowly)  
With half dropt eyelids still,  
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
His waters from the purple hill—  
To hear the dewy echoes calling  
From cave to cave thro' the thick twined vine—  
To watch the emerald colour'd water falling  
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus wreath divine!  
Only to hear and see the far off sparkling brine,  
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.  
  
The Lotos blooms below the barren peak  
The Lotos blows by every winding creek  
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone  
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone  
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos dust  
is blown  
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge  
was seething free,  
When the willowing monster spouted his foam fountains  
in the sea  
I let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
In the hollow Lotos land to live and lie reclined  
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind  
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd  
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly  
curl'd  
Round their golden houses, girtled with the gleaming  
world  
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,  
I light and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps  
and fiery sands  
Glazing sights and flaming towns, and sinking ships,  
and prying hands  
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful  
song  
Starting up a lamentation in an ancient tale of wrong  
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong

Chanted from an ill used race of men that cleave the soil,  
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of heat, and time and oil,  
Till they perish and they suffer—so ne'er, 'tis whisper'd—  
down in hell

Suffer en masse anguish, others in Ilysian valleys dwell,  
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel  
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and  
oar,

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more

Break, Break, Break

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill,  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me

Ida's Chant of Victory

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n—the seed,  
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,  
Has risen and clest the soil, and grown a bulk  
Of spanless girth, that lies on every side  
A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n—they came,  
The leaves were wet with women's tears—they heard  
A noise of songs they would not understand  
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,  
And would have strown it, and are fall'n themselves

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n—they came,  
The woodmen with their axes to the tree'  
But we will make it faggots for the hearth  
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,  
And boats and bridges for the use of men

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n—they came,  
With their own blows they hurt them selves, nor knew  
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain  
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,  
Their arms were shattered to the shoulder blade

'Our enemies have fall'n, but this shall grow  
A night of Summer from the heat, a breath  
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power, and roll'd  
With music in the growing breeze of Time  
The tops shall strike from star to star the rings  
Shall move the stony bases of the world

'And now, O mind—behold our sanctuary  
Is violate, our laws broken—see we not  
To break them more in their behoof we'll use arms  
Champ' d our cause and ven it with a fury

Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual feast,  
When dames and heroines of the golden year  
Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of Spring,  
To rain an April of ovation round  
Their statues, born aloft, the three but come,  
We will be liberal, since our rights are won  
Let them not lie in the tents with coarse mankind,  
Ill nurses, but descend, and proffer these  
The brethren of our blood and cause, that there  
Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender ministries  
Of female hands and hospitality'

She spoke, and with the babe yet in her arms,  
Descending, burst the great bronze valves, and led  
A hundred maids in train across the Park  
Some cowld, and some bare headed, on they came,  
Their feet in flowers, her loveliest by them went  
The enamour'd air sighing, and on their curls  
From the high tree the blossom wavering fell,  
And over them the tremulous isles of light  
Slid, they moving under shade but Blanche  
At distance follow'd so they came anon  
Thro' open field into the lists they wound  
Timorously, and as the leader of the herd  
That holds a stately fretwork to the Sun,  
And follow'd up by a hundred airy does,  
Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,  
The lovely, lordly creature floated on  
To where her wounded brethren lay, there stay'd,  
Knelt on one knee,—the child on one,—and prest  
Their hands, and call'd them dear deliverers,  
And happy warriors, and immortal names,  
And said ' You shall not lie in the tents but here,  
And nursed by those for whom you fought, and served  
With female hands and hospitality'

(From *The Princess*)

#### Ask me no more

Ask me no more the moon may draw the sea,  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,  
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape  
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?  
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more what answer should I give?  
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye  
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!  
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live  
Ask me no more

Ask me no more thy fate and mine are seal'd  
I strove against the stream and all in vain  
Let the great river take me to the main  
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield,  
Ask me no more

(From *The Princess*)

#### In Memoriam A. H. H.

Strong Son of God, immortal I ove,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove,

Thine are these orbs of light and shade,  
Thou madest Life in man and brute,  
Thou madest Death, and lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die,  
And thou hast made him thou art just  
Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou  
Our wills are ours, we know not how,  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they

We have but faith we cannot know,  
For knowledge is of things we see,  
And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness let it grow

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,

But wiser We are fools and slight,  
We mock thee when we do not fear  
But help thy foolish ones to bear,  
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,  
What seem'd my worth since I began,  
For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee

Forgive my grief for one removed,  
Thy creature, whom I found so fair  
I trust he lives in thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
Confusions of a wasted youth,  
Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise

1849.

#### A Dedication

Dear, near and true—no truer Time himself  
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore  
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life  
Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he  
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,  
May trust himself, and after praise and scorn,  
As one who feels the immeasurable world,  
Attain the wise indifference of the wise,  
And after Autumn past—if left to pass  
His autumn into seeming leafless days—  
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,  
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit  
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower

(To his wife)

#### To the Rev F D Maurice

Come, when no graver cares employ,  
Godfather, come and see your boy,  
Your presence will be sun in winter,  
Making the little one leap for joy

For, being of that honest few,  
Who give the Fiend himself his due,  
Should eighty thousand college councils  
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you,

Should all our churchmen foam in spite  
At you, so careful of the right,  
Yet one lay hearth would give you welcome  
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight,  
  
Where, far from noise and smoke of town,  
I watch the twilight falling brown  
All round a careless order'd garden  
Close to the ridge of a noble down

You'll have no scandal while you dine,  
But honest talk and wholesome wine,  
And only hear the magpie gossip  
Garrulous under a roof of pine

For groves of pine on either hand,  
To break the blast of winter, stand  
And further on, the hoary Channel  
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand,  
  
Where, if below the milky steep  
Some ship of brittle slowly creep  
And on thro' zones of light and shadow  
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin  
Which made a selfish war begin,  
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances,  
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win

Or whether war's avenging rod  
Shall lish all Europe into blood,  
Till you should turn to dearer matters,  
Dear to the man that is dear to God,  
  
How best to help the slender store,  
How mend the dwellings, of the poor,  
How gain in life, as life advances,  
Valour and charity more and more

Come, Maurice, come the lawn as yet  
Is hoar with rime, or spongy wet,  
But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,  
Crocus, anemone, violet,  
  
Or later, pay one visit here,  
For those are few we hold as dear,  
Nor pay but one, but come for many,  
Many and many a happy year

January 1854

#### From 'The Passing of Arthur'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge  
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world  
Comfort thyself what comfort is in me?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within himself make pure! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face agen,  
Pray for my soul More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they list not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God  
But now farewell I am going a long way

With these thou seest—if indeed I go  
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—  
To the island valley of Avalon,  
Where falls not huil, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer set,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brink, like some full breasted swan  
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs Long stood Sir Bedivere—  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Look'd one black dot aginst the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the waif died away

But when that moan had past for evermore,  
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn  
Amazed him, and he groan'd, 'The King is gone'  
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,  
'From the great deep to the great deep he goes'

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly climb'd  
The last hard footstep of that iron crag,  
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,  
'He passes to be King among the dead,  
And after healing of his grievous wound  
He comes again, but—if he come no more—  
O me, be you dark Queens in yon black boat,  
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three wheret we gazed  
On that high dry, when, clothed with living light,  
They stood before his throne in silence, friends  
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?'

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint  
As from beyond the limit of the world,  
I like the last echo born of a great cry  
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice  
Around a king returning from his wars

Thereat once more he moved about, and climb'd  
I 'm to the highest he could climb, and saw,  
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,  
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,  
Down that long water opening on the deep  
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go  
I rom less to less and vanish into light  
And the new sun rose bringing the new year

#### June Bracken and Heather

There on the top of the down,  
The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,  
When I look'd at the bracken so bright and the heather  
so brown,  
I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,  
Thus, and my love together,  
To you that are seventy seven,  
With a truth as clear as the heights of the June blue heaven,  
And a fancy as summer new  
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather

#### Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no morning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark,

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar

(Written after the poet had turned eighty)

[The authoritative biography prepared by the second Lord Tennyson, appeared in two volumes in the autumn of 1897. The literature biographical, critical or elucidatory is very extensive and is added to yearly—it includes books on Tennyson and his works by Mr W. E. Wace (1881) Profes or Van Dyle (5th ed 1896), Mr E. C. Tainsh (1868 new ed 1893) Mr H. J. Jennings (1884 new ed 1892), Mr Thomas Davidson (Boston, 1889) Mr Clurton Collins (1891) Mr Eugene Parsons (Chicago, 1891) Mr A. Waugh (1892) Mr A. Ritchie (1892-93) Mr A. Jenkinson (1892) Mr Joseph Jacobs (1892) Mr Stoford Brooke (1894) Signor Bellezza (Italian, 1894) Mr Stephen Gwynn (1892) Mr A. Lang (1901) and Sir Arthur Lyall (1902) besides essays, criticisms, and articles by the most notable English and American critics of which a list up to that date will be found in the bibliography appended to Mr R. H. Shepherd's *Tennysonian* (1866, new ed 1879 bibliography separate, 1896). The article by Professor Palgrave in *Chambers's Encyclopaedia* (1892), and that by Canon Anger in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1898) deserve special mention also Mrs Richmond Ritchie's *Records of Tennyson Huskin, and the Brownings* (1892) and *Lord Tennyson and his Friends* (1893) Mr Frederic Harrison's *Tennyson Ruskin, Mill* (and others 1899) and Canon Rawnsley's *Memories of the Tennysons* (1900). There is an analysis of *In Memoriam* by F. W. Robertson (1862), a Key to it by Dr Gatty (1881 4th ed 1891) a *Commentary* on it by Professor A. C. Bradley (1901) and an edition of it *The Princess and Maud* by Mr Charles Collins. A *Concordance to Tennyson* by Mr D. B. Brightwell (for the works up to 1869) a *Tennyson Hand book* by Morton (1895) and a *Tennyson Primer* by Dixon (1895). See also Mr A. J. Church's *The Laureates Country* (1890) Mr J. C. Walters's *In Tennyson Land* (1890) Mr G. G. Naper's *Homes and Haunts of Alfred Tennyson* (1892), and Mr B. Francis's *Scenery of Tennyson's Poems* (1893). Many of the poems have been translated, of *Enoch Arden* there are nine German versions seven French, and two Dutch, as well as Italian Spanish Danish, Hungarian, and Bohemian.]

MARY BROTHERTON

**Arthur Henry Hallam** (1811-33), the son of the historian (see page 193), passed from Eton to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became one of the Tennyson group. He had an exceptional aptitude for literary studies, and showed a precocious faculty for verse writing and criticism. But his health was already matter of anxiety, and, travelling in Austria little more than a year after entering the Inner Temple, he died suddenly from heart weakness at Vienna before completing his twenty-third year. His father wrote a touching Memoir to accompany a privately printed volume of *Remains* of his work—prose and verse. His poems and one of his essays were republished by Mr Le Gallienne in 1893, Mr Gollancz also reprinted the poems in his edition of *In Memoriam*. It would be unfair to judge of what he might have done by what he actually accomplished when little more than a boy, under the visible influence of Keats,

Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. He will more certainly be remembered as the 'A. H.' of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, the only begetter that great elegiac series.

**William Cox Bennett** (1820-95), son of Greenwich watchmaker, carried on his father's business, but wrote much for the papers and became famous as a song-writer. He published several collections of songs, including *War Son* and *Songs of Sailors* (set to music by J. L. Hatton) besides *Prometheus the Fire-giver*.

**John Tyndall** (1820-93), born at Leigh Bridge, County Carlow, was employed on the ordnance survey, and for three years was a railway engineer, but in 1847 he became teacher of physics at Queenwood College, Hampshire, and in 1851 studied physics and chemistry at Marburg. Already F.R.S., he was in 1853 made professor to the Royal Institution. In 1856 he and Professor Huxley visited the Alps, and this expedition resulted in famous joint work on glaciers. In 1859 he began his researches on radiation, a later subject with the acoustic properties of the atmosphere. In 1874, as President of the British Association at Belfast, he gave an address which, denounced materialistic, led to keen and prolonged controversy, but ultimately came to be regarded little more than a fair claim for the full freedom of scientific investigation about the origin of the world and of life. Conspicuous as were his services to the sciences as an investigator, he was even more eminent as a populariser—in the best sense of the term—of great scientific truths. He did much to secure the recognition by the educated public of much that otherwise might long have been the peculiar property of specialists. His style of exposition was exceptionally lucid, graceful, and free from technical terminology. His wife, who understood his life, has in the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* given a list of sixty separate publications, but his contributions to the scientific journals amounted to one hundred and forty-five. His works are largely read in America and in a German and other translations. In 1881 a memorial on his Life and Work was issued, with reminiscences by various friends. He was for some years scientific adviser to the Board of Trade and to the lighthouse authorities, but in 1883 retired from most of his appointments. He was LL.D. at D.C.L., and held numerous honours, British and foreign. Among his works are *The Glaciers of the Alps* (1860), *Mountaineering* (1861), *Heads as a Mode of Motion* (1863), *Radiation* (Re-Lecture, 1865), volumes on Light, Sound, Electricity, Faraday, and the forms of water in clouds, rivers, lakes, and other aggregations, *Fragments of Science* (1871, 6th ed 1879), *Hours of Exercise in the Alps* (1873), *Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air* (1881), and *New Fragments* (1892). Tyndall died from an overdose of chloroform administered by his devoted wife.

**Robert Browning**

and

**Elizabeth Barrett Browning.**

In the opening years of the just ended century two children were growing up in English homes who were destined to make an indelible mark on the thought and literature of their country, and to leave to the world its most perfect love idyll in real life—a bright, high-spirited little girl, with great violet eyes, and dark curls falling all about her face, flitting, a slight child-like figure among her many brothers and sisters, through the stately house and wooded park of her father's country seat among the Malvern Hills, and a noble, six-years younger boy, with blue eyes and golden hair, impetuous, passionate, loving-hearted, alone with his father and mother and little sister in a quiet home in Camberwell, then a country suburb of London—Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett and Robert Browning

'Elizabeth Barrett, daughter of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, and Mary his wife, born at Coxhoe Hill, County of Durham, March the 6th, at seven o'clock in the evening in the year 1806.' So runs the parish register recording the birth of the poetess. The original family name was Moulton, but, by the will of his grandfather, the father of the poetess took the name of Barrett on succeeding to his estates in Jamaica. While still a very young man he married Mary, daughter of J. Graham Clarke, Esq., then residing at Incham Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, bought Hope End among the Malvern Hills, and settled down to the life of a country gentleman. Elizabeth was the eldest surviving sister of a merry troop of eight sons and three daughters. As future events showed, Mr Barrett was a man of despotic temper, with a supreme belief in 'the divine right of fathers'—and also of husbands, but he encouraged and was proud of his gifted daughter, who repud him with a passionate affection. 'I wrote verses very early,' she writes, 'at eight years old and earlier, but, what is less common, the early fancy turned into a will, and remained with me. The Greeks were my demigods, and I hunted me out of Pope's *Homēr*, till I dreamt more of Agamemnon than of "Moses" the black pony.' Of a childish 'epic' in four books, called *The Battle of Marathon*, 'fifty copies were printed, because papa was bent upon spoiling me.' Next to Elizabeth in the family group came her brother Edward, her inseparable companion both in work and play, and to the lessons shired with him under his Scotch tutor, Mr M'Swiny (which the little girl greatly preferred to the instructions of Mrs Orme, her own governess), she probably owed her early acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics. To this beloved brother she also owed her pet name of 'Bz,' by which she was called to the end of her life by those she most loved. Writing of these early years, she says 'We lived at Hope End in a retirement scarcely broken to me except by books and my own

thoughts. I read books bad and good. A bird in a cage could have as good a story.' The scenery and associations of her early home remained with her as a happy memory to the last. During these quiet years of girlhood the well-known blind Greek scholar, Hugh Sturt Boyd, came to live at Great Malvern, and between him and the eager, sympathetic young girl there soon sprang up a fast friendship. To the 'long mornings' spent with her blind friend over their beloved Greek she touchingly alludes in her poem 'Wine of Cyprus.' In 1826 she published anonymously *An Essay on Mind, and other Poems*. 'A didactic poem long repented of,' she writes, 'yet the bird pecks through the shell in it.' In 1828 her mother died, 'an angelic woman,' their cousin Mr Kenyon calls her, 'whose memory,' writes Elizabeth, in the bitterness of her first sorrow, 'is more precious to me than any earthly blessing left behind.' During the few following years the abolition of slavery in the West Indies (which, however, he disinterestedly advocated), and the cost of a successful but expensive lawsuit, considerably diminished Mr Barrett's fortune, and in 1832 the old home at Hope End was broken up and the estate sold. For two years the family resided at Sidmouth, and while there *Prometheus Bound, a Translation from the Greek of Aeschylus*, appeared in 1835. The next move was to 74 Gloucester Place, London, and here, through her relative Mr John Kenyon, Elizabeth was introduced to most of her early literary friends—notably to Miss Mitford—and access was gained for her poems to some of the chief literary journals. Miss Mitford, with whom her acquaintance soon ripened into a warm friendship, thus describes her at this time 'A slight girlish figure, very delicate, with exquisite hands and feet, a round face with a most noble forehead, large dark eyes with such eyelashes, a dark complexion, literally as bright as the dark China rose, a profusion of silky dark curls, and a look of youth and modesty hardly to be expressed.'

'Then came the failure in my health, which never had been strong,' writes Elizabeth, and the lung affection appears to have begun which was to condemn her henceforth to the restricted possibilities of an invalid, but she only devoted herself the more assiduously to the poetry which she had chosen as her life work. 'The Romant of Margaret' and 'The Poet's Vow' appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, 'The Young Queen' and 'Victoria's Tears' in the *Ithenaeum*, 'The Dream,' 'The Romant of the Page,' and 'The Romance of the Ginges' in *Finden's Tableaux*, then edited by Miss Mitford, while their author's own life often seemed to be hanging by a thread. In the spring of 1838 the family removed to 50 Wimpole Street, which was from henceforth her London home, and in the same year she published *The Seraphim and other Poems*, including 'Cowper's Grave' and others of her very finest lyrics. In the autumn of that year the state of her health became so critical

that it was decided she should winter at Torquay, to which she was accompanied by her beloved brother Edward. For two winters she remained there, for months only lifted from her bed to the sofa, but the bright, keen spirit and indomitable will remained as vigorous as ever. In February 1840 'The Crowned and Wedded Queen' appeared in the *Athenaeum*, and shortly afterwards 'Napoleon's Return'. On the 11th July 1840 the sad event occurred which was to throw a shadow over her future life. Her brother Edward, with two companions, all experienced yachtsmen, started for a few hours' pleasure sail in a small yacht on a fine summer's day. This after dinner passed in agonising suspense, but the boat did not return, still they hoped against hope, till at last the sea gave up its dead. The blow completely prostrated the strict invalid, a morbid feeling took possession of her that she was responsible for her dear one's death, who had remained at Torquay moved by her tears at the prospect of parting with him. Her poem *De Profundis*, never published till after her own death, is a faint reflex of her feelings at this time, of which she could never afterwards speak, even to him she loved the most. In the September number of the *Quarterly Review* an important notice appeared of her Poems, while she herself was hovering between life and death. It was not till late in the summer of 1841 that she was able to be removed in an invalid carriage, by stages of twenty five miles a day, to the house in Wimpole Street, where she was to pass, in the seclusion of her darkened rooms, so many invalid years. Meanwhile her fame as a poet was growing. 'The Cry of the Children,' suggested by Mr R H Horne's Report on Mines and Factories, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* and attracted much attention. She also co-operated with Mr

Horne (with whom, though they had never met, she carried on a charming literary correspondence once published) in his work called *The New Spirit of the Age*, a series of critical papers on contemporary literature, and in this work she came into connection, all unconsciously, for the first time with the great influence of her future life. 'The Mottoes' (for the various critiques, see Horne, which are singularly happy and appropriate, were for the most part supplied by Miss Barrett and Robert Browning, then unknown to each other).

late in the autumn of 1841 two volumes of her Poems dedicated to her father and including 'The Drama of Life' 'The Cry of the Children' 'A Vision of Poets' 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship.' They were published in London and received with a general shout of applause and 'Heath's Barre' was universally recognised as the greatest woman poet of her time. Meanwhile Mrs. St. John was in her darkened room and the world was sounding with her praises; the quiet undivided happiness of her life was coming all unknown to meet her. Dying one day in 1839



ROBERT BROWNING  
From a Photograph by Elliot and Fry

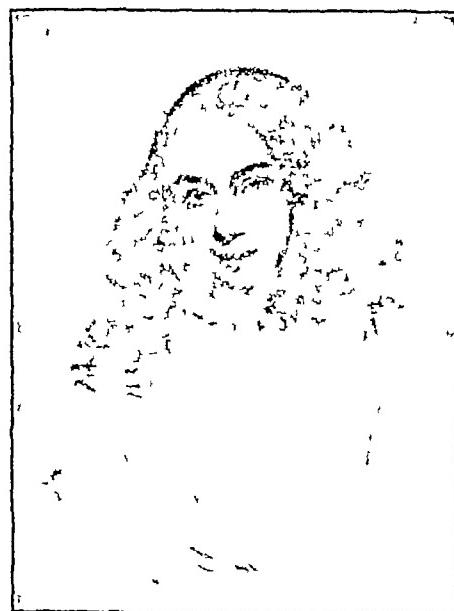
at Sergeant Falboult's some one pointed out to her cousin, Mr Kenyon, a 'slim, dark, very handsome' young man as Mr Robert Browning, the author of a notable poem called *Paracelsus*. The name recalled old memories and Mr Kenyon accosted the young author, and asked, 'Was your father's name Robert, and did he go to school at the Rev Mr Bell's at Cheshunt?' Next morning the young man asked his father if he remembered a school fellow named John Kenyon. 'Certainly,' he answered, 'this is his face,' and he sketched a boy's head, in which his son at once recognised his acquaintance of the previous evening. The old comradeship was renewed, and Mr Kenyon often spoke in his friend's house of his invalid poet cousin Miss Barrett, and when her poems appeared

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he sent a copy to the author of *Paracelsus*. When the volumes arrived the poet himself was abroad, but his sister read and was much struck with their beauty, and on his return drew her brother's attention to them, who was at once enamoured with them, and at Mr Kenyon's suggestion wrote to tell the invalid poetess how much he prized her work. This letter, dated 10th January 1845, is the first of that unique series of letters between Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, recently published, which embalms for the world its most idyllic courtship.

Robert Browning, whose greatness the English-speaking world is tardily coming to recognise, was born in an old house at Camberwell (since taken down) on the 7th of May 1812. His father and grandfather both bore the same name, and both held positions of trust in the Bank of England. His grandfather married Margaret Morris Tittle, who was born in the West Indies and owned property there. The poet's father was their eldest son, and was sent out as a young man to his mother's sugar plantation in St. Kitts, but the slave system was so repugnant to him that he sacrificed a fortune to his convictions, and returned home to take up a small post in the Bank of England. All who knew him intimately agree in considering him one of the most remarkable men they had ever known. A child-like simplicity, unworldliness, and sweetness of nature was joined in him with extraordinary intellectual and artistic gifts. His detective faculty in criminal cases is said to have amounted to genius—as did also his artistic talent (his own desire, thwarted by his father, was to have been an artist), and his power of versifying, his son declared to be far greater than his own. He was a scholar in the finest sense of the word, and had a passion for old books and pictures. In 1811 he married Sarah Anna Wiedemann, daughter of a German ship master from Hamburg, who had settled in Dundee and married a Scottish wife whose name was Sarah Revell. From his maternal grandfather who is said to have been a skilled musician, Robert Browning probably inherited his love for music, as to his German and Scotch ancestry combined he probably owed his metaphysics, and perhaps to the *praeferendum ingenium Scotorum* somewhat of his poetic fire. Mrs Browning was a woman in every way worthy of such a husband and such a son. Carlyle speaks of her as 'the true type of a Scottish gentlewoman,' and Mr Kenyon declared that such as she had no need to go to heaven, because they made it wherever they were. From the first Robert Browning's love for his mother was a passion. It is told of him that as a little boy he always said, 'When I am a man I will marry my mamma!' All through his life at home, however late he might be out, he never went to bed without seeking her room for his good night kiss. 'She was a divine woman,' he used to say, with a tremor in his voice to the very last, and

those who know best say that his mother's was, out of sight the strongest influence in his life. One little sister, eighteen months younger than her brother, named Sibraana after her mother, and well worthy of her place in that unique family group, completed the quiet Camberwell household. Very early the poetic instinct showed itself in the little Robert, his sister remembered him walking round the dining room table scanning his verses on the mahogany when his head hardly reached above it. A beautiful, impetuous, passionate and passionately loving child, full of restless energies, keenly susceptible to music and art, devoted to all



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING  
From the chalk Drawing (1849) by Field Talfourd in the National Portrait Gallery

living things—coming home with his pockets full of all sorts of insect and reptile pets, all—from the little speckled frog picked up by him in the strawberry-beds to the mutilated cat rescued from torturing boys—to be given into his mother's loving care, and the boy never forgot the skill and tenderness with which she sewed and dressed and bandaged poor pussy's wounds, till she nursed her back to health. Probably for the sake of a few hours' peace in the household the little sprite was very early sent to a lady's school near, with the result of a mutual among the mothers of the other pupils, who declared that their darlings must be neglected as they were so speedily outstripped by Master Browning, to which the worthy lady pertinently replied that if they could give their children 'Master Browning's intellect' she could easily satisfy them! By the time he was twelve he had written a little volume of poems which he called *Le Rêve*, but a publisher was sought in vain, and in disgust he threw the neatly stitched little manuscript into the fire.





summer of 1851 the projected visit to England was paid. To Mrs Browning's grief, her father remained inexorable in his resentment, and her letter pleading that he would so far relent as to kiss her child was unanswered. On this, and on each succeeding visit to England, Robert Browning went to the door of the church in which his marriage had been solemnised, and kissed the paving stones—a mute testimony to the happiness there begun for him. The following winter was spent in Paris, Carlyle was their fellow traveller, and during this visit they made the acquaintance of M. Joseph Milend, ever afterwards one of their most cherished friends. Robert Browning's *Letters on Shelley*, which was prefixed to what is very well proved to be a series of spurious letters of that poet was written there. Mr Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows*, an impassioned plea for the freedom of Italy, was also published during this year. She had at this period an intense admiration for, and belief in, Louis Napoleon as the Liberator of Italy, a belief which it required the shameful treaty of Villafranca finally to dispel. Her mind was about this time also much occupied by the phenomena of spiritualism to the annoyance of her husband, who thought by no means himself uninterested in occult science, and, with his quick penetration, that his great minded and true hearted wife was being imposed upon by pretenders. Later she also discovered that he had been deceived and withdrew her confidence from a previously much trusted friend. In 1853 Browning's play *Colomb's Birthday* was produced with success on the stage—at the Haymarket—under the direction of Miss Helen Fruin afterwards Lady Martin. That summer they visited the baths of Lucca, where Robert Browning wrote 'In a Balcony' and some others of the poems included in *Men and Women*. The winter of 1853–54 was spent in Rome.

In 1855 they were again in London, from which place Mr Browning's *Ora Nona More* is dated in September, and before the close of the year his fifty *Men and Women* were given to the world. The winter of 1855–56 was again spent in Paris, where Mr Browning's father and sister were now settled. For three years Mrs Browning had been writing *Aurora Leigh*, but it was not till March 1856 that her husband saw my part of it, then she placed the first six books in his hands. The remaining three books were written much more rapidly, in her cousin Mr Kenyon's house in London, to whom the poem was dedicated. Its success was immediate and wide. In October the Brownings returned to Italy, and in the following summer were again at the baths of Lucca but their stay was darkened by the serious illness of their little Penini (the pet name of their little boy), who was stricken down by gastric fever. 'That child I am more proud of,' writes his mother, 'than of twenty Auroras.' Mercifully their treasure was spared to them, and they returned to Florence for

the winter of 1857–58. Their friend Mr W. W. Story, the American sculptor, thus describes the Casa Guidi home at the time. 'We can never forget the square ante room with its great picture and piano-forte, at which the boy Browning passed many an hour, the little dining room crowded with tapestry, and where hung a medallion of Tennyson Carlyle, and Robert Browning—the long room filled with plaster casts and audios, which was Mr Browning's retreat, and, above all, the large drawing room here we always sat. It opens upon a balcony filled with plant, and looks out upon the moon, the church of San Felice. There was something about this room which seemed to make it a proper and congenial haunt for poets. The old balcony and window which gave it a dreamy look, which was enhanced by the tapestry-covered wall and the old picture of Saint that looked out sadly from the carved stone of black wood. By the floor at the end of the room was a sanctified allusion to a loom which was in door. A small table stood with writing material, books, and newspapers, always by her side. To those who loved Mrs Browning and to know her well to love her she was in many attributes. Her was in the beauty of feature, in the finer forms of expression. Her slight figure seemed hardly large enough to contain the great heart that beat so fervently within. Her character is welcome, perfect. I speak of religion for all her everything was religion. Her Christ and she continued to church or abides, it is not said when. As soon as with the Lord nor even though in the shadiest morn made one better in mind and soul.' Of Mr Browning Nelson Heywood also tributes in evening at Casa Guidi writes 'A most vivid and quick thoughts personified and common-sensible as I presume poets generally are in their daily talk. And Mr Hawthorne says 'Mr Browning's grip of the hand gives a real value to his rendering so much fervour and sincerity of nature.' 'There is a singular sweet-ness about him,' writes another friend.

During the summer of 1859 came the news of the Treaty of Villafranca, and the check to her hope for her beloved Italy threw Mrs Browning into a serious illness from which, though she rallied for a time, she never really recovered low ground. Most of that summer was spent in Siena, and the winter following in Rome. Here Mr Browning occupied himself much in modelling, and there was a temporary suspension of his own work. Partly this may have been due to the sense of the shadowing cloud that hung over the life so dear to him, partly, perhaps, also to the inevitable discouragement, even to a heart so brave and hopeful as his, of the long continued lack of any general appreciation of his work by the English public. Mrs Browning writes 'The treatment in England affects him, naturally, and for my part I set it down as an insult of that public—no other word

I don't consider for myself of an unappreciating public—*Her career*. But just for *that* reason I complimented her Robert. The blindness, deafness and stupidity of the English public to Robert Browning, — Not only there except himself two of his kindred men pretend to do him justice. What in America has a power over a paper? I said 'I live in the hearts of the people.'

In a *Ms. B. 10. 1. 1. 1. 1.* he writes her note of 20th June 1861:— 'Dear Mrs. Browning— I am sending you a copy of my poem "The Last Duchess" & "Porphyria's Lover." — You will see that I have not yet got it off. There are many little alterations & changes. I do think however it is now in a better form than before. I have made some changes in the last part of the poem, & I have taken in some of your suggestions & added them, & I have also added a few more of my own. I am sending it in its present state to you. To me it does not seem to be in its finalised condition. I hope you will like it, and will therefore withdraw it. — I am writing again to you. See you soon. I am sending you a copy of the new verse printed from the *New Monthly Magazine* — the second number of which is out at the moment.'

In the *Ms. B. 10. 1. 1. 1. 1.* he writes of a woman who died in 1860. 'She was one hundred and twelve years old when she died, and had been a widow for nearly half a century. Her husband had been a soldier in the French army, and had gone into the Country. His wife & child could have saved him if they had known where he was. She did not know him, as she used to follow him about. She had a return of her old bronchial trouble, and the doctor deemed it impossible to save her life, but the attack appeared a light one, and no immediate danger was apprehended. On the night of 28th June she had laid down to bed in my room, only the one devotional watch by his wife beside her. No thought of the coming parting vexed them. I sat hour together only in ecstasy of love and gratitude in the dying hours. The most perfect expression of her love to me, writes her husband, 'within my whole knowledge of her—was smiling happily, and with a smile like a girl— and in a few minutes she died in my arms her head on my cheek. So God took her to himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark uneasy bed into your arms and the light. Thank God. Her last word when I asked "How do you feel?"—"Beautiful!"'

For them there was 'no sadness of farewell, and Robert Browning turned to face the desolation of his life like the man he was.' You know I have her dearest wishes and interests to attend to at home,' he writes. 'Her child to care for, educate & establish properly and my own life to fulfil as properly all just as she could require were she here. Mrs. Browning died at half past four in the evening of 20th June 1861, in her fifty-third year, and on the 1st of July was laid in the Protestant cemetery at Florence. Her husband had a white marble monument erected over her place of rest, and it is inscribed her gratitude to the poets, who 'linked her En Mezzo with their Italy,' on a slab of white marble on the wall of Casa Guidi.

Robert Browning left Florence at once with his daughter, but never to see it again. After a couple of months spent with his father and sister at St. Ippolito near Florence, he and the poet went to London, where Mr. Browning eventually sold his house in the Strand, and the poet resided in a small flat in the same street. The first year of his widowhood was a time of bitter desolation but he turned to his books with the old monkish sense of reparation. He had made up his mind to go abroad to fit his boy for the university without price. Through a public school and the devoted help of Mr. Alfred Burnett, a deeply religious and charitable young man who also had founded the new Police at London but despite little gulls in it, he left with Mrs. Browning became his candidate. Robert Browning's poem *The Ring* and Mr. Burnet's *Poems for the Highest Schools*, were written for the benefit of the boy. Along with Mr. Burnet Mr. Browning read at this time to him the church of the Rev. Thomas Jones a Quaker, though minister, to whose *Sermon on Life after Death* he afterwards wrote a Preface. In the summer of 1862 he went to Cambria and Brecon, and here he already wrote of my new poem that was about to be the Robin Hood murder story. Probably during his last autumn at Casa Guidi he had packed up at an old book stall in the Piazza San Lorenzo a 'spineless old yellow book' with the story of the Franceschini murder case, and now in the following summer, we find him already planning his poem. It was not however, till the winter of 1863-64 that *The Ring and the Book* was published. A selection from his poems appeared in 1862, and in 1863 the three volume edition was published. In December 1864 he writes 'I feel such comfort and delight in doing the best I can with my own object in life, Poetry, that it shows me I have taken the root I did take, well. I hope to do much more yet, and that the flower of it will be put into her hand somehow.' In this year he signed his will, before Alfred Tennyson and J. J. Palgrave. His father died on 14th June 1866 in Paris, three weeks before the completion of his eighty-fifth year. His son writes of him

'He kept his own strange sweetness of soul to the end. So passed away this good, unworldly, kind hearted, religious man, whose powers, natural and acquired, would so easily have made him a notable man had he known what vanity, or ambition, or the love of money or social influence meant. As it is, he was known to half a dozen friends. He was worthy of being Ba's father—out of the whole world, only he, so far as my experience goes. My sister will come and live with me henceforth. You see what she loses. All her life has been spent in caring for my mother, and seventeen years after that, my father.' From this time to the end, the brother and sister were inseparable companions. Not the least unique in this unique family circle, in all rarest qualities of head and heart, was Surrunt Browning, and in that beloved sister's perfect companionship the poet found his best earthly solace for the great sorrow of his life. True as steel, brilliant in intellect yet simple and natural as a child, she combined with an almost shrinking modesty and diffidence in unselfishness absolutely selfless, an understanding sympathy that never failed, and all her father's 'strange sweetness of soul'. Her ministry of love, begun to her mother and continued to her father, came next as an unspeakable blessing to her poet brother, and, after his death, to his son—till, without one failing faculty, in her ninetieth year, at the dim dawn of a recent Italian April day, the quiet summons to the better country came, and she might not tarry.

The younger generation now began to recognise that a great poet had been long in their midst though they knew him not, and in June 1867 Oxford conferred upon Mr Browning its M.A. degree, and in the following October he was made an honorary Fellow of Balliol. The year after he declined to be nominated for the Lord Rectorship of St Andrews University. In June 1868 Miss Aribel Barrett died, like her sister, in Robert Browning's arms. This year the six-volume edition of his poems was published by Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co., and that winter the first two, and in spring the third and fourth volumes of *The Ring and the Book*, of which the *Athenaeum* spoke as the 'opus magnum of the generation' Robert Browning was now recognised as a great poet. London society sought eagerly for his company, and he was drawn much into its whirl of engagements. In March 1871 *Hervé Riel* appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for the benefit of the French sufferers by the war, Mr Smith paying one hundred guineas for the poem *Balaustion's Adventure* and *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau* were published in August and December 1871, of the latter, fourteen hundred copies were sold during the first five days. 'I remember,' writes its author, 'that the year I made the little rough sketch in Rome (1860) my account for the last six months with Chapman was—nil, not one copy disposed of! It (*Hohenstiel-Schwangau*) is just what I imagine the man might, if he pleased,

say for himself.' In this year he was made one of the life governors of London University. *Fysis at the Fair* appeared in the spring of 1872. About this time an acquaintance, begun long before at Florence, with Miss Egerton Smith ripened into an intimacy. They went much together to concerts in London, and, accompanied by Miss Browning, spent several summer holidays together, sharing the same house at Mers, at Villers, in the island of Arran, and lastly, in 1877, at La Saisiaz. In 1875 Mr Browning declined nomination for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. *Pacchia sotto* appeared in 1876. During their stay at La Saisiaz in the summer of 1877 he was unusually depressed, and their visit there was brought to a sad and abrupt termination by the sudden death of Miss Egerton Smith, as they were preparing to start for a day's excursion on Sâlène. His poem *La Saisiaz*, recording the thoughts suggested by this sad event, on another life as an essential sequel to our present life, was published in 1878 along with *The Two Poets of Croisic*. In this year he returned to Italy with his sister, for the first time since his wife's death, travelling by the Splügen Pass, where in great excitement he wrote *Ivan Ivanovitch*, and thence by Como and Verona to Venice and Asolo. 'From Asolo, at last, dear friend! So do dreams come false,' he writes. The little quaint hill-town had been his first love in Italy, and a dream had often haunted his sleep that he was struggling to reach 'The Rocca'—the ruined embattlement which crowns its hill—but always in vain. Almost every summer holiday after, he and his sister returned to the land he loved for 'a dose of Italian air'. The first series of *Dramatic Idylls* was published in 1879, the second in 1880, and in 1881 the London Browning Society was started by Dr Furnivall and Miss E. H. Hickey. *Jocoseria* appeared in 1883, and *Fusitalhi's Fancies* in 1884. At the tercentenary of the Edinburgh University in that year, its degree of LL.D. was given to him, and the following year he was elected president of its associated societies. In 1885 he entered into negotiations (which, however, eventually fell through) for the purchase of the old Manzoni Palace in Venice. In 1887 *Parleyings* appeared, and in June he removed from 19 Warwick Crescent to 29 De Vere Gardens, a larger house on the other side of the Park. In October his son, Mr Robert Barrett Browning, who had chosen the profession of an artist, and of whose early successes his father was far more proud than of any achievement of his own, married an American lady, Miss Fannie Coddington. About this time Mr Browning's wonderfully perfect health began somewhat to decline, and he was troubled by severe colds in winter, but he held on to his usual routine of life. In the spring of 1888 he began to revise his poems for a uniform edition. In August he went to Primiero, near Feltre. He was in London again in his new house in De Vere Gardens, in the decorating and



and the one into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered' It is in reality a romance in blank verse. Many of the social problems with which it deals, though now familiar to us all, were looked upon forty years ago as startling novelties, and for a delicate and sensitive woman to treat them in the bold and outspoken way in which they are handled in *Aurora Leigh* was an act of true moral heroism. But refined and sensitive as Elizabeth Barrett Browning was, her husband sings of her truly as the 'boldest heart that ever braved the sun'. There were cruelties and injustices in the received relations of the sexes, and if words of hers could help to right them, the help should not be withheld. *Aurora Leigh* has often been spoken of as an autobiography, but whatever points of resemblance there may be between the heroine and the author, nothing can be more dissimilar than the story of their lives. Yet by their diverse roads they reach the same goal, and Aurora Leigh's final views of life and art may be accepted as essentially those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

**Robert Browning** is as essentially a dramatic, as his wife is a lyrical, poet. Comparatively few of his poems are strictly dramatic in form, but all his thinking falls naturally into a dramatic mould. Even his philosophy and metaphysics, of which there is much in his poetry, take generally the form of the philosophy and speculations of some real or imaginary personality. 'The incidents in the development of a soul little else is worth study; I, at least, have always thought so,' he says in the dedication of *Sordello*. Not that Robert Browning's mind is objective, as Shakespeare's is, there is nothing of the calm, placid, mirroring quality in it which in our great Elizabethan dramatist reflects all things outward to itself, as from the surface of a rippleless lake. Browning's mind, on the contrary, is intensely and passionately subjective and individual. One never loses sight of the creator's mind in the creatures of his genius, but the universality and depth of his sympathy enables him so to throw his own passionate soul into each varying phase of the human nature he depicts, that Robert Browning is, for the time being, each of his own creations. Hence the man Robert Browning comes far closer to his readers than the man William Shakespeare. It seems a hopeless task in the limited space available to give any adequate idea of the extraordinary richness and variety of Robert Browning's many-sided genius. His intense sympathy and understanding of the point of view of everything living, from the lowest to the highest, from the basest to the best, is perhaps his most outstanding characteristic but hardly less remarkable are his philosophical insight, his marvellous powers of observation, the power and beauty of his descriptions of nature, the combined manliness and sweetness of his views of life, and the cheery inspiring ring of optimism that ignores no shadow, yet ever pierces through the darkness to the light.

above the cloud, built upon no shifting sands of sentiment but on the eternal Rock

God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world

The difficulties of his style, so often objected to, are very much the defects of his qualities. His much-abused obscurity is not a matter of mere style or expression, as can easily be proved by simply trying, after succeeding in mastering the poet's meaning in a difficult passage, to express the ideas it contains in clearer or simpler English, when it will be found that the words used are the very clearest words possible to convey its meaning. The real difficulty lies in gaining the poet's standpoint, that done, all is simple, and this difficulty arises mainly from the subtlety and the rapidity of his thought. There are many minds to whom Browning's poems must remain for ever a sealed book, (because of a certain subtle quality in his mind and a faculty for fine spun analogy) which eludes their grasp, and there are many also who, though perhaps capable of understanding if once they attain to his standpoint, find the mental gymnastics necessary to follow the rapid transitions of his fancy too arduous a task. (The association of ideas in Browning's mind is so swift and so delicate that it requires a mind in some degree constituted like his own to be able to follow him.) To these essential difficulties of his poetry he sometimes adds (as in *Sordello*) a complex plot, begun in the middle, and relating to obscure episodes of unfamiliar history, and then the bewilderment of the ordinary casual reader is indeed complete! Next to *Sordello*, perhaps, *Fifine at the Fair* is the most difficult, and certainly one of the most misunderstood of Browning's poems, as it is also (when understood aright) one of his very noblest. The difficulty here is of a different kind from that of *Sordello*—it lies in the essential motif of the poem itself, which is 'from a given point, evolve the infinite'—from an imaginary, commonplace, concrete example of a man apparently drawn away for a time from his nevertheless true allegiance to the high souled wife he loves by the passing attractions of a pretty dancing-girl at an itinerant village show, to illustrate man's whole relations to the Passing and the Permanent. Another objection often brought against Browning, and sometimes not wholly without cause, is the alleged roughness of his versification. With him the sense always takes precedence of the sound. His exact meaning must be expressed—if melodiously, so much the better—but in any case meaning must take the pas of melody, that he can be most melodious many of his lyrics incontestably prove. (Robert Browning is essentially the poet of poets and of thinkers. Perhaps more than any other his mind influences the whole trend of the thought of our generation, but it is largely by influencing the influences. Great as his direct influence undoubtedly is, his indirect and unacknowledged

power is wider still, through the whole tone of the teaching of leading minds, themselves permeated by his thought.)

The greatest of his many great poems is unquestionably *The Ring and the Book*. It consists of twelve parts, originally in four volumes, in which the same tale of wrong and cruelty and murder is told from all imaginable different standpoints—of criminals, victims, counsel on either side, onlookers, and judge—with all Browning's own unapproachable insight into the character, motives, and point of view of each of his *dramatis personæ*. Nothing in literature can be found finer than his delineation of the passionate purity of Pompilia. ‘My rose I gather for the breast of God,’ as her judge, the wise old Pope, calls her, or of ‘the warrior priest,’ whose frivolous and unworthy past vanishes, shrivelled to nothingness at first touch of her pure flame, till he ‘springs forth a hero,’ loyal ‘to the life’s end,’ or of the grand old Pope, facing his last judgment, ‘The Pope for Christ,’ and diring to

Send five souls more to just precede his own,  
Stand him in stead and witness—if need were,  
How he is wont to do God’s work on earth

The exquisite dedication to his wife, beginning ‘Oh Lyric Love, half angel and half bird,’ concludes this masterpiece of poetry.

Among his longer poems, after this extraordinary effort of genius, *Paracelsus*, *Strafford*, *Pippa Passes*, *A Blot in the Scutcheon*, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, *Balaustion’s Adventure*, *Fifine at the Fair*, and *La Saisiaz* take perhaps the highest place, and amid the unbounded wealth of his shorter poems may be specially mentioned ‘The Lost Leader,’ ‘How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix,’ ‘Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister,’ ‘Evelyn Hope,’ ‘Old Pictures in Florence,’ ‘Garden Fancies,’ ‘A Toccata of Galuppi’s,’ ‘Home Thoughts from Abroad,’ ‘Saul,’ ‘By the Fireside,’ ‘Any Wife to any Husband,’ ‘Two in the Campagna,’ ‘The Guardian Angel,’ ‘Mesmerism,’ ‘The Italian in England,’ ‘Waring,’ ‘The Last Ride Together,’ ‘The Pied Piper of Hamelin,’ ‘The Flight of the Duchess,’ ‘A Grammarian’s Funeral,’ ‘How it Strikes a Contemporary,’ ‘An Epistle,’ ‘Fri Lippo Lippi,’ ‘Andrea del Sarto,’ ‘The Bishop orders his Tomb in Saint Praxed’s Church,’ ‘Bishop Blougram’s Apology,’ ‘Cleon,’ ‘One Word More,’ ‘The Worst of it,’ ‘Rabbi ben Ezra,’ ‘A Death in the Desert,’ ‘Caliban upon Setebos,’ ‘Prospero,’ ‘Mr Sludge the Medium,’ ‘Epilogue to *Dramatis Personæ*,’ ‘Ivan Ivanovitch,’ ‘Clive,’ the ‘Epilogue to Ferishtah’s Fancies,’ and the ‘Epilogue to Asolando’.

#### *From Mrs Browning’s Poems*

##### *Cowper’s Grave*

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart’s decaying,  
It is a place where happy sunts may weep amid their prying

Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish  
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish

O poets, from a man’s tongue was poured the deathless singing!  
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!  
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,  
Groaned only while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,  
How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,  
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,  
He wore no less a loving face because so broken hearted

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet’s high vocation,  
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration,  
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, of wise or good forsaken,  
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,  
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him,  
Who suffered once the madness cloud to His own love to blind him,  
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses  
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences  
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,  
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber

And timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses,  
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses,  
The very world, by God’s constraint, from falsehood’s ways removing,  
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that guiding,  
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,  
He testified this solemn truth, while phrenzy desolated,  
Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created

Lile a sick child that I noweth not his mother while she blesses  
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,—  
That turns his fevered eyes around—‘My mother! Where’s my mother?’—  
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending  
o'er him,  
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love  
she bore him !  
Thus wokt the poet from the dream his life's long fever  
gave him,  
Peneath those deep pathetic Eyes which closed in death  
to save him

Thus ? Oh, not thus ! No type of earth can image that  
awaking,  
Wheren he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round  
him breaking,  
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,  
But felt those eyes alone, and knew—' My Saviour ! not  
deserted ! '

Deserted ! God could separate from His own essence  
rather,  
And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son  
and I rather  
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry His universe hath  
shaken—  
It went up single, echoless, ' My God, I am forsaken ! '

(From *The Seraphim and other Poems*, 1838.)

#### The Cry of the Children.

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
And that cannot stop their tears  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,  
The young birds are chirping in the nest,  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,  
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—  
But the young, young children, O my brothers  
They are weeping bitterly !  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their looks are sad to see,  
For the man's hourly anguish draws and presses  
Down the checks of infancy,  
'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary,  
Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak,  
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—  
Our grave rest is very far to seek  
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,  
For the outside earth is cold,  
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,  
And the graves are for the old !'

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap,  
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
To drop down in them and sleep  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,  
We fall upon our faces, trying to go,  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow  
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring  
Through the coal drift, underground,  
Or, all day we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round.'

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,  
To look up to Him and pray,  
So the blessed One who blesseth all the others,  
Will bless them another day  
They answer, 'Who is God that He should hear us,  
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred ?  
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us  
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word  
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)

Strangers speaking at the door  
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,  
Hears our weeping any more ?'

And well may the children weep before you !  
They are weary ere they run,  
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory  
Which is brighter than the sun  
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom,  
They sink in man's despair without its calm,  
Are slaves without the liberty in Christdom,  
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm  
Are worn as if with age, yet untrearilying  
The harvest of its memories cannot reap,—  
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly  
Let them weep ! let them weep !

(From *Poems*, 1844.)

#### From 'Catarina to Camoens'.

[Dying in his absence abroad, and referring to the poem in which he recorded the sweetness of her eyes.]

Keep my riband, take and keep it,  
(I have loosed it from my hair)  
Feeling while you overweep it,  
Not alone in your despair,  
Since with saintly

Watch unfaintly

Out of heaven shall o'er you lean  
'Sweetest eyes were ever seen'

But—but now—yet unremoved  
Up to heaven, they glisten fast,  
You may cast away, Beloved,  
In your future all my past

Such old phrases

May be praises

For some fairer bosom queen—  
'Sweetest eyes were ever seen !'

Eyes of mine what are ye doing ?  
Faithless, faithless,—praised amiss

If a tear be of your showing,  
Dropt for any hope of His !

Death hath boldness

Besides coldness,

If unworthy tears demean  
'Sweetest eyes were ever seen '

I will look out to his future,  
I will bless it till it shine.

Should he ever be a suitor

Unto sweeter eyes than mine,  
Sunshine gild them,

Angels shield them,

Whatsoever eyes terrene

Be the sweetest His have seen !

(1844)

## From 'The Cry of the Human'

'There is no God' the foolish saith,  
But none 'There is no sorrow,'  
And nature oft the cry of faith  
In bitter need will borrow  
Eyes, which the preacher could not school,  
By wayside graves are raised,  
And lips say 'God be pitiful,'  
Who ne'er said 'God be praised'  
    Be pitiful, O God!

(1844)

## From 'The Rhyme of the Duchess May'

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west—  
*Toll slowly*  
And I said in underbreath,—All our life is mixed with death,

And who knoweth what is best?

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west—  
*Toll slowly*  
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness—  
    Round our restlessness, His rest

(1844)

## From 'Sonnets from the Portuguese'

XXIII

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,  
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?  
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine  
Because of grave damps falling round my head?  
I marvelled, my Belovèd, when I read  
Thy thought so in the letter I am thine—  
But *so* much to thee? Can I pour thy wine  
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead  
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range  
Then, love me, Love! Look on me—breathe on me!  
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,  
For love, to give up acres and degree,  
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange  
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right,  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death

(Written 1845-46.)

## From 'Aurora Leigh.'

'Reform,  
Make trade a Christian possibility,  
And individual right no general wrong  
    What then,  
Unless the artist keep up open roads  
Betwixt the seen and unseen,—bursting through

140

The best of your conventions with his best?

We'll not barter, sir,

The beautiful for barley —And even so,  
I hold you will not compass your poor ends  
Of barley feeding and material ease,  
Without a poet's individualism

To work your universal It takes a soul,  
To move a body, it takes a high souled man,  
To move the masses, even to a cleaner style,  
It takes the ideal, to blow a hair's breadth off  
The dust of the actual —Ah, your Fourier's failed,  
Because not poet enough to understand  
That life develops from within'

Get leave to work

In this world—'tis the best you get at all!  
For God in cursing, gives us better gifts  
Than men in benediction

If he had loved,

Ay, loved me, with that retributive face,—  
I might have been a common woman now  
And happier, less known and less left alone,  
Perhaps a better woman after all,  
With chubby children hanging on my neck  
To keep me low and wise. Ah me, the vines  
That bear such fruit, are proud to stoop with it  
The palm stands upright in a realm of sand!

I was flushed with praise,  
But, pausing just a moment to draw breath,  
I could not choose but murmur to myself  
"Is this all? all that's done? and all that's gained?"  
If this then be success 'tis dismal  
Than any failure!

O my God, my God,  
O Supreme Artist, who as sole return  
For all the cosmic wonder of Thy work,  
Demandest of us just a word a name,  
"My Father!" thou hast knowledge, only thou  
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still  
On winter nights by solitary fires  
And hear the nations praising them far off,  
Too far! ay, praising our quick sense of love,  
Our very heart of passionate womanhood,  
Which could not beat so in the verse without  
Being present also in the unkuissed lips  
And eyes undried because there's none to ask  
The reason they grew moist

To have our books  
Appraised by love, associated with love,  
While we sit loveless! is it hard, you think?  
At least 'tis mournful Fame, indeed, 'twas said,  
Means simply love It was a man said that  
And then, there's love and love the love of all  
(To risk in turn a woman's paradox.)  
Is but a small thing to the love of one  
You bid a hungry child be satisfied  
With a heritage of many corn fields nay,  
He says he's hungry,—he would rather have  
That little barley cake you keep from him  
While reckoning but his harvests

'The man most man, with tenderest human hands  
Works best for men—as God in Nazareth'  
He paused upon the word, and then resumed  
'Fewer programmes, we who have no prescience,  
Fewer systems, we who are held and do not hold,  
Less massing out of masses to be sived  
By nations or by sexes.

The world waits  
For help Beloved, let us love so well,  
Our work shall still be better for our love,  
And still our love be sweeter for our work,  
And both commended, for the sake of each,  
By all true workers and true lovers born'

(1856)

**A Musical Instrument**

What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon fly on the river

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river,  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a dying lay,  
And the dragon fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flowed the river,  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river!)  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor dry empty thing  
In holes, as he sat by the river  
  
'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan  
(Laughed while he sat by the river),  
'The only way, since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'  
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon fly  
Came back to dream on the river

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man  
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,—  
For the reed that grows nevermore again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river  
(From *Last Poems*, 1862.)

*From Robert Browning's Poems***The Lost Leader**

I

Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—  
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
Lost all the others she lets us devote,  
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,  
So much was theirs who so little allowed  
How all our copper had gone to his service!  
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,  
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
Made him our pattern to live and to die!  
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,  
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their  
graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the freemen—  
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

## II

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence,  
Songs shall inspirit us,—not from his lyre,  
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,  
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire  
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,  
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,  
One more devils' triumph and sorrow for angels,  
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!  
Life's night begins let him never come back to us!  
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,  
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,  
Never glad confident morning again!  
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,  
Menice our heart ere we master his own,  
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,  
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

(From *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. 7, 1845.)**Evelyn Hope**

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!  
Sit and watch by her side an hour  
That is her book shelf, this her bed,  
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,  
Beginning to die too, in the glass,  
Little has yet been changed, I think  
The shutters are shut, no light may pass  
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chunk  
Sixteen years old when she died!  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name,  
It was not her time to love, beside,  
Her life had many a hope and um,  
Duties enough and little cares,  
And now was quiet, now astir,  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
And the sweet white brow is all of her  
Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?  
What, your soul was pure and true,  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—  
And just because I was twice as old  
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
Each was nought to each, must I be told?  
We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the love  
I clung you still for my own love's sake!  
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few  
Much is to learn, much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.  
But the time will come—at last it will,  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant (I shall say)  
In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
That body and soul so pure and gay?

Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—  
And what you would do with me, in fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's stead

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes,  
Yet one thing, one in my soul's full scope,  
Lither I missed or itself missed me  
And I went and find you, Evelyn Hope !

What is the issue? let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while  
My heart seemed full as it could hold?  
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,  
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold  
So, hush—I will give you this leaf to keep  
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand !  
There, that is our secret go to sleep !  
You will wake, and remember, and understand !

(From *Dramatic Lyrics*)

#### An Epistle—containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician

Karshish, the picker up of learning's crumbs,  
The not incurious in God's handiwork.  
(This man's flesh he hath admirably made,  
Blown like a bubble, kneaded like a paste,  
To coop up and keep down on earth a space  
That puff of vapour from his mouth, man's soul)  
—To Abib, all sagacious in our art,  
Breeder in me of what poor skill I boast,  
Like me inquisitive how pricks and cracks  
Befill the flesh through too much stress and strain,  
Whereby the wily vapour fain would slip  
Back and rejoin its source before the term,—  
And aptest in contrivance (under God)  
To baffle it by deftly stopping such —  
The vagrant Scholar to his Sage at home  
Sends greeting (health and knowledge, same with peace)  
Three simples of true snakestone—rarer still,  
One of the other sort, the melon shrined,  
(But fitter, pounded fine, for charms than drugs)  
And writeth now the twenty second time

My journeys were brought to Jericho  
Thus I resume Who studious in our art  
Shall count a little labour unreward?  
I have shed sweat enough, left flesh and bone  
On many a flinty furlong of this land  
Also, the country side is all on fire  
With rumours of a marching hitherward  
Some sun Vespers in cometh, some, his son  
A black lynx snarled and pricked a twisted ear,  
Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls  
I cried and threw my staff and he was gone.  
Twice have the robbers stripped and beaten me,  
And once a town declaimed me for a spy,  
But at the end, I reach Jerusalem,  
Since this poor covert where I pass the night,  
This Bethany lies scarce the distance thence  
A man with plague-sores at the third degree  
Runs till he drops down dead Thou laughest here !  
Sooth it elates me, thus reposed and safe,  
To void the stuffing of my travel strip  
And share with thee whatever Jerry yields

A viscid choleric is observable  
In tertians, I was nearly bold to say ,  
And falling sickness hath a happier cure  
Than our school wots of there's a spider here  
Weaves no web, watches on the ledge of tombs,  
Sprinkled with mottles on an ash grey back ,  
Take five and drop them but who knows his mind,  
The Syrian run a gate I trust this to ?  
His service præteth me a sublime  
Blown up his nose to help the ailing eye.  
Best wait I reach Jerusalem at morn,  
There set in order my experiences,  
Gather what most deserves, and give thee all—  
Or I might add, Judæa's gum tragacanth  
Scales off in purer strikes, shines clearer grained,  
Cracks 'twixt the pestle and the porphyry,  
In fine exceeds our produce Scalp disease  
Confounds me, crossing so with leprosy—  
Thou hadst admired one sort I gained at Zoar—  
But zeal outruns discretion Here I end

Yet stay my Syrian blinketh gratefully,  
Protesteth his devotion is my price—  
Suppose I write what harms not, though he steal ?  
I half resolve to tell thee, yet I blush,  
What set me off a writing first of all  
An itch I had, a sting to write, a tang '  
For, be it this town's barrenness—or else  
The Man had something in the look of him—  
His case has struck me far more than 'tis worth.  
So, pardon if—(lest presently I lose  
In the great press of novelty a hand  
The care and pains this somehow stole from me)  
I bid thee take the thing while fresh in mind,  
Almost in sight—for, wilt thou have the truth?  
The very man is gone from me but now,  
Whose ailment is the subject of discourse.  
Thus then and let thy better wit help all !

'Tis but a case of mania—subinduced  
By epilepsy, at the turning point  
Of trance prolonged unduly some three days  
When, by the exhibition of some drug  
Or spell, exorcization, stroke of art  
Unknown to me and which 'twere well to know,  
The evil thing out breaking all at once  
Left the man whole and sound in body indeed,—  
But flinging (so to speak) life's gates too wide,  
Making a clear house of it too suddenly,  
The first conceit that entered might inscribe  
Whatever it was minded on the wall  
So plainly at that vantage, as it were,  
(I first come, first served) that nothing subsequent  
Attaineth to erase those finey scribbles  
The just returned and new established soul  
Hath gotten now so thoroughly by heart  
That henceforth she will read or these or none.  
And first—the man's own firm conviction rests  
That he was dead (in fact they buried him)  
—That he was dead and then restored to life  
By a Nazarene physician of his tribe  
—'Saveth, the same bide 'Rise,' and he did rise  
Such cases we durst, thou wilt cry  
Not so this fragment'—not, that such a sume  
Instead of giving way to time and health,  
Should cut itself into the list of life  
As saffron tingeth sick blood, bones and all !

For see, how he takes up the after life  
 The man—it is one Lazarus a Jew,  
 Sanguine, proportioned, fifty years of age,  
 The body's habit wholly livable,  
 As much, indeed, beyond the common health  
 As he were made and put aside to show  
 Thus, could we penetrate by any drug  
 And bathe the wearied soul and worn flesh,  
 And bring it clear and fair by three days sleep?  
 Whence has the man the balm that brightens all?  
 This grown man eyes the world now like a child  
 Some elders of his tribe, I should premise,  
 Led in their friend, obedient as a sheep,  
 To bear my inquisition. While they spoke  
 Now sharply, now with sorrow,—told the curse,—  
 He listened not except I spoke to him,  
 But folded his two hands and let them talk,  
 Watching the flies that buzzed and yet no soul  
 And that's a sample how his years must go  
 Look if a beggar, in fixed middle life,  
 Should find a treasure—can he use the same  
 With straitened habits and with tastes starved small,  
 And take it once to his impoverished brain  
 The sudden element that changes things  
 That sets the undreamed of rapture at his hand,  
 And puts the cheap old joy in the scorned dust?  
 Is he not such an one as moves to mirth—  
 Warily parsimonious, when no need,  
 Wistful of drunkenness, at undue times?  
 All prudent counsel is to what befits  
 The golden mean, is lost on such in one  
 The man's fantastick will is the man's law  
 So here—we call the treasure knowledge, say  
 Increased beyond the fleshly faculty—  
 Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,  
 Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing heaven  
 The man is witness of the sun, the sun,  
 The value in proportion of all things,  
 Or whether it be little or be much  
 Discourse to him of prodigious armaments  
 Assembled to besiege his city now,  
 And of the passing of a mole with gounds—  
 'Tis one! Then take it on the other side,  
 Speak of some trifling fact,—he will gaze rapt  
 With stupor at its very littleness,  
 (Far as I see) as if in that indeed  
 He caught prodigious import, whole results  
 And so will turn to us the bystanders  
 In ever the same stupor (note this point)  
 That we too see not with his opened eye,  
 Wonder and doubt come wrongly into play,  
 Preposterously, at cross purposes  
 Should his child sicken unto death,—why look  
 For scarce abatement of his cheerfulness,  
 Or pretermision of the daily crust!  
 While a word, gesture, glance from that same child  
 At play or in the school or laid asleep,  
 Will startle him to an agony of fear,  
 Exasperation, just as like. Demand  
 The reason why—'tis but a word,' object—  
 'A gesture'—he regards thee as our lord  
 Who lived there in the pyramid alone,  
 Looked at us (dost thou mind?) when, being young  
 We both would unadvisedly recite  
 Some charm's beginning, from that book of his,  
 Able to bid the sun throb wide and burst

All into stars, as suns grown old are wont  
 Thou and the child have each a veil still  
 Thrown o'er your heads, from under which we both  
 Stretch your blind hands and trifle with a match  
 Over a mine of (steel) fire, did ye know?  
 He holds on firmly to some thread of life—  
 (It is the life to lead perseveredly)  
 Which runs across some vast distracting orb  
 Of glory on either side that merge there,  
 Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet—  
 The spiritual life around the earthly life  
 The law of that is known to him as this,  
 His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here  
 So is the man perplexed with impul<sup>s</sup>e  
 Sudden to start off crooked, not straight on  
 Proclaiming what is right and wrong crooked,  
 And not along this black thread through the blare—  
 It should be balked by 'here it cannot be.  
 And oft the man's soul springs into his face  
 As if he saw again and heard again  
 His sage that bade him 'Rise, and he did rise,  
 Something a word, a tick o' the blood within  
 Admonishes then back he sinks at once  
 To a he<sup>r</sup> who was very fine before,  
 In a drowsy recurrent to his tribe  
 Whereby he earneth him the daily bread  
 And studiously the humbler for that pride  
 Professedly the faultier that he knows  
 God's secret, while he holds the thread of life  
 Indeed the esp<sup>ec</sup>ial marking of the man  
 Is prone submission to the heavenly will—  
 Seeing it what it is and why it is  
 'Saveth, he will wait patient to the last  
 For that same death which must restore his being  
 To equilibrium, body loosening soul  
 Divorced even now by premature full growth  
 He will live, nay it plemeth him to live  
 So long as God please and just how God pleaseth  
 He even seeketh not to please God more  
 (Which meaneth, otherwise) than as God pleaseth  
 Hence I perceive not he affects to trench  
 The doctrine of his sect whate'er it be  
 Make proselytes as madmen thirst to do  
 How can he give his neighbour the real ground  
 His own conviction? Ardent is he.—  
 Call his great truth a lie, why, still the old  
 'Be it as God please' reassureth him  
 I probed the sore as thy disciple should  
 'How, beast,' said I, 'this stolid carelessness  
 Sufficeth thee when Rome is on her march  
 To stamp out like a little spark thy town,  
 Thy tribe thy crav' tile and thee at once?'  
 He merely looked with his large eyes on me  
 The man is apathetic, you deduce?  
 Contrariwise, he loves both old and young,  
 Able and weak, affects the very brutes  
 And birds—how say I? flowers of the field—  
 As a wise workman recognises tools  
 In a master's workshop, loving what they make  
 Thus is the man as harmless as a lamb  
 Only impatient, let him do his best,  
 At ignorance and carelessness and sin—  
 An indignation which is promptly curbed  
 As when in certain travel I have feigned  
 To be an ignoramus in our art  
 According to some preconceived design,

And happed to hear the land's practitioners  
Steeped in conceit sublimed by ignorance,  
Prattle fantastically on disease,  
Its cause and cure—and I must hold my peace !

Thou wilt object—Why have I not ere thus  
Sought out the sage himself, the Nazarene  
Who wrought this cure, inquiring at the source,  
Conferring with the frankness that befits ?

Alas ! it grieveth me, the learned leech  
Perished in a tumult many years ago,  
Accused,—our learning's fate,—of wizardry,  
Rebellion, to the setting up a rule  
And creed prodigious as described to me.

His death, which happened when the earthquake fell  
(Prefiguring, as soon appeared, the loss  
To occult learning in our lord the sage  
Who lived there in the pyramid alone)  
Was wrought by the mad people—that's their wont !

On vain recourse, as I conjecture it,  
To his tried virtue, for miraculous help—  
How could he stop the earthquake ? That's their way !

The other imputations must be lies  
But take one, though I loathe to give it thee,  
In mere respect for any good man's fame.  
(And after all, our patient Lazarus  
Is stark mad, should we count on what he says ?

Perhaps not though in writing to a leech  
'Tis well to keep back nothing of a case.)

This man so cured regards the curer, then,  
As—God forgive me ! who but God himself,  
Creator and sustainer of the world,  
That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile !

—Sayeth that such an one was born and lived,  
Taught, healed the sick, broke bread at his own house,  
Then died, with Lazarus by, for aught I know,  
And yet was what I said nor choose repeat,  
And must have so avouched himself in fact,  
In hearing of this very Lazarus  
Who saith—but why all this of what he saith ?

Why write of trivial matters, things of price  
Calling at every moment for remark ?

I noticed on the margin of a pool  
Blue flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,  
Aboundeth, very nitrous It is strange !

My pardon for this long and tedious case,  
Which, now that I review it, needs must seem  
Unduly dwelt on, prolixly set forth !

Nor I myself discern in what is writ  
Good cause for the peculiar interest  
And awe indeed this man has touched me with  
Perhaps the journey's end, the weariness  
Had wrought upon me first. I met him thus  
I crossed a ridge of short sharp broken hills  
Like an old lion's cheek teeth Out there came  
A moon made like a face with certain spots  
Multiform, manifold and menacing  
Then a wind rose behind me. So we met  
In this old sleepy town at unaware,  
The man and I I send thee what is writ  
Regard it as a chance, a matter risked  
To this ambiguous Syrian—he may lose,  
Or steal, or give it thee with equal good  
Jerusalem's repose shall make amends  
For time this letter wastes, thy time and mine,  
Till when, once more thy pardon and farewell !

The very God ! think, Abib, dost thou think ?  
So, the All Great, were the All Loving too—  
So, through the thunder comes a human voice  
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here !'  
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself !  
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,  
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,  
And thou must love me who have died for thee !'

The madman saith He said so it is strange

(From *Men and Women*, 1855.)

#### From 'The Ring and the Book'

"On receipt of this command,  
Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows four  
They die to morrow could it be to night,  
The better  
For the main criminal I have no hope  
Except in such a suddenness of fate  
I stood at Naples once, a night so dark  
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth  
Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all  
But the night's black was burst through by a blaze—  
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,  
Through her whole length of mountain visible  
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,  
And, like a ghost disshrouded, white the sea.  
So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,  
And Guido see, one instant and be saved  
Enough, for I may die this very night  
And how should I dare die this man let live ?

Carry this forthwith to the governor !"

(1868-69.)

#### The Householder

Savage I was sitting in my house, late, lone  
Dreary, weary with the long day's work  
Head of me, heart of me, stupid as a stone  
Tongue tied now, now blaspheming like a Turk,  
When, in a moment, just a knock, call, cry,  
Half a pang and all a rapture, there again were we !—  
'What, and is it really you agun ?' quoth I  
'I agun, what else did you expect ?' quoth She.  
  
'Never mind, hue away from this old house—  
Every crumbling brick embrowned with sin and shame !  
Quick, in its corners ere certain shapes arouse !  
Let them—every devil of the night—lay claim,  
Wipe and mend, or rap and rend, for me ! Good bye !  
God be their guard from disturbance at their glee,  
Till, crash, comes down the carcass in a heap !' quoth I  
'Nay, but there's a decency required !' quoth She  
  
'Ah, but if you knew how time has dragged, days,  
nights !  
All the neighbour talk with man and maid—such men !  
All the fuss and trouble of street sounds, window sights  
All the worry of slipping door and echoing roof, and  
then,  
All the fancies Who were they had leave, dared try  
Darker arts that almost struck des�ur in me ?  
If you knew but how I dwelt down here !' quoth I  
'And wif I so better off up there ?' quoth She.  
  
'Help and get it over ! Re united to his wife  
(How draw up the paper lets the parish people know ?)  
Lies M, or N, departed from this life,  
Day the this or that, month and year the so and so

What i' the way of final flourish? Prose, verse? Try!  
*Affliction sore long time he bore, or what is it to be?*  
*Till God did please to grant him ease Do end!*'  
 quoth I  
 'I end with—Love is all and Death is nought!' quoth  
 She  
 (From *Felina at the Fair*, 1872)

### Magical Nature

Flower—I never fancied, jewel—I profess you!  
 Bright I see and soft I feel the outside of a flower  
 Save for glow inside and—jewel, I should guess you,  
 Dim to sight and rough to touch the glory is the dower

You, forsooth, a flower? Nay, my love a jewel—  
 Jewel at no mercy of a moment in your prime!  
 Time may fray the flower face kind be time or cruel,  
 Jewel, from each facet, flash your laugh at time!  
 (From *Pagliaccio*, 1876.)

### From 'La Saisiaz.'

Weakness never needs be falseness truth is truth in  
 each degree  
 —Thunder pealed by God to Nature, whispered by my  
 soul to me  
 Nay, the weakness turns to strength and triumphs in a  
 truth beyond  
 'Mine is but man's truest answer—how were it did God  
 respond?'  
 Can I make my eye an eagle's, sharpen e'er to recognize  
 Sound o'er league and league of silence? Can I know,  
 who but surmise?  
 I have lived, then, done and suffered, loved and hated,  
 learnt and taught  
 This—there is no reconciling wisdom with a world  
 distraught,  
 Goodness with triumphant evil, power with failure in the  
 aim,  
 If (to my own sense, remember! though none other feel  
 the same!)—  
 If you bar me from assuming earth to be a pupil's place,  
 And life, time,—with all their chances, changes,—just  
 probation space,  
 Mine, for me  
 Only grant my soul may carry high through death her  
 cup unspilled,  
 Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's loss drop  
 by drop distilled,  
 I shall boast it mine—the balsam, bless each kindly  
 wrench that wrung  
 From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the root whence  
 pleasures sprung,  
 Barked the bole, and broke the bough, and bruised the  
 berry, left all grace  
 Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir in its place!  
 (1878.)

### From 'The Two Poets of Croisic.'

Such a starved bank of moss  
 Till, that May morn  
 Blue ran the flush across  
 Violets were born'  
 Sky—what a scowl of cloud  
 Till, near and far,  
 Ray on ray split the shroud  
 Splendid, a star!

World—how it walled about  
 Life with disgrace  
 Till God's own smile came out  
 That was thy face!  
 (1878.)

### Epilogue to 'Ferishtah's Fancies'

Oh, Love—no, Love! All the noise below, Love,  
 Groanings all and moanings—none of Life I lose!  
 All of Life's a cry just of weariness and woe, Love—  
 'Hear at least, thou happy one!' How can I, Love,  
 but choose?

Only, when I do hear, sudden circle round me  
 —Much as when the moon's might frees a space from  
 cloud—

Iridescent splendours gloom—would else confound me—  
 Barriers off and blinched far—bright edged the  
 blackest shroud!

Thronging through the cloud rift, whose are they, the faces  
 Faint revealed yet sure divined, the famous ones of  
 old?

'What—they smile—our names, our deeds so soon  
 erases

Time upon his tablet where Life's glory lies enrolled?

'Was it for mere fool's play, make believe and mumming,  
 So we battled it like men, not boylike sulked or  
 whined?

Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and each was  
 coming

Soldiers all, to forward face, not sneaks to lag behnd'

'How of the field's fortune? That concerned our  
 Leader'

Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for doings left and  
 right

Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,  
 Lay the blame or lit the praise no care for cowards  
 fight!'

Then the cloud rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,  
 Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and  
 strife's success

All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,  
 Till my heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less.

Only, at heart's utmost joy and triumph, terror  
 Sudden turns the blood to ice a chill wind disen  
 charms

All the late enchantment! What if all be error—  
 If the halo irised round my head were, Love, thine  
 arms?  
 (1884.)

### Epilogue to 'Asolando'

[Published 12th December 1889 the day Robert Browning died at  
 Venice.]

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep time,  
 When you set your fancies free,  
 Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, im  
 prisoned—

Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,  
 —Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!  
 What had I on earth to do

With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?  
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivell  
 —Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work time

Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,  
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever  
There as here!'

A uniform edition of Robert Browning's works appeared in seven volumes in 1888-90 and Mr Furnivall published a *Browning Bibliography* in 1883. A Life of him was written by Mrs Sutherland Orr (1891), who also prepared a *Handbook to Browning* (1885). There are books on Browning and his work by Symons (1887), Fotheringham (1887), Gosse (1890) Sharp (1890) and Dowden (1904). There is an *Introduction to his poetry* by Professor Hiram Corson (4th ed., Boston, U.S., 1892). In 1902 Mr Stopford Brooke published his work on *The Poetry of Robert Browning*. Mr Chesterton's book on Browning in the *Men of Letters* series appeared in 1903. An *Outline Analysis of Sordello* was published by the present writer in 1889 and *Of Finsé at the Fair, Christmas Eve and Easter Day and other Poems* in 1892. M. Joseph Milsand's appreciation in the *Recueil des Deux Mondes* in 1851 should be named, as also Mme. Dueulaix's *Grands Ecrits au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle* (1901). See also the *Browning Society's Papers* (1881-95), Bordoe's *Browning Cyclopedia* (1892) and Professor Santayana's *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion* (1900). Two volumes of letters by Browning were privately printed in 1895-96 by Mr Wise who also compiled a bibliography of Browning's writings (published in *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century* by Dr Robertson Nicoll and Mr T. J. Wise 1895). *The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett* were published in 1899. Mrs Browning's *Letters to R. H. Horne* had appeared in 1866 and a collection of her letters was edited by Mr Kenyon in 1897. There is a short *Life of Mrs Browning* by Mr J. H. Ingram (1880) and she is discussed in Mr Bayne's *Five Great Englishwomen* (1880).

JEANIE MORISON

**John Westland Marston** (1820-90), born the son of a Baptist minister at Boston, gave up law for literature, and in 1842 his *Patrician's Daughter* was brought out at Drury Lane by Macready. It was the most successful of more than a dozen plays—*Strathmore, Philip of France, A Hard Struggle* (in prose), *Donna Diana, Life for Life*, and the rest, collected, with his poems, in 1876—somewhat Sheridan-Knowlesian, and lacking in true dramatic life. He wrote a novel (1860), a good book on *Our Recent Actors* (1888), and a miss of poetic criticism, mostly in the columns of the *Athenaeum*. His plays are all but forgotten, but he deserves to be remembered as a true representative of poetical drama.

His son, **Philip Bourke Marston** (1850-87), the blind poet, was born, lived, and died in London. His life was a series of losses—of eyesight at three, and afterwards of his sister, his promised bride, and his two dear friends, Oliver Madox Brown and Rossetti. His memory will survive through his friendships with Rossetti, with Mr Watts-Dunton, and with Mr Swinburne rather than through his sonnets and lyrics—delicate and melodious most of them, exquisite some of them, but all too sad for a world that sees *Song-tide, All in All*, and *Wind Voices* were the three volumes of poetry he published between 1870 and

1883, to a posthumous collection of his stories (1887), mostly published in America, is prefixed a Memoir by Mr William Sharp. He was Dr Gordon Hake's 'Blind Boy,' Mr Swinburne dedicated a sonnet to his memory. Mrs Chandler Moulton collected his poems in 1892.

**Sir Henry James Sumner Maine** (1822-88) was in his own time probably the most conspicuous, popular, and influential writer on social science, on the usages and proprietary ideas of primitive society as forming the basis of laws still in force. From Christ's Hospital he passed to Cambridge, where, having greatly distinguished himself he was in his twenty-fifth year elected Regius Professor of Civil Law. He was called to the Bar in 1850, and in 1862 went to India as Legal Member of the Government. On his return he was in 1870 appointed Professor of Comparative Jurisprudence at Oxford, a post he resigned on being elected to the Mastership of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1878. In 1871 he had become a Member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India and K.C.S.I., and in 1887 he was appointed Whewell Professor of International Law at Cambridge. As was admitted by those most hostile to his fundamental views, his *Roman Law and Legal Education* (1856), followed in 1861 by *Ancient Law, its Connection with the Early History of Society and its Relation to Modern Ideas*, for more than twenty years profoundly influenced the teaching of jurisprudence in England. In *Village Communities in the East and West* (1871), delivered as a series of lectures at Oxford, the author traced the similarity that exists between the primitive communal societies of India and those of the ancient Germanic races. In 1875 appeared *Lectures on the Early History of Institutions*, principally an investigation of the ancient laws of Ireland, called the Brehon Laws, interesting not merely as one of the best preserved systems of primitive law, but because of its complete independence of Roman law. *Early Law and Custom* (1883) further illustrated his favourite theses, and *International Law* (1888) was based on his professorial work. In *Popular Government* (1885) he illustrated, not for the first time, his strong anti democratic bias. His fundamental idea, urged against M'Lennan and all supporters of the view that matriarchy was a germinal stage of primitive civilisation, was that the germ of society was the patriarchal power, the family centring round the father (not the mother), while from the family came the gens, from the gens the tribe, and from the tribe the nation. The opponents of Maine's view multiplied amongst anthropologists and sociologists, and produced detailed evidence from savage life and ancient records, and his contentions were criticised as showing a tendency to make a 'portable village community' which we might take about with us from one quarter of the globe to another.'

There is a Memoir of Maine by Sir M. E. Grant Duff (1892).

### John Ruskin,

one of the great teachers of art and life to the modern world, was the only son of John James Ruskin, a London wine-merchant, by his marriage with his first cousin, Margaret Cox. The family was of Scottish origin. The father had been born and educated in Edinburgh, and from both parents Ruskin inherited the simple piety, the strenuous morality, and the inflexible rectitude which are characteristic of their race and religion. Born on the 8th February 1819, he was brought up in the austere but bracing atmosphere of a Puritan home, without the common toys or amusements of childhood and with but scanty childish companionship. The picture of his early life has been drawn over and over again by his own hand, most fully, with complete fidelity and unsurpassable charm, in the chapters of autobiography which were the last work of his advanced age. When he was four years old, his parents removed from London to what was then the rural suburb of Herne Hill, which remained their home, and his, for nearly fifty years. His education was received chiefly at home, first from his mother and then from private tutors, except for a short time when he went to a day-school in Peckham, he hardly ever passed outside the narrow home circle until he went to Oxford. But this narrow life was enlarged and varied by his accompanying his father on the summer travels through all parts of England which he regularly undertook in the course of business, and occasionally in more prolonged excursions on the Continent of a less professional nature. In connection with these latter travels he made the acquaintance, between the age of thirteen and fifteen, with three books which are keynotes to the whole of his mental development—Rogers's *Italy*, with the Turner engravings, in 1832, Prout's *Sketches in Flanders and Germany*, in 1833, and Siussure's *Voyages dans les Alpes*, in 1834. They kindled in him the love of art, the reverence for antiquity, and the minute study of nature.

In 1837 he matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner. He was already then contributing articles to the *Architectural Magazine* and other journals. In 1839, after two unsuccessful attempts, he won the Newdigate prize for an English poem, neither better nor worse than other prize poems, on *Salsette and Elephanta*. His juvenile poems have in recent years been collected and published by the misplaced industry of his friends and biographers.

The Anglo-Catholic movement, which was so profoundly to alter the whole outward aspect and inner life of England, was then in the full tide of its early struggles and successes. Oxford was its centre, but it passed Ruskin by without producing the least effect on him. For his teacher he took, now and throughout life, not Newman but Carlyle (q.v.). The two lifelong friendships he formed at Oxford were with men who had a turn for art but

none for theology—one an accomplished scholar, and the other eminent in the promotion and endowment of science—Liddell (afterwards Dean of Christ Church) and Henry Acland. In the spring of 1840 Ruskin had a serious illness which practically brought his Oxford life to an end. The following winter and spring were spent in Italy with his parents. On his return he took a pass degree, and then set to work on a defence and vindication of the painter Turner, whose acquaintance he had recently made, and whose pictures he had even before then begun to buy and to treasure. This work gradually grew far beyond its first scope. The five bulky volumes into which it expanded, and which appeared successively during the next twenty years, range in their progress more and more widely over the whole field of art in its relation to life and nature. The title at first projected, *Turner and the Ancients*, was replaced by another at once clumsy and contentious—*Modern Painters their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters proved by Examples of the True, the Beautiful, and the Intellectual, from the Works of Modern Artists, especially from those of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A.* The first volume was published under this title in April 1843. It was the year of Mill's *Logic*, of Carlyle's *Past and Present*, of Gioberti's *Principio Civile e Morale degli Italiani*. The period was that of the great triumphs of Liberalism, in its widest sense, throughout Europe, and all four works are epoch-making in the history of the development of the modern or liberal spirit. In Great Britain, popular attention was at the moment largely engrossed with the ecclesiastical controversies which were raging furiously in both kingdoms, but Ruskin's first volume nevertheless made an impression which was both immediate and deep. A new voice had made itself heard, the critics only spread its influence more widely by their protests and condemnations. The next few years were for Ruskin a period of growing fame and widening influence. —

A second volume of *Modern Painters* was published in 1846. In the interval between the two he had discovered (for it was no less than a discovery) the great Christian art of medieval Italy. He had also discovered his own powers in prose, and used them with immense effect both in attack and defence, in the exposition of theories and the inculcation of principles. This second volume of *Modern Painters* is indeed a treatise of philosophy, far transcending the scope of a comparative criticism of art. The language moulded to the purposes of philosophic inquiry by Locke reappears in it, draped in the more voluminous rhetoric of an earlier age, yet so freshly handled as to be a new style—the style which, in the history of English literature, will be known as that of Ruskin, and of which no one else has fully mastered the secret.

His next work of importance followed two years later. This was *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*,

written in London during the winter of 1848-49, in the early months of a brief and disastrous marriage which need only be mentioned in passing, for it did not, in the six years for which it lasted, deeply affect his life as a thinker and artist. *The Seven Lamps*, the most popular among all Ruskin's earlier works, is really an interlude in the vast and complex inquiry which he was pursuing in *Modern Painters*, it is a study of the principles he had begun to discover and lay down for art, in their application to the mistress-art of all the arts which men exercise. What gave occasion and urgency to the interlude was the opening of Ruskin's eyes to the tragic fate doomed, and in part already executed, on all the monuments of the past by the calculated and merciless ravages of restoration.

The Gothic Revival, a general name that may be given to that great reversion of feeling towards the Middle Ages which played so profound a part in the history of the earlier nineteenth century, had first touched Ruskin, as it touched the whole of the English speaking world, through Walter Scott. On its theological and mystical side it never touched him at all, he remained through life as he had been brought up in childhood, essentially a Protestant, though his Protestantism became less and less orthodox. The Bible, which he had read through over and over again with his mother as a child at home, and which was one of the strongest formative influences on his own literary style, was to him the voice of God speaking directly to the individual. The Church and the Sacraments bore as little part in his religion as they bear in the Gospels, but just on this account, the Gothic revival in the sphere of arts affected him with an intenser force. These discourses on architecture as the crowning embodiment of life itself and of the virtues that make life excellent—ringed by him here under the six heads or ‘lamps’ of sacrifice, truth, power, beauty, memory, and obedience—are at the same time the inculcation of a scheme of human life in all re-

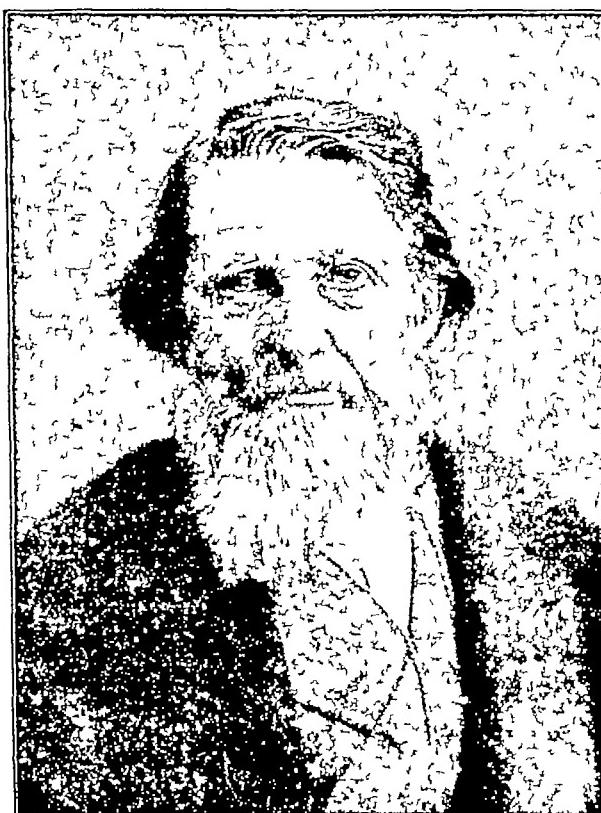
spects the antithesis of that which Ruskin saw in the modern world around him—a life which walked simply and austere in the conscious sight of God and guided by God's immediate hand. That such a life had existed in the so called Ages of Faith was to his mind demonstrable from the memorials which those ages had left. He still hoped or fancied that the world might be led back through the study of these silent witnesses to the spirit of the men who had reared them, and he felt it a primary duty to call men back to the old path by exciting their enthusiasm and renewing their reverence for a period when life was in the full sense sacred and art kindled by a living fire from heaven.

It was in this spirit that he wrote, during the years immediately following, the greatest of his works, *The Stones of Venice*. The first volume appeared in 1851, the other two in 1853. It is his greatest work both because his style had now reached maturity, and because in this one instance he completed fully an *œuvre de longue haleine*, a work the mere mass and structure of which gave it a weight denied to briefer or more fragmentary writings.

That concentration

JOHN RUSKIN

From a Photograph by Elliott &amp; Frs



which he had in full measure as regards each immediate object of his interest, he lacked as regards the continuous attention required to elaborate great masterpieces. His mind suffered from its very alertness and impetuous responsiveness. Again and again it happened that one train of suggestion or study led him on to another until he became distract ed in the multiplicity of his thoughts, and so it is that so much of his writing is fragmentary and fugitive, and that his mind at last gave way, not merely under the pressure of the evil tongues and evil days on which he fell, but under the burden of a message that became inarticulate through over-haste and over copiousness of utterance.

As the *Stones of Venice* is Ruskin's greatest work, so one chapter in it, the sixth of the second volume, entitled ‘On the Nature of Gothic,’ is the central

point of his whole teaching. With the twentieth chapter of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, it is a confession of faith and a call to the higher life which may be called the most momentous utterance of their half century of continuous authorship. In both cases the appeal is not to despair, but to labour and hope, in both cases the voice of God speaking through the man was greater than the man himself, and the works of later years took on them the sombre splendours of a great tragedy, when the prophets outlived faith in their own prophecies.

A sort of appendix to the *Stones of Venice* is a work which followed immediately on its completion, the small but exquisite volume of *Lectures on Architecture and Painting* given at Edinburgh at the end of 1853. In 1851 had appeared another minor work of great interest, his pamphlet in defence of the Pre-Raphaelite School. With that school Ruskin was indeed neither then nor afterwards in full sympathy. The rough justice of the popular belief which identified his teaching with their practice lies merely in this, that both placed before them 'truth to nature' as the object of art, their definition of truth and their conception of nature were, in fact, widely different.

After the *Stones of Venice* was completed, Ruskin returned to what he still regarded as his main work, the completion of *Modern Painters*. Two more volumes, the third and fourth, appeared in 1856. The ten years that had passed between the second and third volumes were a period of immense moment in European history, and on Ruskin's own mind they had wrought the beginnings of a great change. The chapters on Idealism and Sentiment in the third volume give what may be called a wholly new grammar of the psychology of art. But the meaning of art itself was being insensibly changed in his mind. His work at Venice had led him away from the study of science to that of history, he was coming to see more clearly what history forced on him, that art is not a representation of nature but a function of life. The fluctuation between these two views of art is what gives uncertainty and some degree of inconsistency to his practical teaching thereafter. Some of his least satisfactory work is the result of an attempt to reduce prematurely under a single idea the ethical laws of human life with the laws which govern irrational or inanimate nature, with the life of the Roman poet's *bruta tellus et vaga flumina*, the growth not merely of birds or plants, but of clouds and crystals. Yet here he was on the edge of an ultimate truth to which both Platonism and Christianity bear witness, and which the most recent scientific thought is beginning imperfectly to realise. But short of such a final reconciliation, the art which is a mere record of 'objective truth' is not art at all, and no real art is possible which is not the unforced imaginative outcome of a civic or national life lived in accordance with the laws of God.

*The Political Economy of Art*, the title of an

address given by Ruskin at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857, shows this shifting of his axis of thought. It is still more evident in *The Two Paths* of 1859, a collection of lectures and addresses given in the two or three preceding years. In that volume the intricacy of the problems dealt with leads to a confusion of argument that would be almost ludicrous if it were not full at once of pathos and of promise. His old principles—the instinctive happy principles of youth—are giving way everywhere under him, like the instinctive or traditional dogma on which they had their moral basis. The cry makes itself heard of the man who has drifted from his moorings. He was destined never to recover them, never to be able again to rest in a complete belief.

It was little wonder, then, that the fifth and last volume of *Modern Painters*, published in 1860, showed some inconsistency and even incoherence of thought, or that it failed to awake the same enthusiasm as its predecessors. Ruskin had had his period of growing popularity and widening acceptance. He had now, with whatever reluctance, to lay down the singing-robe of the artist and take on himself the sack-cloth of the prophet. What the public desired was to be amused, they were ready to make an idol of him while he tall ed smooth things to them, but now the task before him was to break down his own popularity, to be regarded by the world with a mixture of pity and contempt, to see even his friends fail him and fall away from him. The strain brought out all the petulance and irritability inherent in his highly strung temper, he finally gave way under it. But the years following the great change in his moral axis are those in which his work, though not his greatest, has the highest value and significance. The lecture 'On the Work of Iron,' given at Tunbridge Wells in 1858 and published in *The Two Paths*, shows the change in its full extent and gravity. His teaching—though he himself would not have admitted it—has there become express Socialism. His delight in rhetoric and sentiment still clung to him. He still was able, as in the celebrated comparison of modern Rochdale with medieval Pisa in the Bradford lecture of 1859 (published in the same volume), to let himself loose in a torrent of gorgeous language with no more distinctly ethical content than one of those later landscapes of Turner's with which Ruskin's earlier writing has so much in common, and in the arrangement of which at the National Gallery, from 1856 onwards, he found an occupation and an anodyne. But sentiment and rhetoric could no longer satisfy him, nor could he find relief from the actual world in the pathos and splendour of the past. To instruct, to startle, to save if it might be—though of that the hope grew ever fainter—a world lying in wickedness, became to him a primary and absorbing duty.

When the *Cornhill Magazine* was founded in 1860 under the editorship of Thackeray, Ruskin, as

one of the foremost among English men of letters, was invited to contribute to it. His contribution was the four papers afterwards issued as the volume entitled *Unto This Last*. The story is well known of the tempest of outraged protest they evoked, and of Thackeray's capitulation to the popular feeling which brought the series to an abrupt close. Yet their author might feel that he had at last struck home. In the preface to the collected volume he wrote, gravely and sincerely, 'I rest satisfied with the work, though with nothing else that I have done.' It is difficult to appreciate now, when time has turned half of what then seemed preposterous paradoxes into accepted doctrines, how far ahead of his generation Ruskin then was, what foresight and insight was given him by his absolute fearlessness and complete sincerity. It may be said with little exaggeration that the legislation of the last thirty-five years has followed haltingly behind the principles asserted by Ruskin in 1860; it may be said with great confidence that these same principles are now the main motive forces of the civic movement of the twentieth century. And the volume marks likewise the perfection, for practical purposes, of his style. It has shed the flamboyance and prolixity of his youth, it has not lapsed into the involved garrulity—often delightful indeed, but at best lacking the gravity of really great art—which alternately charms and irritates in the later essays and addresses. Here it is in his hands like the sword of an expert swordsman keen, rapid, and lustrous, flashing with swift easy turns through impassioned pleading, succinct exposition, searching irony, and fanciful humour.

Some ten years of crowded literary production followed, in which it is only possible here to name and fix the chief landmarks. These are (1) *Munera Pulveris*, an unfinished series of essays in Political Economy continuing the work begun in *Unto This Last*. The essays first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1862–63, they had the same fate as their predecessors in the *Cornhill*. After the fourth number, publisher and public both revolted, and the remainder of the series was suppressed. The orthodox Political Economy was still foolish enough to persecute heresy, and still strong enough to persecute it successfully. (2) The addresses on Traffic (1864) and Work (1865), reprinted in *The Crown of Wild Olive* the former in the main a trenchant attack on the fundamental irreligion and immorality of modern society, the latter developing more distinctly, and with less of compromise, the implied Socialism of *Unto This Last*. (3) The two addresses named 'Sesame' and 'Lilies,' published together under the joint title (a third address was afterwards incorporated in the volume), which are said to have had a vastly greater circulation than any other of Ruskin's writings (1865). With a certain reversion to the 'purple and soft raiment' of his earlier diction and sentiment, they have to many thousands of persons set up new ideals—in the one case of the sacredness

of thought and language, in the other of the duties and privileges of womanhood. (4) The series of letters to a Sunderland working-man, *Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne*, an attempt, at the season of great hopes roused by the democratisation of the franchise in 1867, to continue the author's work in social ethics by drawing the outlines of a constructive policy towards the ennobling of labour and the humanisation of riches.

For the many other lectures, addresses, and detached papers of these years, reference must be made to fuller biographies. The great fault of Ruskin's work is manifest in them—the impetuosity and restlessness of mind to which reference has already been made. Stimulating and fascinating beyond all writers of his generation in detached utterances, he was less like a builder than a sower, scattering seed to right and left with careless hand. Some of his seed fell on the way side, some among thorns, much in shallow soil. What fell on good ground has profoundly influenced the movement of the world for the last half-century.)

In 1869, at the age of fifty, Ruskin received what may be called his first public and official recognition, in his appointment to the newly-founded Professorship of Fine Art at Oxford. The responsibilities of such a position, had he entered on it earlier, must have had a great effect towards marshalling and concentrating his activity. As it was, his tenure of the office for three consecutive triennial terms, from 1870 to 1878, produced results inadequate to his own desire or his friends' expectation. The academic atmosphere of Oxford was adverse alike to the sincere practice of art and to the intense moral enthusiasm of his social doctrine. He founded, and endowed with lavish generosity, a school of drawing there, which has never flourished beyond the range of his immediate personal influence. He drew round him a small circle of young men, a few of whom in later life helped to carry the torch he had kindled and hid in their hands. Several of his courses of lectures in the University, notably those entitled *Aratra Pentelicæ* (1870), *The Eagle's Nest* (1872), *Ariadne Florentina* (1872), *Love's Meine* (1873), represent substantial additions to his writings on art. Oxford did not let him go unhonoured—he was elected an honorary Student of Christ Church and an honorary Fellow of Corpus, and though his professorial work was but a small part of his activity, he became universally known as Professor Ruskin.

His tenure of the Slade Professorship coincided with the life of the celebrated *Fors Clavigera*—a series of notes and essays, in the form of letters, dealing with almost every conceivable subject, which was issued by Ruskin in monthly parts from the beginning of 1871 until his illness in 1878, further numbers appearing at irregular intervals between 1878 and 1884. It was not put on the market through the ordinary channels of trade, but was sold directly by Ruskin himself to purchasers,

and this was the beginning of a system on which all his works came to be produced and issued. Gradually, as time went on, the agent whom he employed for printing and distributing them became a publisher in the ordinary meaning of the word. This was one of Ruskin's practical attempts (all in turn unsuccessful as regards their original object) to get rid of the tyranny of commercialism. His other experiments in the same direction—the Guild of St George, the tea-shop in Marylebone, the reclamation, in concert with Miss Octavia Hill, of a patch of slum property in London, the road making carried on by himself and his pupils near Oxford—do not belong to the story of his life as a man of letters. But it should be noted that it was the profit from the sale of his writings, in defiance of all accepted trade principles, which supported his later years in ease, and even in affluence, when his boundless public and private generosity had almost exhausted the fortune he inherited from his father.

His father had died in 1864, his mother in 1871. The most childlike, dutiful, and affectionate of sons, he never had until the latter date any separate home of his own. He then bought the little estate of Brantwood on Coniston Water in North Lancashire, which became his home for the rest of his life, and which was made all that a home could be for him by the presence and care of his cousin, Miss Agnew, afterwards Mrs Arthur Severn. At Brantwood, early in 1878, he was seized with a long and dangerous illness which left his brain seriously affected, and from which he never fully recovered. In 1883 his health was so far restored that he was able to accept re-election to the Slade Professorship, but the strain and excitement were almost from the first too great. It was a relief both to him and to his friends when he resigned at the end of 1884, as a protest against the establishment of a physiological laboratory in Oxford and the endowment of vivisection by the University. Between 1885 and 1889 there appeared in monthly parts the informal autobiography entitled *Præterita*. Twenty-four of these parts appeared in regular succession, a long break due to illness followed, four more numbers appeared in 1888-89, and brought down the story of his life to about 1864. The gradual failure of vital force ended peacefully at Brantwood on 20th January 1900. He was buried at Coniston, and a monument was afterwards erected to him in Westminster Abbey. In him passed away the last of the great figures of the earlier Victorian age.

The final estimate to be formed of Ruskin as an author will only be determined by time. A great deal of his published writing was occasional and necessarily fugitive. On principle, he allowed the utmost publicity to be given to all his correspondence, and his collected works include numberless letters, seldom without interest but often of trifling value, and not ranking as literature in the full sense of the term. Between such letters and his

slighter and more informal published writings—magazine articles, lectures, prefaces and introductions, &c—no distinct line can be drawn. Two well known and widely-read volumes, *Arrows of the Chase* (1880) and *On the Old Road* (1885), are collections of these fugitive contributions to newspapers and magazines. *Modern Painters*, by far his longest and most elaborate work, was written with a special purpose. Both because that purpose was in fact largely attained, and because it kept changing and shifting through the seventeen or eighteen years while the work was in progress, great parts of the five volumes are practically obsolete. Competent critics have held that the style, with all its merits, is too diffuse for permanence in its general structure, and ungainly and somewhat garish in the more highly elaborated passages. Of his work before 1860 the conjecture may be hazarded that the *Seven Lamps* and the *Stones of Venice* will survive. Among the multifarious mass of his later writings it is certain that *Unto This Last* and *The Two Paths*, with some of the papers collected in *The Crown of Wild Olive* and many detached numbers of *Fors Clavigera*, have a permanent place in literature as among the writings which have most profoundly influenced modern thought and life. *Præterita*, his last unfinished masterpiece, has in its sweet and garrulous charm, its childlike simplicity and cloudless serenity, as high and as secure a place as any of these.

As a master of style Ruskin's eminence is also great and peculiar. In science he had no adequate equipment of training or system, in art he was a brilliant amateur. But in language he was almost from the first a trained artist, he used language with a freedom and flexibility that had been strange to England for the best part of two centuries before he rediscovered the secret. In his earlier writings the style suffers from verbosity, more especially during a few years when he consciously imitated the style of the great Elizabethan theologian Richard Hooker. Into this fault he was always subject to relapse. But on occasion he could, without losing any flexibility or freedom, write with a terse force and swift precision which cannot be surpassed and have seldom been equalled. The purple patches which grimed him his first fame, and by which he is perhaps even now most widely known, were a conscious artifice. His own sounder judgment disapproved them, and he often had occasion to lament that he was read for his fine writing and not for the sake of the truths which the writing was meant to convey and to make impressive. It has been already noted how he remained, so to speak, a child in his parents' house so long as his parents lived, and in the work even of his mature age there is a childlike quality that now fascinates by its limpid simplicity and now annoys by its waywardness or extravagance. There are traces of the same quality in Plato, one of Ruskin's chief masters both in substance and in style, and one whose whole spirit

and temper have a remarkable affinity with his. Apart from the beauty and charm of his own writing, he is a figure of the first importance in English literature as in *amplificator imperii*, one who gave a new range and a new sensitiveness to English prose.

#### Restoration and Destruction.

Neither by the public, nor by those who have the care of public monuments, is the true meaning of the word *restoration* understood. It means the most total destruction which a building can suffer—a destruction out of which no remnants can be gathered—a destruction accompanied with false description of the thing destroyed. Do not let us deceive ourselves in this important matter—it is *impossible*, as impossible as to raise the dead, to restore anything that has ever been great or beautiful in architecture. That which I have above insisted upon as the life of the whole, that spirit which is given only by the hand and eye of the workman, never can be recalled. Another spirit may be given by another time, and it is then a new building, but the spirit of the dead workman cannot be summoned up, and commanded to direct other hands, and other thoughts. And as for direct and simple copying, it is palpably impossible. What copying can there be of surfaces that have been worn half an inch down? The whole finish of the work was in the half inch that is gone, if you attempt to restore that finish, you do it conjecturally, if you copy what is left, granting fidelity to be possible (and what care, or watchfulness, or cost can secure it), how is the new work better than the old? There was yet in the old *some* life, some mysterious suggestion of what it had been, and of what it had lost, some sweetness in the gentle lines which rain and sun had wrought. There can be none in the brute hardness of the new carving. Look at the animals which I have given in Plate 14, as an instance of living work, and suppose the markings of the scales and hair once worn away, or the wrinkles of the brows, and who shall ever restore them? The first step to restoration (I have seen it, and that again and again—seen it on the Baptistry of Pisa, seen it on the Casa d' Oro at Venice, seen it on the Cathedral of Lisieux) is to dash the old work to pieces, the second is usually to put up the cheapest and basest imitation which can escape detection, but in all cases, however careful, and however laboured, an imitation still, a cold model of such parts as can be modelled, with conjectural supplements, and my experience has as yet furnished me with only one instance, that of the Palais de Justice at Rouen, in which even this, the utmost degree of fidelity which is possible, has been attained, or even attempted.

Do not let us talk then of restoration. The thing is a Lie from beginning to end. You may make a model of a building as you may of a corpse, and your model may have the shell of the old walls within it as your cast might have the skeleton, with what advantage I neither see nor care—but the old building is destroyed, and that more totally and mercilessly than if it had sunk into a heap of dust, or melted into a mass of clay more has been gleaned out of desolated Nineveh than ever will be out of re-built Milan. But, it is said, there may come a necessity for restoration! Granted. Look the necessity full in the face, and understand it on its own terms. It is a necessity for destruction. Accept it as such,

pull the building down, throw its stones into neglected corners, make ballast of them, or mortar, if you will, but do it honestly, and do not set up a Lie in their place. And look that necessity in the face before it comes, and you may prevent it. The principle of modern times (a principle which, I believe, at least in France, to be systematically acted on by the masons, in order to find themselves work, as the abbey of St Ouen was pulled down by the magistrates of the town by way of giving work to some vagrants) is to neglect buildings first, and restore them afterwards. Take proper care of your monuments, and you will not need to restore them. A few sheets of lead put in time upon a roof, a few dead leaves and sticks swept in time out of a water course, will save both roof and walls from ruin. Watch an old building with an anxious care, guard it as best you may, and at any cost, from every influence of dilapidation. Count its stones as you would jewels of a crown, set watches about it as if at the gates of a besieged city, bind it together with iron where it loosens, stay it with timber where it declines, do not care about the unsightliness of the aid—better a crutch than a lost limb, and do this tenderly, and reverently, and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow. Its evil day must come at last, but let it come declaredly and openly, and let no dishonouring and false substitute deprive it of the funeral offices of memory.

(From *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*)

#### Perfection in Art.

I should be led far from the matter in hand, if I were to pursue this interesting subject. Enough, I trust, has been said to show the reader that the rudeness or imperfection which at first rendered the term 'Gothic' one of reproach is indeed, when rightly understood one of the most noble characters of Christian architecture, and not only a noble but an *essential* one. It seems a fantastic paradox, but it is nevertheless a most important truth, that no architecture can be truly noble which is *not* imperfect. And this is easily demonstrable. For since the architect, whom we will suppose capable of doing all in perfection, cannot execute the whole with his own hands, he must either make slaves of his workmen in the old Greek, and present English fashion, and level his work to a slave's capacities, which is to degrade it, or else he must take his workmen as he finds them, and let them show their weaknesses together with their strength, which will involve the Gothic imperfection, but render the whole work as noble as the intellect of the age can make it.

But the principle may be stated more broadly still. I have confined the illustration of it to architecture, but I must not leave it as if true of architecture only. Hitherto I have used the words imperfect and perfect merely to distinguish between work grossly unskilful, and work executed with average precision and science, and I have been pleading that any degree of unskillfulness should be admitted, so only that the labourer's mind had room for expression. But, accurately speaking, no good work whatever can be perfect, and the demand for perfection is always a sign of a misunderstanding of the ends of art.

This for two reasons, both based on everlasting laws. The first, that no great man ever stops working till he has reached his point of failure—that is to say, his mind is always far in advance of his powers of execution, and

the latter will now and then give way in trying to follow it, besides that he will always give to the inferior portions of his work only such inferior attention as they require, and according to his greatness he becomes so accustomed to the feeling of dissatisfaction with the best he can do, that in moments of lassitude or anger with himself he will not care though the beholder be dissatisfied also I believe there has only been one man who would not acknowledge this necessity, and strove always to reach perfection, Leonardo, the end of his vain effort being merely that he would take ten years to a picture, and leave it unfinished And therefore, if we are to have great men working at all, or less men doing their best, the work will be imperfect, however beautiful Of human work none but what is bad can be perfect, in its own bad way

The second reason is, that imperfection is in some sort essential to all that we know of life It is the sign of life in a mortal body, that is to say, of a state of progress and change Nothing that lives is, or can be, rigidly perfect, part of it is decaying, part nascent The foxglove blossom,—a third part bud, a third part past, a third part in full bloom,—is a type of the life of this world And in all things that live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies which are not only signs of life, but sources of beauty No human face is exactly the same in its lines on each side, no leaf perfect in its lobes, no branch in its symmetry All admit irregularity as they imply change and to banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to check exertion, to paralyze vitality All things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy

Accept this then for a universal law, that neither architecture nor any other noble work of man can be good unless it be imperfect, and let us be prepared for the otherwise strange fact, which we shall discern clearly as we approach the period of the Renaissance, that the first cause of the fall of the arts of Europe was a relentless requirement of perfection, incapable alike either of being silenced by veneration for greatness, or sostened into forgetfulness of simplicity

Thus far then of the Rudeness or Swagerness, which is the first mental element of Gothic architecture It is an element in many other healthy architectures also, as in Byzantine and Romanesque, but true Gothic cannot exist without it.

(From *The Stones of Venice*)

#### Rochdale and Pisa.

Beautiful art can only be produced by people who have beautiful things about them, and leisure to look at them, and unless you provide some elements of beauty for your workmen to be surrounded by, you will find that no elements of beauty can be invented by them

I was struck forcibly by the bearing of this great fact upon our modern efforts at ornamentation in an afternoon walk, last week, in the suburbs of one of our large manufacturing towns I was thinking of the difference in the effect upon the designer's mind, between the scene which I then came upon, and the scene which would have presented itself to the eyes of my designer of the middle ages, when he left his workshop Just outside the town I came upon an old English cottage, or mansion, I hardly know which to call it, set close under the hill, and beside the river, perhaps built somewhere in the

Charles's times, with mullioned windows and a low arched porch, round which, in the little triangular garden, one can imagine the family as they used to sit in old summer times, the ripple of the river heard faintly through the sweet hedge, and the sheep on the far off wolds shining in the evening sunlight There, uninhabited for many and many a year, it had been left in unregarded havoc of ruin, the garden gate still sprung loose to its latch, the garden blighted utterly into a field of ashes, not even a weed taking root there the roof torn into shapeless rents, the shutters hanging about the windows in rags of rotten wood, before its gate, the stream which had gladdened it now soaking slowly by, black as ebony, and thick with curdling scum, the bank above it trodden into unctuous, sooty slime far in front of it, between it and the old hills, the furnaces of the city forming forth perpetual plague of sulphurous darkness, the volumes of their storm clouds coiling low over a waste of grassless fields, fenced from each other, not by hedges, but by slabs of equine stone, like gravestones, riveted together with iron

That was your scene for the designer's contemplation in his afternoon walk at Rochdale Now fancy what is the scene which presented itself, in his afternoon walk, to a designer of the Gothic school of Pisa—Dino Pisano, or any of his men

On each side of a bright river he saw rise a line of brighter palaces, arched and pillared, and intwined with deep red porphyry, and with serpentine, along the quays before their gates were riding troops of knights, noble in face and form, dazzling in crest and shield, horse and man one labyrinth of quaint colour and gleaming light—the purple, and silver, and scarlet fringes flowing over the strong limbs and clashing mail, like sea waves over rocks at sunset Opening on each side from the river were gardens, courts, and cloisters, long successions of white pillars among wreaths of vine, leaping of fountains through buds of pomegranate and orange and still along the garden paths, and under and through the crimson of the pomegranate shadows, moving slowly, groups of the fairest women that Italy ever saw—fairest, because purest and thoughts fullest, trained in all high knowledge, as in all courteous art—in dance, in song, in sweet wit, in lofty learning, in loftier courage, in loftiest love—able alike to cheer, to enchant, or save, the souls of men Above all this scenery of perfect human life, to a dome and bell tower, burning with white alabaster and gold beyond dome and bell tower the slopes of mighty hills, hoary with olive, far in the north, above a purple sea of peaks of solemn Apennine, the clear, sharp cloven Carrara mountains sent up their steadfast flames of marble summit into amber sky, the great sea itself, scorching with expanse of light, stretching from their feet to the Gorgonian isles, and over all these, ever present, near or far—seen through the leaves of vine, or imaged with all its march of clouds in the Arno's stream, or set with its depth of blue close against the golden hair and burning cheek of lady and knight—that untroubled and sacred sky, which was to all men, in those days of innocent faith, indeed the unquestioned abode of spirits, as the earth was of men, and which opened straight through its gates of cloud and veils of dew into the awfulness of the eternal world,—a heaven in which every cloud that passed was literally the chariot of an angel, and every ray of its Evening and Morning streamed from the throne of God.

What think you of that for a school of design?

I do not bring this contrast before you as a ground of hopelessness in our task, neither do I look for any possible renovation of the Republic of Pisa, at Bradford, in the nineteenth century, but I put it before you in order that you may be aware precisely of the kind of difficulty you have to meet, and may then consider with yourselves how far you can meet it. To men surrounded by the depressing and monotonous circumstances of English manufacturing life, depend upon it, design is simply impossible. This is the most distinct of all the experiences I have had in dealing with the modern workman. He is intelligent and ingenious in the highest degree—subtile in touch and keen in sight—but he is, generally speaking, wholly destitute of designing power. And if you want to give him the power, you must give him the materials, and put him in the circumstances for it. Design is not the offspring of idle fancy—it is the studied result of accumulative observation and delightful habit. Without observation and experience, no design—without peace and pleasurableness in occupation, no design—and all the lecturings, and teachings, and prizes, and principles of art, in the world, are of no use, so long as you don't surround your men with happy influences and beautiful things. It is impossible for them to have right ideas about colour, unless they see the lovely colours of nature unspoiled, impossible for them to supply beautiful incident and action in their ornament, unless they see beautiful incident and action in the world about them. Inform their minds, refine their habits, and you form and refine their designs, but keep them illiterate, uncomfortable, and in the midst of unbeautiful things, and whatever they do will still be spurious, vulgar, and valueless.

(From *The Two Paths*)

#### The So-called Christian.

But in order to put this question into any terms, one had first of all to face a difficulty—to me for the present insuperable,—the difficulty of knowing whether to address one's audience as believing, or not believing, in any other world than this. For if you address any average modern English company as believing in an Eternal life, and then endeavour to draw any conclusions from this assumed belief, as to their present business, they will forthwith tell you that ‘what you say is very beautiful, but it is not practical.’ If, on the contrary, you frankly address them as unbelievers in Eternal life, and try to draw any consequences from that disbelief,—they immediately hold you for an accursed person, and shake off the dust from their feet at you.

And the more I thought over what I had got to say, the less I found I could say it, without some reference to this intangible or intractable question. It made all the difference, in asserting any principle of war, whether one assumed that a discharge of artillery would merely knock down a certain quantity of once living clay into a level line, as in a brickfield, or whether, out of every separately Christian named portion of the ruinous heap there went out, into the smoke and dead fallen air of brittle some astonished condition of soul, unwillingly released. It made all the difference, in speaking of the possible range of commerce, whether one assumed that all bar gains related only to visible property—or whether property, for the present invisible, but nevertheless real, was elsewhere purchasable on other terms. It made all the difference, in addressing a body of men subject

to considerable hardship, and having to find some way out of it—whether one could confidently say to them, ‘My friends,—you have only to die, and all will be right,’ or whether one had any secret misgiving that such advice was more blessed to him that gave than to him that took it.

And therefore the deliberate reader will find, through out these lectures, a hesitation in driving points home, and a pausing short of conclusions which he will feel I would fain have come to,—hesitation which arises wholly from this uncertainty of my hearers' temper. For I do not speak, nor have I ever spoken, since the time of first forward youth, in any proselytizing temper, as desiring to persuade any one to believe anything, but, whomsoever I venture to address, I take, for the time, his creed as I find it, and endeavour to push it into such vital fruit as it seems capable of. Thus, it is a creed with a great part of the existing English people, that they are in possession of a book which tells them, straight from the lips of God, all they ought to do, and need to know. I have read that book, with as much care as most of them, for some forty years, and am thankful that, on those who trust it, I can press its pleadings. My endeavour has been uniformly to make them trust it more deeply than they do, trust it, not in their own favourite verses only, but in the sum of all, trust it, not as a fetish or talisman, which they are to be saved by daily repetitions of, but as a Captain's order, to be heard and obeyed at their peril. I was always encouraged by supposing my hearers to hold such belief. To these, if to any, I once had hope of addressing, with acceptance, words which insisted on the guilt of pride, and the futility of avarice, from these, if from any, I once expected ratification of a political economy, which asserted that the life was more than the meat, and the body thinnement, and these, it once seemed to me, I might ask, without being accused of fanaticism, not merely in doctrine of the lips, but in the bestowal of their heart's treasure, to separate themselves from the crowd of whom it is written, ‘After all these things do the Gentiles seek?’

It cannot, however, be assumed, with any semblance of reason, that a general audience is now wholly, or even in majority, composed of these religious persons. A large portion must always consist of men who admit no such creed, or who, at least, are inaccessible to appeals founded on it. And as, with the so called Christian, I desired to plead for honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in life,—with the so called Infidel, I desired to plead for an honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in death. The dilemma is inevitable. Men must either hereafter live, or hereafter die, fate must be bravely met, and conduct wisely ordered, on either expectation, but never in hesitation between ungrasped hope, and unconfronted fear. We usually believe in immortality, so far as to avoid preparation for death, and in mortality, so far as to avoid preparation for anything after death. Whereas, a wise man will at least hold himself ready for one or other of two events, of which one or other is inevitable, and will have all things ended in order, for his sleep, or left in order, for his awakening.

Nor have we any right to call it an ignoble judgment if he determine to end them in order, as for sleep. A brave belief in life is indeed an enviable state of mind, but, as far as I can discern, an unusual one. I know

few Christians so convinced of the splendour of the rooms in their Father's house, as to be happier when their friends are called to those mansions, than they would have been if the Queen had sent for them to live at Court nor has the Church's most ardent 'desire to depart, and be with Christ,' ever cured it of the singular habit of putting on mourning for every person summoned to such departure. On the contrary, a brave belief in death has been assuredly held by many not ignoble persons, and it is a sign of the last depravity in the Church itself, when it assumes that such a belief is inconsistent with either purity of character or energy of hand. The shortness of life is not, to any rational person, a conclusive reason for wasting the space of it which may be granted him, nor does the anticipation of death, to morrow, suggest, to anyone but a drunkard, the expediency of drunkenness to day. To teach that there is no device in the grave, may indeed make the deviceless person more contented in his dulness, but it will make the deviser only more earnest in devising nor is human conduct likely, in every case, to be purer, under the conviction that all its evil may in a moment be pardoned, and all its wrong doing in a moment redeemed, and that the sign of repentance, which purges the guilt of the past, will waft the soul into a felicity which forgets its pain—that it may be under the sterner, and to many not unwise minds, more probable, apprehension, that 'what a man soweth that shall he also reap'—or others reap,—when he, the living seed of pestilence, walketh no more in darkness, but lies down therein.

(From *The Crown of Ill Old Olive*)

### The First Sight of the Alps

Entered once into this mountain Paradise, we wound on through its balmy glens, past cottage after cottage on their lawns, still glistering in the dew.

The road got into more barren heights by the midday, the hills arduous, once or twice we had to wait for horses, and we were still twenty miles from Schaffhausen at sunset, it was past midnight when we reached her closed gates. The disturbed porter had the grace to open them—not quite wide enough, we carried away one of our lamps in collision with the slanting bar as we drove through the arch. How much happier the privilege of dreamily entering a medieval city, though with the loss of a lamp, than the free ingress of being jammed between a dry and a tramcar at a railroad station!

It is strange that I but dimly recollect the following morning, I fancy we must have gone to some sort of church or other, and certainly, part of the day went in admiring the bow windows projecting into the clean streets. None of us seem to have thought the Alps would be visible without profane exertion in climbing hills. We dined at four, as usual, and the evening being entirely fine, went out to walk, all of us—my father and mother and Mary and I.

We must have still spent some time in town seeing, for it was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—west of the town, I believe, and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue,—gazing as at one of our own distances from Malvern of Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent,—suddenly—behold—beyond,

There was no thought in any of us for a moment of

their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed,—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us, not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death.

It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life, for a child of such a temperament is mine. True, the temperament belonged to the age a very few years,—within the hundred,—before that, no child could have been born to care for mountains, or for the men that lived among them, in that way. Till Rousseau's time, there had been no 'sentimental' love of nature, and till Scott's, no such apprehensive love of 'all sorts and conditions of men,' not in the soul merely, but in the flesh. St Bernard of La Fontaine, looking out to Mont Blanc with his child's eyes, sees above Mont Blanc the Madonna, St Bernard of Talloires, not the Lake of Annecy, but the dead between Martigny and Aosta. But for me, the Alps and their people were alike beautiful in their snow, and their humanity, and I wanted, neither for them nor myself, sight of any thrones in heaven but the rocks, or of any spirits in heaven but the clouds.

Thus, in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to be anything but the boy I was, not wanting to have anything more than I had, knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me, not enough to slacken in the least its sinews, and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the sight of the Alps not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume,—I went down that evening from the garden terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and futh return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace.

(From *Præterita*)

For Ruskin's life, as has been indicated above his own writings are the best and the fullest authority. A complete list of them is given in the *Bibliography of the Writings of John Ruskin*, by T J Wise (2 vols. 1889–92). The *Life and Work of Ruskin* by his pupil and secretary, W G Collingwood (2 vols. 1893), may be called his official biography up to that date. Among the many works dealing with his ideas or attempting to analyse his teaching and influence may be named *Studies in Ruskin* by E T Cook (1890) *Ruskin* by Mrs Meynell (1900), *Ruskin, Social Reformer*, by J A Hobson (1898) *John Ruskin*, by Frederick Harrison (1902), and for a foreign view, *Le Mouvement Idéaliste et Social dans la Littérature Anglaise au 19me Siècle*. *John Ruskin*, by Jacques Bardoux (1900) and *Ruskin et la Religion de la Beasté* by R de la Sizeranne (1897, English translation, 1900). A collected edition of the whole of Ruskin's works including much material hitherto unpublished, began to be issued in 1903 under the supervision of his literary executors.

J W MACKAIL.

**William Johnson Cory** (1823–92), the son of a Devonshire squire, was born at Torrington, and till 1878, when he inherited an estate and assumed the name of Cory, was beloved and revered by his Eton pupils (including Sir Frederick Pollock and Lord Rosebery) as William Johnson Schooled at Eton, he was a brilliant student at Cambridge and became a Fellow of King's, and for over quarter of a century (from 1845) was the most eminent of Eton masters. After his retirement (1878) he lived at Madeira and at Hamp-

stead At Cambridge he had won the Chancellor's medal for an English poem on Plato, his sapphics and alcaics were pronounced by Munro 'the best and most Horatian since Horace's own time. But, it was his *Ionica* (1858; enlarged 1891) that revealed—at first only to a very limited circle—his unique gift as an English lyrict, 'Anteros' and 'Mimnermus in Church' having an especial charm He wrote handbooks of Latin and Greek verse composition, defended Eton against the attacks of 'Jacob Omnim,' and published a suggestive and original (but debatable) *Guide to English History* from 1815 to 1835 A volume of extracts from his *Letters and Journals*, illustrating his attractive character and at times paradoxical opinions, was published in 1897

#### Heracitus

They told me, Heracitus, they told me you were dead,  
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears  
to shed

I wept as I remembered how often you and I  
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the  
sky

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,  
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,  
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,  
For Death he taketh all away, but them he cannot take

(Translation from Callimachus—*Anthologia Graeca* vii 80)

**James Robinson Planché** (1796–1880), whose name suggests his Huguenot descent, was born in London, and curiously combined the professions of antiquary and official herald (Rouge Croix from 1854, Somerset Herald from 1866) with that of writer of burlesques and other pieces for the theatre. His first extravaganza, *Amoroso*, was produced at Drury Lane in 1818 In 1824 he wrote English words for Weber's *Der Freischütz*, in 1826 for *Oberon*, from this time on he produced over ninety adaptions or translations and more than seventy original pieces (some with collaborators) To the other side of his life work belong two histories of British costume and a *Cyclopaedia of Costume, Regal Records* (1838), *The Pursuivant of Arms* (1852, 3rd ed 1874), and *The Conqueror and his Companions* (1874), besides his autobiographical *Recollections* (1872) The *Extravaganzas* (1879) fill five volumes

**Richard William Church** (1815–90) was born at Lisbon, a nephew of Sir Richard Church (famous in the Neapolitan service and as generalissimo of the insurgent Greeks in 1827) He spent much of his boyhood in Italy, was a friend of Newman at Oxford, took a first-class from Wadham College, was elected a Fellow of Oriel, in 1853 became rector of Whatley near Frome, and as Dean of St Paul's from 1871 was a distinguished and revered representative of the High Church on its best side Among his score of works, besides several volumes of sermons, were *Essays and Reviews* (1854), *The Beginning of the Middle*

*Ages* (1877), and, *The Oxford Movement* (1891), and books on Anselm and Dante, on Spenser and Bacon (in the 'Men of Letters' series) He was one of the founders of the *Guanadian* There is a Life of him by his daughter (1894)

**Thomas Hughes** (1823–96), born at Uffington, Berks, the son of a country squire, was educated at Rugby under Dr Arnold, studied at Oriel College, Oxford, 1841–45, was called to the Bar in 1848, and became a member of the Chancery Bar His first literary venture, published anonymously, was *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (1856), a story of boy-life at Rugby under Arnold's reign, based mainly on



THOMAS HUGHES

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

his own experiences and impressions 'Tom' in the story was the story teller's brother George, 'Arthur' was Stanley, afterwards Dean Stanley The book achieved an instant popularity which has been well maintained, and despite some faults of emphasis and sentimentality it remains yet the best literary picture of English public school life It was followed by *The Scouring of the White Horse* (1858), *Tom Brown at Oxford* (1861), a continuation of the 'Schooldays,' and, like most continuations, a failure, and *Alfred the Great* (1869) Hughes became a QC in 1869, and a County Court Judge in 1882 He was closely associated with Maurice and Kingsley in their work amongst the London poor In 1865–68 he represented Lambeth as a Liberal in Parliament, in 1868–74 he sat for Frome, and in 1880 he assisted in founding a settlement in the United States, of which *Rugby, Tennessee* (1881), is an account He

also wrote *Memoirs* of his eldest brother, G. C. Hughes (1873), *Lives of Daniel Macmillan* (1882) and *Bishop Fraser* (1887), and *Vacation Rambles* (1895). He is buried at Brighton, and a statue of him was erected at Rugby in 1899.

**Sir William Howard Russell**, most conspicuous of English war correspondents, was born at Lilyvale, County Dublin, in 1821, joined the staff of the *Times* in 1843, and was called to the Bar in 1850. From the Crimea he wrote those famous letters (published in book form in 1856) which opened the eyes of Englishmen to the sufferings of the soldiers, and contributed to break down in antiquated routine. He witnessed and described the events of the Indian Mutiny. In 1862 he established the *Times and Army Gazette*, of which he was still editor and chief proprietor in 1895, and in 1861 the Civil War drew him to America where he caused much irritation by his account of the Federal defeat at Bull Run. He was with the Austrians in 1866 and with the Prussians in 1870-71, visited Egypt and the East in 1874 and India (1877) as private secretary to King Edward then Prince of Wales, and was with Wolseley in South Africa in 1879 and in Egypt in 1883. Among his books are a novel *The Last Pictures of Dr Braxton* (1868), *Her Father* (1862), *A Life in the City* (1890), and *The Great War with Russia* (1895), an autobiographical record of Crimean experiences. Lt D., Knight of the Iron Cross and Commander of the Legion of Honour, he received an English knighthood in 1895.

**John Mackay Wilson** (1804-35), born in Fife-mouth and bred a printer, spent some years in London and after writing dramas and poems, became in 1832 editor of the *Bentley Advertiser*. His *Tales of the Borders* (6 vols. 1834-5) were originally issued in weekly numbers. Depending rather on their pathos and sentiment than on their literary power, they secured an immense popularity at home and abroad, and after Wilson's death they were continued for his widow, first by his brother and then with Alexander Leighton (1800-74) as editor. Among additional writers were Alexander Leighton, [Sir] Theodore Martin, Hugh Miller 'Delta,' Thomas Gillespie, and James Maidment. A new edition by Leighton extended to twenty volumes (1857-59), his 1869 revision contained four volumes more.

**Sir George Grove** (1820-1900), born at Clapham, was trained as a civil engineer, erected in the West Indies the first two cast iron light houses, and assisted in the Britannia tubular bridge, but became successively secretary to the Society of Arts (1849-52), and then secretary of the Crystal Palace Company. He diligently served the reading public as editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, as a large contributor to Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, as editor and part author of the great *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (1878-89, new edition by

Fuller-Maitland, 5 vols. 1886) and by a work on Beethoven (1870). D.L.D. of Dublin (1872), L.L.D. of Glasgow (1884), he was knighted in 1883 on the opening of the Royal College of Music of which he was director till 1895. See his *Life* by C. J. Grimes (1895).

**William Hepworth Dixon** (1821-79), born at Great Amble, Northumbria, and became a merchant's clerk, but had already written a good deal when in 1846 he settled in London. A series of papers in the *Daily News* on 'The Lower Order' and another on 'Lancashire Prison,' attracted attention, the latter being re-published in a volume issued in 1851. His *First Year* (1850) went through three editions in one year. In his *British Peer* (1851) he endeavoured to disprove 'Buckley's charges against the nobility' (1852) and his *Poems & Histories of Lord Haile* (1860) were much popular but his most elaborate historical work was his *History of the Queen Anne* (1853 to 1869) which he edited with the assistance of the Duke of Buccleuch. He was also editor of the *Almanack*. His book of the life of Bright and were set in type by the Duke of Buccleuch (1863). His *Political Sketches* (1873), and *British Letters* (1874) *Spurious Peer*, dealing with Morton and a less successful attempt at the life of the Earl of Morton, his son, was set in type by the Duke of Buccleuch (1874). His *Sketches of Queen Catherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn*, and *Henry VIII* (1877), were set in type by the Duke of Buccleuch (1877 and 1878) and in manuscript.

**James Grant** (1821-77), was born in Edinburgh, the son of an officer in the Guard who was proud of his old Highland and Irish descent and in 1832 sailed with his father for Newfoundland. Home again in 1839 he took up an easel in the 62nd Foot, but in 1843 resigned and, after a spell of draftmanship in an adhesives-office, turned to literature. Having contributed copiously to the *British*, *Scribner's*, *Chambers* and the *Dull*, *Cassell's Magazine*, he in 1845 published his *Romance of Her*, the first of a long series of romances and histories illustrating much of the achievements of Scottish arms abroad. The novels abound in incident, glorify dauntless daring, and have a brief and vigorous style without much literary charm. The histories are at times too picturesque and not historical enough. Of upwards of fifty novels the best known are *The Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp*, *Frank Hiller*, or *the Queen's Lover*, *Bothwell*, *The Yellow Frigate* and *Harry Ogle* etc., but his latest stories were meant to illustrate the British occupation of Burma and the reconquest of the Soudan. Of his other works, *Old and New Edinburgh* had the largest sale. But he wrote *Memoirs of Kirkaldy of Grange*, of Montrose and other Scottish heroes, and books of battles on land and sea. Cardinal Manning received Grant into the Roman communion twelve years before his death.

### The Songs and Ballads of Ireland.

In Ireland they who make the people's ballads do not exactly make the people's laws. But the ballad-writers have always been accurate and sympathetic exponents of popular sentiment. And in the nineteenth century the patriotic ballad has constituted a very considerable part of the total poetic production of Irish writers. What may be termed the political poetry of Ireland is purely English in form. It does not date much farther back than the era of the Volunteers, and the great period which followed that movement, the period of the Grattan Parliament, added singularly little to the ballad literature of Ireland. It was, indeed, only at the close of that era, in the convulsions of the rebellion, that the emotions of the masses began to be expressed in verses, often simple, sometimes rude, but always charged with patriotic feeling. The stirring events of those times give opportunities for the production of that poetry of action and passion for which, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has noted in the preface to his *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, the Celtic race have always had an intense relish. Of the earliest of these songs of the people many of the most successful have been the work of writers otherwise unknown, and some have been anonymous. Among the latter must be included the most characteristic example of the class to which it belongs 'The Wearin' o' the Green,' a ballad which has been called the National Anthem of Ireland, though it comes nearer perhaps to a dirge or a requiem than to an anthem. From the Union to the days of Catholic Emancipation the lyrical voice of Ireland was practically inarticulate, save for the exception—an immense exception of course—of Moore's Melodies. But the Melodies belong to a poetical category more formal and more self-conscious than the ballad. With the Repeal movement, however, the ballad impulse again made itself felt. In the hands of Thomas Davis, Gavan Duffy, and their colleagues of the *Nation* newspaper, a school of patriotic poetry, popular in form and feeling, was founded, which expressed with much power and concentration the national aspirations of the mass of Irishmen. The poetry of this period was at its best during the Young Ireland movement, and its most striking examples will be found in the collections compiled in the forties. Of these *The Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, edited by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, *The Book of Irish Ballads*, edited by Denis Florence MacCarthy, *The Songs of Ireland*, edited by M. J. Birney, and *The Spirit of the Nation* are the best known, and the best. In all of these the dominant note is the note of patriotism, sometimes triumphant, sometimes chastened, now a psalm, more often a dirge. But the verses are invariably occupied with the same theme in its almost countless variations. Under the influence of Davis, and later of Ferguson, this national poetry became largely infused with an historical spirit, the writers seeking

sometimes in the legend, more often in the actual chronicles of the country, fresh sources of inspiration, and the political ballad thus began to assume a more artificial tone, or at any rate a more elaborated style. Many examples of this kind of writing have already been given in this volume in the specimens of the poetry of Davis, Ferguson, Mangan, the Banims, and others (see pages 353-365). But the earlier poetry is for the most part simpler in form, and it is chiefly this which is illustrated here. After the middle of the nineteenth century the intense lyrical impulse which the Young Ireland movement had stimulated was greatly weakened. Certainly the movements of Irish latter-day politics have been less abundantly illustrated by Tyrtæan music, and the Fenian movement produced no poet and scarcely a song. But bards have not been wholly wanting. In such writers as Timothy D. Sullivan the traditions of 'Young Ireland' have been carried on, if not exactly maintained, and 'The Spirit of the Nation' may still be felt in them.

C LITTON FALKINER

#### The Wearin' o' the Green.

Oh Paddy, dear, an' did ye hear the news that's gom' round?

The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground  
No more St Patrick's Day we'll keep, his colour can't be seen,

For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the green!  
I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,  
And he said, 'How's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?'

She's the most distressful country that iver yet was seen,

For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the green

An' if the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,  
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed  
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod—

And never fear, 'twill take root there tho' under foot 'tis trod

When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,

And when the leaves in summer time their colour dare not show,

Then I will change the colour too I wear in my caubeen,

But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the green

ANON

#### The Shan Van Vocht

[*'The Little Old Woman—a name for Ireland.'*]

Oh! the French are on the sea,

Says the Shan Van Vocht,

The French are on the sea,

Says the Shan Van Vocht,

Oh! the French are in the Bay,

They'll be here without delay,

And the Orange will decay,

Says the Shan Van Vocht

And where will they have their camp?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
 Where will they have their camp?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
 On the Curragh of Kildare,  
 The boys they will be there,  
 With their pikes in good repair,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht

Then what will the yeomen do?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
 What will the yeomen do?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
 What should the yeomen do  
 But throw off the red and blue,  
 And swear that they'll be true  
 To the Shan Van Vocht?

And what colour will they wear?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
 What colour will they wear?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
 What colour should be seen  
 Where our fathers' homes have been  
 But their own immortal green?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht

And will Ireland then be free?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
 Will Ireland then be free?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
 Yes! Ireland shall be free  
 From the centre to the sea,  
 Then hurrah for Liberty,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

ANONYMOUS

## The Memory of the Dead.

Who fears to speak of Ninety Eight?  
 Who blushes at the name?  
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate  
 Who hangs his head for shame?  
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,  
 Who slighted his country thus  
 But a true man, like you, man,  
 Will fill your glass with us

We drink the memory of the brave,  
 The faithful and the few—  
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,  
 Some sleep in Ireland, too,  
 All, all are gone, but still lives on  
 The fame of those who died,  
 And true men, like you, men,  
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands  
 Their weary hearts have laid,  
 And by the strangers' heedless hands  
 Their lonely graves were made,  
 But though their clay be far away  
 Beyond the Atlantic foam,  
 In true men, like you, men,  
 Their spirit's still at home

The dust of some in Irish earth,  
 Among their own they rest,  
 And the same land that gave them birth  
 Has caught them to her breast

And we will pray that from their clay  
 Full many a rice may start  
 Of true men, like you, men,  
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days  
 To right their native land,  
 They kindled here a living blaze  
 That nothing shall withstand  
 Alas! that might can conquer right,  
 They fell, and passed away,  
 But true men, like you, men,  
 Are plenty here to day

Then here's their memory—may it be  
 For us a guiding light,  
 To cheer our strife for liberty,  
 And teach us to unite!  
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still  
 Though sad as theirs your fate,  
 And true men, be you, men,  
 Like those of Ninety Eight.

JOHN K. INGRAM

## The Sea-divided Gael.

Hail to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be,  
 In the far woods of Oregon, or o'er the Atlantic Stream,  
 Whether they guard the banner of St George in Indian  
 vales,  
 Or spread beneath the sightless north experimental sails.  
 One in name and in fame  
 Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Though fallen the state of Erin, and changed the Scotchish  
 land,  
 Though small the power of Mona, though unwaked  
 I Lewellyn's band,  
 Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies are held as idle  
 tales,  
 Though Ionir's ruined cloisters are swept by northern gales,  
 One in name and in fame  
 Are the sea-divided Gaels

In northern Spain and Italy our brethren also dwell,  
 And brave are the traditions of their fathers that they  
 tell  
 The Eagle or the Crescent in the dawn of history pales  
 Before the advancing banner of the great Rome conquering  
 Gaels  
 One in name and in fame  
 Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send,  
 Their character our charter is, their glory is our end,  
 Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails  
 The glory or the story of the sea-divided Gaels.

One in name and in fame  
 Are the sea-divided Gaels  
 —T. DARCY M'GEE.

## Fair is my Native Isle

Fair is my native isle,  
 Proud is she too,  
 Sweet is her kindly smile,  
 Loving and true,  
 Exiled ones sigh for her,  
 Brave men would die for her,  
 Such love have I for her,  
 So would I do.

Dark has her story been  
Down through long years,  
Oft her sweet face was seen  
Wet with sad tears,  
Now all looks bright for her,  
Now comes delight for her,  
Freedom and right for her,  
Placed 'midst her peers

Far in the olden time  
High was her fame,  
Nations in every clime  
Blest her dear name.  
Peace comes once more to her,  
Fame as of yore to her,  
Each breeze wafts o'er to her  
Praise and acclaim

TIMOTHY D SULLIVAN

**Aubrey de Vere** (1814-1902) belonged to a family remarkable for the development of the poetic faculty in many of its members. He was the third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the well known author of *Julian the Apostate*, *Mary Tudor*, and other dramatic and poetic works, and was born in County Limerick. De Vere was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he came much under the influence of the eminent mathematician and thinker, Sir William Rowan Hamilton. Brought up in a charming part of rural Ireland, and of a contemplative turn, De Vere was early attracted by the poetry of Wordsworth. He subsequently made the acquaintance of the poet, whom he visited at Rydal in 1841. Later he was much interested in theological questions, became the friend of Newman and Manning, and in 1851 joined the Church of Rome. In 1842 appeared De Vere's first work, *The Waldenses, or the Fall of Rora*, a lyrical drama, which was followed in 1843 by *The Search after Proscipine*, and other poems. His father's death in 1846, the great famine of 1847, and the religious pre-occupations of the succeeding years apparently diverted De Vere's thoughts for a time from poetry, but *Poems Miscellaneous and Sacred* (1853) bear obvious marks of his religious experiences. This volume was followed in 1857 by *May Carols*. It was not until 1861 that De Vere entered on that series of poems inspired by Irish subjects by which, despite the essentially Wordsworthian character of his temper and intellect, he is best known and for which he will be longest remembered. These poems present a curious combination of bardic and ecclesiastical mediævalism. This vein the poet worked in *Inisfail, a Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland* (1861), a poem intended to illustrate Irish history from the Norman Conquest to the era of the Penal Laws, and to 'embody the essence of a nation's history'. It was followed by *The Infant Bridal* (1864). In *Irish Odes* (1869) and *The Legends of St Patrick* (1872) De Vere again sought his materials in the same quarry, but *Alexander the Great* (1874) and *St Thomas of Canterbury* (1876) are semi-philosophical

dramas. In *Legends of the Saxon Saints* De Vere sought with less success to apply to English themes the methods he had used in his Irish poems. De Vere's voluminous works were collected in six volumes in 1884, but he subsequently published *Legends, and Records of the Church and Empire* (1887) and *Medieval Records and Sonnets* (1893). See a volume of *Selections* (1890), and the Memoir by Wilfrid Ward (1904).

De Vere was all his life keenly interested in Irish affairs, and published several prose volumes on public questions, among which may be mentioned *English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds* (1848) and *Ireland's Church Property and the Right Use of It* (1867). His more strictly literary prose writings were collected in *Essays, chiefly on Poetry* (1887), and *Essays, chiefly Literary and Ethical* (1889). The long list of his publications closed with a volume of *Recollections* (1897), which contains many interesting memories of Wordsworth, Huntley Coleridge, Newman, Manning, and others of the poet's most eminent contemporaries. De Vere's poetry moves on a high plane of ethical contemplation, and is brightened by a rich imagination, but he lacked the lyrical gift, and his best work is to be prized chiefly as possessing a grave austerity of thought and a stately dignity in its diction.

#### The True King, a Bard Song

(A.D. 1399)

He came in the night on a false pretence,  
As a friend he came, is a lord remunus  
His coming we noted not, when, nor whence,  
We slept, we woke in chains  
 Ere a year they had chased us to dens and caves,  
Our streets and our churches lay drowned in blood,  
The race that had sold us their sons as slaves  
In our Land as conquerors stood !

Who were they, those princes that give away  
What was theirs to keep, not theirs to give?  
A king holds sway for a passing day,  
The kingdoms for ever live !  
The Tanist succeeds when the king is dust  
The king rules all, yet the king hath nought  
They were traitors, not kings, who sold their trust,  
They were traitors, not kings, who bought !

Brave Art MacMurrough !—Arise, 'tis morn !  
For a true king the nation waited long  
He is strong as the horn of the unicorn,  
This true king who rights our wrong !  
He rules in the fight by an inward right,  
From the heart of the nation her king is grown,  
He rules by right, he is bone of her might,  
Her flesh, and bone of her bone !

#### The March to Kinsale

(December A.D. 1601)

O'er many a river bridged with ice,  
Through many a vale with snowdrifts dumb,  
Past quaking fen and precipice  
The Princes of the North are come !

Lo ! these are they that year by year  
 Rolled back the tide of England's war,  
 Rejoice, Kinsale ! thy help is near !  
 That wondrous winter march is o'er,  
 And thus they sang, 'To morrow morn  
 Our eyes shall rest upon the foe  
 Pass on, swift night, in silence borne,  
 And blow, thou breeze of sunrise, blow !'

Blithe as a boy on marched the host,  
 With droning pipe and clear voiced harp,  
 At last above that southern coast  
 Rang out their war steeds' whinny sharp  
 And up the sea salt slopes they wound,  
 And airs once more of ocean quaffed,  
 Those frosty woods, the blue waves bound  
 As though May touched them, waved and laughed  
 And thus they sang, 'To morrow morn  
 Our eyes shall rest upon our foe  
 Pass on, swift night, in silence borne,  
 And blow, thou breeze of sunrise, blow !'

Beside their watch fires couched all night  
 Some slept, some danced, at cards some played,  
 While chanting on a central height  
 Of moonlit crag, the priesthood prayed  
 And some to sweetheart, some to wife,  
 Sent message kind, while others told  
 Triumphant tales of recent fight,  
 Or legends of their sires of old  
 And thus they sang, 'To morrow morn  
 Our eyes shall rest upon the foe  
 Roll on, swift night, in silence borne,  
 And blow, thou breeze of sunn e, blow !'

#### Dirge of Owen Roe O'Neill.

(A.D. 1649)

So 'tis over Lift the dead !  
 Bear him to his place of rest,  
 Broken heart and blighted head,  
 Lay the Cross upon his breast

There be many die too late,  
 There is one that died too soon  
 'twas not Fortune—it was Fate  
 After him that cast her shoon

Toll the church bells slowly toll !  
 God this day is wroth with Eire  
 Seal the book and fold the scroll,  
 Crush the harp and burst the wire

Lords and priests, ye talked and talked  
 In Kilkenny's council hall,  
 But this man whose game ye baulked  
 Was the one man 'mong you all !

'twas not on the field he fell !  
 Sing his requiem, dark stoled choir !  
 Let a nation sound his knell,  
 God this day is wroth with Eire

#### The Graves of Tirconnel and Tyrone on San Pietro in Montorio

Within St Peter's fane, that kindly hearth  
 Where exiles crowned their earthly loads cast down,  
 The Scottish kings repose, their wanderings past,  
 In death more royal thrice than in their birth

Near them, within a church of narrower girth,  
 But, like it with dilated memories vast,  
 Sad Ulster's Princes find their rest at last  
 The home the holiest spot save one on earth  
 This is that mount which saw St Peter die !  
 Where stands yon dome stood once that Cross reversed  
 On this dread hill, a western Calvary,  
 The Empire and the Synagogue accurst,  
 Clashed two ensanguined hands—like Cain—in one.  
 Sleep where the Apostle slept, Tirconnel and Tyrone !

#### The Little Black Rose

The Little Black Rose shall be red at last,  
 What made it black but the March wind dry,  
 And the tears of the whoo that sell on it fast ?  
 It shall redden the hills when June is nigh.

The Silk of the Kine shall reel at last,  
 What drove her forth but the dragon fly ?  
 In the golden vale she shall feed full fast,  
 With her mild gold horn and her slow dark eye.

The wounded wood dove is dead at last !  
 The pine long bleeding, it shall not die !  
 This song is secret Fine ear it sound  
 In a wind o'er the plains at Athenry

C LITTON TALKINER.

**John Mitchel** (1815-75) is best known as a politician. But he has been admirably characterised by Mr Lecky as 'a man of great, but exclusively literary, ability,' and it is as a writer rather than as a politician that he will be longest remembered. Mitchel was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and was born in Dungiven, County Londonderry. His early life was spent in Newry, where his father had a congregation for many years, and where he imbibed the strongly Nationalist views which, in the Ulster of his boyhood, were still the inheritance of the descendants of the men of '98. In 1830 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, but he did not take a degree. He became a solicitor, and practised first at Newry and later at Ballybridge. He married, after a romantic elopement, a young lady of great beauty and good social position, Miss Jane Verner. In 1842 the current of Mitchel's life of professional routine was entirely changed by his becoming acquainted with the young patriot Thomas Davis (page 364). He became closely associated with the Young Ireland movement, and as a contributor to the *Nation* at once began to attract attention by the vigour of his writings. On the death of Davis (1845), Mitchel accepted a position on the staff of the *Nation*, and removed to Dublin. This is not the place in which to trace the stirring events of Mitchel's political career, which culminated in his conviction on a charge of treason felony and a sentence of fourteen years' transportation. It is to his experiences as a political prisoner in Bermuda and at the Cape that we owe one of Mitchel's principal literary achievements, his *Jail Journal*—a work remarkable for the intense individuality it reveals, as well as for the great vigour of its style. This was followed by the most

vigorous and successful of his writings, *The Last Conquest of Ireland* (*perhaps*), published in 1860 in New York, where he resided from his release from prison until shortly before his death. A more ambitious work, *The History of Ireland from the Treaty of Limerick to the Present Time*, has little literary and no historical merit. At the election of 1874 Mitchel was returned for Tipperary, but declared incapable of being elected. At a second election he was again chosen, but died at Newry before the petition presented against his return could be heard.

Mitchel was a vigorous and picturesque personality. Of the leaders of 'Young Ireland' he had, with the exception of Davis, the largest share of literary talent, and his writings, which in their style bear strong marks of Carlyle's influence, will always be valuable in illustrating the character of the movement with which he was so closely identified.

C. L. F.

**Denis Florence MacCarthy** (1817-82), a graceful and cultivated writer of poetry, was born in Dublin. Intended for the Roman Catholic priesthood, he was educated at Maynooth. He early commenced to contribute verse to Dublin periodicals, and was one of the celebrated band of writers for the *Nation* whose influence on the Irish politics of their day was so remarkable. Among the fruits of his interest in the Young Ireland movement was a collection of Irish ballads, which he edited with much judgment and taste. In 1850 appeared his first volume of original verse, *Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics*. This was followed by the *Bell-Founder* (1857) and *Under-Glimpses*. Perhaps the work by which MacCarthy is best remembered is his ode on Thomas Moore, composed for the centenary of that writer. He was an accomplished Spanish scholar. His translations of Calderon have been highly praised, and he was awarded the medal of the Royal Academy of Spain in recognition of his work in this field. MacCarthy held for a short time the post of lecturer on English literature at the Catholic university in Dublin. In 1872 he published *Shelley's Early Life*, dwelling chiefly on the poet's visit to Ireland. His later years were spent in London. His health failed after 1864, and in 1871 he received a Civil List pension. A collected edition of poems, edited by his son, was published in 1884.

**Sir Charles Gavan Duffy** (1816-1903), poet, patriot, and publicist, was born in Monaghan. He was early attracted to journalism and to public affairs, and before he was of age was already the editor of a journal of some consequence in Belfast. In 1842, in conjunction with Thomas Davis and John Dillon, he founded the *Nation*, and thenceforward was the most active of the organisers of the Young Ireland movement. The story of Duffy's connection with Irish politics may be read in his

admirable *Young Ireland, a Fragment of Irish History*, in *The League of North and South*, and in his *Life of Thomas Davis* (1890), in which he paid a warm and generous homage to the memory of his early associate. In 1852 he became member for New Ross, but, hopeless of effecting anything in Ireland, emigrated to Australia. Entering the Victorian legislature, Duffy exhibited remarkable parliamentary talents, and by 1871 had risen to be Premier of the colony. In 1873 he was knighted, and subsequently became Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. His career in Australia is fully described in a volume of reminiscences, *My Life in Two Hemispheres* (1894). Retiring in advanced years from colonial politics, Duffy returned to Europe. He spent his latter days mainly at Nice, but paid frequent visits to London, where he became the founder and first president of the Irish Literary Society. Duffy was perhaps more remarkable for his power of inspiring others to work than for the merit of his own performances. He was from the first keenly alive to the value of literature as an instrument for promoting the political purposes to which he was attached. While at work on the *Nation* he was, with Davis, active in stimulating the publication of books on Irish history and literature, and was the originator of 'The Library of Ireland,' a popular series of books for the people on Irish history and literature. His collection of the *Ballad Poetry of Ireland* has enjoyed an immense popularity in Ireland and America, and he contributed some vigorous original verse to the columns of the *Nation*. In his old age Duffy endeavoured to revive the same class of literature, devising and for some time editing the 'New Irish Library.' But this series was much less successful than its predecessor. Shortly before his death he presented to the Royal Irish Academy a valuable collection of manuscripts connected with modern Irish history.

Though not a great writer, Duffy was a great journalist. His best work is buried in the files of the *Nation*. Few men exerted a wider influence in the Ireland of his day. In the verses he contributed to the *Spirit of the Nation* he expressed with considerable power and imaginative insight the ideas that lay at the root of the movement of which he was a principal author.

C. L. F.

**Cecil Frances Alexander** (1818-95), well known as a writer of hymns, was the daughter of Major Humphreys, an officer in the Royal Marines, and was born in County Wicklow. She was early attracted by the Oxford movement, and in conjunction with a lady friend published a series of tracts in which her first efforts in devotional poetry appeared. In 1846 Miss Humphreys published her *Verses for Holy Seasons*. This was followed in 1848 by *Hymns for Little Children*. For the latter work Keble wrote a preface. In 1850 she was married to the Rev. William Alexander, then a rector in the north of Ireland, and subsequently

Bishop of Derry and Archbishop of Armagh (see below) Besides the works already mentioned, Mrs Alexander published several other volumes But all that is best worth remembrance in her work has been collected in a single volume, *Poems by Cecil Frances Alexander*, edited by her husband after her death in 1895 She was the editor of a well known collection in the 'Golden Treasury' series, the *Sunday Book of Poetry for the Young* It is for her hymns that Mrs Alexander best deserves remembrance Many of these have become popular far and wide, and such admirable examples of her genuine poetical talent as 'The roseate hues of early dawn,' 'There is a green hill far away,' and 'Jesus calls us o'er the tumult' will always retain their place in collections of English hymns 'The Burial of Moses,' first published in the *Dublin University Magazine* (1856), is the best known of Mrs Alexander's pieces other than her hymns Perhaps Mrs Alexander's chief gift was the power of blending vivid and picturesque imagery with devotional sentiment.

**William Alexander**, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, was born in 1824 Though his entire life has been passed in the service of the Church of Ireland, the Most Rev Dr Alexander has, all through his career, evinced strong leanings towards literature In 1867, not long before his elevation to the Irish episcopate, this bent was even strong enough to lead to his being a candidate for the chair of Poetry in the University of Oxford Born in Londonderry, Dr Alexander was educated at Tunbridge School, and later at Exeter and Brasenose Colleges, Oxford, where he graduated in 1845 Though he had published no formal volumes of verse, he had, in his own phrase, been 'suspected all his life of poetry,' and was thus selected in 1853 to deliver the Inaugural Ode on the installation of the Earl of Derby as Chancellor of the University of Oxford This poem is an unusually happy specimen of stately verse Other commemorative poems in the same kind show a felicitous facility for commemorative verse, and Dr Alexander may be said to have the laureate faculty for ornate ceremonial poetry in a degree which all laureates have not attained to In 1858 appeared *The Death of Jacob*, followed by *Specimens, Poetical and Critical* (1867), *Lyrics of Life and Light* (1878), and *The Finding of the Book* In 1886 was published the author's most considerable volume of poetry, *St Augustine's Holiday, and other Poems*, and it is in this that the poet's best work will be found A new edition, which appeared in 1900 under the title of *The Finding of the Book, and other Poems*, contains many poems not to be found in the earlier volume Dr Alexander's prose, as those who know his eloquence are aware, is often poetry, but his poetry is certainly not prose To a natural splendour of diction he unites a real imaginative vision and a sensibility which is

from the heart And if, to use the phraseology he has himself employed in his preface to *St Augustine's Holiday*, he had not been called to be 'a governor of the sanctuary and of the house of God,' the Irish Primate would certainly have become 'one of the brethren who prophesy with harps, and are instructed in the songs of the Lord' As it is, a poet's temperament and a scholar's taste make themselves felt in all his verse Besides the works mentioned, Dr Alexander has been the author in recent years of a number of poems published in the magazines and elsewhere, but not hitherto collected

Appointed Bishop of Derry by the Crown in 1867, prior to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Dr Alexander was nearly thirty years later called by the votes of his brethren on the Episcopal bench to the Archbishopric of Armagh and Primacy of All Ireland

C. L. F

**William Gorman Wills** (1828-91), one of the most successful dramatists of the later half of the nineteenth century, was the son of the Rev James Wills (see page 350), and was born in Dublin Through his mother he was connected with the gifted families of Bushe and Plunket He early exhibited a strong artistic bent, and, like his countryman Lover, his energies were first spent on painting, to pursue which art he seems to have abandoned his college career without taking a degree His first effort in literature was a novel, *Old Times*, published in an Irish periodical, which showed promise of distinction In 1862 Wills settled in London, where he took to writing for the magazines, and produced several stories, but without making any striking hit Nor for some time was he more successful as a dramatist, in which capacity he made his first attempt in 1865 with *A Man and his Shawl* The stimulus which was needed to make Wills do his best was supplied by his father's death, which threw on him the charge of his mother's support He succeeded in 1871 in obtaining the appointment of dramatist to the Lyceum, and produced for that theatre in 1872 and 1873 *Medea in Corinth*, *Charles I*, and *Eugene Aram* The two last named plays, with Sir Henry Irving in the leading roles, achieved a wide popularity, and thenceforward Wills's fame was assured A succession of plays followed, among which may be mentioned *Jane Shore*, *Buckingham*, *Nell Gwynne*, and the remarkably popular *Olivia*, in which Ellen Terry scored one of her greatest triumphs Wills continued for nearly twenty years the profession of playwright, and maintained his popularity as a dramatist to the end of his life, in spite of an extraordinary carelessness in matters of business and an apparent indifference to fame The number of his acted plays is as many as thirty-three Besides his plays and his early stories Wills wrote a blank verse poem, *Melchior*, of some merit, and he had a distinct facility as a song-writer In this

last form of composition the familiar 'I'll sing thee songs of Araby' is his best-known effort

Wills was a man of varied talent and singular personal charm, who, despite his remarkable success as a playwright, never did full justice to his powers. It will be long before the best of his plays cease to hold the stage. Few of them have been printed, and criticism is therefore difficult, but it is doubtful if many of them would bear reading. He has written little that will be remembered as literature, in spite of a turn for epigram and a remarkable facility of expression. This last quality was admirably illustrated in his definition of indecency, given on the spur of the moment, in cross-examination in a court of justice, which is perhaps the most familiar phrase Wills ever coined, 'That which would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty, or excite strong passions in a man.'

C L F

**Dion Boucicault** (1820?–90), actor and dramatist, was born in Dublin, but receiving his education in London at the hands of an uncle, his early years were passed mainly in England. Early evincing an aptitude for the stage, Boucicault joined his countryman Macready, and made his first appearance on the boards at Bristol in *Jack Sheppard*. His talents as an actor were of a high order, and he was considered by competent judges the best 'stage Irishman' of his generation. Acting plays quickly led by an easy transition to writing them. In 1841 *London Assurance*, a five act comedy produced at Covent Garden by Charles Mathews, met with immediate success. It was followed by a rapid succession of pieces in which, without exhibiting many of the higher qualities of a dramatist, Boucicault gave proofs of remarkable adroitness as an adapter, and his pieces were always 'actable.' In 1860 he entered, in *The Colleen Bawn*, a play founded on Gerald Griffin's novel *The Collegians*, on the field of Irish melo-drama, with which his name is chiefly associated. The *Colleen Bawn* was followed by a number of dramas with Irish titles, of which the best-known and most successful were *Airrah na-Pogue* and *The Shaughraun*. Alike as actor and dramatist, Boucicault pursued for above forty years a brilliant, though not commercially prosperous, career. But though few playwrights of the nineteenth century have been more prolific, few authors of equal volume have written with so little distinction. He will be longest remembered by his Irish plays, which, though conventional in form, strike, in some scenes at least, a fairly high note of pathos.

C L F

**George John Whyte-Melville** (1821–78) was born at Mount Melville close to St Andrews, the son of a Fife-shire laird. Educated at Eton, in 1839 he entered the Coldstream Guards, retired in 1849 as major, but during the Crimean War joined the cavalry of the Turkish contingent (1855–56). His literary work began with a verse translation of

Horace (1850). From 1850 onwards he published over a score of novels, four or five of them historical, but the best devoted to fox-hunting, steeplechasing, and country-house life generally, subjects he knew so intimately as to be always beyond reproach on the score of accuracy—he was even a supreme arbiter on sporting matters. But his stories have a charm for those who rarely read sporting novels—the morale of his heroes, men and women, was higher than in many works of the kind, as stories they are lively and entertaining, the humour being better than the pathos, and some of his songs (such as 'Drink, puppy, drink') appeal to an equally



GEORGE JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE

From a Photograph by Mayall.

wide circle. Whyte Melville met his death in the hunting-field, in the Vale of Aylesbury. Of his novels, the most popular were *Captain Digby Grand* (1853), *Kate Coventry* (1856), *Market Harborough* (1861), *Tilbury Nago* (1861), *The Queen's Maries* (1862), *The Gladiators* (1863), *A Losing Hazard* (1870), *Satanella* (1873), *Katerfelto* (1876), *Black but Comely* (1879). *The True Cross* (1873) was a religious poem, his *Songs and Verses* were published in 1866.

**John Francis Campbell** (1822–85), of Islay, educated at Eton and Edinburgh University, held for a time an office at court, and was afterwards secretary to the lighthouse and coal commissions. An enthusiastic Highlander and profound Gaelic scholar, he is chiefly remembered by his *Popular Tales of the West Highlands* (4 vols 1860–62), a most important contribution to the study of folk tales which greatly vivified Celtic studies in Britain, and made a subsequent 'Gaelic revival' possible.

### Herbert Spencer.

The dominating idea of modern thought is Evolution. With that idea the name of Herbert Spencer is indissolubly connected. Herbert Spencer was born at Derby on 27th April 1820. He owed much to his father. A teacher by profession, the elder Spencer was remarkably free from the pedagogic spirit. A believer in the spontaneity of nature, he did not make the mistake of James Mill in setting himself to make his son an intellectual prodigy. The boy was seven years old before he could read. In due course he was sent to school, but his progress was not marked; he was restless, inattentive, and by no means pliable. Even at that early age it was noted that his reasoning capacities were ahead of his powers of mental assimilation. Learning by rote was distasteful, and only when nature's methods were allowed to assert themselves did he make progress. Science, even as a boy, had for him a special charm. Young Spencer's domestic environment was particularly fitted to develop in him the element of individuality for which he was so markedly distinguished; all the topics of the day were discussed with freedom in the family circle, and reason rather than authority was the supreme court of appeal. In religion, young Spencer breathed the vigorous atmosphere of Dissent. His father, though at first a Methodist, joined the Quakers, while his mother retained her love for the Wesleyan persuasion. On Sunday morning the boy attended the Quakers' meeting with his father, and the Methodist Chapel with his mother in the evening. Strange to say, religion never took vital hold of Spencer. The present writer once asked him if he had ever undergone those religious convulsions which are associated with so many thinkers who have sprung from middle class Dissenting families. His reply was that religion never appealed to him, his mind seemed to lie outside of the range of the current creed.

When he was thirteen years of age, Spencer's education was undertaken by his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, perpetual curate at Hinton near Bath—a man of individuality, as may be gathered from the fact that he was a Radical in politics, an Anti-Corn-Law agitator, and a temperance advocate, rather a striking combination of qualities in a Church of England clergyman. The uncle hoped to fit his pupil for a university career, but his mind was not cast in that mould. Reluctantly the idea of a university career was abandoned, it was resolved to let the lad's tendencies follow their natural course. Spencer returned home rather uncertain as to his future. His father secured for him an assistantship in a school. His pedagogic career was cut short in 1837 by an offer from the resident engineer of the London division of the London and Birmingham Railway, then in progress of construction. As a civil engineer he was employed till the crisis which followed upon

the great railway mania, railway construction came to a standstill, and the profession of civil engineer entered upon dark days. At the age of twenty-six Spencer found himself stranded, he returned to his home at Derby, and occupied his leisure in intellectual pursuit. In 1842, in *The Nonconformist*, appeared the first-fruits of his intellectual activity in the shape of a series of articles on 'The Proper Sphere of Government'—articles, it may be remarked, which contain the germs of his political philosophy. Possibly influenced by his success in his new sphere, he cast his eyes towards journalism, and in 1848 he was invited to the position of sub editor of the *Economist* newspaper.

Mr Spencer found time in the midst of his journalistic work to study the deep problems of philosophy, science, and politics, which were disturbing the minds of nineteenth century thinkers. In 1850 appeared *Social Statics*, in which he made an attempt to base the science of government on first principles. The fundamental thought of *Social Statics* is that society is an organism whose evolution is determined by laws. In societies he recognised a certain order of progress, from the simple to the complex, and as he pursued his studies he discovered the same order of development in other classes of phenomena, particularly in biology. The nucleus of the Spencerian philosophy is to be found in *Social Statics*, where, in the chapter entitled 'General Considerations,' it is stated as a biological truth that low types of animals are composed of many parts not mutually dependent, while higher animals are composed of unlike but mutually dependent parts. The same truth was observable in society, and thus Mr Spencer was led to the conclusion that the individual and the social organism follow the same line of development, the primary characteristic of which is integration and increase of definiteness—a characteristic which he also noted in mental evolution in his *Principles of Psychology*, published in 1855. Suddenly there arose in Mr Spencer's mind the conception that the law of development, which he had observed in separate classes of phenomena, was a universal law applicable to the entire Cosmos. In his essay on 'Progress, its Law and Cause' (1857), the subject is still further elucidated, though not till the publication of *First Principles*, in 1862, did Mr Spencer formulate in its full-orbed entirety the theory of Evolution. His life is mainly a record of the development of his ideas, or rather of the stages in the discovery of the fundamental idea in Evolution, and of his application of it as interpretative of the entire phenomenal world. The twelve years from 1850, when he published *Social Statics*, to 1862, when he came before the public with his theory of Evolution, were years of rapid intellectual development. He became a contributor to the *Westminster Review*, and came into contact with some of the leading writers of the day. George

Eliot early recognised the genius of the rising philosopher, and steadily his reputation increased.

The great aim of science and philosophy has been to discover the laws of the Cosmos, and, if possible, to reduce them to one comprehensive all embracing law. Mr Spencer's aim was to bring about by strictly scientific methods the unification of phenomena, to comprehend the Universe from a single point of view. By way of preliminary in his *First Principles*, he defines his position by refusing to attack the problem from the metaphysical side. Taking his stand upon Sir William Hamilton's exposition of the relativity of knowledge, he shows that, from the constitution of the human mind, knowledge of Absolute existence is impossible. Speculation in this direction he relegated to the Unknowable. According to Mr Spencer, the task which lies before philosophy is the unification of knowledge, the reduction of phenomena to one fundamental law. When he came to the problem, phenomena had been embraced within three great generalisations—the Nebular theory, the law of Gravitation, and Conservation or Persistence of Force. The Nebular theory deals with the primitive constitution of the Universe, Gravitation with the law which governs all existences, and the Conservation of Force with the dynamic conditions of the Cosmos. What Mr Spencer did was to take these three separate generalisations and fuse them into one by his theory of Evolution. According to him the Universe is one fact, the result of one great cosmical process—namely, the Redistribution of Matter and Motion. The problem before Mr Spencer was this. Given a Universe composed of a fixed quantity of Matter and Motion, conceived in harmony with the law of Gravitation as manifesting co-existent forces of attraction and repulsion, to trace the process by which the Cosmos was evolved from its nebulous to its present state. The process is summed up in the following uncouth but pregnant formula. Evolution is an integration of Matter and concomitant dissipation of Motion, during which the Matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained Motion undergoes a parallel transformation. This law holds good of all existences whatsoever. For convenience, phenomena are divided into sections—astronomy, geology, biology, psychology, and sociology, but the process is one, and the law of the process is one. Evolution is one in principle and in fact.

Mr Spencer's course was clear. Having formulated the law of the Cosmos in its totality, he had now to use the law to interpret and classify the various sections of phenomena in the order of their evolution. In a word, Mr Spencer set himself in his various works not only to unify but to interpret phenomena. In *First Principles* the inorganic evolution is outlined, and in the *Principles of Biology* Mr Spencer applies his evolution formulæ to the great problem of life, plant and animal. The

key to this branch of the subject is found in his definition of life as the continuous adjustment of inner to outer relations. Given an environment gradually increasing in complexity, it follows that organisms, in order to survive, must in the process of adaptation also increase in complexity. Parts of the organisms restrict themselves to certain processes, and thus by a kind of division of labour structural and functional complexities result. In another process, that associated with the name of Darwin, unfit organisms perish in the struggle for existence, only those survive which adapt themselves to their environment. In the sphere of biology Mr Spencer shows that organic life conforms to the universal law of evolution—inasmuch as development from the humblest protoplasmic forms to the highest types, with all their structural and functional complexities, is from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous by means of successive integrations and differentiations. The *Principles of Biology*, published in 1867, in which the evolution view of organic life was elaborated in great detail, quite revolutionised the scientific attitude towards Nature.

In *Principles of Psychology*, though written before *First Principles*, evolution is shown to hold sway also in the world of mind. The starting-point of Psychology is Consciousness—not its ultimate nature, which is inscrutable, but its development. Mr Spencer finds Consciousness to take its rise in the recognition of likeness and unlikeness between primary states of feeling, he traces the reciprocal relations between mind and its environment, and notes the various stages in its evolution from the simplicity of primitive ideas to the complex intelligence of the civilised mind. In Psychology as in Biology, the one law of evolution holds good—from the simple to the complex through successive integrations and differentiations. Instinct, memory, reason being all evolved in the mind by its efforts to adjust itself to its environment. A striking feature of Mr Spencer's Psychology is the attempt to close by his evolution theory the long dispute between the Experientialists and the Intuitionists. Beliefs which had hitherto been accepted as necessary truths, and which the school of Mill had never been able to resolve into individual experiences, according to Spencer are beliefs which, though *a priori* to the individual, are *a posteriori* to the race. By some thinkers, however, the Spencerian theory is not accepted as a solution of the problem. They hold that the evolution of rationality presupposes the existence of reason, at least in the germ in the mind of primitive man. The neo Hegelians in particular dissent from Mr Spencer's theory of the origin of necessary truths.

Another problem which the Spencerian psychology professes to have attacked successfully is that relating to External Perception. Taking his stand upon the doctrine of the relativity of Knowledge, Mr Spencer—unlike Mill, who landed in Idealism—reached an entirely original theory which he calls

Transfigured Realism By means of this theory Mr Spencer endeavours to combine the fragments of truth which are to be found in the crude Realism of the average man and the subtle Idealism of Mill. Transfigured Realism has not received extensive recognition by contemporary thinkers. In like manner ethical evolution is handled. Moral codes, however complex, are traced back to primitive facts of consciousness, to elementary pleasures and pains. Here, as in the region of ideas, Mr Spencer endeavours to mediate between the Utilitarians and the Intuitionists. The difficulty of the Utilitarians in dealing with moral feelings was to explain their origin in individual experiences of



HERBERT SPENCER.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

utility. According to the evolution view experiences of utility organised and consolidated through all past generations of the human race have, by means of hereditary transmission, taken the form of moral intuitions—emotional responses to right and wrong conduct, which have no apparent basis in individual experiences of utility. In *Data of Ethics*, published in 1879, are laid down the principles which are applied in later volumes to the detailed interpretation of ethical phenomena. The conclusion reached is that ethical development is from the simple to the complex, and is conditioned by social development. From the tribal to the national stage a gradual process can be traced, caused by the ever broadening sympathies of human nature in response to the increasing complexity of civilisation—a process which justifies the philosopher of evolution in forecasting a time when the entire human race will be bound by the tie of brotherhood.

In *Principles of Sociology*, the first volume of which appeared in 1877, the evolution formula is applied to the social organism. Society, like an organism, begins in a state of relative simplicity, and by a series of structural and functional changes reaches a state of relative complexity. From the primitive tribe to the highest form of civilisation the law of evolution holds good. Viewed in detail society seems a mass of confused strivings among individuals, but when the economic, political, and ethical elements are duly focussed, the great evolutionary law is detected. Civilisation is seen to be a colossal process of adjustment whereby man's physical intellectual, and moral nature develops in all its marvellous complexity in response to an environment also increasing in complexity.

In *Political Institutions*, published in 1882, Mr Spencer details the growth of government on the lines of his theory, and in his *Man versus the State* (1884) he applies to modern conditions his theory that State interference is an evil and should be reduced to a minimum in the interests of individual and social progress. In both *Sociology* and *Political Institutions* Mr Spencer lays stress upon the great change which took place when civilisation entered upon the industrial stage. Under the military regime the active virtues receive prominence. When success in war was the highest glory goodness was identified with bravery and strength and the feelings of hatred and revenge engendered by strife derided the sympathies and prevented the higher forms of ethical life from developing. With the rise of Industrialism human development entered upon a new phase. On contrasting the characters of the men of to-day with those of their ancestors, we see that with peace and industry has come a growing independence, a decrease of personal loyalty, and less faith in governments. Along with that has come increased assertion of individuality and greater development of sympathy arising out of the decay of the warlike spirit.

Religion, too, with its varied beliefs and institutions, is exhibited as subject to the law of development, rising from ancestor-worship, through the elaborate cults of paganism to the highly complex organisations of modern times. And just as morality increases in purity with the increase of civilisation more particularly with the increasing sway of Industrialism, so religion rises to higher and nobler conceptions of the Universe beginning in ancestor-worship, culminates in Christianity, and shades off in the hands of philosophic thinkers into Pantheism. According to Mr Spencer there is a sphere for religion—the sphere of the Unknowable. This view of religion takes its rise in the Spencerian theory of Knowledge, positive Knowledge, it is contended, cannot satisfy the mind. Man is not content with tracing the Universe back to the Persistence of Force, for Science that is enough, but the philosopher and the religionist demand

an analysis of Force. Force is seen to be but a symbol of the Absolute, which, by virtue of the relativity of thought, man can never hope to apprehend. In this region the last word of the Spencerian philosophy is Agnosticism. The religious sentiment, according to Mr. Spencer, will not be killed by science. The sense of mystery is deepened rather than weakened by increasing knowledge; scientific explanations leave man at last in presence of the inexplicable. 'One truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested, to which the man of science can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed.'

After forty years of toil, which resulted in several nervous collapses through overwork, Mr. Spencer brought his system of philosophy to a conclusion. For twenty-four years he carried on his work at a loss. Fame came at last, and at Brighton, whither he went to escape the distractions of London life, he found time to complete his system of philosophy, and round off his life work by writing his *Autobiography* and revising his earlier volumes, especially his *Principles of Biology* and *Principles of Psychology*. He died 8th December 1903. Nearly all his works have been translated into French, German, and Russian, while several have found their way into the Polish, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Greek, Japanese, and Chinese languages. Mr. Spencer's influence is thus world wide, and the historian of the nineteenth century will recognise in the philosophy of evolution the dominating factor in the higher reaches of scientific and speculative thought.

#### Evolution and Dissolution

Here presents itself a final question which has probably been taking a more or less distinct shape in the minds of many. 'If Evolution of every kind is an increase in complexity and function that is incidental to the universal process of equilibration, and if equilibration must end in complete rest, what is the fate towards which all things tend? If the Solar System is slowly dissipating its forces—if the Sun is losing his heat at a rate which will tell in millions of years—if with diminution of the Sun's radiations there must go on a diminution in the activity of geologic and meteorologic processes as well as in the quantity of vegetal and animal existence—if Man and Society are similarly dependent on the supply of force that is gradually coming to an end, are we not manifestly progressing towards omnipresent death?' That such a state must be the outcome of the processes everywhere going on seems beyond doubt. This dissolution of the Earth, and, at intervals, of every other planet, is not, however, a dissolution of the Solar System. Viewed in their ensemble, all the changes exhibited throughout the Solar System are incidents accompanying the integration of the entire matter composing it—the local

integration of which each planet is the scene, completing itself long before the general integration is complete. But each secondary mass having gone through its evolution and reached a state of equilibrium among its parts, thereafter continues in its extinct state, until by the still progressing general integration it is brought into the general mass. And though each such union of a secondary mass with the central mass, implying transformation of molar motion into molecular motion, causes partial diffusion of the total mass formed, and adds to the quantity of motion that has to be dispersed in the shape of light and heat, yet it does not postpone the period at which the total mass must become completely integrated, and its excess of contained motion radiated into space.

Here we come to the question raised at the close of the last chapter—does Evolution as a whole, like Evolution in detail, advance towards complete quiescence? Is that motionless state called death, which ends Evolution in organic bodies, typical of the Universal Death in which Evolution at large must end? And have we thus to contemplate as the outcome of things a boundless space holding here and there extinct suns fated to remain for ever without further change?

To so speculative an inquiry, none but a speculative answer is to be expected. Such answer as may be ventured must be taken less as a positive answer than as a demurrrer to the conclusion that the proximate result must be the ultimate result. If, pushing to its extreme the argument that Evolution must come to a close in complete equilibrium or rest, the reader suggests that, for aught that appears to the contrary, the Universal Death thus implied will continue indefinitely, it is legitimate to point out how, on carrying the argument still further, we are led to infer a subsequent Universal Life.

(From *First Principles*)

#### Science and Religion

Under one of its aspects, scientific progress is a gradual transfiguration of nature. Where ordinary perception saw perfect simplicity it reveals great complexity, where there seemed absolute inertness it discloses intense activity, and in what appears mere vacancy it finds a marvellous play of forces. Each generation of physicists discovers in so called 'brute matter' powers which but a few years before the most instructed physicists would have thought incredible, as instance the ability of a mere iron plate to take up the complicated aerial vibrations produced by articulate speech, which, translated into multitudinous and varied electric pulses, are re-translated a thousand miles off by another iron plate and again heard as articulate speech when the explorer of nature sees that, quiescent as they appear, surrounding bodies are thus sensitive to forces which are infinitesimal in their amounts—when the spectroscope proves to him that molecules on the earth pulsate in harmony with molecules in the stars—when there is forced on him the inference that every point in space thrills with an infinity of vibrations passing through it in all directions, the conception to which he tends is much less that of a Universe of dead matter than that of a Universe every where alive, alive if not in the restricted sense, still in a general sense.

Science under its concrete forms enlarges the sphere for religious sentiment. From the very beginning the progress of knowledge has been accompanied by an

increasing capacity for wonder. Among savages, the lowest are the least surprised when shown remarkable products of civilised art astonishing the traveller by their indifference. And so little of the marvellous do they perceive in the grandest phenomena of nature that any inquiries concerning them they regard as childish trifling. It is not the rustic, nor the artisan, nor the trader who sees something more than a mere matter of course in the hatching of a chick, but it is the biologist, who, pushing to the uttermost his analysis of vital phenomena, reaches his greatest perplexity when a speck of protoplasm under the microscope shows him life in its simplest form, and makes him feel that, however he formulates its processes, the actual play of forces remains unimaginable. Neither in the ordinary tourist nor in the deer stalker climbing the mountains above him does a Highland glen rouse ideas beyond those of sport and of the picturesque, but it may, and often does, in the geologist. He, observing that the glacier bound rock he sits on has lost by weathering but half an inch of its surface since a time far more remote than the beginnings of human civilisation, and then trying to conceive the slow denudation which has cut out the whole valley, has thoughts of time and of power to which they are strangers. Nor is it in the primitive peoples who suppose that the heavens rested on mountain tops, any more than in the modern inheritors of their cosmogony, who repeat that 'the heavens declare the glory of God,' that we find the largest conceptions of the Universe, or the greatest amount of wonder excited by contemplation of it. Rather, it is in the astronomer, who sees in the Sun a mass so vast that even into one of his spots our Earth might be plunged without touching its edges, and who by every finer telescope is shown an increased multitude of such suns, many of them far larger.

Hereafter as heretofore, higher faculty and deeper insight will raise rather than lower this sentiment. At present the most powerful and most instructed mind has neither the knowledge nor the capacity required for symbolising in thought the totality of things. Occupied with one or other division of Nature, the man of science usually does not know enough of the other division, even rudely, to conceive the extent and complexity of their phenomena, and supposing him to have adequate knowledge of each, yet he is unable to think of them as a whole. Wider and stronger intellect may hereafter help him to form a vague consciousness of them in their totality. By future more evolved intelligence the course of things now apprehensible only in parts may be apprehensible altogether, with an accompanying feeling as much beyond that of the present cultured man as his feeling is beyond that of the savage. And this feeling is not likely to be decreased but to be increased by that analysis of Knowledge which, while forcing him to agnosticism, yet continually prompts him to imagine some solution of the great enigma which he knows cannot be solved. Especially must this be so when he remembers that the very notions, origin, cause, and purpose are relative notions belonging to human thought, which are probably irrelevant to the Ultimate Reality transcending human thought, and when, though suspecting that explanation is a word without meaning when applied to this Ultimate Reality, he yet feels compelled to think there must be an explanation.

'But one truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested,

to which he can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed.'

(*From Ecclesiastical Institutions*)

There is an *Outline of the Synthetic Philosophy* by Celsio (new ed. 1877), *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy* by Fiske (1877) and books on Mr Spencer and his philosophy by Hudon (new ed. 1894) A D White (1877) and the pre-arr. writer (1900). There's German works by Fischer (1875), Michelet (1871), Kindermann (1874), Gross (1875). And there are others by Gauthier (1874), McCosh (1875), Watson (1875), and Ward (1892). Mr W H Hudon's book contains a complete list of Mr Spencer's writings.

### III C FOR MACPHERSON

**Francis Trevelyan Buckland** (1826-80), the 'Frank Buckland' of his friends and his readers, and son of the geologist Dean Buckland, was one of the keenest and kindest observers of animals and their ways, and had a singular gift of making his subjects popular and attractive. He was born at Christ Church College, Oxford, his father being then canon of Christ Church, was educated at Winchester and Christ Church, and after five years' study of medicine at St Georges Hospital, London served for nine years as assistant surgeon to the 2nd Life Guards (1854-63). From his boyhood he had manifested an enthusiastic delight in natural history. He contributed largely to the *Times* and *Field*, becoming one of the staff of the latter in 1856, in 1866 he started his own *Land and Water*. He was also author of *Curiosities of Natural History* (4 vols 1857-72), *Fish hatching* (1863), *Logbook of a Fisherman and Zoologist* (1876), *Natural History of British Fishes* (1881), and *Notes and Jottings from Animal Life* (1882). He was also a frequent and popular lecturer. He took a great interest in fish culture, and at his own cost established under the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, a 'Museum of Economic Fish culture'. In 1867 he was appointed inspector of salmon-fisheries for England and Wales a post that suited him perfectly, in 1870 special commissioner on the salmon fisheries of Scotland, and in 1877 on the Scotch herring fisheries. In spite of the place of his birth, he was essentially an academic in mind and ways. As his geniality and unconventionality in personal habits bordered on roughness, so in his writings his plain speech and heartiness of manner tended to carelessness and looseness in style, but almost everything he wrote shows the result of fresh, vigorous, and original observation, conveyed in an entertaining manner. On the other hand, it should be noted that he was not a man of science in the modern sense, he rather despised pedantic precision, he was capable of disregarding or defying the experts, and not seldom either made mistakes or used terms so loosely as to mislead. Thus he would call a narwhal's teeth its horns, and speak of a marsupial carrying its young in a pocket of its stomach, and he was to the end a steady and unyielding anti-Darwinian. See his *Life* by G C Bompas (1885).

**Matthew Arnold,**

whose distinction as a poet was equalled by his distinction as a critic, was the eldest son of Dr Thomas Arnold, headmaster (1827-42) of Rugby School. He was born on 24th December 1822 at Laleham on the Thames. From his fifteenth to his nineteenth year he was under his father's care at Rugby, where in June 1840 was recited his schoolboy poem 'Alaric in Rome,' a composition somewhat Byronic in manner, which gave no certain promise of his future powers. In that year he obtained a scholarship at Balliol College, and in 1841 was in residence at Oxford. A year later his father died, but the memory and the influence of Dr Arnold remained always with his son to prompt and cheer him in the path of duty, to deepen and control his character, possibly also to expose him to certain trials which attend intellectual veracity in a time of intellectual transitions. He was unaffected by the Oxford High Church movement, but felt the personal charm of J. H. Newman, and the charm of the old collegiate city and the surrounding country refined and nourished his imagination. Among his friends were Clough and Stanley, J. D. Coleridge and J. C. Shairp. His Newdigate verses on 'Cromwell' are of no higher merit than that which a creditable prize poem commonly exhibits. In 1844 he took a second class at his final examination in classics, and in the following year was elected to an Oriel fellowship. For a short time Matthew Arnold taught at Rugby under Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1847 he became private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, President of the Council, and in 1851 entered on that career of inspector of schools to which a great part of his life was intelligently and conscientiously devoted. He believed, perhaps rightly, that the school inspector did much to wear down and wear out the poet that was within him. In the year of his appointment to these new duties he married the daughter of Mr Justice Wightman. It was an eminently happy marriage.

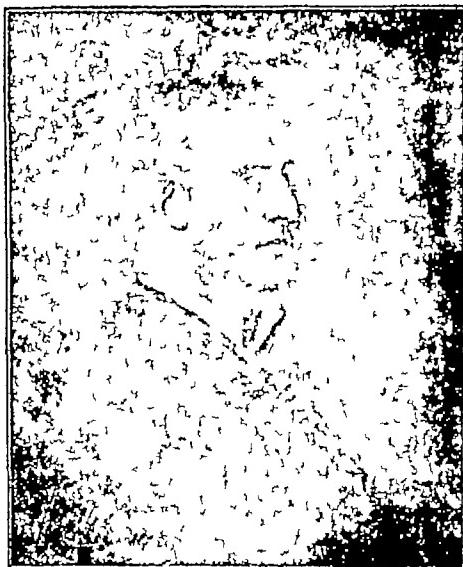
Two years previously had appeared *The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems*, by 'A.', it attracted little attention, and was speedily withdrawn by the author from circulation. Yet the volume contained much that is beautiful and characteristic of Arnold at his best. The poem which gives its name to the slender collection is a dialogue between a youth who has drunk of Circe's cup, the enchantress, and that 'spire, dark featured, quick eyed stringer,' Ulysses, it is touched with melancholy in the contrast between the happy vision of all things which the gods possess and the vision of men, into which pain and trouble enter. The verse is unrhymed and irregular, a form much affected—perhaps under the influence of Goethe—by Arnold, and produced with an uncertainty of ear which, surprising the reader with metrical beauty succeeded by strange failures, often leaves the impression of something hazardous and experimental. The sonnets of this

volume, seldom regular in form, are distinguished by originality of idea and a fine poise of feeling. But the most admirable poems are 'Mycernus,' which tells of the just Egyptian king, doomed to death, who would fain seek a refuge from reflection in revelry, and yet below his revelry consults with his own soul and is wise, that pathetic idyl of the sea-sands and the sea, a kind of domestic tragedy under the waves, 'The Forsaken Merman,' a poem now familiar to all readers of modern literature, and 'Resignation,' a piece of meditation, characterised by that 'sad lucidity of soul' of which it speaks, and lacking only that higher lucidity which is joyous.

*Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems*, by 'A.', followed in 1852, and, before fifty copies had been sold, this also was withdrawn from circulation. It seemed to the author, as a critic of his own work, that the painful emotion of his Empedocles, unrelieved by action, was no suitable material for a poem. Happily the rigour of his theory yielded in 1867 to the expressed desire of Robert Browning, and the poem was then republished. The versified philosophy of Empedocles, as he moves upward to fling himself into the crater of Etna, includes noble stanzas, but a critical Polonius might justly assert that 'This is too long.' The songs of the young harp-player, Callicles, have magical beauty and sometimes the finest music, yet even here the music of Arnold's verse is uncertain. The volume contained 'Tristram and Iseult,' a poem in three parts, which fails where there is a demand for ardour of passion, but becomes gracious and delicate in the third part where Iseult of Brittany, resigned rather than happy, sits by the seaside and beguiles her children with the tale of Merlin and Vivian. Some lyrics of elaborated beauty—and Matthew Arnold often attained simplicity through elaboration—accompanied the longer poems, among which appeared 'A Summer Night' and certain love poems of foiled affection, real or imaginary, with Switzerland for their scene. The admirable 'Memorial Verses' and 'Stanzas in Memory of the Author of "Obermann"' do honour to some of the chief literary masters of Arnold's mind—Goethe, Wordsworth, Sénancour—and raise criticism to veritable poetry.

A year later—1853—appeared a volume of *Poems*, partly republished, partly new, and the public was now for the first time attentive and duly impressed. A Preface in prose took the withdrawal from circulation of *Empedocles on Etna* as the occasion for setting forth some central principles of the poetic art, and for insisting on the supreme importance of unity in a work of art as contrasted with scattered brilliancies and beauties. The most remarkable new poems were the epic episode 'Sohrab and Rustum,' derived from Ferdusi's 'Shah Nameh,' and the beautiful 'Scholar-Gipsy,' suggested by Glanvill's story of an Oxford student who quitted his studies to join himself to the crew of outlandish wanderers. The landscape of Oxfordshire and of

the Thames valley is rendered in the latter of these poems with exquisite feeling. 'Sohrab and Rustum,' the story of a great chieftain who slays his son in single combat, each unknown to the other until the fatal wound has been given, is written in blank verse of sustained dignity, and is inspired by a passionate pathos, rare in this passionate quality among the poems of Arnold. In a second series of *Poems*, published in 1855, was included an epic treatment of a fragment of Norse mythology, 'Balder Dead.' Balder, beloved of the gods, has been undesignedly slain by the blind Hoder, the adventurous efforts to recover Balder from the realm of the dead make up the main



MATTHEW ARNOLD

From the Portrait by G F Watts, R.A.  
(Fred Hollyer, Photo)

part of the narrative. It was impossible to give the subject, which strains the power of imaginative belief without always supporting it, an interest equal to that of 'Sohrab and Rustum.'

After his thirty-third year Arnold's stream of poetry, from the first pure rather than affluent, dwindled, but in *Merope* (1858) he made a sustained and deliberate effort, which in its design was admirable. His purpose, as he tells his reader in an interesting preface, was to try how much of the effectiveness of the poetical forms of Greek tragedy he could retain in an English poem constructed under the conditions of those forms. The story of Merope was not ill chosen; it had been handled in drama by Maffei and by Alfieri in Italy, by Voltaire in France. Agyptus, the son of Merope, avenges, after many years have passed, the murder of his royal father upon the tyrant Polyphontes, the situations are impressive, the characters, in the hands of a true dramatic poet, might be of deep and tragic interest. But Matthew Arnold's poem is constructed, not inspired; it lacks life; it is a death-mask, not without a certain dignity,

taken from the face of Greek tragedy. The rhymeless choruses are often equally devoid of spirit and of tone.

In 1867 appeared *New Poems*, Arnold's last considerable gift to the admirers of his poetry. And the contents of the volume were not all 'new,' for it reprinted the early 'Empedocles on Etna' and other pieces from among those of 1852. Yet of the new poems some were unsurpassed by any earlier work of their author. 'Thyrsis,' a monody to commemorate Arthur Hugh Clough, is perfect in its classic grace and its association of personal feeling with the loveliness of English landscape. If we receive no impression of Clough's character from it, neither do we learn much respecting Edward King from Milton's *Lycidas*. 'A Southern Night' laments the loss of the writer's brother, who died on his way home from India. 'Rugby Chapel' is a noble characterisation of the poet's father, and of his special services to the world. 'Heine's Grave' is the poetry of criticism, but the image of England as the 'Weary Titan' rises to something higher than this. The deep-thoughted and pathetic 'Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse' had appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* as early as 1855. With this volume Matthew Arnold's period of poetical creation may be said to have closed, but at rare intervals in later years some piece of verse appeared which proved that he still possessed the inspiration and the accomplishment of song. In 1882 his 'Westminster Abbey,' to write which he was moved by the burn of Dean Stanley in the Abbey, showed that his power as a poet, at least in moments of deep feeling, was not abated.

As a poet, Matthew Arnold's chief masters were the Greek epic, dramatic, and elegiac writers—Goethe, Wordsworth. But Goethe had a higher spirit of wisdom and Wordsworth had a higher spirit of joy than he. Arnold himself described poetry as a criticism of life, assuredly from his own poetry a body of such criticism can be derived, and it is sometimes criticism which may be questioned or gainsaid. Through many of his more intimate personal poems runs the contrast between the life whose springs are inward, of the soul, and the life of division and distraction, of fever and unrest, which is drawn hither and thither by the influences of the world, its pleasures and passions, its business,贪欲, ambitions, trivial cares and strife—drawn hither and thither by these, and not by these alone, but also by all the various objects that claim our purer sympathies from day to day, and the various intellectual lights and cross lights that lead us or mislead us away from the true objects of the soul. Especially in these latter days of ours, when no dominant faith or doctrine of life imposes itself on the minds of men, when there is around us a chaos of creeds, and when men lie open through their finer intellectual sensitiveness to so many diverse influences, it is difficult to find one's true way.

To lose one's soul means for Matthew Arnold to live a life without unity, a life of cares, hopes, fears, desires, opinions, business, passions which arise and wine with the accidents of each successive day and hour. To live too fast, to be perpetually harassed, to be dulled by toil, to be made wild with passion, to adapt ourselves to every view of truth in turn and never to see truth with lucidity and as a whole, to yield to the chance allurements of the time and place and never to possess our souls before we die—this is the condition of many of us, especially in these days of crowded and hurrying action, these days of moral trouble and spiritual doubt, and it is no better than a death in life. On the other hand, to be self poised and harmonious, to 'see life steadily and see it whole,' to escape from the torment of conflicting desires, to gain a high serenity, a wide and luminous view—this is the rare attainment of chosen spirits and the very life of life. How may the evil be avoided?—how may the good be reached and held fast? Not by any external aids, replies Matthew Arnold, not by any outward machinery of life, not by creeds that fail and philosophies that fade and pass away, not thus, but by insight and by moral vigour, by rallying the good in the depths of ourselves—

The aids to noble life are all within

Such is Arnold's stoical moral teaching, and the experience of mankind in all ages declares that through action, through passion, are we educated, and that the aids to noble life are not all, are not chiefly, within. But the 'criticism of life' in his poems served his generation by presenting with a sad fidelity certain of its moral and spiritual troubles, and by suggesting some palliatives of its pain. His touch cannot heal, but in some degree it fortifies and it consoles. Matthew Arnold's melancholy and his resistance to that melancholy appear only in his verse. As a prose writer, while he is at heart serious, his temper is buoyant, his spirit is high, his intellectual confidence is entire, he has charming airs of authority or condescension, and can employ with a grave purpose mockery, bitter, irony. But setting aside the remarkable prefaces to two volumes of poetry, as a prose writer he was unknown until 1859, when his pamphlet, *England and the Italian Question*, appeared. In 1857 he was elected to the professorship of Poetry, Oxford, and was re-elected for a term of five years in 1862. Towards the close of his first term of office was published a slender volume, three lectures *On Translating Homer*, to which a fourth lecture, *On Translating Homer Last Words* (1862), formed a kind of appendix. This is an admirable piece of criticism, for Matthew Arnold knew Homer well, felt the special qualities of Homer's genius, and had an adequate acquaintance with the English translations with which he deals. The test of a good translation will be found in the answer to the question, 'Is it acceptable

to scholars?' And scholars will before all else require that a translation should be penetrated by certain Homeric qualities—Homer is eminently rapid, he is eminently plain and direct, both in the substance of his thought and its expression, he is eminently noble. Homer's style is indeed 'the grand style,' which arises in poetry 'when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or with severity a serious subject.' The application of these principles to the translations of Chapman, Pope, Cowper, and more recent writers is full of detailed instruction, but Arnold arrives in the close at the strange conclusion that the happiest medium for Homeric translation is the English hexameter, a conclusion which is by no means reinforced by ineffective examples from his own hand.

The lectures *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, delivered in 1866, and, after publication in the *Cornhill Magazine*, collected into a volume in 1867, form a work which is full of interesting views and stimulating thought, but it is not, and could not be, a work of authority. Here Arnold wrote as an ingenious amateur, but without more than a superficial acquaintance with his subject. The book illustrates in a striking way the weaker side of its author's criticism of literature. He censured the English criticism of the early part of the nineteenth century because it did not know enough; but this was precisely his own defect. His own ideas are always interesting and are often valuable, and he plies with these, hovering above his subject, but he does not always possess his subject. It is not merely that his scholarship is insufficient, he lacks that patient receptivity which is the condition of adequate criticism. He wrote on Celtic literature, and knew too little to write as a master. He attempted Biblical criticism, and his scholarship was punnily inadequate. He wrote essays on French literature which are full of charm, but he does not seem to have known French literature sufficiently, or to have had a feeling for what is best and most characteristic in it, and his good fortune was that he relied much upon so punstakng a guide as *Sainte Beuve*. But all that he possessed he animated with his own delightful intellectual vitality. In each province of criticism he contributed illuminating ideas. If he had not adequate knowledge, he had fine instincts, and a *vironda vis* which in itself is of high worth. And this volume on Celtic literature is not only written in the happiest temper, but lights up his subject with inspiring thoughts which do not always accompany a more thorough scholarship than his. It pleads for a sympathetic spirit and a spirit of sanity in the study of things Celtic, endeavours to determine the character of the Celtic genius—'sentiment, with love of beauty, charm, and spirituality for its excellence, ineffectualness and self-will for its defect,' and makes interesting conjectures as to the elements contributed by the Celtic genius to the literature of England.

(The *Essays in Criticism* published in 1865, and somewhat enlarged in subsequent editions, is perhaps the most fruitful in ideas and the happiest in its choice of subjects of all his prose writings. It urged the need of literary criticism, disinterested in spirit and well informed, as a real and important need of the time. It uttered a warning in the essay on 'Academies' against provinciality in thought and in style, and pleaded for a culture which should be of the centre.) The study of Maurice de Guérin assigned that minor writer too high a rank, but it was an occasion for expounding Arnold's own thoughts on the interpretative power of poetry by virtue of 'natural magic' or 'moral profundity.' That of Heine presented him less as a poet or a wit than as a gallant soldier in the war of intellectual liberation. The contrast between pagan and mediæval religious sentiment, as seen in Theocritus and in St Francis, showed the breadth of Arnold's sympathies. To Joubert, viewed as a French Coleridge, an importance was given which was out of proportion to his actual claims. But the essay on Spinoza, though it dealt slightly with that great thinker, dealt rightly as far as it went, and that on Marcus Aurelius was written as if Arnold—which was rare—had fully possessed his subject. Some caprices of opinion showed that the writer was not himself always at the centre, some vivacities of utterance, here and elsewhere, showed that his good taste was not infallible, but the spirit of partisanship was notably absent, and the style was delightfully animated without the aid of rhetorical heightening. Seldom had a volume of critical studies appeared in which the play of ideas was so stimulating or so graceful.

During these years Arnold contributed largely as a specialist—but a specialist who was also a humanist possessed by liberal views—to the literature of education. In 1859 he acted as an Assistant Commissioner on Education in investigating the systems of instruction on the Continent, and again he went abroad with a like purpose in 1865. Such works as his *Popular Education in France* (1861), *A French Eton* (1864), *Schools and Universities on the Continent* (1868), and the *Reports on Elementary Schools*, collected after his death and edited by Sir F. Sandford, can hardly be said to enter into general literature, yet they were important aids to English culture. The remarkable Introduction to the first of these volumes, afterwards reprinted in *Mixed Essays* with the title 'Democracy,' pleaded on behalf of a high ideal in matters of education to be maintained by the action of the State.

That Introduction involved some criticism on English society, to the defects of which Arnold was keenly alive. To point out those defects and suggest possible remedies seemed to him to be the truest form of patriotism. Such criticism widened its scope, and touched on politics as well as manners and morals, in the volume entitled *Culture and Anarchy*, made up of articles collected

in 1869 from the *Cornhill Magazine*. Arnold hoped little from institutions and external machinery as serving the cause of social development, though one institution, the Church of England, he valued highly as an organisation for the promotion of 'goodness.' He desired in this volume to reach something deeper than institutions. It was a plea for 'culture' as the great help out of our present difficulties, 'culture being a pursuit of our total perfection by means of getting to know, on all matters which most concern us, the best that has been thought and said in the world, and through this knowledge, turning a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions and habits, which we now follow strenuously but mechanically.' This culture is an inward operation, and its results—expressed in words borrowed from Dean Swift—above all else, 'sweetness and light.' Our aristocracy, whom Arnold names 'the Barbarians,' are materialised, our middle class, the 'Philistines,' are vulgarised, our populace is brutalised, and with each class the pursuit of our total perfection is unthought of and almost unknown. Civilisation, as the later essay on 'Equality' explains, advances along several lines, it proceeds by the power of intellect and science by the power of beauty, by the power of social life and manners, by the power of conduct. The Hebraism of the English character has taken conduct, which is three fourths of life, into its charge, but were it not well if this Hebraism entered into an alliance with that more liberal conception of human perfection at which Hellenism aims? In all this there was, indeed, nothing new, the same doctrine had been set forth for Germany by Goethe, but Arnold's preaching was timely, and though his principle of 'culture' provoked not a few sceptical smiles, he served the cause of true progress by turning, to repeat his own words, a stream of free thought upon our stock notions and habits. *Friendship's Garland* (1871), a little volume the greater part of which had appeared as letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (1866–70), may be regarded as a sequel, gay but serious, to the graver attack on Philistinism, and especially on Philistinism in alliance with Arnold's friends the political Liberals, of *Culture and Anarchy*. Here he is a slinger of stones at Goliath, and some of the missiles are skilfully aimed. An imaginary Arminius von Thunder-ten-Tronckh is the critic of English society. The book is wittily in earnest, but the persiflage is sometimes excessive or a little too obvious, and while the volume deserved to be republished as an exposition of Arnold's thought and an example of his rillery, judicious readers will hardly censure the writer for declining to permit its republication during his lifetime.

With *St Paul and Protestantism* (1870) opened a series of writings in which Matthew Arnold aspired to play the part of a critic of religion and of the Bible. Its object was to deliver the spiritual teaching of St Paul, as Arnold conceived this, from the accretions of dogma, and especially

Puritan, Calvinistic, and 'Evangelical' dogma, with which it had been encrusted 'The three essential terms of Pauline theology,' he writes, 'are not as popular theology makes them *calling, justification, sanctification*, but are rather these *dying with Christ, resurrection from the dead, growing unto Christ*'—which words he would interpret in a way differing widely from the interpretation of the Churches Religion he understood as morality touched with enthusiasm, God he understood as the stream of tendency in thoughts and things which makes for righteousness. The Hebraism that was in him made him feel the supreme importance of preserving religion, his Hellenism compelled him to turn a fresh stream of thought—is he believed—on the current notions of religion. In *Literature and Dogma* (1873) and *God and the Bible* (1875) he continued to pour new wine into old bottles, and old wine into new bottles, and to some readers, although Matthew Arnold was never more serious, it looked too like a juggler's trick. To deliver religion from false accretions—this was a noble aim, to urge that the Bible should be read as literature rather than as a storehouse of texts for the elaboration of dogma—this too was legitimate and was desirable. But Matthew Arnold was not qualified by knowledge for trustworthy criticism of the Bible, and the singular thing was that by applying literary tact to the interpretation of the Bible, he arrived at results which no disinterested critic, regarding the Bible merely as literature, could accept as approximating to the actual meanings of the writers. He found in the sacred writings what he desired to find, precisely as did the popular and dogmatic interpreters whom he condemned. The series of writings on religion was closed by editions of the authorised version of Isaiah, the work of one who, as a Hebraist, was not well equipped for his task, and by *Last Essays on Church and Religion* (1877), which included an elaborate but far from trustworthy criticism of Bishop Butler. The value of these writings lies in Arnold's deep feeling for the ethical side of religion, his deep sense of what is beautiful in character and admirable in conduct.

In *Mixed Essays* (1879) Arnold returned to literature, but politics divides the volume with literature. The essay on Lucius Curius, Lord Franklin, and that on George Sand have the fine critical discernment of the writer's earlier studies, and more warmth of feeling than is always present in what he wrote, two essays of much inferior interest reported the opinions of Scherer on Milton and on Goethe, with comments of Arnold's own. The politics of Arnold consisted largely in the presentation of high ideals to British Liberalism, and the rebuke of the actual Liberal party which the presentation of such ideals involved. He pleaded especially for the spirit of amiability as well as the spirit of justice in the treatment of Ireland. Here his master was Edmund Burke, from whose writings he compiled a volume of

selections. But as to the actual forces in contemporary Ireland, Arnold did not take the pains to inform himself aright. *Irish Essays, and Others* (1882), attempt to indicate how England and English civilisation may be made attractive to Ireland. The critic did not sufficiently grasp the fact that common interests, and, among these, interests of a material kind, are the surest bonds between peoples under a common government. But all that he has written is generously conceived and of a high intention.

In 1883-84 Matthew Arnold visited America as a lecturer, and as a lecturer, partly owing to the ineffectiveness of his delivery, he was not successful. The *Discourses in America* (1885) are three—an appreciation of Emerson, a plea for the humanities in culture and education, and a discourse entitled 'Numbers,' which declares that the salvation of society in every country depends upon the minority, the little 'remnant' of those who are good—that in countries of small population this remnant is impotent, but that the numbers of America justify a hope that there the remnant may be efficient against the evil majority.

In 1886 Arnold resigned his position as an inspector of schools. Through the influence of Gladstone, whom he had not regarded as a friend, he received a pension 'as a public recognition of service to the poetry and literature of England.' But the end was now at hand. On 15th April 1888, while in Liverpool, he died of heart disease, and almost in a moment. The place of burial was Laleham, his place of birth.

A second series of *Essays in Criticism* (1888) was brought together after Arnold's death. It included studies of Wordsworth and of Byron previously prefixed to volumes of Selections which he had made, an essay on the Study of Poetry, short articles on Gray and Keats contributed to Mr Ward's *English Poets*, a review suggested by the *Life of Shelley*, and other contributions to periodicals. Several of these are rich in wise thought, but Arnold's ethical feeling for literature predominates unduly over his feeling for beauty. Two volumes of his *Letters*, published in 1895, exhibit his character in a most amiable light in all his domestic relations, he is not, however, among the great letter writers of England, his judgments of public persons are often unjust, and his anticipations of the course of public events are often strangely erroneous. Yet the *Letters* bring us into a happy intimacy with Arnold. His gifts in prose and verse to our literature are enhanced in value by our knowledge of a noble character and a life devoted to high ideals.

#### To a Friend.

Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?—  
He much the old man, who, clearest soul'd of men,  
Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Avan Fen,  
And Tmolus hill, and Smyrna bay, though blind.

Much he, whose friendship I not long since won,  
That halting slave, who in Nicopolis,  
Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son  
Clear'd Rome of what most shamed him But be his

My special shrinks, whose even balanced soul,  
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,  
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole,  
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,  
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child

#### The Death of Sohrab

He spoke, and Sohrab smiled on him, and took  
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased  
His wound's imperious anguish, but the blood  
Came welling from the open gash, and life  
Flow'd with the stream,—all down his cold white side  
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soil'd,  
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets  
Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,  
By children whom their nurses call with haste  
Indoors from the sun's eye, his head droop'd low,  
His limbs grew slack, motionless, white he lay—  
White, with eyes closed only when heavy gasps,  
Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame,  
Convulsed him back to life, he open'd them,  
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face,  
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs  
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,  
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,  
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead  
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak  
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son  
As those black granite pillars, once high rear'd  
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear  
His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps  
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—  
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,  
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,  
And darken'd all, and a cold fog, with night,  
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,  
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires  
Began to twinkle through the fog, for now  
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal,  
The Persians took it on the open sands  
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge,  
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,  
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,  
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,  
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,  
Under the solitary moon,—he flow'd  
Right for the polar star, past Orgunj,  
Brimming, and bright, and large, then sands begin  
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,  
And split his currents, that for many a league  
The short, and parcell'd Oxus strains along  
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—  
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had  
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,  
A soild circumspect wanderer—till at last  
The long'd for dash, of waves is heard, and wide

His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
And tranquill, from whose floor the new bathed stars  
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

(From *Sohrab and Rustum*)

#### Dover Beach.

The sea is calm to night  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits,—on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone, the cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay  
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!  
Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon blanch'd land,  
Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and flung,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago  
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought  
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
Of human misery, we  
Find also in the sound a thought,  
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle sur'l'd.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating to the breath  
Of the night wind down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain  
• And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

#### The Song of Callicles.

Far, far from here,  
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay  
Among the green Illyrian hills, and there  
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,  
And by the sea, and in the brakes.  
The grass is cool, the seaside air  
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers  
More virginal and sweet than ours.  
And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes  
Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,  
Bask in the glens or on the warm sea shore,  
In breathless quiet, after all their ills,  
Nor do they see their country, nor the place  
Where the Sphinx lived among the fronting hills,  
Nor the unhappy palace of their race,  
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.

There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes!  
They had stay'd long enough to see,  
In Thebes, the billow of calamity  
Over their own dear children roll'd,

Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,  
For years, they sitting helpless in their home,  
A grey old man and woman, yet of old  
The Gods had to their marriage come,  
And at the banquet all the Muses sung

Therefore they did not end their days  
In sight of blood, but were rapt, far away,  
To where the west wind plays,  
And murmurs of the Adriatic come  
To those untrodden mountain lawns, and there  
Placed safely in changed forms, the pair  
Wholly forgot their first sad life, and home,  
And all that Thelvin woe, and stray  
For ever through the glens, placid and dumb

(From *Empedocles on Etna*)

#### From 'Thyrsis'

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.  
He loved each simple joy the country yields,  
He loved his mates, but yet he could not keep,  
For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,  
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep  
Some life of men unblest  
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head  
He went, his piping took a troubled sound  
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground,  
He could not wait their passing, he is dead

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,  
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,  
Before the roses and the longest day—  
When garden walks and 'll the grassy floor  
With blossoms red and white of fallen May  
And chestnut flowers are strewn—  
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,  
From the wet field, through the next garden trees,  
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze  
*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!*

Too quick desparer, wherefore wilt thou go?  
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,  
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
Soon shall we have gold dusted snapdragon,  
Sweet-william with his homely cottage smell,  
And stocks in fragrant blow,  
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
And open, jasmine mussled lattices,  
And groups under the dreaming garden trees,  
And the full moon, and the white evening star

He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!  
What matters it? next year he will return,  
And we shall have him in the sweet spring days  
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,  
And blue bells trembling by the forest ways,  
And scent of hay new mown  
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see,  
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,  
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—  
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee!

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!—  
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,  
Some good survivor with his flute would go,  
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,  
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,  
And relax Pluto's brow,

And make leap up with joy the beauteous head  
Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair  
Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian ur,  
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead

#### Paganism.

I have said a great deal of harm of paganism, and, taking paganism to mean a state of things which it is commonly taken to mean, and which did really exist, no more harm than it well deserved. Yet I must not end without reminding the reader that before this state of things appeared there was an epoch in Greek life—the pagan life—of the highest possible beauty and value. That epoch by itself goes far towards making Greece the Greece we mean when we speak of Greece—a country hardly less important to mankind than Judæa. The poetry of later paganism lived by the senses and understanding, the poetry of mediæval Christianity lived by the heart and imagination. But the main element of the modern spirit's life is neither the senses and understanding, nor the heart and imagination, it is the imaginative reason. And there is a century in Greek life—the century preceding the Peloponnesian war, from about the year 530 to the year 430 B C—in which poetry made, it seems to me, the noblest, the most successful effort she has ever made as the priestess of the imaginative reason, of the element by which the modern spirit, if it would live right, has chiefly to live. Of this effort, of which the four great names are Simonides, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, I must not now attempt more than the bare mention, but it is right, it is necessary, after all I have said, to indicate it. No doubt that effort was imperfect. Perhaps everything, take it at what point in its existence you will, carries within itself the fatal law of its own ulterior development. Perhaps, even of the life of Pindar's time, Pompeii was the inevitable bourne. Perhaps the life of their beautiful Greece could not afford to its poets all that fullness of varied experience, all that power of emotion, which

'the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world'

affords the poet of after times. Perhaps in Sophocles the thinking power a little overbalances the religious sense, as in Dante the religious sense overbalances the thinking power. The present has to make its own poetry, and not even Sophocles and his compeers, any more than Dante and Shakespeare, are enough for it. That I will not dispute, nor will I set up the Greel poets, from Pindar to Sophocles, as objects of blind worship. But no other poets so well show to the poetry of the present the way it must take, no other poets have lived so much by the imaginative reason, no other poets have made their work so well balanced, no other poets, who have so well satisfied the thinking power, have so well satisfied the religious sense.

'Oh! that my lot may lead me in the path of holy innocence of word and deed, the path which august laws ordain, laws that in the highest empyrean had their birth, of which Heaven is the father alone, neither did the race of mortal men beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put them to sleep. The power of God is mighty in them, and groweth not old.'

Let St Francis—nay, or Luther either—beat that!

(From 'Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment in Essays on Criticism')

### The English Mind

What are the essential characteristics of the spirit of our nation? Not, certainly, an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Our greatest admirers would not claim for us that we have these in a pre eminent degree, they might say that we had more of them than our detractors give us credit for, but they would not assert them to be our essential characteristics. They would rather allege, as our chief spiritual characteristics, energy and honesty, and, if we are judged favourably and positively, not invidiously and negatively, our chief characteristics are, no doubt, these energy and honesty, not an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence were very signal characteristics of the Athenian people in ancient times, everybody will feel that. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence are remarkable characteristics of the French people in modern times, at any rate, they strikingly characterise them as compared with us, I think everybody, or almost everybody, will feel that I will not now ask what more the Athenian or the French spirit has than this, nor what shortcomings either of them may have as a set off against this all I want now to point out is that they have this, and that we have it in a much lesser degree.

Let me remark, however, that not only in the moral sphere, but also in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, energy and honesty are most important and fruitful qualities, that, for instance, of what we call genius energy is the most essential part. So by assigning to a nation energy and honesty as its chief spiritual characteristics—by refusing to it as at all eminent characteristics, openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence—we do not by any means, as some people might at first suppose, relegate its importance and its power of manifesting itself with effect from the intellectual to the moral sphere. We only indicate its probable special line of successful activity in the intellectual sphere, and, it is true, certain imperfections and failings to which, in this sphere it will always be subject. Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius, therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterised by energy may well be eminent in poetry,—and we have Shakespeare. Again, the highest reach of science is, one may say, an inventive power, a faculty of divination, akin to the highest power exercised in poetry, therefore, a nation whose spirit is characterised by energy may well be eminent in science,—and we have Newton. Shakespeare and Newton in the intellectual sphere there can be no higher names. And what that energy, which is the life of genius, above everything demands and insists upon is freedom, entire independence of all authority, prescription, and routine—the fullest room to expand as it will. Therefore, a nation whose chief spiritual characteristic is energy will not be very apt to set up, in intellectual matters, a fixed standard, an authority, like an academy. By this it certainly escapes certain real inconveniences and dangers, and it can, at the same time, as we have seen, reach undeniably splendid heights in poetry and science. On the other hand, some of the requisites of intellectual work are specially the affair of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence. The form, the method of evolution, the precision, the proportions, the relations of the parts to the whole, in an intellectual work, depend mainly upon them. And these are the elements of an intellectual work which are really most communicable from it, which can most be learned

and adopted from it, which have, therefore, the greatest effect upon the intellectual performance of others. Even in poetry these requisites are very important, and the poetry of a nation, not eminent for the gifts on which they depend, will, more or less, suffer by this shortcoming. In poetry, however, they are, after all, secondary, and energy is the first thing, but in prose they are of first rate importance. In its prose literature, therefore, and in the routine of intellectual work generally, a nation with no particular gifts for these will not be so successful. These are what, as I have said, can to a certain degree be learned and appropriated, while the free activity of genius cannot. Academies consecrate and maintain them, and, therefore, a nation with an eminent turn for them naturally establishes academies. So far as routine and authority tend to embarrass energy and inventive genius, academies may be said to be obstructive to energy and inventive genius, and, to this extent, to the human spirit's general advance. But then this evil is so much compensated by the propagation on a large scale, of the mental aptitudes and demands which an open mind and a flexible intelligence naturally engender, genius itself, in the long run, so greatly finds its account in this propagation, and bodies like the French Academy have such power for promoting it, that the general advance of the human spirit is perhaps, on the whole, rather furthered than impeded by their existence.

(From 'The Literary Influence of Academies in Essays on Criticism')

### The Celtic Genius

Sentimental—*always ready to react against the despotism of fact*, that is the description which a great friend of the Celt gives of him. And it is not a bad description of the sentimental temperament, it lets us into the secret of its dangers and of its habitual want of success. Balance, measure, and patience these are the eternal conditions, even supposing the happiest temperament to start with, of high success, and balance, measure, and patience are just what the Celt has never had. Even in the world of spiritual creation he has never, in spite of his admirable gifts of quick perception and warm emotion, succeeded perfectly, because he never has had steadiness, patience, sanity enough to comply with the conditions under which alone can expression be perfectly given to the finest perceptions and emotions. The Greek has the same perceptive, emotional temperament as the Celt, but he adds to this temperament the sense of *measure*, hence his admirable success in the plastic arts, in which the Celtic genius, with its clashing against the despotism of fact, its perpetual straining after mere emotion, has accomplished nothing. In the comparatively petty art of ornamentation, in rings, brooches, crosiers, relic cases, and so on, he has done just enough to show his delicacy of taste, his happy temperament, but the grand difficulties of painting and sculpture, the prolonged dealings of spirit with matter, he has never had patience for. Take the more spiritual arts of music and poetry. All which emotion alone can do in music the Celt has done, the very soul of emotion breathes in the Scotch and Irish airs, but with all this power of musical feeling, what has the Celt, so eager for emotion that he has not patience for science, effected in music, to be compared with what the less emotional German, steadily developing his musical feeling with the science of a Sebastian Bach or a Beethoven, has effected? In poetry, again—poetry which the Celt

has so passionately, so nobly loved, poetry where emotion counts for so much, but where reason, too, reason, measure, sanity, also count for so much—the Celt has shown genius, indeed, splendid genius, but even here his faults have clung to him, and have hindered him from producing great works such as other nations with a genius for poetry—the Greeks, say, or the Italians—have produced. The Celt has not produced great poetical works, he has only produced poetry with an air of greatness investing it all, and sometimes giving, moreover, to short pieces, or to passages, lines, and snatches of long pieces, singular beauty and power. And yet he loved poetry so much that he grudged no puns to it, but the true art, the *architectonice* which shapes great works, such as the *Agamemnon* or the *Divine Comedy* comes only after a steady, deep searching survey, a firm conception of the facts of human life, which the Celt has not patience for. So he runs off into technic, where he employs the utmost elaboration, and attains astonishing skill, but in the contents of his poetry you have only so much interpretation of the world as the first dash of a quick, strong perception, and then sentiment, infinite sentiment, can bring you. Here, too, his want of sanity and steadfastness has kept the Celt back from the highest success.

If his rebellion against fact has thus lamed the Celt even in spiritual work, how much more must it have lamed him in the world of business and politics! The skilful and resolute appliance of means to ends which is needed both to make progress in material civilisation, and also to form powerful states, is just what the Celt has least turn for. He is sensual, or at least sensuous, loves bright colours, company, and pleasure, and here he is like the Greek and Latin races. But compare the talent the Greek and Latin (or Latinised) races have shown for gratifying their senses, for procuring an outward life rich, luxurious, splendid, with the Celt's failure to reach any material civilisation sound and satisfying, and not out at elbows, poor, slovenly, and half barbarous. The sensuousness of the Greek made Sybaris and Corinth, the sensuousness of the Latin made Rome and Bute, the sensuousness of the Latinised Frenchman makes Paris, the sensuousness of the Celt proper has made Ireland. Even in his ideal heroic times, his gay and sensuous nature cannot carry him, in the appliances of his favourite life of sociability and pleasure, beyond the gross and creeping Saxon whom he despises, the regent Breas, we are told in the *Battle of Moytura of the Fomorians*, became unpopular because ‘the knives of his people were not greased at his table, nor did their breath smell of ale at the banquet’. In its grossness and barbarousness is not that Saxon, as Saxon as it can be?—just what the Latinised Norman, sensuous and sociable like the Celt, but with the talent to make this bent of his serve to a practical embellishment of his mode of living, found so disgusting in the Saxon?

And as in material civilisation he has been ineffectual, so has the Celt been ineffectual in politics. This colossal, impetuous, adventurous wanderer, the Titan of the early world, who in primitive times fills so large a place on earth's scene, dwindles and dwindles as history goes on, and at last is shrunk to what we now see him. For ages and ages the world has been constantly slipping, ever more and more, out of the Celt's grasp. ‘They went forth to the war,’ Ossian says most truly, ‘but they always fell’.

(From *A Study of Celtic Literature*)

### Philistines and Barbarians

The same desire for clearness, which has led me thus to extend a little my first analysis of the three great classes of English society, prompts me also to make my nomenclature for them a little fuller, with a view to making it thereby more clear and manageable. It is awkward and tiresome to be always saying the aristocratic class, the middle class, the working class. For the middle class, for that great body which, as we know, ‘has done all the great things that have been done in all departments,’ and which is to be conceived as chiefly moving between its two cardinal points of Mr Bazley and the Rev W Cattle, but inclining, in the mass, rather towards the latter than the former—for this class we have a designation which now has become pretty well known, and which we may as well still keep for them, the designation of Philistines. What this term means I have so often explained that I need not repeat it here. For the aristocratic class, conceived mainly as a body moving between the two cardinal points of Lord Elcho and Sir Thomas Bateson, but as a whole nearer to the latter than the former, we have as yet got no special designation. Almost all my attention has naturally been concentrated on my own class, the middle class, with which I am in closest sympathy, and which has been, besides, the great power of our day, and has had its praises sung by all speakers and newspapers. Still, the aristocratic class is so important in itself, and the weighty functions which Mr Carlyle proposes at the present critical time to commit to it must add so much to its importance, that it seems neglectful, and a strong instance of that want of coherent philosophic method for which Mr Frederic Harrison blames me, to leave the aristocratic class so much without notice and denomination. It may be thought that the characteristic which I have occasionally mentioned as proper to aristocracies—their natural inaccessibility, as children of the established fact, to ideas—points to our extending to this class also the designation of Philistines, the Philistine being, as is well known, the enemy of the children of light, or servants of the idea. Nevertheless, there seems to be an inconvenience in thus giving one and the same designation to two very different classes, and besides, if we look into the thing closely, we shall find that the term Philistine conveys a sense which makes it more peculiarly appropriate to our middle class than to our aristocratic. For *Philistine* gives the notion of some thing particularly stiff-necked and perverse in the resistance to light and its children, and therein it specially suits our middle class, who not only do not pursue sweetness and light, but who prefer to them that sort of machinery of business, chapels, tea meetings, and addresses from Mr Murphy and the Rev W Cattle, which makes up the dismal and illiberal life on which I have so often touched. But the aristocratic class has actually, as we have seen, in its well known politeness, a kind of image or shadow of sweetness, and as for light, if it does not pursue light, it is not that it perversely cherishes some dismal and illiberal existence in preference to light, but it is seduced from following light by those mighty and eternal seducers of our race which weave for this class their most irresistible charms—by worldly splendour, security, power and pleasure. These seducers are exterior goods, but they are goods, and he who is hindered by them from caring for light and ideas is not so much doing what is perverse as what is natural.

Keeping this in view, I have in my own mind often indulged myself with the fancy of putting side by side with the idea of our aristocratic class, the idea of the *Barbarians*. The Barbarians, to whom we all owe so much, and who invigorated and renewed our worn out Europe, had, as is well known, eminent merits, and in this country, where we are for the most part sprung from the Barbarians, we have never had the prejudice against them which prevails among the races of Latin origin. The Barbarians brought with them that staunch individualism, as the modern phrase is, and that passion for doing as one likes, for the assertion of personal liberty, which appears to Mr Bright the central idea of English life, and of which we have, at any rate, a very rich supply. The stronghold and natural seat of this passion was in the nobles of whom our aristocratic class are the inheritors, and this class, accordingly, have signally manifested it, and have done much by their example to recommend it to the body of the nation, who already, indeed, had it in their blood. The Barbarians, again, had the passion for field sports, and they have handed it on to our aristocratic class, who of this passion too, as of the passion for asserting one's personal liberty, are the great natural stronghold. The care of the Barbarians for the body, and for all manly exercises, the vigour, good looks, and fine complexion which they acquired and perpetuated in their families by these means—all this may be observed still in our aristocratic class. The chivalry of the Barbarians, with its characteristics of high spirit, choice manners, and distinguished bearing—what is this but the beautiful commencement of the politeness of our aristocratic class? In some Barbarian noble, no doubt, one would have admired, if one could have been then alive to see it, the rudiments of Lord Elcho. Only, all this culture (to call it by that name) of the Barbarians was an exterior culture mainly—it consisted principally in outward gifts and graces, in looks, manners, accomplishments, prowess, the chief inward gifts which had part in it were the most exterior, so to speak, of inward gifts, those which come nearest to outward ones—they were courage, a high spirit, self confidence. Far within, and unawakened, lay a whole range of powers of thought and feeling, to which these interesting productions of nature had, from the circumstances of their life, no access. Making allowances for the difference of the times, surely we can observe precisely the same thing now in our aristocratic class. In general its culture is exterior chiefly, all the exterior graces and accomplishments, and the more external of the inward virtues, seem to be principally its portion. It now, of course, cannot but be often in contact with those studies by which, from the world of thought and feeling, true culture teaches us to fetch sweetness and light, but its hold upon these very studies appears remarkably external, and unable to exert any deep power upon its spirit. Therefore the one insufficiency which we noted in the perfect mean of this class, Lord Elcho, was an insufficiency of light. And owing to the same causes, does not a subtle criticism lead us to make, even on the good looks and politeness of our aristocratic class, the one qualifying remark, that in these charming gifts there should perhaps be, for ideal perfection, a shade more soul?

I often, therefore, when I want to distinguish clearly the aristocratic class from the Philistines proper, or middle class, name the former, in my own mind, the

*Barbarians*, and when I go through the country, and see this and that beautiful and imposing seat of theirs crowning the landscape, 'There,' I say to myself, 'is a great fortified post of the *Barbarians*'

(From *Culture and Anarchy*)

There is an elaborate bibliography of Matthew Arnold's works by Mr T. Burnett Smart (1892), and several selections have been issued. Two volumes of his *Letters* were edited by Mr G. W. E. Russell in 1895, and a volume of extracts from his Notebooks, with Preface by Mrs Wodehouse, was published in 1902. There are books on him by Professor Stansbury (1899), Mr Paul (1902), and Mr G. W. E. Russell (1904), and essays in Sir Leslie Stephen's *Studies* (1898), in Mr L. E. Gress's *Three Studies in Literature* (1899), in Mr Frederic Harrison's *Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other Literary Estimates* (1900), and in Mr W. H. Hudson's *Studies in Interpretation* (New York, 1899).

EDWARD DOWDEN

**Frederick Locker-Lampson** (1821-95) was born at Greenwich Hospital, of which his father was secretary and civil commissioner. Educated at several private schools, he proved a very apt scholar, and in 1837 was placed in a Mincing Lane office, in 1841 he got a clerkship at Somerset House, and in 1842 a still more congenial post at the Admiralty. About this time he developed a faculty for making verses, somewhat after the manner of Pried, but it was not till after his first marriage, he had quitted official life that he made his name widely known as a writer of unusually bright and clever *vers de société* by his *London Lyrics* (1857), collected from the various papers in which they had appeared. This volume had before the end of the century been reprinted in Britain and America nearly a score of times, some of the editions having illustrations by Richard Doyle, George Cruikshank, and others. It was supplemented by more *London Lyrics* in 1881 and by *London Rhymes* in 1882, both series privately printed. The Rowfant Club in Cleveland, Ohio, U.S., published a volume of his later verses, called *Rowfant Rhymes*, in 1895, with a Preface by Mr Austin Dobson. Mr Locker-Lampson published also two anthologies—*Lyra Elegantiarum* (1867), described as 'a collection of some of the best social and occasional verse of deceased English authors,' and *Patchwork* (1879), a book of extracts. In 1850 he married a daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin, who died in 1872, and in 1874 the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, an American who settled in England as a director of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. After his second marriage he lived mainly at his father-in-law's house of Rowfant, near East Grinstead in Sussex, where he collected a famous library of Elizabethan and other rare books, and in 1885 he added the name of Lampson to his own. *My Confidences* (1896) is autobiographical.

To my Grandmother—Suggested by a Picture by

Mr Romney

*Under the elm a rustic seat  
Was merriest Susan's fit retreat  
To merry-mike*

This Relative of mine,  
Was she seventy and nine  
When she died?

By the canvas may be seen  
 How she look'd at seventeen,  
 As a Bride.

Beneath a summer tree  
 Her maiden reverie  
 Has a charm,  
 Her ringlets are in taste,  
 What an arm! and what a waist  
 For an arm!

With her bridal wreath, bouquet,  
 Lace fardingale, and gay  
*Falbala—*

If Romney's touch be true,  
 What a lucky dog were you,  
 Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love,  
 They are parting! Do they move?  
 Are they dumb?

Her eyes are blue, and beam  
 Beseechingly, and seem  
 To say, 'Come!'

What funny fancy slips  
 From between these cherry lips?  
 Whisper me,

Fair Sorceress in print,  
 What canon says I mayn't  
 Marry thee?

That good for nothing Time  
 Has a confidence sublime'  
 When I first

Saw this Lady, in my youth,  
 Her winters had, forsooth,  
 Done their worst

Her locks, as white as snow,  
 Once shamed the swarthy crow,  
 By and by

That foul's avenging sprite  
 Set his cruel foot for spite  
 Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,  
 And her silk was bombazine,  
 Well I wot

With her needles would she sit,  
 And for hours would she knit—  
 Would she not?

Ah perishable clay!  
 Her charms had dropt away  
 One by one

But if she heaved a sigh  
 With a burthen, it was, 'Thy  
 Will be done.'

In travail, as in tears,  
 With the firdel of her years  
 Over prest,

In mercy she was borne  
 Where the weary and the worn  
 Are at rest

O if you now are there,  
 And sweet as once you were,  
 Grandmamma,

This nether world agrees  
 You'll all the better please  
 Grandpapa.

**At her Window**  
*Ah, minstrel, how strange is  
 The carol you sing!  
 Let Psyche who ranges  
 The garden of spring,  
 Remember the changes  
 December will bring*

Beating Heart! we come again  
 Where my Love reposes  
 This is Mabel's window pane,  
 These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel  
 In the twilight still,  
 Lily clad from throat to heel,  
 She, my virgin Lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,  
 Fading, will forsake her,  
 Elves of light, on beamy bars,  
 Whisper then, and wale her

Let this friendly pebble plead  
 At her flowery grating,  
 If she hear me will she heed?  
*Mabel, I am waiting*

Mabel will be deck'd anon,  
 Zoned in bride's apparel,  
 Happy zone! Oh hark to yon  
 Passion shaken carol!

Sing thy song thou tranced thrush,  
 Pipe thy best, thy clearest,—  
 Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—  
*Dearest Mabel!—dearest*

See Locker Lampson's *My Confidences* (1896), edited by his son in law, Mr Augustine Birrell, who married his daughter by the first marriage, Lionel Tennyson's widow and the article by Mr Austin Dobson in the supplement to the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1901)

**Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore** (1823-96) was born at Woodford in Essex, the son of Peter George Patmore, who edited the *Court Journal*, 'read' for a publisher, contributed largely to the magazines, and wrote, besides other books, *My Friends and Acquaintances* (1854), three volumes of literary reminiscences. The boy, educated privately, had thoughts of taking orders, but naturally drifted into literary work, and in his twenty first year published a volume of narrative poems (1844) which were not too kindly received. Though bought up and destroyed ere a hundred and fifty copies had been sold, this publication secured for him the acquaintance of Rossetti, Woolner, and the pre Raphaelites. In 1846, through the friendly offices of Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), he obtained an appointment as an assistant librarian in the British Museum, and when he retired from the Museum in 1865, was within measurable distance of the headship in his department. He wrote for the *Edinburgh Review*, the *North British*, and other serials, contributed in 1850 two poems and a prose essay to the pre Raphaelite *Gems*, and in 1853 ventured once more to publish a volume of poems, *Tamerton Church Tower*, which contained revised versions of some of those that had

first appeared in 1844, and shows traces of the mysticism which bulked so largely in his later work. The acceptance this volume met with encouraged him to publish, but anonymously, in 1854 and 1856 (as *The Betrothal* and *The Espousals*), the first two sections of what is, under the name of *The Angel in the House*, by far his best known poem, to which were added in 1860 and 1863 *Faithful for Ever* and *The Victories of Love*. In virtue of its sincere, tender, and exquisite presentation of holy domestic love, the *Angel in the House* was greeted with enthusiasm by the poet's friends, Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, and



COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE

From a Photograph by Barraud.

Carlyle, and secured immediate and unusual popularity with the great public. It was largely inspired by Patmore's beautiful and accomplished first wife, daughter of a Congregational minister, whom he married in 1847, and who died in 1862. Two years later Patmore entered the Roman Catholic communion, and was followed by his three sons and three daughters; in 1865 he married a second time, and ere long bought an estate near Uckfield in Sussex, which he so improved as to be able to sell it for £27,000. Then he settled at Hastings, where, after the death of his second wife in 1880, he built a splendid Roman Catholic church. The home of his last years was at Lymington. He had married a third time in 1881.

*The Unknown Eros, and other Odes* (1877), was a collection of upwards of forty odes combining Catholic mysticism and fervent devotion, which in their elaborate rhythms sharply contrasted with the

simple verse of the *Angel With Amelia* (1878), a perfect little idyl, was published a profound and suggestive 'Study of English Metrical Law' *Principle in Art* (1889) and *Religio Poetæ* (1893) are collections of essays and other contributions to journals and reviews, *The Rod, the Root, and the Flower* (1895) contains apophthegms and meditations, many of them exceptionally profound and searching, all of them admirably worded, on the religious truths nearest the poet's heart. Patmore's work, at once powerful and graceful, suffered from his inability to criticise and prune what he had written. The narrative poems are, as narratives, tedious, the *Angel in the House* would have had more vitality but for its *longueurs*. But there and in all his work there are subtle and suggestive thoughts exquisitely uttered, pictures of wonderful fascination, emotions in words perfectly framed and fitted to touch the deepest chords of human hearts. In his character Patmore was neither the merely amiable paterfamilias of the *Angel* nor the meek mystic of the *Unknown Eros*, but an energetic, masterful, self-assertive, and combative personality, cherishing and defending many strong prejudices, and as a Roman Catholic by no means disposed to unhesitating obedience. His interests were many, but his sympathies, literary and other, far from wide.

#### In a Wood.

'Twas when the spousal time of May  
Hangs all the hedge with bridal wreaths,  
And air's so sweet the bosom gay  
Gives thanks for every breath it breathes,  
When like to like is gladly moved,  
And each thing joins in Spring's refrain,  
'Let those love now who never loved,  
Let those who have loved love again,'  
That I, in whom the sweet time wrought,  
Lay stretch'd within a lonely glade,  
Abandon'd to delicious thought  
Beneath the softly twinkling shade  
The leaves, all stirring, murmur'd well  
A neighbouring rush of rivers cold,  
And, as the sun or shadow fell,  
So these were green and those were gold,  
In dim recesses hyacinths droop'd,  
And breadths of primrose lit the air,  
Which, wandering through the woodland, stoop'd  
And gather'd perfumes here and there,  
Upon the spray the squirrel swung,  
And careless songsters, six or seven,  
Sing lofty songs the leaves among  
Fit for their only listener, Heaven

(From *The Angel in the House*)

#### Wind and Wave

The wedded light and heat,  
Winnowing the witless space,  
Without a let,  
What are they till they beat  
Against the sleepy sod, and there beget  
Perchance the violet!  
Is the One found,  
Amongst a wilderness of as happy grace,

To make Heaven's bound,  
So that in Her  
All which it hath of sensitively good  
Is sought and understood  
After the narrow mode the mighty Heavens prefer?  
She, as a little breeze  
Following still Night,  
Ripples the spirit's cold, deep seas  
Into delight,  
But, in a while,  
The unmeasurable smile  
Is broke by fresher airs to flashes blent  
With darkling discontent,  
And all the subtle zephyr hurries gay,  
And all the heaving ocean heaves one way,  
T'ward the void sky line and an unguess'd weal,  
Until the sunward billows see  
The agitating shrillows, and divine the goal,  
And to foam roll,  
And spread and stray  
And traverse wildly, like delighted hands,  
The fair and fleckless sands,  
And so the whole  
Unsathomable and immense  
Triumphing tide comes at the last to reach  
And burst in wind kiss'd splendours on the deaf'ning  
beach,  
Where forms of children in first innocence  
Laugh and sling pebbles on the rainbow'd crest  
Of its untired unrest.

(From *The Unknown Eros*)

#### The Year

The crocus, while the days are dark,  
Unfolds its saffron sheen,  
At April's touch, the crudest bark  
Discovers gems of green.  
  
Then sleep the seasons, full of might,  
While slowly swells the pod  
And rounds the peach, and in the night  
The mushroom bursts the sod  
  
The Winter falls, the frozen rut  
Is bound with silver bars,  
The snow drift heaps against the hut,  
And night is pierc'd with stars.

In 1862 Patmore edited, with his first wife's help the anthology called *The Children's Garland* in 1877 he edited and largely supplemented his friend B W Procter's *Autobiography* (page 227), and in 1884 edited the poems of his own son, Henry John Patmore (1860-83). *Florilegium Antantis* (1888) was a selection from his poems by Dr R. Garnett. *Poems of Pathos and Delight* was another (1895) by Mrs Meynell. In 1900 Mr Basil Champneys, who designed the memorial church at Brighton published a *Life of Patmore* in two volumes.

**Sydney Thompson Dobell** (1824-74) was born at Cransford in Kent, whence his father, a wine merchant, removed that same year to London, and in 1835 to Cheltenham, with Gloucestershire and with his father's business Sydney's whole after-life was connected. Under the influence of a sect of 'Freethinking Christians' founded by Samuel Thompson, his maternal grandfather, he developed a hothouse precocity, and at fifteen became engrossed to the girl whom he married at twenty. He never quite recovered from a severe illness (1847), and the chief events

of his life were visits to Switzerland, Scotland, Cannes, Spain, and Italy, in quest of health for himself or his wife. He died at Burton End House, among the Cotswold Hills. His principal works are *The Roman*, a dramatic poem by 'Sydney Yendys' (1850), *Balder, Part the First* (1854), *Sonnets on the War*, written in conjunction with Alexander Smith (1855), and *England in Time of War* (1856). The first and the last had a success to wonder at. For though some of his lyrics are pretty, though his fancy is sparkling and exuberant, his poems are often superfine, grandiose, transcendental, and sure to unusually sympathetic readers, it seems that 'spasmodic' or some equivalent epithet does hit them off better than comparison either with Shelley or with Donne.

#### The Ruins of Ancient Rome

Upstood

The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare,  
Like an old man deaf, blind, and gry in whom  
The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur  
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets  
Where the sky rests, from broken niches—each  
More than Olympus—for gods dwelt in them—  
Below from senatorial haunts and seats  
Imperial, where the ever passing fates  
Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds crooked forth  
Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height  
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds  
Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning,  
With calm prerogative the eternal pile  
Impassive shone with the unearthly light  
Of immortality. When conquering suns  
Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark  
With thoughts of ages like some mighty captive  
Upon his death bed in a Christian land,  
And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed,  
Unshaven and stern, with peace upon his brow,  
And on his lips strange gods

Rank weeds and grasses,  
Careless and nodding, grew, and asked no leave,  
Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was saddest,  
Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,  
With conscious men of place rose tall and still,  
And bent with duty. Like some village children  
Who found a dead king on a battlefield,  
And with decorous care and reverent pity  
Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down  
Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,  
And everywhere he was begirt with years,  
And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past  
Hung with the ivy. For Time, smit with honour  
Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him,  
That none should mock the dead. (From *The Roman*)

#### The Mystery of Beauty

Loveliness

Is precious for its essence time and space  
Make it not near nor far nor old nor new,  
Celestial nor terrestrial. Seven snowdrops  
Sister the Pleiads, the primrose is kin  
To Hesper, Hesper to the world to come!  
For sovereign Beauty as divine is free  
Herself perfection, in herself complete,



Then proud, runs up to kiss her All is fair—  
 All glad, from grass to sun ! Yet more I love  
 Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes  
 In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peer,  
 It seems a straggler from the files of June,  
 Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,  
 And half its beauty, and, when it returned,  
 Finding its old companions gone away,  
 It joined November's troop, then marching past ,  
 And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world  
 With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,  
 And all the while it holds within its hand  
 A few half withered flowers. (From *A Life Drama*)

#### The Canker in the Rose

A little footpath quivers up the height,  
 And what a vision for a townsman's sight !  
 A village, peeping from its orchard bloom,  
 With lowly roofs of thatch, blue threads of smoke,  
 O'erlooking all, a parsonage of white  
 I hear the smithy's hammer, stroke on stroke ,  
 A steed is at the door, the rustics talk,  
 Proud of the notice of the gauntered groom ,  
 A shallow river breaks o'er shallow falls  
 Beside the ancient sluice that turns the mill  
 The lusty miller bawls ,  
 The parson listens in his garden walk,  
 The red-cloaked woman pruses on the hill  
 This is a place, you say, exempt from ill,  
 A paradise where, all the loitering day,  
 Enamoured pigeons coo upon the roof,  
 Where children ever play —  
 Alas ! Time's webs are rotten, warp and woof ,  
 Rotten his cloth of gold, his coarsest wear  
 Here, black eyed Richard runs red checked Moll,  
 Indifferent as a lord to her despair  
 The broken barrow hates the prosperous day ,  
 And, for a padded pew in which to pray,  
 The grocer sells his soul

(From 'Squire Maurice' in *City Poems*)

#### The Bonds of Environment

Afar, the banner of the year  
 Unsuspecting but dimly prisoned here,  
 'Tis only when I greet  
 A dropt rose lying in my way,  
 A butterfly that flutters gay  
 Athwart the noisy street,  
 I know the happy Summer smiles  
 Around thy suburbs, miles on miles.  
 'Twere neither pean now, nor dirge,  
 The flash and thunder of the surge  
 On flat sands wide and bare ,  
 No haunting joy or anguish dwells  
 In the green light of sunny dells,  
 Or in the starry air  
 Alike to me the desert flower,  
 The rainbow laughing o'er the shower  
 While o'er thy walls the darkness suls,  
 I lean against the churchyard rails  
 Up in the midnight towers  
 The belfried spire, the street is dead,  
 I hear in silence overhead  
 The clang of iron hours  
 It moves me not—I know her tomb  
 Is yonder in the shapeless gloom

All raptures of this mortal breath,  
 Solemnities of life and death,  
 Dwell in thy noise alone  
 Of me thou hast become a part—  
 Some kindred with my human heart  
 Lives in thy streets of stone ,  
 For we have been familiar more  
 Than galley slave and weary oar

(From 'Glasgow' in *City Poems*)

Besides *Early Years of Alexander Smith* (1869), by the Rev T. Brisbane, there is a Memoir by Patrick Proctor Alexander prefixed to his *Last Leaves* (1869).

**William Allingham** (1824-89) was of English family, but was a native of Ballyshannon in Donegal, where his father managed a bank. There he was educated, and there at an early age he began to contribute to periodical literature. He became supervisor of Customs in his native place—

The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one is known,

And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own,

but removed in the same service to England, and settled in London, where in 1874 he succeeded Froude as editor of *Fraser's Magazine*. His works included *Poems* (1850), *Day and Night Songs* (1854), *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland* (1864), *Fifty Modern Poems* (1865), *Songs, Poems, and Ballads* (1877), *Evil May Day and Ashby Manor* (1883), *Blackberries* (1884), and *Irish Songs and Poems* (1887). His verse is free from obscurity, mysticism, or the 'spasmodic' temper, is fresh and graceful, shows a delicate fancy and, especially in the lyrics, a sweet and varied melody. Some of his best work is descriptive. *Laurence Bloomfield*, the story of a young Irish landlord who, amidst manifold discouragement, seeks to improve the condition of the people on his property, was by Allingham regarded as his best work, yet by the general reader it was but coldly received. He wrote two plays which were never produced, and a delightful prose record of his walks in various corners of England, *The Rambles of Patricius Walker* (reprinted from *Fraser*). In 1874 he had married Helen Paterson, who, born near Burton-on-Trent, entered the schools of the Academy in 1867, and made herself a name as a book illustrator and painter in water colours.

#### An Irishman to the Nightingales.

You sweet fastidious nightingales !  
 The myrtle blooms in Irish vales,  
 By Avondhu and rich Lough Lene,  
 Through many a grove and bowerlet green,  
 Fair mirrored round the loitering skiff  
 The purple peak, the tinted cliff,  
 The glen where mountain torrents rave,  
 And foliage blinds their leaping wave,  
 Broad emerald meadows filled with flowers,  
 Embosomed ocean bays are ours  
 With all their isles, and mystic towers  
 Lonely and gray, deserted long  
 Less sad if they might hear that perfect song !

What scared ye? (ours, I think, of old)  
 The sombre Fowl hatched in the cold?  
 King Henry's Normans, mailed and stern,  
 Smiters of galloglas and kern?<sup>1</sup>  
 Or, most and worse, fraternal feud,  
 Which sad Iernc long hath rued?  
 I forsook ye, when the Geraldine,  
 Great chieftain of a glorious line,  
 Was hunted on his hills and slain,  
 And, one to France and one to Spain,  
 The remnant of the race withdrew?  
 Was it from anarchy ye fled,  
 And fierce oppression's bigot crew,  
 Wild complaint, and menace horse,  
 Misled, misleading voices, loud and coarse?



GEORGE MACDONALD  
 From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

Come back, O birds, or come at last!  
 For Ireland's furious days are past,  
 And, purged of enmity and wrong,  
 Her eye, her step, grow calm and strong.  
 Why should we miss that pure delight?  
 Brief is the journey, swift the flight,  
 And Hesper finds no fairer maids  
 In Spanish bowers or English glades,  
 No loves more true on any shore,  
 No lovers loving music more.  
 Melodious Erin, warm of heart,  
 Entreats you, stay not then apart,  
 But bid the merles and throstles know  
 (And ere another May time go)  
 Their place is in the second row  
 Come to the west, dear nightingales!  
 The rose and myrtle bloom in Irish vales

<sup>1</sup> Native Irish warriors.

### A Dream

I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night,  
 I went to the window to see the sight,  
 All the Devil that ever I knew  
 Going one by one and two by two

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd,  
 Townsfellows all, from first to last,  
 Born in the moonlight of the lane,  
 Quench'd in the heavy shadow again

Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd  
 At soldiers once—but now more staid,  
 Those were the strangest sight to me  
 Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea

Straight and handsome folk, bent and weak, too,  
 Some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to,  
 Some but a day in their churchyard bed,  
 Some that I had not known were dead

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely,  
 Yet of them all there was one, one only,  
 Raised a head or look'd my way  
 She linger'd a moment—she might not stay

How long since I saw that fair pale face!  
 Ah! Mother dear! might I only press  
 My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,  
 While thy hand on my teary cheek were prest!

On, on, a moving bridge they made  
 Across the moon stream, from shade to shade,  
 Young and old, women and men,  
 Many long forgot, but remember'd then

And first there came a bitter laughter,  
 A sound of tears the moment after,  
 And then a music so losty and gay,  
 That every morning, day by day,  
 I strive to recall it if I may

His complete works, prose and verse, were published in six volumes in 1895-93 and a one-volume selection in 1892, and *D G Rossetti's Letters to Allingham* were edited by Dr Birkbeck Hill (1898). A Life by his wife was promised

**George Macdonald**, born at Huntly in Aberdeenshire, of the Glencoe stock, in 1824, was educated at Aberdeen University and the Independent College at Highbury. He became pastor at Arundel and at Manchester, but ill-health drove him to Algiers and to literature. His first book *Within and Without* (1856), a dramatic poem, was followed by another volume of *Poems* (1857) and by *Phantastes, a Faerie Romance* (1858). A long series of novels succeeded, including *David Elginbrod*, his first really popular success (1862), *The Portent* (1864), *Alec Forbes* (1865), *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood* (1866), *Guild Court* (1867), *The Seaboard Parish* (1868), *Robert Falconer* (1868), *Malcolm* (1874), *St George and St Michael* (1875), *The Marquis of Lossie* (1877), *Sir Gibbie* (1879), *Mary Marston* (1881), *Lilith* (1895), and *Salted with Fire* (1897). From time to time he continued to preach most impressive sermons, and as a lecturer on Wordsworth, Shakespeare, and other literary topics he attracted large audiences at home and in the United States. His poetry is simple

but spiritual, instinct with a fresh and delicate fancy, and a tender and loving insight into nature. In his novels, to the essential story telling and dramatic gift he adds a genial humour, a tolerant and kindly sympathy with most sides of life, especially that (so much exploited since his day) of Scottish country-folk. In the earnestness of his recoil from what he conceived to be the narrowness of Calvinism, he at times waxes too polemical and hortatory, even then the didactic manner is relieved by the romancer's power of dramatic dialogue, as well as by the revelation of exceptionally keen spiritual instincts, tolerance, and native fervour of faith, hope, and charity. It is perhaps characteristic of his Scottish temper that his eminently moral and Puritan criticism of life is softened and brightened by frequent gleams of tenderness. He is an original writer of delicate imagination and profound suggestiveness. His earlier books are indisputably his best, in them especially the characters do quite visibly develop. And in his handling of the dialect of his native district, in its vigour, vivacity, and truth to philology and nature, he has been equalled by no recent kail yarder. His health was for many years very broken, and his home was mainly on the Riviera. His Alma Mater had given him her honorary degree of LL.D. in 1868, and in 1877 a Civil List pension was conferred on him.

Other novels are *Adela Cathcart* (1864), *Hilfrid Cumbermede* (1871), *Thomas Wingfield Curate* (1876), *Paul Faber, Surgeon* (1878). *What's Mine & Mine, Home Again, Our Elect Lady*, and *Heather and Snow* between 1886 and 1893. Admirable books for the young were *Dealing with the Fairies*, *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood*, *At the Back of the North Wind* and *The Princess and the Goblin* all between 1867 and 1871. Three series of *Unspoken Sermons* were issued in 1866, 1885 and 1889 and there was a work on *The Miracles of Our Lord* (1870). Dr Macdonald edited *Fugel und's Antiphon* studies on English poets *Exotica* translated from Novalis and elsewhere and *Rampolla* also a translation. *The Diet of Orts* was a miscellany and *Hamlet* a Shakespearian study of originality and power. He collected and arranged his *Poetical Works* in two volumes in 1893, and issued in 1884 *Works of Fancy and Imagination* ten volumes of poetry and prose idylls. He also assisted his wife with her *Chamber Dramas for Children*.

**Walter Chalmers Smith**, born in Aberdeen in 1824, studied at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and preached to a Presbyterian church in London ere as a Free Church minister he settled in his first country cure in Kinrossshire. Thence he passed to a charge in Glasgow, and from 1876 till his resignation in 1894 he was a minister in Edinburgh. During these years he published a series of volumes of verse, including *The Bishop's Walk*, by 'Orwell' (1861), *Otrig Grange*, by 'Hermann Kunst' (1872), *Hilda among the Broken Gods* (1878), *Raban, or Life Splinters* (1880), *North-Country Folk* (1883), *Kildrostan, a Dramatic Poem* (1884), and *A Heretic* (1890). These various books were collected in a one volume edition in 1902, with the addition of some thirty *Ballads from Scottish History*, on subjects as various as Wishart and Montrose, the Scots abroad and the outlawed Macgregors, the persecuted Jesuits and the kid-

napped Lady Grange. Dr Smith's poems (he was made D.D. and LL.D.) illustrate in simple, vigorous, homely, and often rather rough, shrubbling verse 'the varying shades of thought and feeling during the latter part of the nineteenth century,' his singularly catholic temper enabling him to represent with almost equal fitness the true blue Presbyterian orthodoxy of the olden time, the hard but conscientious unfaith of the modern materialist, and the tolerant and only slightly unorthodox modern Christianity with which he was himself identified. In his works kindly satire, autobiographical reminiscence, exhortation, and encouragement towards a higher life are happily combined with the more directly poetic elements.

**Thomas Woolner** (1826-92), poet sculptor, was born at Hadleigh, and studied at the Royal Academy from 1842. Already in 1843 his 'Eleanor sucking the Poison from Prince Edward's Wound' attracted much attention, it was followed by a long series of works in sculpture, including statues and portrait-busts of most of his famous contemporaries. He produced in all about a hundred and twenty works, and was successively A.R.A. and R.A. As a conspicuous member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood (see the article on Rossetti) he contributed poems to *The Germ*, which with others were expanded into a volume as *My Beautiful Lady* (1863, 5th ed. 1892). Other poems were *Paganation*, *Silenus*, *Tiresias*, and *Nelly Dale*. If his sculptures were greatly prised as imaginative and poetic, it may with equal truth be said that his poems have some of the charms of sculpture—they were picturesque, sincere, and impressive.

**Walter Horatio Pater** (1839-94) was the son of an American of Dutch extraction who had settled as a medical practitioner in Shadwell (not then incorporated with London), but was brought up at Enfield. Neither at school in Canterbury nor at Queen's College, Oxford, did he manifest any exceptional literary gift or impulse, though he attracted Jowett and was stimulated by T. H. Green. He became a Fellow of Brasenose, rend with pupils, gave up thoughts of taking Anglican orders, and through Unitarianism passed to a non Christian scheme of philosophical eclecticism. His home alternated between Oxford in term-time and London. Throughout life he was, in thought as in style, the disciple of no one master. Already in a magazine article on Coleridge in 1866 his singularly polished style is as characteristic as it is in most of his later work. Other remarkable articles on Winckelmann, Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli, Michelangelo, and others followed, and when collected and added to in *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873) attracted even more notice. But *Marius the Epicurean* (1885) is his principal legacy to the world, though his four *Imaginary Portraits* (dealing with Watteau amongst the rest), and his *Appreciations* of Lamb, Wordsworth, Rossetti,

Sir Thomas Browne, and Blake, uncompromised by a very significant dissertation on style, would have made my writer famous. *Gaston de la Tour*, an unfinished romance of mediæval life, came out in Macmillan's, *Emerald Uthwart* was partly autobiographical, *Plato and Platonism* was an eminently suggestive disquisition, and there was a volume of *Miscellaneous Studies* (1895).

*Marius the Epicurean* is the life of a noble Roman, the friend of Galen and of Marcus Aurelius, who is profoundly moved by the spiritual problems of that trying period, is attracted by what he sees of Christianity and Christians, and dies a kind of martyr by mistake without any joyous confidence in his own philosophy as a key to the riddle of exist-



WALTER PATER  
From a Photograph

ence. His epicureanism is not that of the stv, nor the book philosophy of the Greek texts, nor the syncretistic scheme of the imperial Romans, nor the revived and negative epicureanism of Grossendi and the Renaissance, but that of the nineteenth century Englishman who had drunk from the wells of Oxford, had studied Goethe and Ruskin, and had essayed in even higher synthesis of culture and beauty and the spiritual life.

Pater's style is unique in English literature—exquisitely polished, perfected as an instrument for expressing every subtlest nuance of thought or feeling, brilliant and yet dignified in phrasing, but complex, over-elaborate, and wanting in directness and buoyancy. Yet the too obvious labor累tme hardly detracts from his right to take rank at the head of the stylists of the later nineteenth century, and *Marius* was a spiritual mucicant to many of his younger contemporaries.

A brief Life by Ferris Greenslet appeared in 1904 in Mr Gosse's *Critical Kit-Kats* (1896) there is an interesting article on him.

**Joseph Skelton**, the minor poet, was born in 1832 near North Shields, and had worked from childhood on the Percy Main Collieries there when in 1859 he printed a few sonnets. From 1863 he held posts such as librarian or caretaker. Between 1862 and 1892 he published half-a-dozen volumes of good, strong, tuneful verse, one called *The Coalfield Lad*, and another *Carols from the Coalfields*. In some of his poems friendly critics have noted an affinity to Blake. He edited a number of volumes of the 'Canterbury Series'—Blake, Burns, Coleridge, Poe, Shelley. He died in 1903.

**Gerald Massey** was born in 1828 at Gresford Wharf near Llantwit in the Wye Valley, and as a poor man's child had been earning his livelihood in a mill factory and as a slate planter etc. At fifteen he came to London as a mere boy. Early privation had only invigorated his manhood and sharpened his wits. Christian Society and the friendship of Maurice and Kingsley encouraged him to literary efforts, and he contributed to and ultimately edited *The Spirit of Earth*. He is believed to have been the model of George Eliot's 'Levin Holt'. His first volume of verse, *Voices of Tradition and Lyric of Love*, appeared in 1851, *The Ballad of Hale Christy Land or Love*, in 1854, and *War Hounds, Crewe & Cith, Ha'ck's March and A Tale of Letters*, give name to other volumes of poetry. *Myths and Tales* (2 vols. 1863) contains an anthology from the old works. He lectured on mesmerism and spiritualism, published volumes of an extremely speculative kind on spiritualism and on the origins of myths and mysteries—*The Book of the Beginnings* (1861), *The Natural Ground* (1863), and interpreted a secret drama out of Shakespeare's Sonnets (1864, 1865). His poem is unequalled, and often harsh and rugged, but it is full of rude vigour displaying a fertile imagination and has at times a truly lyrical melody.

**David Wingate** (1828-92), the collier poet, was born at Cowglen near Glasgow, and losing his father by a fire damp explosion while still a child, descended the pit at the age of nine. He had a strong taste for country rambles and wild flowers, contributed early verses to the *Hawthorn Advertiser*, and was brought to notice in his twenty-third year by an article written by another Glasgow poet Hugh MacDonald. His first volume, *Poems and Songs*, published in 1862, was made the subject of an article by Lord Neaves in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1864, and his next, *Annie Peter*, in 1866, brought him not only further reputation, but the means of attending the Glasgow School of Mines. He was thus enabled, on the passing of the Coal-Mines Regulation Act in 1872, to assume the position of colliery manager. He had now leisure to contribute poetry and prose tales to a number of magazines and papers, and he published further volumes—*Lily Neil, and other Poems* (1879), *Poems and Songs* (1883), and *Selected Poems* (1890). Nine

years before his death, which took place at Tollcross, Glasgow, he received a Civil List pension of £50. By his first wife he had a large family, his second wife was a descendant of Robert Burns. Wingate's character retained to the end a sturdy independence, and much of his poetry almost justified the early criticism by Lord Neaves: 'There are few verses in the language more pure, tender, and musical, nor any love utterance we can remember more refined and delicate in its simplicity.'

#### My Little Wife

My little wife has two merry black eyes—

Sweet little, dear little, daisy faced Jane!

And fifty young lads always deemed her a prize,

And blamed the kind creature for causing them pain.

They all knew her pretty,

And some thought her witty,

But aware of sound sense she was faultless and free,

Because the fair scosier

Refused every offer,

And secretly cherished affection for me.

My little wife often round the church hill—

Sweet little, dear little, neat footed Jane—

Walked slowly and thoughtful and lonely until

The afternoon bell chimed its call o'er the plain.

And nothing seemed sweeter

To me than to meet her,

And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be,

My heart the while glowing,

The selfish wish growing,

That all her affections were centred in me.

My little wife once—'tis strange but 'tis true—

Sweet little, dear little, love troubled Jane—

So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,

The bell chimed and ceased, yet she heard not its strain

And I, walking near her

(May love ever cheer her

Who thinks all such wind'ring of sin void and free),

Strove hard to persuade her

That He who had made her

Had destined her heart love for no one but me.

My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong—

Sweet little, dear little, warm hearted Jane—

Sat on the hillside till her shadow grew long

Not tired of the preacher who thus could detain

I argued so neatly,

And proved so completely

That none but poor Andrew her husband could be.

She smiled when I blessed her,

And blushed when I kissed her,

And owned that she loved and could wed none but me.

**Francis Turner Palgrave** (1824-97), son of Sir Francis Palgrave (page 265), became scholar of Balliol College at Oxford and Fellow of Exeter, was successively vice principal of a training college, private secretary to Earl Granville, an official in the Education Department, and Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1886-95). As early as 1854 he had published a volume of songs and poems, in 1866 one of essays on art. In 1871

came another collection of *Lyrical Poems*, and in 1881 his most ambitious poem, *Visions of England*. *Amenophis*, a poem, appeared in 1892. He edited Shakespeare's sonnets and songs, and selections from Shakespeare, Keats, and Tennyson. But he is best known as the editor (with Tennyson's help) of the famous and unique anthology, *The Golden Treasury of English Lyrics* (1861, re-edited in 1896), supplemented in 1896 by a second series, selected with less perfect critical insight. There was also an admirable *Children's Treasury of Songs*, and a *Treasury of Sacred Song*. In the year of his death he issued a volume of his Oxford lectures as *Landscape in Art*. He had an extraordinary faculty of appreciating what was best in literature, and exceptional sensitiveness and subtlety as a critic, but though in his own poetry he showed both imagination and the gift of artistic form, he was lacking in creative power.

**William Gifford Palgrave** (1826-88), another of Sir Francis's sons, graduated at Oxford and joined the Bombay Native Infantry, but, becoming a Jesuit, studied at Rome, and was sent as a missionary to Syria. For Napoleon III he went disguised as a physician on a daring expedition through Arabia (1862-63), described in his *Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia* (1865). Quitting the Society of Jesus in 1864, he was sent by the British Government in 1865 to treat for the release of the captives in Abyssinia. He became consul at Trebizonde, St Thomas, and Manila, was consul general in Bulgaria and in Siam, and as British minister to Uruguay was reconciled to the Church. Other works were on the Eastern question and on Dutch Guiana, a volume of travel sketches, and an Eastern tale, *Hermann Agha* (1872).

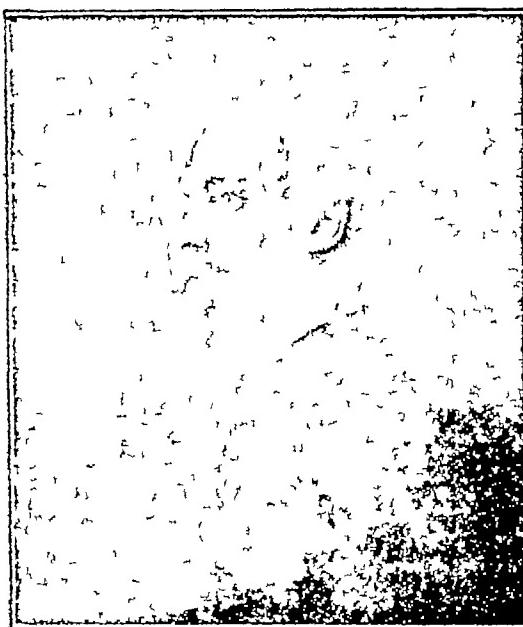
**Sir Richard Francis Burton** (1821-90) was born, the son of a colonel, at Barham House, Hertfordshire, and educated—somewhat desultorily—in France and Italy as well as in England. He spent nearly a year at Oxford, not very studiously, and got an appointment in the Indian army. In 1842 he served in Sind under Sir Charles Napier, and having mastered Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic, made (disguised as an Afghan pilgrim) the daring journey described in his famous *Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca* (1855). After a visit to Somaliland and service in the Crimea, he in 1856 set out with Speke on the journey which led to the discovery (1858) of Lake Tanganyik, and afterwards travelled in North America. In 1861 he was consul at Fernando Po, and went on a mission to Dahomey. He was subsequently consul at Santos in Brazil, at Damascus, and (1872) at Trieste. In 1876-78 he visited Midian, and in 1882 Guinea, and he was knighted in 1886. Too original and too masterful to be a model official, he was frequently at feud with his superiors, was summarily recalled from his Damascus post, and, as he and his wife thought, badly used by home Govern-

nents. Whatever he was he contrived to visit the most unlikely regions of his jurisdiction to study the ways of the people and to write articles and books thereon. He was a copious and vigorous writer; for him the East had a fascination, and it was his main mission to interpret that East to the West. Amidst his fifty works on the most various subjects are *First Footsteps in East Africa* (1856), *Lake Regions of Equator and Africa* (1860), *Cities of the Saints*, on Sult Lake City (1861), *Wanderings in West Africa* (1863), *The Slave-Basins* (1869), *Iikram and the Land* (a story) (1869). He also wrote on *Sind Gor Abbeoluta*, Paraguay, Brazil, Syria, Zanzibar, Iceland, *Ultima Thule*, 1875), Bologna,

of a book on *The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam* (issued after her death in 1896). Her Life of her husband (1895, re-edited 1898) dealt with debatable matters and was followed by a counterblast from Sir Richard's niece, Miss Stisted (1897). There is also a Life of Burton by Mr Hickman (1897).

**Sir Samuel White Baker** (1821-93) spent nine years hunting and planting in Ceylon, and in 1859 laid a railway across the Dobrudja. In 1860 he married a Hungarian lady, and with her he undertook the exploration of the Nile sources. Setting out from Cairo in 1861, at Gondokoro they heard from Speke and Grant about the Victoria Nyanza, which they had discovered, as also of another great lake reported by natives and named Luta Nzige. Baker and his wife resolved to reach this lake, and after many adventures beheld the great inland sea to which Baker gave the name of the Albert Nyanza. In 1869-73 he commanded an expedition, organised by the pash of Egypt, for the suppression of slavery and the annexation of the equatorial regions of the Nile Basin. He explored Cyprus in 1879, visited Syria, India, Japan, and America, and was knighted in 1866. Baker wrote easily and well, and besides some tales and many contributions to reviews, published *The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon* (1854), *Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon* (1855), *The Albert Nyanza* (1866), *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia* (1867), *Ismailia* (1874), *Cyprus as I saw it* (1879), and *Wild Beasts and their Haunts* (1890). Several of these have been frequently reprinted. There is a Life of Baker by Murray and White (1895).

**Captains Speke and Grant** were associated in the famous 1860-63 expedition to explore the sources of the Nile. **John Stanning Speke** (1827-64) was born at Jordans, Ilminster, and in the Indian army saw service in the Punjab. In 1854 he joined Burton in a hazardous expedition to Somaliland, in 1857 the Royal Geographical Society sent out the two to search for the equatorial lakes of Africa. Speke, whilst travelling alone, discovered the Victoria Nyanza, and convinced himself—rightly, as it afterwards appeared—that he saw in it the head-waters of the Nile. In 1860 he returned with Captain Grant, explored the lake, and tracked the Nile flowing out of it. Before his death in a partridge shooting accident he had published his *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile* (1863) and *What led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile* (1864). **James Augustus Grant** (1827-92), born at Burn, was bred at Marischal College for the Indian army, and in Gujerat, during the Mutiny, and in the Abyssinian expedition gained distinction. Colonel, C.B., and F.R.S., he had a full share with Speke in the exploration of the Victoria Nyanza, and wrote *A Walk across Africa, The Botany of the Speke and Grant Expedition*, and *Khartoum as I saw it in 1863*.



SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON

From the Portrait (1860) by Lord Leighton in the National Portrait Gallery

and Median, on Falconry, the Sword and Swordsman ship and translated Camoens into vigorous English verse (1860) with a *Life and Commentary* (1871). The master of thirty-five languages, he published in 1885-88 an judiciously literal translation of the *Irish Annals* (10 vols. in 46 of supplement comprising extraordinarily frank race and dissertations), of which his wife issued in expurgated edition. Lady Burton the companion of his wanderings from 1861 wrote on the *First Life of Jesus* (1875) and on *Arabia, Egypt, India* (1879). A devout Catholic, she died Catholic rites to be celebrated over her body in his deathbed and had him buried with full ecclesiastical. As his literary executor she directed his translations in MS. of other Oriental works such anniversaries like those to the Arabian Nights, as also his private diaries. She authorised the publication of a translation of the Neapolitan Poem *Ugo, conte di Parigi* in a new translation of Cittullus, and

**Henry Thomas Buckle**, who holds a permanent place in literature by his *History of Civilisation in England*, was born at Lee in Kent, 24th November 1821. A delicate child, he was brought up mainly under home influences. Up till the age of eight he hardly knew his letters, and when his parents sent him to school it was on the distinct understanding that he should learn nothing unless he chose, and on no account was he to be whipped. To a boy of delicate brain school life was highly distasteful, and at his own request he was taken home. When he left in his fourteenth year his knowledge was scanty. He had no fondness for boyish games, and in order to keep him occupied with something not directly mental, his mother taught him knitting. He was sent to a private tutor, but his health giving way, the boy was again taken home. At the age of seventeen he was placed in the office of his father, who was a partner in a firm of shipowners trading with the East Indies. Young Buckle did not take kindly to his new occupation, the work was utterly un congenial. At his father's death, which occurred when he was nineteen years old, Buckle was left in independent circumstances, and at once relinquished office work. With his mother and sister Buckle left England in 1840, and spent a year in foreign travel. About this time the idea of writing the history of civilisation took hold of him, and in order to qualify himself he studied eagerly the languages and literature of the countries through which he passed. His principal amusement was chess, in which he attained quite a European reputation. For art he cared little, and for music he had no ear. One tune to him was like another. Once he thought he recognised 'God Save the Queen,' but it turned out to be 'Rule Britannia.'

The Continental tour made a great change in Buckle's mental outlook. From being a Tory and a narrow Churchman, he became a Radical and a Freethinker. He began to educate himself in earnest. He had no high opinion of universities, and his education was entirely self directed. Buckle's life was that of a student. His reading power was enormous, and as he had no social distractions, he was able to collect those stores of knowledge which, under his marvellous capacity for generalising, were so effectively used in his great work. He lived with his books, of which he collected some 22,000. Till the year 1850 he lived in obscurity, gradually preparing for his life work, *The History of Civilisation in England*. Evidence of the thoroughness of his training is seen in the fact that he had made himself conversant with nineteen languages.

By the publication of his *History of Civilisation in England* in two volumes (1857-61) Buckle became famous, it was generally recognised that a new star had risen on the intellectual horizon. On the Continent the work had prompt recognition, and Sir D. MacKenzie Wallace relates that when travelling in Russia he found it among the peasants. The book was but a fragment of his original

design, but enough was published to indicate the nature of the theory of civilisation with which Buckle's name will always be associated. Just as the first volume was published Buckle suffered a severe domestic blow. His mother, who had been long ill and very feeble, lived only to have the volume placed in her hands and to read the dedication to herself. With her death a distinct change came over Buckle. His devotion to his mother amounted to a passion, and the shock of her death appears to have entirely unmanned him. A bachelor, whose love affairs were of the faintest, Buckle lived only for his mother, and with her death he felt himself a solitary wanderer. In



HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE

By permission of Messrs Marston & Co

June 1857 signs of physical weakness manifested themselves, and as a restorative he in 1861 planned a journey to the East, taking with him two boys, one of whom afterwards became his biographer. On the journey he caught fever, and died at Damascus on the 29th of May 1862, in his forty-first year. In many ways Buckle was an attractive personality. A student, he was as far as possible from being a bookworm. His heart was tender, and though immersed in dry studies he found time for reading poetry, especially Shakespeare, in order, as he said, to keep his affections alive. His most striking characteristic, perhaps, was a passion for liberty and justice, as was seen in his remarkable conflict with Sir John Coleridge over a half-witted labourer, Thomas Pooley, who had been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for scrawling on a gate some contemptuous words about Christ and Christianity. From prison the poor fellow was released only to go to the madhouse. Buckle, whose knowledge of the case was derived from a reference to it in

Mill's essay on *Liberty*, was stung with indignation. He made an attack on the judge with such passion that even his friends condemned him for violence. The incident shows that Buckle's theories about liberty and tolerance were no mere literary ornaments, but were genuine convictions rooted in a deeply sensitive nature.

When the *History of Civilisation* appeared it became plain that the author had got hold of a new conception of history. He wanted history to rise above the almanac ideal, he wanted to discover causes. History, in the opinion of Buckle, should enable man not only to know but to understand the past. Buckle takes it for granted that social progress—in other words civilisation—conforms to laws, and he sets himself to discover what these are. His conception of law is antagonistic to the doctrine of the freedom of the will, of which he disposes in a not very satisfactory manner. The subtleties of metaphysical thinking were not quite in Buckle's line. Civilisation, he finds, is influenced by four great physical agencies climate, food, soil, and the general aspect of nature. Outside of Europe nature is too strong for man, consequently civilisation proper can best be studied in European countries where man has triumphed over nature. The study of man thus becomes necessary as a preliminary to the study of civilisation. In Buckle's opinion progress owes nothing to the moral side of humanity moral maxims are few and stationary. The progressive element in civilisation is due to the intellect, by which man discovers new truths, thereby increasing man's rule over nature. Having cleared the ground, Buckle proceeds to show that the one thing needful in order that intellectualism shall have full play is liberty. Some of the most eloquent passages in his book are in defence of liberty and in denunciation of the protective spirit, whether it takes the form of theological or political authority. Apart from its theories, the *History of Civilisation* was at once accepted as a work of the first rank. It was recognised as a striking attempt to bring scientific method into a region of activity which had hitherto been given over to anarchy. In England various efforts, mostly fragmentary, had been made in the direction of sociology, but till Buckle wrote nothing had been done on a comprehensive scale. Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations* showed the way, and on the same line proceeded Hume and Ferguson in Scotland. Mixed with political theorising a thread of sociological speculation may be detected in Burke. Coming nearer our own time, the Economists were keenly alive to the need of a science of society, as may be seen from J. S. Mill's essay on Civilisation. It was reserved for Buckle to tackle the subject in scientific fashion. If his work is defective, if it fails to embody the fruitful idea of evolution in the interpretation of social phenomena, still to Buckle remains the credit of opening up by a new method an almost unexplored field for scientific treatment.

From the standpoint of present knowledge it is easy to find flaws in the *History of Civilisation*, but the true critic will rather dwell upon the greatness of Buckle's conceptions than upon faults which are due to well-understood limitations.

#### The Ideal Historian.

In the moral world, as in the physical world, nothing is anomalous, nothing is unnatural, nothing is strange. All is order, symmetry, and law. There are opposites, but there are no contradictions. In the character of a nation inconsistency is impossible. Such, however, is still the backward condition of the human mind, and with so evil and jaundiced an eye do we approach the greatest problems that not only common writers, but also men from whom better things might be hoped, are on this point involved in constant confusion, perplexing themselves and their readers by speaking of inconsistency, as if it were a quality belonging to the subject they investigate, instead of being, as it really is, a measure of their own ignorance. It is the business of the historian to remove this ignorance by showing that the movements of nations are perfectly regular, and that, like all other movements, they are solely determined by their antecedents. If he cannot do this he is no historian. He may be an annalist or a biographer or a chronicler, but higher than that he cannot rise, unless he is imbued with that spirit of science which teaches as an article of faith the doctrine of uniform sequence, in other words, the doctrine that certain events having already happened, certain other events corresponding to them will also happen. To seize this idea with firmness and to apply it on all occasions without listening to any exceptions is extremely difficult, but it must be done by whoever wishes to elevate the study of history from its present crude and informal state, and do what he may towards placing it in its proper rank, as the head and chief of all the sciences. Even then he cannot perform his task unless his materials are ample, and derived from sources of unquestioned credibility. But if his facts are sufficiently numerous, if they are very diversified, if they have been collected from such various quarters that they can check and confront each other, so as to do away with all suspicion of their testimony being garbled, and if he who uses them possesses that faculty of generalisation without which nothing great can be achieved, he will hardly fail in bringing some part of his labours to a prosperous issue, provided he devotes all his strength to that one enterprise, postponing to it every other object of ambition, and sacrificing to it many interests which men hold dear. Some of the most pleasurable incentives to action he must disregard. Not for him are those rewards which, in other pursuits, the same energy would have earned, not for him the sweets of popular applause, not for him the luxury of power, not for him a share in the councils of his country, not for him a conspicuous and honourable place before the public eye. To solve the great problem of affairs, to detect those hidden circumstances which determine the march and destiny of nations, and to find in the events of the past a key to the proceedings of the future, is nothing less than to unite into a single science all the laws of the moral and physical world. Whoever does this will build up afresh the fabric of our knowledge, rearrange its various parts, and harmonise its apparent discrepancies.

(From *The History of Civilisation*)

**Philip Gilbert Hamerton** (1834-94), art critic and aesthetic philosopher, was born at Lane side near Oldham, the son of a solicitor. He lost his mother soon after his birth, and his memories of his father, who died ten years later, were unhappy; he was privately educated with a view to Oxford and Anglican orders, but gave up this prospect for art and literature. An early volume of poems was a failure, for a time he practised as a painter, camping in the Highlands with his wife, a French lady, but he soon settled in France as a writer by profession, his home for most of his remaining years being in the Morvan near Autun. He had written on art for the periodicals, his first important book, *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands* (1862), was followed by *Etching and Etchers and Contemporary French Painters* (1868), and *Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism* (1869), and these books gave him a recognised place in literature. From 1869 he edited the *Portfolio*, founded by himself. *The Intellectual Life* (1873) is a really valuable series of letters of advice addressed to literary aspirants and others, *Human Intercourse* (1884) is a volume of essays on social subjects, *The Graphic Arts* (1882), finely illustrated, is a treatise on drawing, painting, and engraving, *Landscape* (1885), a superbly illustrated volume, sets forth the influence of natural landscape on man. Among his other works are two Lives of Turner (1878 and 1889), *Portfolio Papers* (1889), *French and English* (planned to interpret sympathetically each people to the other, 1889), *Man in Art* (1893), *The Mount* (1897), and two novels. His *Autobiography* (to 1858) was supplemented by a Memoir of his later life by his wife (1896). His sympathy, catholicity in matters artistic, and the combined luminousness and grace of his literary style gave him an important share in the work both of expounding art to artists and of educating the British philistine.

**James Hinton** (1822-75), son of a Baptist minister, was born at Reading, was at first a clerk, but in 1847 qualified as a surgeon, voyaged to China, and practised in Jiumen for a time. He ultimately gained a high position in London as a specialist in rural surgery. But, devoting himself more and more to studying the squalid life of slums and alleys, he conceived a scheme, revolutionary and far-reaching, to improve the condition of outcast women—a scheme he afterwards feared might add to the evil he so earnestly strove to remove. All his life Hinton was a tireless thinker and student, a little over hasty to draw conclusions, yet never dogmatic. Much of his writing takes the form of interrogation, indicating accurately enough the open minded and eager seeker after truth. As a consequence his books are unusually rich in suggestive thought. Opposed both by temperament and conviction to asceticism he nevertheless preached self-sacrifice, affirming that "the true affinities of sacrifice are with pleasure, with rapture even. It is only by evil or want

within that sacrifice can be other than *holy*." Apart from technical writings, his chief works are *Man and his Dwelling Place* (1859), *Life in Nature* (1862), *The Mystery of Pain* (1866), *The Place of the Physician* (1874), *Studies on the Law of Human Life* (1874), *Chapters on the Art of Thinking* (1879), *Philosophy and Religion* (1881), *Others Needs*, a pamphlet (1883), *The Law Breaker*, and *The Coming of the Law* (1884).

In his *Life and Letters* by Miss Ellice Hopkin (1872) are copious extracts from his correspondence, while in it is thrown in his mental and spiritual experiences in "Mrs Caroline Haddon's Studies in Hinton's Life" (1886) and in the preface to his posthumous works named above.

**John Ferguson McLennan** (1827-81), born at Inverness and educated at the Universities of Aberdeen and Cambridge, joined the Scottish Bar in 1857, and for three years (1872-75) was draughtsman of parliamentary Bills for Scotland. But his life work, which made its mark on sociological studies throughout the world, was the series of books and papers in which he propounded and defended, by wide research and masses of evidence gathered from all corners, his theory (partially anticipated by one Swiss author, Brüchsen) that historical customs connected with marriage point back to a primitive marriage by capture, that exclusive exogamy was an universal stage in the social development, polyandry preceding monandry, and that matriarchy was prior to the patriarchal system everywhere. To these speculations he was led by his studies in connection with the article "Law," which he contributed in 1857 to the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But it was his exposition of the theory in *Primitive Marriage* (1865) that first challenged the attention of the world. In *The Patriarchal Theory* (finished by his brother Donald in 1884) he maintained his views against Sir Henry Maine. His entirely original conceptions as to Totemism, also epoch making, first appeared in the supplement to the first edition of Chambers's *Encyclopædia* in 1868, and he wrote on kinship, polyandry, the family, the worship of animals, and other sociological problems. By his various writings he gave a great impulse to sociological studies, all subsequent research took account of his views, though some of them have been superseded as knowledge of savage ages has become wider and more precise. *Primitive Marriage* reappeared in 1896 in the volume called *Studies in Ancient History*, of which studies a second series was published in 1896. A Life of Thomas Drummond, the famous Irish Under-Secretary, was a contribution by McLennan who was I.L.D. of Aberdeen to a different department of literature.

**The Duke of Argyll** (GEORGE JOHN DOLCIE CAMPBELL, 1823-1900) succeeded his father as eighth duke in 1847, and in 1892 was made a duke of the United Kingdom. At nineteen he wrote *A Letter to the Peers from a Peer's Son*, on the struggle which ended in the disruption of

the Scottish Church. He was in several Liberal Governments as Lord Privy Seal (twice), Postmaster-General, and Secretary of State for India, but he resigned his last public office through his disapproval of Mr Gladstone's Irish Land Bill, and he vigorously opposed Home Rule. His works include, besides papers on zoology, geology, and sociology, and a volume of poems (*The Burden of Belief*), *The Reign of Law* (1866), *Primeval Man* (1869), *Antiquities of Iona* (1870), *The Eastern Question* (1879), *Scotland as it Was and as it Is* (1887), *The Unseen Foundations of Society* (1893), *The Philosophy of Belief* (1896), and *Organic Evolution Cross-examined* (1898). As a statesman and thinker he was fearless and independent, dogmatic and self-confident. He was an eloquent speaker, a keen and irrepressible dialectician constantly at war with Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, or Herbert Spencer, as subverters of what he conceived to be the eternal and immutable foundations of moral, religious, and scientific truth.

**Alfred Russel Wallace.** naturalist-traveller, evolutionist, and writer on many, especially social, subjects, was born on the 8th of January 1823, at Usk in Monmouthshire, of Scotch ancestry on his father's side. He was educated at Hereford Grammar School, and in his fourteenth year became an apprentice in the office of an elder brother, a land surveyor and architect. In 1844 he became a master in the Collegiate School at Leicester, where he got to know Henry Walter Bates. Both were keenly interested in natural history, both were eager to explore some virgin land, and it was eventually arranged that they should go off together on a scientific expedition to the Amazons (1848). It is interesting to note that it was Wallace who chose the country to explore, that he had been greatly impressed with Darwin's *Journal* and Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*, and that he had definitely in view the possibility of 'solving the problem of the origin of species'. The explorers made their livelihood by sending collections home.

Wallace left South America in 1852, and in the following year he published his interesting *Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro*. But he had neither solved his problem nor satisfied his exploring bent, and in 1854 he went off again, this time to the Malayan Archipelago, where he spent eight years in studying the fauna from Sumatra to New Guinea. His story was subsequently told in admirable fashion in *The Malay Archipelago, the Land of the Orang-utan and the Bird of Paradise* (1869), to which his *Island Life* (1880) is a not less successful sequel. In his wanderings Wallace made large collections, wrote numerous technical papers, and accumulated great stores of knowledge in regard to the habits, adaptations, and geographical distribution of animals. He became a foremost authority on questions relating to distribution, and his large work, *The Geographical Distribution of*

*Animals* (1876), is a monument to his patience and thoroughness. One of his discoveries, the importance of which has been exaggerated, was the establishment of a faunal boundary, usually called 'Wallace's Line'. More notable, however, is the fact that during his explorations, and during an illness at Fernite, he thought out the idea of natural selection (though not using the term), which Darwin was simultaneously developing at home. The pioneer papers of Darwin and Wallace were read together before the Linnaean Society on the 1st of July 1858, and a lifelong friendship, most honourable on both sides, was cemented between the two discoverers.

Wallace has done many services to the evolutionist cause, notably in his *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection* (1871), which some authorities have placed next to the *Origin of Species* in actual influence, and in his *Darwinism* (1889), in which he discussed some of the post-Darwinian steps of progress in Evolution-Theory. In some respects he may be described as more 'Darwinian' than Darwin, for he has rejected as unproved that phase of sexual selection which depends on female choice, and he has supported the view that 'acquired characters' are not transmitted. 'My whole work tends to illustrate the overwhelming importance of Natural Selection over all other agencies in the production of new species.' It was very appropriate that the first Darwin medal of the Royal Society should have been awarded to him (1890).

But the exceptional feature in Wallace's scientific philosophy is his argument that some of the great steps in evolution, such as the origin of the higher characteristics of man, are due to a special evolution hardly distinguishable from creation. He finds their only interpretation in the hypothesis of 'a spiritual essence or nature, capable of progressive development under favourable conditions'. 'There are at least three stages in the development of the organic world when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action'—the beginning of life, the introduction of consciousness, and the origin of man's higher intellectual and moral faculties. At these several stages of progress a change in essential nature took place, 'due, probably, to causes of a higher order than those of the material universe'. This seems another way of saying that an adequate scientific interpretation of the great steps in question has not been as yet worked out, but there is also implied Wallace's conviction that an interpretation in terms of generally accepted scientific formulæ is impossible.

Always interested, like Spencer and Huxley, in actual human problems, Wallace has written much on social questions, as in his *Land Nationalisation* (1882), *Bad Times* (1885), *The Wonderful Century* (1898), *Studies Scientific and Social* (1900) and *Man's Place in the Universe* (1903). Always fearless, he has written strongly against vaccination,

tion and in favour of phrenology, and he has expounded his position as an experimentally convinced spiritualist in *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism* (1874). His mind is one which reaches a conclusion quickly and holds to it with tenacity, stronger in insight than in logical criticism, but always bold and independent. His style, though not remarkable, is clear and vivid, and always suggestive of enthusiasm and earnestness. In 1881 Wallace received a Civil List pension, in 1882 he was made LL D of Dublin, in 1889 D C L of Oxford. He still works quietly in his country home near Dorset, a veteran—the Nestor—among biologists, a naturalist in the old and truest sense, rich in a world-wide experience of animal life, at once a specialist and a generaliser, a humanist thinker and a social striver, a man of science who realises the spiritual aspect of the world.

J ARTHUR THOMSON

**Thomas Henry Huxley** was born at Erith, then a village near London, on the 4th of May 1825, the seventh and youngest child of an assistant-master in a semi-public school. He inherited from his mother a notable gift of 'rapidity of thought' and many of his physical characteristics as 'a black Celt,' from his father but little except an innate talent for drawing, 'a hot temper, and that amount of tenacity of purpose which unfriendly observers sometimes call obstinacy.' His early education seems to have been scanty and poor of its sort. He 'had two years of a Pandemonium of a school (between eight and ten), and after that neither help nor sympathy in any intellectual direction till he reached manhood.' Very early, however, he became an omnivorous reader, ranging from Hutton's *Geology* and Hamilton's *Philosophy of the Unconditioned* (read at the age of twelve) to *Sartor Resartus* and modern fiction. His most conspicuous early characteristics were lucidity, a striving after systematisation (witness a boyish scheme for a 'classification of all knowledge'), a habit of 'visualising,' and a bent towards mechanical engineering. Even in after life this early interest in mechanical problems remained. When between twelve and thirteen he became a medical apprentice, and during this period he stored his mind with literature and science, learned French and German, and laid the foundations of dyspepsia, from which he suffered severely throughout his life. In 1842 he entered as a free scholar at Charing Cross Hospital, where he was particularly influenced by Mr Wharton Jones, who gave him a love for anatomy and a high standard of precise work, and suggested the publication of his first scientific paper. Having completed his medical course, he was induced by a fellow student, afterwards well known as Sir Joseph Fayrer, to apply for an appointment as surgeon on a ship. He satisfied the Director-General, passed the membership examination of the Royal College of Surgeons,

and was entered on the books of Nelson's old ship, the *Victory*, for duty at Haslar Hospital. After seven months at Haslar, he was recommended by the chief of the hospital, Sir John Richardson—Arctic explorer and naturalist—as surgeon to H M S *Rattlesnake*, then about to start for surveying work in the Torres Strait, under command of Captain Owen Stanley.

Thus Huxley, like Darwin, Wallace, Hooker, and many other famous naturalists, secured his *Wanderjahr*, and he made the most of them. During the voyage of the *Rattlesnake* he sent communication after communication on the structure of marine animals to the Linnaean Society,



THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

and a paper on the anatomy and affinities of the Medusae found its way (through the Bishop of Norwich, Captain Stanley's father) to the Royal Society, where it eventually won for the young author the Royal Medal.

Huxley returned to England in the end of 1850, equipped, as Virchow said, 'as a perfect zoologist and keen sighted ethnologist.' He was granted leave ashore to work out the zoological results of the voyage, and his researches were so obviously important that he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1851, and received the Gold Medal in 1852. In 1853 further leave ashore was refused, and, as Huxley could not see his way to relinquish science, he had to be struck off the Navy List. Steadily, if not rapidly, however, the problem of *Brodwissenschaft* was solved, in 1854 he succeeded Edward Forbes as Professor of

Natural History at the School of Mines, with a salary of £200, which was soon doubled on his becoming naturalist to the Geological Survey. In 1855 he was in a position to marry the lady whom he had met and loved seven years before in Sydney.

For ten years after his voyage, until the publication of the *Origin of Species* (1859), Huxley's active life was in the main concerned with research. He made science his career, he established his reputation, he worked most at Invertebrates, he began to get thoroughly interested in Palaeontology, on the whole, he was a pure zoologist. For ten years after the publication of Darwin's *magnum opus* Huxley was most prominent as an advocate of Evolution Theory, he worked most at Vertebrates and extinct forms, he became more of a teacher and a controversialist, his lecturing and literary work increased greatly. 'The third period, from 1870 to 1880, was considerably different in character. He had become the most prominent man in biological science in England, at a time when biological science was attracting a quite unusual amount of scientific and public attention. Public honours and public duties, some of them scientific, others general, began to crowd upon him, and the time at his disposal for the quiet labours of investigation became rapidly more limited' (Chalmers Mitchell). Between 1880 and 1890 Huxley was at the zenith of his reputation for some years he was President of the Royal Society of London, the bluest ribbon of scientific distinction in Britain, the Waterloo victory of Evolutionism was already a pleasant memory, by experts and by the public alike he was regarded as a scientific commander in chief, and every utterance commanded respect.

From youth upwards Huxley was a martyr to periodic dyspepsia, and the nemesis of his all too energetic life gradually closed in upon a constitution which was never robust. From 1885 onwards the disease, which he quaintly labelled 'D (Anno Domini), became more and more real—pleurisy, cardiac troubles, influenza, and the like—until on 29th June 1895 he died, mentally vigorous to the last.

Huxley dealt with so many subjects in a masterly way that it is unusually difficult to sum up the services which he rendered to human progress. Pre-eminent as a biologist, he must be given a high place on the general sume roll of Science. He had, in comparison with his other endowments, relatively little of that inborn sympathetic interest in living creatures which marks the naturalist as such, no small part of his very best work dealt with extinct forms, and it is significant that when a zoologist asked him how he proposed to treat birds in one of his courses of lectures, he replied, 'I intend to treat them as extinct animals'. On the other hand, this did not mean that he was uninterested in their other aspects. Our point is rather that he brought to a discussion of a piece

of chalk, or of glaciers, or of a river basin, all the force of his persevering enthusiasm and all the strength of his intelligence, just as much as if the subject had been a jelly-fish, or a crayfish, or a developing chick. His force of mind was such that he could make anything real, 'a window into the Infinite'.

If we dare try to analyse the particular excellences of Huxley's scientific mood, it appears that he had four pre-eminent qualities. First and foremost we should place his quality of lucidity, his clearness of vision, his hatred of verbosity, his penetrating insight into essentials, secondly, his passion for facts, his continual insistence on getting below opinion and inference to the original documents—the facts of nature, thirdly, his cautiousness, so well illustrated by his general agnostic position, by his reserve of judgment in regard to the relative value of the various factors in evolutionary processes, and by almost all his work in detail, fourthly, that characteristic of the scientific mood which may be described as a sense of the interrelations of things, which was especially manifested in Huxley's morphological work, in his detection of affinities.

As a zoologist, Huxley added much to the sum of knowledge by his investigations on new or very inadequately understood types of animal life. He greatly advanced the natural classification of both backboned and backboneless animals, and he established a number of big simplifying generalisations. 'Three of his researches may fairly be called classic: that on the Hydrozoa, in which he propounded the wide-reaching generalisation that the ectoderm and entoderm of polypes and sea anemones correspond with the two primary germ layers in the embryos of the higher animals; that on the fossil Crinoids, and that on the morphology of the vertebrate skull, in which he demolished the fanciful "vertebral theory," which, however fruitful in its first conception, had become a positive hindrance to the progress of philosophical anatomy. Of less magnitude are his papers on the classification of birds, on the crayfishes, on the anatomy of the Australian mud fish and on the Cnidæ, while the rest of his strictly original contributions to zoology are, for a man of his intellectual calibre, hardly more than opuscula. But what opuscula! There is not one of them but contains some brilliant generalisation, some new and fruitful way of looking at the facts of the science' (Jeffery Parker).

As a biologist, he gave us a clear working conception of 'protoplasm,' which he called 'the physical basis of life,' he vivified and improved the cell-doctrine of Schwann and Schleiden, Virchow and Goodsir, he made a wonderfully significant, now well-verified, prophecy when he compared the organism to a web, of which the warp is derived from the female and the woof from the male, and these are only representative samples of his services. As an evolutionist, he supplied in the most convincing way factual

corroboration of the theory of descent, in his *American Addresses*, for instance, he did, in reference to the ancestry of the horse and the like, a service exactly comparable to that rendered in a very different field (Crustaceans) by Fritz Müller in his *Facts for Darwin*. As an advocate, acute and incisive, but never guilty of special pleading or polemical rhetoric, he did in a controversial period knightly service on behalf of a light-bringing conception of Nature. He was, in fact, foremost on the fighting edge of the Evolutionist phalanx. On the other hand, by his cautiousness and keen criticism he did much to prevent a premature dogmatism in regard to the factors in the Evolution process.

It seems no exaggeration to say that Huxley has given us an immortal standard by which to judge what 'scientific' really means, but he was more than 'scientific'. He was one of the most outstanding examples of a man of science at the same time a citizen of the world, keenly interested in all serious human problems whether of conduct or of belief. Whether the subject was biology or philosophy, education or politics, fisheries or slavery, he brought to each and all a keen penetrating insight, a wide human outlook, and fearless honesty. Indeed, one of the greatest marvels of Huxley's life was the diversity of its interests and energies. On the London School Board, Huxley was an advocate on behalf of physical training, domestic economy, drawing, elementary science—even of the Bible in schools. In regard to technical education he emphasised the fact that, for the purposes of mental discipline in preparation for the practical tasks of life, no useful distinction could be drawn between technical science and science as such. 'The workshop is the only real school for a handicraft. The education which precedes that of the workshop should be entirely devoted to the strengthening of the body, the elevation of the moral faculties, and the cultivation of the intelligence, and especially to the imbuing of the mind with a broad, clear view of the laws of that natural world with the components of which the handicraftsmen will have to deal.'

Huxley served on many Royal Commissions on Fisheries, Vivisection, Medical Acts, Universities of Scotland (1876–78), and so on, he was an active secretary of the Royal Society of London for about ten years (1871–80), and had much to do with the equipment of the *Challenge* expedition and with the due utilisation of its magnificent results. The general verdict must be that Huxley 'saw life steadily, and saw it whole.'

Of Huxley's philosophy or attitude towards philosophy a little must now be said. Although his mental constitution was very different from that of the contemplative or speculative metaphysician, he was greatly interested in the criticism of categories, and gave much time and thought to a study of the philosophical classics. His impulse was in the main a practical one—he sought 'to

learn what is true in order to do what is right,' which, he tells us, 'is the summing up of the whole duty of man, for all who are not able to satisfy their mental hunger with the first wind of authority.' What conclusions did he reach? In the first place, that 'there is but one kind of knowledge and but one method of acquiring it'—scientific knowledge, which he called 'organised common sense,' reached by the rigorous use of scientific methods. In the second place, that in the scientific restatement or interpretative description of the processes of Nature—that is, of our experience—all insinuation of transcendental formulæ or supernatural agencies must be resolutely repelled, science must not try to eke out the application of its own categories by borrowing from metaphysics or theology. In the third place, that is a philosophical explanation of the universe, materialism is inadequate and illogical. 'The honest and rigorous following up of the argument which leads us to materialism inevitably carries us beyond it.' Thus Huxley remained a philosophical agnostic. 'If I were obliged to choose between absolute materialism and absolute idealism, I should feel compelled to accept the latter alternative.' In all estimates of his position two often repeated sentences must be remembered. 'Evolution is not an explanation of the cosmos, but merely a generalised statement of the method and results of that process.' 'There is a wider teleology which is not touched by the doctrine of evolution, but is actually based on the fundamental proposition of evolution.'

In many minds the name of Huxley has for its most prominent association *controversialism*, and though his constructive work was far more important, there is no denying that he spent no small part of his time and energy in fighting, and that he thoroughly enjoyed it. He was the champion of the scientific point of view, as contrasted with the metaphysical or the theological, he looked forward to the time when the scientific interpretation 'will organise itself into a coherent system, embracing human life and the world as one harmonious whole.' But we misunderstand his controversialism if we forget the motive that prompted it—'the fanaticism of veracity.' Whether we consider his famous duel with Bishop Wilberforce at the British Association meeting in 1860, or his criticism of Owen, or his battles with the bishops and Mr Gladstone, or any other of the many controversies, we cannot but feel that they express no merely polemical spirit, but that of an earnest truth seeker who hit hard out of conviction, who never sought to destroy without also replacing.

Huxley's style is especially distinguished by lucidity, accuracy, and force, and no small part of the wide extension of scientific interest has been due to its charm. He deliberately laboured to achieve a mastery of clear expression both in his lectures and in his essays, and he succeeded. For lucidity and clear-cut accuracy he was almost

fastidious 'It constantly becomes more and more difficult for me to *finish* things satisfactorily' 'Science and literature,' he said, 'are not two things, but two sides of one thing,' and the greater part of his non technical scientific writings may also be ranked as literature.

According to Mr Chalmers Mitchell 'For him, speaking on any subject was merely a branch of scientific exposition, when emotion was to be roused or enthusiasm to be kindled the inspiration was to come from the facts and not from the orator. The arts he allowed himself were common to all forms of exposition he would explain a novel set of ideas by comparison with simpler ideas obvious to all his listeners, and he sought to arrest attention or to drive home a conclusion by some brilliant phrase that bit into the memory. These two arts, the art of the phrase maker and the art of explaining by vivacious and simple comparison, he brought to a high perfection. Careful reflection and examination will make it plain that the pleasure to be got from Huxley's style is not due in any large measure to his choice and handling of words. For indeed the truth of the matter is that Huxley's style was a style of ideas and not of words and sentences.'

The ideas and their ordering are the root and the branches, the beginning and the end of his style. He is one of our great English writers, but he is not a great writer of English.'

Huxley was a wide and omnivorous reader, and familiar with the English classics, from which he often drew in phrase and allusion. 'If a man,' he wrote, 'cannot get literary culture out of his Bible, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Hobbes, and Bishop Berkeley, to mention only a few of our illustrious writers—I say, if he cannot get it out of these writers, he cannot get it out of anything.' He had an unusual knowledge of Latin, classical, patristic, and mediæval, he had a fair knowledge of the Greek language (acquired when fifty-three) and a wide acquaintance with Greek literature in translation, he was at home in French and German, and so forth. Thus we can understand how, with his quick brain (his mother's rapidity of thought 'passed on in full strength') and tenacious memory, he wrote a style often vivid with picturesque illusion and telling phrase.

It should be added that this man—an indefatigable and often preoccupied specialist, a born intellectual combatant and as good a hater as ever lived, an uncompromising Luther in the scientific reformation, a fearless propagandist of Evolution Theory, an anti clerical, anti-dogmatist, agnostic, called by more bad names than any of his contemporaries, and confessedly one of hasty temper—was beloved by many. 'They were chiefly moved by something over and above his wide knowledge in so many fields—by his passionate sincerity, his interest not only in pure knowledge but in human life, by his belief that the interpretation of the book of nature was not to be

kept apart from the ultimate problems of existence, by the love of truth, in short, both theoretical and practical, which gave the key to the character of the man himself'

#### Aims in Life

To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make believe by which pinions have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.

It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable or unreasonable ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends, to the popularisation of science, to the development and organisation of scientific education, to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution, and to the untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science. In striving for the attainment of these objects, I have been but one among many, and I shall be well content to be remembered, or even not remembered, as such. (From *Autobiographical Sketch*)

#### A Liberal Education

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of, whose intellect is a clear cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind, whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations, one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience, who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vulgarity, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education, for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely she as his ever beneficent mother, he as her mouth piece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

(From 'A Liberal Education and Where to Find It')

#### Nature of Life

What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not living matter which gave rise to it? What better philosophical status has 'vitality' than 'aquosity'? If the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are those presented by protoplasm, living or dead, its properties. If the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules.

It may seem a small thing to admit that the dull vital actions of a fungus or a foraminifer are the properties of their protoplasm, and are the direct results of the nature of the matter of which they are composed. But if their protoplasm is essentially identical with, and most readily converted into, that of any animal, I can discover no logical halting place between the admission that such is the case and the further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. And if so, it must be true, in the same sense and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena.

(From 'The Physical Basis of Life' in *Collected Essays*)

### Origin of Life

Looking back through the prodigious vista of the past, I find no record of the commencement of life, and therefore I am devoid of any means of forming a definite conclusion as to the conditions of its appearance. Belief, in the scientific sense of the word, is a serious matter, and needs strong foundations.

To say that, in the admitted absence of evidence, I have any belief as to the mode in which the existing forms of life have originated would be using words in a wrong sense. But expectation is possible where belief is not, and if it were given me to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time to the still more remote period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions which it can no more see again than a man can recall his infancy, I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from non-living matter.

I should expect to see it appear under forms of great simplicity, endowed, like existing fungi, with the power of determining the formation of new protoplasm from such matters as ammonium carbonates, oxalates, and tartrates, alkaline and earthy phosphates, and water without the aid of light. That is the expectation to which analogical reasoning leads me, but I beg you once more to recollect that I have no right to call my opinion anything but an act of philosophical faith.

(From *Collected Essays*)

### Man's Place in Nature

Identical in the physical processes by which he originates—identical in the early stages of his formation—identical in the mode of his nutrition, before and after birth, with the animals which lie immediately below him in the scale—Man, if his adult and perfect structure be compared with theirs, exhibits, as might be expected, a marvellous likeness of organisation. He resembles them as they resemble one another—he differs from them as they differ from one another. And though these differences and resemblances cannot be weighed and measured, their value may be readily estimated, the scale or standard of judgment, touching that value, being afforded and expressed by the system of classification of animals now current among zoologists.

Is it, indeed, true that the Poet, or the Philosopher, or the Artist, whose genius is the glory of his age, is degraded from his high estate by the undoubted historical probability, not to say certainty, that he is the direct de-

scendant of some naked and bestial savage, whose intelligence was just sufficient to make him a little more cunning than the Fox, and by so much more dangerous than the Tiger? Or is he bound to howl and grovel on all fours because of the wholly unquestionable fact that he was once an Egg, which no ordinary power of discrimination could distinguish from that of a Dog? Or is the philanthropist or the saint to give up his endeavour to lead a noble life because the simplest study of man's nature reveals at its foundations all the selfish passions and fierce appetites of the merest quadruped? Is mother love vile because a hen shows it, or fidelity base because dogs possess it?

The common sense of the mass of mankind will answer these questions without a moment's hesitation. Healthy humanity, finding itself hard pressed to escape from real sin and degradation, will leave the brooding over speculative pollution to the cynics and the 'righteous over much,' who, disagreeing in everything else, unite in blind insensibility to the nobleness of this visible world, and in inability to appreciate the grandeur of the place Man occupies.

Nay more, thoughtful men, escaped from the blinding influences of traditional prejudice, will find in the lowly stock whence man has sprung, the best evidence of the splendour of his capacities, and will discern in his long progress through the Past a reasonable ground of faith in his attainment of a nobler Future.

(From *Man's Place in Nature*)

### On the Publication of the 'Origin of Species'

I imagine that most of those of my contemporaries who thought seriously about the matter were very much in my own state of mind—inclined to say to both Mosaicists and Evolutionists, 'A plague on both your houses!' and disposed to turn aside from an interminable and apparently fruitless discussion, to labour in the fertile fields of ascertainable fact. And I may therefore suppose that the publication of the Darwin and Wallace paper in 1858, and still more that of the *Origin* in 1859, had the effect upon them of the flash of light which, to a man who has lost himself on a dark night, suddenly reveals a road which, whether it takes him straight home or not, certainly goes his way. That which we were looking for, and could not find, was a hypothesis respecting the origin of known organic forms which assumed the operation of no causes but such as could be proved to be actually at work. We wanted, not to pin our faith to that or any other speculation, but to get hold of clear and definite conceptions which could be brought face to face with facts and have their validity tested. The *Origin* provided us with the working hypothesis we sought.

(From 'On the Reception of the *Origin of Species*' in *Darwin's Life and Letters*)

### 'The Strongest Arguments in Favour of Evolution'

I may add that, beyond all these different classes of persons who may profit by the study of biology, there is yet one other. I remember, a number of years ago, that a gentleman who was a vehement opponent of Mr Darwin's views, and had written some terrible articles against them, applied to me to know what was the best way in which he could acquaint himself with the strongest arguments in favour of evolution. I wrote back, in all

good truth and simplicity, recommending him to go through a course of comparative anatomy and physiology, and then to study development. I am sorry to say that he was very much displeased, as people often are with good advice. Notwithstanding this discouraging result, I venture, as a parting word, to repeat the suggestion, and to say to all the more or less acute lay and clerical 'paper philosophers' who venture into the regions of biological controversy—Get a little sound, thorough, practical, elementary instruction in Biology.

(From 'On the Study of Biology' in *Scientific Memoirs* vol. iv.)

Huxley's most important publications are contained in his *Collected Essays*, edited by himself (9 vols. 1893-95), and in the *Scientific Memoirs*, edited by Sir Michael Foster and Professor Ray Lanister (4 vols. 1898-1903). We may also note *Man's Place in Nature* (1863) *On our Knowledge of the Causes of Organic Phenomena* (1863) *Lectures on the Elements of Comparative Anatomy* (1864), *Lessons in Elementary Physiology* (1866), *An Introduction to the Classification of Animals* (1869), *Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals* (1871) *Elementary Biology* (1873) *Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals* (1877), *Lay Sermons, Essays, and Reviews* (1877) *American Addresses* (1877), *Physiography an Introduction to the Study of Nature* (1877) *The Crayfish an Introduction to the Study of Zoology* (1880), *Introductory Primer ('Science Primers'* 1880). See his *Life and Letters* by his son, Mr Leonard Huxley (2 vols. 1900) books on him by Mr Chalmers Mitchell (1900) and Mr Clodd (1902). Professor Jeffery Parker in *Natural Science VIII* (1895) Sir Michael Foster's Obituary Notice of him in *Proc Royl Society* (vol. lxx) W. K. Brooks, *The Foundations of Zoology* (1899).

J. ARTHUR THOMSON

**William Wilkie Collins** (1824-89) was the elder son of the distinguished painter William Collins, R.A., and was born in London, his name testifies to his father's friendship with David Wilkie. He was educated partly at a private school in Highbury, but during 1836-39 was with his parents in Italy. After his return he spent four years in a tea business, and then entered Lincoln's Inn, but he gradually, though inevitably, took to literature, the Life of his father (1848) being his earliest publication. To it succeeded *Antonina, or the Fall of Rome* (1850), *Basil* (1852), *Hud and Seek* (1854), *The Dead Secret* (1857), *The Woman in White* (1860), *No Name* (1862), *Armadale* (1866), *The Moonstone* (1868), *The New Magdalen* (1873), *The Law and the Lady* (1875)—in all, more than five-and-twenty novels and collections of novelettes. Wilkie Collins became a close friend of Charles Dickens, *After Dark* and the *Dead Secret* came out in *Household Words*, the *Woman in White* in *All the Year Round*. Count Fosco in the *Woman in White* is a veritable creation, a permanent character in English literary illusion, and in this his most successful work, his characteristic method was quite untried—that of unfolding an intricate plot by the successive verbatim narratives of the chief *dramatis personae*. The *Moonstone*, one of the strongest detective stories in literature, is the next most popular work of the author, who was a master of complex plot, fascinating mystery, sensational episode, thrilling situation, and startling dénouement. *No Name*, in Mr Swinburne's judgment, 'is an only less excellent example of as curious and

as original a talent,' dealing with the imputation of illegitimacy, and with the struggle and final triumph over its disadvantages. But the later didactic novels are only occasionally relieved by brilliant exposition of character and evolution of incident, some are like bad parodies of the author's better work. On the whole, Mr Swinburne admits that 'the crowning merit, the most distinctive quality of his best work is to be sought and found in the construction of an interesting and perplexing story, well conceived, well contrived, and well moulded into life like and attractive shape.' Making due allowance for melodramatic lapses, for mannerisms and faults of style, for occasional violence and crudity, and for a curious dependence on the help of some physical or moral depravity in his characters, Wilkie Collins 'was in his way a genuine artist.' Deafness, dumbness, blindness, or hereditary weakness are too essential to some of his earlier novels, and his disapproval of the Scotch marriage law and the Scotch verdict of 'Not proven,' of athleticism and worse social cankers, are too obviously the keynote of some of his later ones. Some of the short stories are admirable, each of those in *After Dark* is, in Mr Swinburne's words, 'a little model, a little masterpiece in its kind.' Dickens influenced Collins, but perhaps not much more than Collins influenced Dickens. Thackeray found the *Woman in White* thrilling, and Edward Fitzgerald was an enthusiastic admirer of the same story. Wilkie Collins dramatised *Armadale*, *No Name*, the *Woman in White*, and the *New Magdalen*. *The Frozen Deep* was written as a play. Mr Swinburne's essay on the novelist will be found in his *Studies in Prose and Poetry* (1894).

#### The Doom of Sir Percival.

I mounted the hill rapidly. The dark mass of the church tower was the first object I discerned dimly against the night sky. As I turned aside to get round to the vestry, I heard heavy footsteps close to me. The servant had ascended to the church after us. 'I don't mean any harm,' he said when I turned round on him, 'I'm only looking for my master.' The tones in which he spoke betrayed unmistakable fear. I took no notice of him, and went on.

The instant I turned the corner, and came in view of the vestry, I saw the lantern skylight on the roof brilliantly lit up from within. It shone out with dazzling brightness against the murky, starless sky.

I hurried through the churchyard to the door.

As I got near, there was a strange smell stealing out on the damp night air. I heard a snapping noise inside—I saw the light above grow brighter and brighter—a pane of the glass cracked—I ran to the door, and put my hand on it. The vestry was on fire!

Before I could move, before I could draw my breath after that discovery, I was horror-struck by a heavy thump against the door, from the inside. I heard the key worked violently in the lock—I heard a man's voice, behind the door, raised to a dreadful shrillness, screaming for help.

The servant, who had followed me, staggered back

shuddering, and dropped to his knees. 'Oh, my God!' he said, 'it's Sir Percival!'

As the words passed his lips the clerk joined us—and at the same moment there was another, and a last, grating turn of the key in the lock.

'The Lord have mercy on his soul!' said the old man. 'He is doomed and dead. He has hampered the lock.'

I rushed to the door. The one absorbing purpose that had filled all my thoughts, that had controlled all my actions, for weeks and weeks past, vanished in an instant from my mind. All remembrance of the heartless injury the man's crimes had inflicted, of the love, the innocence, the happiness he had pitilessly laid waste, of the oath I had sworn in my own heart to summon him to the terrible reckoning that he deserved, passed from my memory like a dream. I remembered nothing but the horror of his situation. I felt nothing but the natural human impulse to save him from a frightful death.

'Try the other door!' I shouted. 'Try the door into the church. The lock's hampered. You're a dead man if you waste another moment on it!'

There had been no renewed cry for help when the key was turned for the last time. There was no sound now, of any kind, to give token that he was still alive. I heard nothing but the quickening crackle of the flames, and the sharp snap of the glass in the skylight above.

I looked round at my two companions. The servant had risen to his feet, he had taken the lantern, and was holding it up vacantly at the door. Terror seemed to have struck him with downright idiocy—he waited at my heels, he followed me about when I moved, like a dog. The clerk sat crouched up on one of the tombstones, shivering, and moaning to himself. The one moment in which I looked at them was enough to show me that they were both helpless.

Hardly knowing what I did, acting desperately on the first impulse that occurred to me, I seized the servant and pushed him against the vestry wall. 'Stoop!' I said, 'and hold by the stones. I am going to climb over you to the roof—I am going to break the skylight, and give him some air!'

The man trembled from head to foot, but he held firm. I got on his back, with my cudgel in my mouth, seized the parapet with both hands, and was instantly on the roof. In the frantic hurry and agitation of the moment, it never struck me that I might let out the flame instead of letting in the air. I struck at the skylight, and battered in the cracked, loosened glass at a blow. The fire leaped out like a wild beast from its lair. If the wind had not chanced, in the position I occupied, to set it away from me, my exertions might have ended then and there. I crouched on the roof as the smoke poured out above me, with the flame. The gleams and flashes of the light showed me the servant's face staring up vacantly under the wall, the clerk risen to his feet on the tombstone, wringing his hands in despair, and the scanty population of the village, haggard men and terrified women, clustered beyond in the churchyard—all appearing and disappearing, in the red of the dreadful glare, in the black of the choking smoke. And the man beneath my feet!—the man, suffocating, burning, dying so near us all, so utterly beyond our reach!

The thought half maddened me. I lowered myself from the roof, by my hands, and dropped to the ground.

'The key of the church!' I shouted to the clerk. 'We must try in that way—we may save him yet if we can burst open the inner door.'

'No, no, no!' cried the old man. 'No hope! the church key and the vestry key are on the same ring—both inside there! Oh, sir, he's past saving—he's dust and ashes by this time!'

'They'll see the fire from the town,' said a voice from among the men behind me. 'There's a engine in the town. They'll save the church.'

I called to that man—he had his wits about him—I called to him to come and speak to me. It would be a quarter of an hour at least before the town engine could reach us. The horror of remaining inactive all that time was more than I could face. In defiance of



WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS

From the Portrait by Sir John E. Millais in the National Portrait Gallery

my own reason I persuaded myself that the doomed and lost wretch in the vestry might still be lying senseless on the floor, might not be dead yet. If we broke open the door, might we save him? I knew the strength of the heavy lock—I knew the thickness of the nailed oak—I knew the hopelessness of assaulting the one and the other by ordinary means. But surely there were beams still left in the dismantled cottages near the church? What if we got one, and used it as a battering ram against the door?

The thought leaped through me, like the fire leaping out of the shattered skylight. I appealed to the man who had spoken first of the fire engine in the town. 'Have you got your pickaxes handy?' Yes, they had. 'And a hatchet, and a saw, and a bit of rope?' Yes! yes! yes! I ran down among the villagers, with the lantern in my hand. 'Five shillings apiece to every man who helps me!' They started into life at the words. That ravenous second hunger of poverty—the hunger for money—roused them into tumult and activity in a moment. 'Two of you for more lanterns if you have them! Two of you for the pickaxes and the tools!' The

rest after me to find the beam!' They cheered—with shrill starveling voices they cheered. The women and the children fled back on either side. We rushed in a body down the churchyard path to the first empty cottage. Not a man was left behind but the clerk—the poor old clerk standing on the flat tombstone sobbing and wailing over the church. The servant was still at my heels his white, helpless, panic stricken face was close over my shoulder as we pushed into the cottage. There were rafters from the torn down floor above, lying loose on the ground—but they were too light. A beam ran across over our heads, but not out of reach of our arms and our pickaxes—a beam fast at each end in the ruined wall, with ceiling and flooring all ripped away, and a great gap in the roof above, open to the sky. We attacked the beam at both ends at once. God! how it held—how the brick and mortar of the wall resisted us! We struck, and tugged, and tore. The beam gave at one end—it came down with a lump of brickwork after it. There was a scream from the women all huddled in the doorway to look at us—a shout from the men—two of them down, but not hurt. Another tug all together—and the beam was loose at both ends. We raised it, and gave the word to clear the doorway. Now for the work now for the rush at the door! There is the fire streaming into the sky, streaming brighter than ever to light us! Steady, along the churchyard path—steady with the beam, for a rush at the door. One, two, three—and off! Out rings the cheering again, irresponsibly. We have shaken it already, the hinges must give, if the lock won't. Another run with the beam! One, two, three—and off! It's loose! the stealthy fire darts at us through the crevice all round it. Another, and a last rush! The door falls in with a crash. A great hush of awe, a stillness of breathless expectation, possesses every living soul of us. We look for the body. The scorching heat on our faces drives us back. We see nothing—above, below, all through the room, we see nothing but a sheet of living fire.

(From *The Woman in White*)

**Richard Doddridge Blackmore** (1825–1900) was born at Longworth in Berkshire, and educated at Blundell's School in Tiverton and at Exeter College, Oxford. He graduated in 1847, afterwards studied law, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1852, and practised for a dozen years as a conveyancer. By degrees he saw that his vocation was not that of conveyancer, ultimately he united the pursuit of literature with the management of a market-garden and orchard at Teddington on Thames, and there it was he died. His first publications were *Poems by Melanter* (1854), *Ephulia* (1855), *The Bugle of the Black Sea* (1855), followed by *The Gate of Franklin* (1860) and a translation of the first and second books of Virgil's *Georgics* (1862). Other volumes of verse followed these, as well as a complete translation of the *Georgics* in 1871. His earliest novels were *Clara Vaughan* (1864) and *Cradock Nowell* (1866), but his first distinct success was *Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor* (1869), which from the first was by the discerning recognised as almost certainly a great and classic novel, attained vast popularity in a year or two, and before its author's death had passed through some forty

editions. Blackmore's plots were often defective in construction, but here the plot (though not free from faults) was good and well managed, the style has a pleasing flavour of its age, the time of James II, the joy in open-air life and adventure is infectious, and the figures have much more life and movement than in any other of his novels—John Ridd and some at least of his allies and enemies are imperishable memories to all Englishmen. For his rare insight into and sympathy with inanimate life, Blackmore stands almost alone among English novelists. But he has also described for us with absolute truth the Devonshire farmer as he lives and speaks, and many of his women, if somewhat shadowy in outline, are yet figures of rare tenderness and grace. More than most copious authors—and somewhat to his own annoyance—he is fated to be remembered as the author of one book, and that one *Lorna Doone*. Blackmore cherished the local criticism that 'it was as good as Devonshire cream,' but was wont to grumble good-naturedly at the pre-eminence assigned to it over all his other works, at its having almost become a guide book to the west country. His other novels are *The Maid of Sher*, perhaps his second best story (1872), *Alice Lorraine*, Kentish in setting (1875), *Cripps the Carrier* (1876), *Erema* (1877), *Mary Anerley*, a Yorkshire story (1880), *Christowell*, a *Dartmoor Tale* (1882), *Tommy Upmore*, one of his least happy creations (1884), *Springhaven* (1887), *Perlycross* (1894), *Fringilla*, tales in verse (1895), *Tales from the Telling-House* (1896), and *Daniel* (1897). He wrote verses from time to time, and never realised how obvious it was, even to his more enthusiastic admirers, that verse was not his medium. From time to time, too, he expounded his views on fruit and orchards, and he contributed a series of articles on gardening and fruit-growing to *Chambers's Encyclopedia*, but he had sorrowfully to confess that in his forty years' experience of fruit-growing at Teddington, he could only in two several years report a fair margin of profit.

#### Esther's Winter Walk

The weather had been for some few weeks in a good constitutional English state, that is to say, it had no settled tendency towards anything. Or at any rate, so it seemed to people who took little heed of it. There had been a little rain, and then a little snow, and a touch of frost, and then a sample of fog, and so on trying all varieties, to suit the British public. True Britons, however, had grumbled duly at each successive overture, so that the winter was now resolving henceforth only to please itself. And this determined will was in the wind, the air, and the earth itself just when night began to fall on this dark day of December.

As Esther turned the corner from the Beckley lane into the road, the broad coach road to Oxford, she met a wind that knew its mind coming over the crest of Shotover, a stern east wind that whistled sadly over the brown and barren fields, and bitterly piped in the road way. To the chill of this blast the sere oak leaves

shivered in the dusk and rattled, the gray ash saplings bent their naked length to get away from it, and the surly stubs of the hedge went to and fro to one another. The slimy dips of the path began to rib themselves, like the fronds of fern, and to shrink into wrinkles and sneaky knobs, while the border puddles, though skirted by the breeze, found the network of ice veiling over them. This, as it crusted, began to be capable of a consistent quivering, with a frail infinitude of spikelets, crossing and yet carrying into one another. And the cold work (marred every now and then by the hurry of the wind that urged it) in the main was going on so fast that the face of the water ceased to glisten, and instead of rustling lisped, and instead of waving wavered. So that, as the surface trembled, any level eye might see little splinters (held as are the ribs and heart of feathers) spreading, and rising like stems of lace, and then with a smooth, crisp jostle sinking, as the wind flew over them, into the quivering consistence of a coverlet of ice.

Father Cripps took little heed of these things, or of any other in the matter of weather, except to say to herself now and then how bitter cold the wind was, and that she feared it would turn to snow, and how she longed to be sitting with a cup of 'Aunt Lxie's' crumble in the snug room next to the bakehouse, or how glad she would be to get only as far as the first house of St Clement's, to see the humps and the lights in the shops, and be quit of this dreary loneliness. For now it must be three market days since fearful rumours began to stir in several neighbouring villages, which made even strong men discontent with solitude towards nightfall, and as for the women—just now poor Esther would rather not think of what they declared. It was all very well to pretend to doubt it while bringing the clothes out or turning the mangle, but as for laughing out here in the dark, and a mile away from the nearest house—Good Lord! How that white owl frightened her!

Being a sensible and brave girl, she forced her mind as well as she could into another channel, and listed the cover of the basket in which she had some nice things for 'Aunt Lxie,' and then she set off for a bold little run, until she was out of breath, and trembling at the sound of her own light feet. For though all the Crippses were known to be of a firm and resolute fibre, who could expect a young maid like this to tramp on like a Roman sentinel?

And a lucky thing for her it was that she tried nothing of the sort, but glided along with her heart in her mouth, and her short skirt tucked up round her. Lucky also for her that the ground (which she so little heeded, and so wanted to get over) was in that early stage of freezing, or of drying to foretell frost, in which it decends sound as much as the later stage enlivens it, otherwise it is doubtful whether she would have seen the Christmas dressing of the shops in Oxford.

Or, a little farther on, she came, without so much as a cow in the road or a sheep in a field for company, to a dark narrow place, where the way hung over the verge of a stony hollow, an ancient pit which had once been worked as part of the quarries of Headington. This had long been of bad repute as a haunted and ill-omened place, and even the Carrier himself, strong and resolute as he was, felt no shame in whispering when he passed by in the moonlight. And the name of the place was the 'Gipsy's Cave.' Therefore, as Father Cripps approached it, she was half inclined to wait and huddle

herself in a bush or gap until a cart or a wagon should come down the hill behind her, or an honest dairyman whistling softly to reassure his shadow, or even a woman no braver than herself.

But neither any cart came near, nor any other kind of company, only the violence of the wind and the keen increase of the frost bite. So that the girl made up her mind to put the best foot foremost, and run through her terrors at such a pace that none of them could lay hold of her.

Through yards of darkness she skimmed the ground, in haste only to be rid of it, without looking forward, or over her shoulders, or anywhere, when she could help it. And now she was ready to laugh at herself and her stupid fears, as she caught through the trees a glimpse of the lights of Oxford, down in the low land, scarcely more than a mile and a half away from her. In the joy of relief she was ready to jump and pant without fear of the echoes, when suddenly something caught her ear.

This was not a thing at first to be at all afraid of, but only just enough to rouse a little curiosity. It seemed to be nothing more nor less than the steady stroke of a pickaxe. The sound came from the farther corner of the deserted quarry, where a crest of soft and shingly rock overhung a briny thicket. Any person working there would be quite out of sight from the road, by reason of the bend of the hollow.

The blow of the tool came dull and heavy on the dark and frosty wind, and Esther almost made up her mind to run on, and take no heed of it. And so she would have done no doubt, if she had not been a Cripps girl. But in this family firm and settled opinions had been handed down concerning the rights of property—the rights that overcome all wrongs, and outlive death. The brother Leviatus of Stow Wood had sown a piece of waste at the corner of the cleft with winter carrots for his herd of swine. The land being none of his thus far, his right so to treat it was not established, and therefore likely to be attacked by any rascals encroacher. Esther felt all such things keenly, and resolved to find out what was going on.

(From *Cripps the Carrier*)

**Robert Michael Ballantyne** (1825-94), writer of tales for boys, was born at Edinburgh in April 1825, a nephew of Scott's printers. The first of his eighty volumes, issued in 1848, was a record of personal experiences during a six years' residence (1841-47) in the territories of the Hudson Bay Company; in 1848-55 he was in the publishing office of the Messrs Constable in Edinburgh; in 1856 he took to literature as a profession—more specifically to the business of writing books for boys. In this his life-work he combined in the happiest way tales of strenuous endeavour and exciting adventure, a sound moral, and an amount of varied instruction wholly alien to the plan of predecessors like Mayne Reid. At first he drew largely on his own experiences in *The Young Fur Traders* (1856) and *Cave* (1857). But he made special studies for such works as *The Lone Boat*, *The Lighthouse Lighting the Flames*, and *Deep Down* (in Cornish mines); and he travelled in Norway and Africa expressly for the purpose of amassing materials for others of his stories.

Among the most popular were *The Coral Island*, *Martin Rattler*, *The World of Ice*, *The Pirate City*, *The Dog Crusoe*, *Erling the Bold*, *The Settler and the Savage*, and *Black Ivory*. Personally he exemplified the high character of his heroes, and he was a keen volunteer and an accomplished artist in water-colours. In 1893 he published *Personal Reminiscences of Book-making*. Harrow was his home, but he died at Rome. See his *Personal Recollections* (1893).

**Andrew Kennedy Hutchison Boyd** (1825–1899) was familiarly known to a generation of magazine readers as A.K.H.B., and is remembered not as a divine but as a copious, desultory, entertaining writer on things in general. He was born in Auchinleck manse, Ayrshire, spent his boyhood in the manse of the adjoining parish of Ochiltree (whither his father was transferred soon after), and was educated at Ayr Academy, King's College, London, and Glasgow University. He studied for the English Bar, but in 1851 received Presbyterian ordination, and had been minister of Newton-on-Ayr, Kirkpatrick Irongray, and St Bernard's, Edinburgh, before his settlement in 1865 at St Andrews. He became known to a wide public by his essays in *Graeber's Magazine* signed A.K.H.B., and reprinted as *Recreations of a Country Parson* (three series, 1859–61). *The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson* followed, and, including sermons and books of gossiping reminiscences, he produced over thirty volumes. His essays had a character of their own, essential commonplaceness of thought being disguised by a certain airy vivacity and chattiness, good-humoured in the main (especially towards himself), but at times his deliberate irrelevance became prolix and even dull, though he had a genius for gossip and anecdotes, at its best in the earlier volumes of the reminiscences. His comments on contemporaries were often more pointed than complimentary, and in playful or caustic anecdotes he in return was not too gently dealt with. He was D.D. and LL.D. His foibles were vanity, a profound admiration for deans and dignitaries of the Anglican Church, and a corresponding dislike for Dissenters of all species. He was failing in health when, mistaking his medicine, he accidentally poisoned himself at Bournemouth. See his *Twenty-five Years of St Andrews* (2 vols. 1892), *St Andrews and Elsewhere* (1895), and *Last Years of St Andrews* (1896).

**Samuel Butler** (1825–1902), born at Langar in Notts, was educated at Shrewsbury and St John's, Cambridge, spent the years 1860–64 in Canterbury, New Zealand, and devoted the rest of his life to literary work in London. In *Erewhon* (1872—the name being of course an anagram of ‘nowhere’), he revealed his gift of humour and irony, his prejudices and his anti-conventional audacity. *Erewhon Revisited* (1901) was a continuation of this modern Utopia. He wrote on evolution against Darwin, insisted in a book that

the author of the *Odyssey* was a woman, and had his own theory as to the sonnets of Shakespeare. He translated the whole of the *Iliad* and of the *Odyssey* into English prose, and he wrote (2 vols. 1896) the Life of his namesake and grandfather, headmaster of Shrewsbury and Bishop of Lichfield (1744–1839). Other works were *The Fair Haven*, *Life and Habit*, *Luck or Cunning*, *La Voto*, and, posthumously published, *The Way of the Flesh* (1903). He wrote sonnets also, and practised painting and musical composition.

**Rev. Edward Bradley** (1827–89), better known by his pen-name of ‘Cuthbert Bede,’ was born at Kidderminster, educated for the Church at Durham University, and appointed rector successively of Denton in Huntingdonshire, Stretton near Oakham, and Lenton in the neighbourhood of Grantham. The list of his six-and-twenty published works includes the *Book of Beauty* (1856), *Fairy Tales* (1858), *Glencraggan* (1861), *Tales of College Life* (1862), and *Fotheringhay* (1885). But the most popular of his books, as it was the earliest, was doubtless *The Adventures of Mr Verdant Green*, an *Oxford Freshman* (1853–57), a facetious and even farcical description of the humours of English university life, which displays an imperfect imitation of the manner and method of Dickens. The hero, whose character is more plainly than artistically indicated by his name, enters ‘Brazen-face College’ as the most innocent of home bred youngsters, and is initiated into all the amusements and venial dissipations of an undergraduate career by two more knowing hands, Mr Bouncer and Mr Larkyns, with the result that he goes through a series of ridiculous scrapes. Though almost negligible as literature, this burlesque had a wide, an immediate, and by no means an ephemeral popularity, which at first no doubt was heightened by the knowledge that some of the figures in it were caricatures of well-known Oxford dons.

**George Alfred Lawrence** (1827–76) was born at Braisted rectory, Essex, and from Rugby passed in 1848 to Balliol College, Oxford. He was called four years later to the Bar, was a militia officer, and got into a United States prison on his way to join the Confederate army. Of his nine or ten novels by far the best known is *Guy Livingstone* (1857), the next perhaps, though far less popular, *Sword and Gown* (1859).

**George Augustus Henry Sala** (1828–95), born in London of Italian ancestry, studied art and did book-illustrations, but after 1851 became a contributor to *Household Words*, *Temple Bar* (which he founded and edited 1860–66), the *Illustrated London News*, and *Cornhill*. As special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* he was in the United States during the Civil War, in Italy with Garibaldi, in France in 1870–71, and later in Russia and Australia. *Twice Round the Clock* (1859) is his best-known work, while his novels include

*The Paddington Peerage*, *Captain Dangerous*, and *Quite Alone*. Among his books of travel are *A Journey due North*, books on Holland, Barbary, Rome, and Venice, *Paris Herself Again* (1879), *America Revisited* (1882), and *Right Round the World* (1888). His autobiography is pretty fully covered by *Things I have Seen* (1894) and his *Life and Adventures* (1895).

**William Caldwell Roscoe** (1823-59), grandson of the historian of Lorenzo de' Medici (see Vol II p 639), was born in Liverpool, and educated finally at University College, London. Though called to the Bar, he soon settled in Wales in business, but found time for much literary work for the reviews, for the two tragedies *Eliud* and *Violenza*, and for many lyrics and other poems. His essays were collected in 1860, with a Memoir, by his brother in law, R. H. Hutton, his dramas and poems were reprinted in 1891.

**John Caird** (1820-98), a great Scottish preacher, born at Greenock, studied at Glasgow, and had held four important curates when in 1862 he was appointed Professor of Divinity at Glasgow. He was principal of the university from 1873 till the year of his death. His *Religion of Common Life*, preached before Queen Victoria at Crathie in 1855, quickly carried his fame throughout the Protestant world, Dean Stanley said it was the greatest single sermon of the century. He published a volume of *Sermons* (1858), *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion* (1880), which revealed a strong neo-Hegelian leaning, and a small but pregnant book on *Spinoza* (1888).

**Edward Caird**, brother of the preacher principal, was born in 1835. From Glasgow he passed as a Snell exhibitioner to Balliol College, Oxford, and became in 1864 Fellow and tutor at Merton. In 1866 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow University, in 1893 he was elected Master of Balliol. A profound and sympathetic student of Hegel, he made himself one of the most conspicuous and influential philosophical thinkers of his time by a series of works on Kant (1877), Hegel (1883), and Comte (1885), *The Evolution of Religion* (Gifford Lectures, 1893), and *The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophy* (1904).

**Joseph Barber Lightfoot** (1828-89), Bishop of Durham, was born at Liverpool, and from King Edward's School, Birmingham, passed in 1847 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1851 as thirteenth wrangler, senior classic, and Chancellor's medallist. Elected Fellow in 1854, and ordained in 1854, he became tutor of Trinity in 1857, Hulsean Professor of Divinity in 1861, canon of St Paul's in 1871, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge in 1875, and Bishop of Durham in 1879. Dr Lightfoot was out of sight the most accomplished English scholar of his time in the departments he made his own, he secured

a great European reputation, and in England his influence proved of incalculable importance. A supreme grammarian and textual critic, he gave the world admirable commentaries on the epistles to the Galatians (1860), *Philippians* (1868), *Colossians* and *Philemon* (1875). His work on the Apostolic Fathers embraces only *Clement of Rome* (1869-77, new ed 1890) and *Ignatius and Polycarp* (1885, 2nd ed 1889). Other works were *On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament* (1871), an edition of Mansel's *Gnostic Heresies* (1875), *Leaders in the Northern Church* (1890), *The Apostolic Age* (1892), *Biblical Essays* (1893), and several volumes of sermons, besides contributions to magazines, biblical dictionaries, and, originally in the *Contemporary Review*, his crushing answer to *Supernatural Religion* (reprinted 1889). There is a short Life of him by Westcott (1894).

**Henry Parry Liddon** (1829-90), born at North Stoneham, Hampshire, the son of a naval captain, went up from King's College School, London, to Christ Church, Oxford. Ordained in 1852 as senior student of Christ Church, from 1854 to 1859 he was vice-principal of Cuddesdon Theological College, and in 1864 became a prebendary of Salisbury, in 1870 a canon of St Paul's, and Ireland Professor of Exegesis at Oxford (till 1882). In 1866 he delivered his Bampton Lectures on the *Divinity of Our Lord* (1867, 13th ed 1889), and was soon recognised as the ablest and most eloquent exponent of modern High Church principles. He helped to make St Paul's once more the centre of the religious life of London, and by his sermons there took rank amongst the greatest of English preachers. In matters academic he was, like his master Pusey, eminently conservative. He did not hesitate to take a strong side in public controversies bearing on faith and morals. Thus he strongly opposed the Church Discipline Act of 1874, and as warmly supported Mr Gladstone's crusade against the Bulgarian atrocities in 1876. He wrote many controversial articles, and published a dozen collections of sermons or addresses. His unfinished Life of Pusey had to be taken over by others (see page 337).

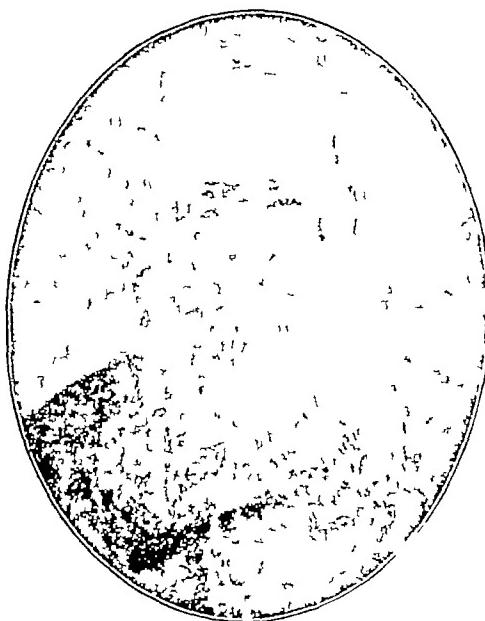
**Edward Augustus Freeman** (1823-92) was the most voluminous writer on history and kindred subjects of his generation. His career was uneventful, and may be easily sketched. He was left an orphan in early childhood, and was never sent to a public school, but he was a precocious student and a voracious reader as a boy. After being at two small schools, he went to a private tutor, and in 1841 was elected to a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. In 1845 he gained a second class in the final classical school, and was soon afterwards made a Fellow of Trinity. He had a sufficient income to free him from the necessity of earning a livelihood. In 1847 he married Miss Eleanor Gutch, the daughter of his former tutor, and settled down to the life of a

student and a country gentleman. After two or three changes of residence, he made his home at Somerleaze, near Wells, in Somersetshire, and it was there that the greatest part of his work was done. He had no lack of occupation, as he was a zealous magistrate, a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Review* and other journals, and a keen politician. At one time he was ambitious to enter Parliament, but he only once went to the poll, and was then unsuccessful. A professorship at Oxford was also an attraction to him, but twice he failed in his candidature for such a post. At last, in 1884, when his friend William Stubbs left Oxford to be Bishop of Chester, Freeman was appointed to

rest, were the *History of Federal Government*, which stopped short at the first volume in 1863, *The History of the Norman Conquest*, his most ambitious and best-known work, which appeared in successive volumes from 1867 to 1879 (6 vols., with index), *The Historical Geography of Europe* (1881-82), the *Reign of William Rufus* (1882), and *History of Sicily* (1891-92), which was left unfinished at his death.

In estimating Freeman's merits as a historian and a writer, it must never be forgotten that he was a journalist and a politician, and in both capacities a very combative partisan. His style was very largely formed by the strenuous endeavour to impress his views upon contemporaries, and it was a style that was better suited for a dogmatic lecture or a magazine article than for historical narrative. He required a habit of drumming his contention into the minds of his readers or hearers by repeating it in different words. This iteration was not unimpressive in a harangue or in a short article, but it became wearisome in a long and substantial work. The consequent prolixity was increased in Freeman's case by his inability to sift and select his facts. Everything which he had carefully investigated seemed to him of immense importance, and if he could not find a place for it in his text, he must put it into a lengthy appendix. It is difficult to believe that the *Norman Conquest* will be read in times to come by any but professed students. And the habit of controversy affected the historical value of Freeman's work. His convictions on historical questions, as on other subjects, were very clearly formed and almost passionately asserted. When once he had formed such a conviction, he was extremely loth to change it, even in the face of convincing evidence, and though he would have repudiated the charge of conscious unfairness, he was unquestionably inclined to read his convictions into his authorities, and to draw from them every thing that would support his own view. One of his favourite dicta was that 'history is past politics, and politics are present history!'. This led him to endeavour to look at the past from the political point of view, to try and place himself in the position of a politician in ancient times. For such a purpose a keener and more sympathetic imagination was needed than Freeman possessed. Some of his most ambitious work is vitiated because he was too much of a nineteenth century politician to grasp the subtler differences between the conceptions of the eleventh century and those of his own day.

Freeman's first book, a *History of Architecture*, was published in 1849, four years after he had taken his degree. It would take a good deal of space to enumerate all his works from that date till his death. He was always writing, and he published almost everything that he wrote. Many of his articles in magazines were afterwards collected into volumes, and some of them are among the best things he did. But the chief works, on which his reputation as a historian must ultimately



EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN  
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

succeed him as Regius Professor of Modern History. For the next eight years he lived part of the year in Oxford and part at Somerleaze. He had always been an eager traveller, full of insight into local and architectural history in many countries. When his health became enfeebled in his later years, he spent some time in Sicily, an island that always had a peculiar interest to him on account of the continuity of its history through long and varying periods. He was on a tour in Spain with his wife and two daughters when he died on 16th May 1892.

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Although it may be doubted whether Freeman's larger books will prove to be of permanent literary importance, there can be no doubt that he did work of immense value in his generation. Many of the lessons which he set himself to teach he taught so thoroughly that they have become almost commonplaces to later students, and curiously enough the most prolix of historical writers

could be, when he chose, a master of the art of compression. Few men could write a short book better than Freeman could when he was bound by precise limits of space. His 'William I' in the series of *Tudor English Statesmen* gives an admirable summary of the main conclusions arrived at in the six volumes of the *Norman Conquest*, and his *General Sketch of European History*, in a series of school manuals which he himself edited for Messrs Macmillan, is a model of concise and clear narration. A youthful student of history can find few better introductions to the subject than the collected volumes of Freeman's Essays. Few men have had a wider knowledge of the general course of human history, and few have been such consummate masters of opposite and illuminating comparison. Freeman was at his best as a traveller. On a historic site his vast stores of knowledge enabled him to form and present with astonishing readiness a striking picture of all the important events which it suggested to his memory.

If circumstances had been more favourable, Freeman would have been a really great professor of history. It was a misfortune to him, and perhaps to his subject, that he failed to obtain election to the Chichele Professorship of Modern History in 1862. He had a real enthusiasm for teaching, and an Oxford chair would have given him an admirable opportunity for developing his powers in that direction. But in 1884 the appointment came too late. He was older than the great scholar whose place he took, he had done the bulk of his work, and most of the lessons which he wished to teach he had already formulated in the ways which were open to him. Oxford had altered very much since his own days of residence, and he had taken little direct part in the change. A school of modern history had grown up and reached a fairly advanced stage of development. Freeman was at once too big and too obstinate to fit himself into a ready made groove. His brusque and combative manner, which concealed real kindness of heart, helped to create rather than to remove misunderstandings. Freeman was never quite happy or comfortable in Oxford, and though he had warm and attached disciples, it cannot be held that he exercised the influence on the studies and life of the University which he would have done if he had entered upon his office twenty years earlier. And he was easily conscious that some of his main contentions, especially his insistence upon the predominance of German origins in the building up of modern Europe, were beginning to be questioned, and by some inquirers to be rejected. For a man who had been rather a ruthless critic of others, Freeman was singularly sensitive to attack. It was rather pathetic than inspiring to see a student of his eminence standing before an inadequate academic audience, not to tell them new truths, but to assert that he still adhered to assertions

that he had made almost a generation ago, that he had nothing to unlearn and little to learn.

#### The Death of Harold.

While Harold still lived, while the horse and his rider still fell beneath his axe, the heart of England failed not, the hope of England had not wholly passed away. Around the twofold ensign the war was still fiercely raging, and to that point every eye and every arm in the Norman host was directed. The battle had raged ever since nine in the morning, and evening was now drawing in. New efforts, new devices, were needed to overcome the resistance of the English—diminished as were their numbers, and wearied as they were with the livelong toil of that awful day. The Duke bade his archers shoot up in the air, that their arrows might, as it were, fall straight from heaven. The effect was immediate and fearful. No other device of the wily Duke that day did such frightful execution. Helmets were pierced, eyes were put out; men strove to guard their heads with their shields, and, in so doing, they were of course less able to wield their axes. And now the supreme moment drew near. There was one point of the hill at which the Norman bowmen were bidden specially to aim with their truest skill. As twilight was coming on, a mighty shower of arrows was launched on its deadly errand against the defenders of the standard. There Harold still fought, his shield blunted with Norman shafts, but he was still unwounded and unwearyed. At last another arrow, more charged with destiny than its fellows, went more truly to its mark. Falling like a bolt from heaven, it pierced the King's right eye, he clutched convulsively at the weapon, he broke off the shaft, his axe dropped from his hand, and he sank in agony at the foot of the standard. Meanwhile twenty knights who had bound themselves to lower or to bear off the English ensigns strove to cut their way to the same spot. Most of the twenty paid for their venture with their lives, but the survivors succeeded in their attempt. Four of them reached the standard at the very moment Harold fell. Disabled as he was, the King strove to rise, the four rushed upon him and despatched him with various wounds.

One pierced through the shield of the dying king and stabbed him in the breast, another smote him with the sword just below the fastenings of his helmet. But life was still in him as he still struggled, a third pierced his body through with his lance, and a fourth finished the work by striking off his leg with his sword. Such was the manner which the boasted chivalry of Normandy meted out to a prince who had never dealt harshly or cruelly by either a domestic or a foreign foe. But we must add, in justice to the Conqueror, that he pronounced the last brutal insult to be a base and cowardly act, and he expelled the doer of it from his army.

#### The Harrying of the North

One thing at least is certain, that the Norman Conquest crushed all hopes of Northumbrian dominion, as dominion, for ever. In this sense the Norman Conquest was in very truth a Saxon Conquest. It ruled that England should be for ever an united kingdom, and it further ruled that the seat of dominion of that united kingdom should be placed in its Southern and not in its Northern part. Yet Northern England may at least boast this much, that in no part of the land did the Conqueror meet with

stouter resistance, that on no part of the land did his avenging hand fall more heavily. We read in the writers of the time of the harrying of the northern shires, of the fields laid waste, of the towns left without inhabitants, of the churches crowded by the sick and hungry as the one place of shelter. We read in the formal language of documents how men bowed themselves for need in the evil day, and sold themselves into bondage for a morsel of bread. We read how the weary and homeless met with such shelter, such alms, as one monastery and one town could give at the hands of good Abbot Athelwig of Evesham. And, perhaps more striking than all, we read in the calm pages of Domesday the entries of 'waste,' 'waste,' down whole pages, the records which show how lands which had supplied the bills of two or three English thegns could now yield hardly a penny of income to their foreign masters. To most of us all this is mere book learning, it was mere book learning to me a few months back. But tales like these put on a new and fearful truth, they are clothed with a life which is terrible, indeed, to one who has seen the life with his own eyes. The harrying of Northumber land has ceased to be a mere name to one who has seen something of the harrying of Herzegovina. The church yard of Evesham, crowded with the refugees who had fled from their wasted houses, becomes a reality in the eyes of one who has looked on the same sad sight in the *lazzaretto* of Ragusa.

#### Ancient Greece and Mediæval Italy

As the Greek nation was the first which developed for itself anything worthy of the name of civilisation, Greece and the Greek colonies naturally formed the whole extent of their own civilised world. Other nations were simply outside Barbarians. In the best days of Greece the interference of a foreign power in her internal quarrels would have seemed as if the sovereign of Morocco or China should claim the presidency of a modern European congress. In later times, indeed, Sparta and Thebes and Athens, each in turn, found it convenient to contract political alliances with the great king at Ekbatana, or with their more dangerous neighbour at Pella. But the Mede always remained a purely external enemy or a purely external paymaster, the Macedonian had himself to become a Greek before his turn came to be the dominant power of Greece. But in mediæval Italy the case was widely different. She affected, indeed, to apply the name Barbarian to all nations beyond the mountain barrier. Nor did the assumption want some show of justification in her palpable pre-eminence in wealth, in refinement, in literature, in many branches of art, above all in political knowledge and progress. But, notwithstanding this, it was impossible to place mediæval Italy so far above contemporary France or Spain or Germany as ancient Greece stood above the rest of her contemporaneous world. All the states of Western Christendom were fragments of a single Empire, whose laws and language and general civilisation had left traces among them all. A common religion, too, united them against the paganism of Cordova or Bagdad, too often against the schismatic who filled the throne of Constantine. Italy for ages saw the lawful successor of her kings and Caesars in a Barbarian of the race most alien to her feelings and language. Most of her highest nobility drew their origin from the same stock. No wonder, then, if nations less alien to her tongue and manners played a part in her

internal politics which differed widely from any interference of Barbarians in the affairs of Greece. Italian parties ranged themselves under the German watchwords of Guelph and Ghibelin, and fought under the standards of Angevin, Provençal, and Aragonese invaders. Florence looked to France—Italy to Italy—as her natural ally and her chosen protector. Sicily sought for her deliverer from French oppression in the rival power of a Spanish king. French and Spanish princes had been so often welcomed into Italy, they had so often filled Italian thrones and guided Italian politics, that men perhaps hardly understood the change or foresaw the consequences when for the first time a king of France entered Italy in arms as the claimant of an Italian kingdom. Gradually, but only gradually, the strife which had once been a mere disputed succession between an Angevin and an Aragonese pretender grew into a strife between the mightiest potentates of the West for the mastery of Italy and of Europe.

See Dean W. R. W. Stephens's *Life and Letters of E. A. Freeman* (2 vols. 1895).

RICHARD LODGE.

**William Stubbs** (1825–1901) was born at Knaresborough in Yorkshire. From a private school at Knaresborough he went on to Ripon Grammar School, and in 1844 matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1848 he took his degree with first-class honours in classics and a third-class in mathematics, and in the same year he was elected a Fellow of Trinity College. Two years later he resigned his fellowship on acceptance of the college living of Navestock in Essex. It was while he held this living that he made his reputation as a strenuous and accurate student of the ecclesiastical and mediæval history of England. This he owed partly to the publication of the *Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum* in 1858, but mainly to the editorship of several chronicles in the Rolls Series. No volumes in this invaluable collection were edited with such consummate scholarship, with such critical insight and convincing knowledge, as those which were entrusted to his care. And the prefaces which he prefixed to these chronicles, especially those to the *Chronicles of Richard I* and to the second volume of *Benedict of Peterborough*, proved that he was not only a master of the methods of research, but also a really great historian, capable at once of interpreting such remarkable characters as those of Henry II and his sons, and also of explaining the obscure workings of early institutions. His knowledge of detail was enormous, and no appeal for information on the knottiest points of constitutional or genealogical history failed to elicit an answer from his stores of information. With another student of similar tastes, E. A. Freeman, his intercourse was at all times intimate and friendly. But there were many marked and obvious contrasts between the two men. Freeman was always writing to the press, reviewing books, attacking Froude, denouncing hunting and vivisection, expressing his opinion on Disestablishment, on tithes, on Ireland, on the Eastern question, and

generally siding with the Radical party in politics. Stubbs, on the other hand, was a retiring student, happy with his books and his family, and almost a recluse. Although a strong Conservative, he made no attempt to emphasise or assert his political opinions, and he often boasted in later years that he had never reviewed a book in his life.

Perhaps on account of this greater reticence, which preserved him from the enmities which Freeman's outspokenness too often provoked, Stubbs was the more fortunate in gaining recognition for his work. In 1862 he was appointed librarian at Lambeth, a post in which he was succeeded by another historian, J. R. Green, and in 1866 he became Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. The eighteen years which he spent in Oxford were certainly the most fruitful and possibly the happiest period of his life. His chief publications were the *Select Charters* (1870), a collection of documents and extracts from chronicles to illustrate the constitutional development of England to the end of Edward I's reign, and the *Constitutional History of England*, of which the first volume appeared in 1874, and the third and last in 1878. This latter book was at once accepted both in this country and on the Continent as the magisterial and, for the time, the definitive work on the subject. No doubt supplementary information may be and has been obtained, and upon points of detail Stubbs's conclusions may be open to modification, but the book is so cautious and based upon such exhaustive study that it is difficult to believe it can ever be quite superseded. No fewer than thirteen volumes in the Rolls Series were edited by Stubbs during these years. On the other side of his professorial work, as a lecturer, Stubbs was less obviously successful. He read his lectures from manuscript, and he did not attract a large class. Every year he was bound to deliver two public lectures, a duty at which he always grumbled. To these lectures more hearers came than to his consecutive courses, but he never drew such a crowd as came to listen to his predecessor, Goldwin Smith, or to his two successors, Freeman and Froude. Yet he was a really great and stimulating teacher. To him, more than any other man, was due the foundation and organisation of the flourishing school of modern history in Oxford. The secure basis upon which that school has been built was the strenuous study of the consecutive history of the English constitution, which Stubbs inculcated and for which he in large measure supplied the materials. The most influential and formative book in the studies of the school from that day to this has been Stubbs's *Select Charters*.

In 1879 Stubbs was appointed to a canonry at St Paul's, which he held along with his professorship in Oxford. He was now in a most enviable position, as his income was adequate to his needs, he had easy access to books both in Oxford and London, and in both places he was highly appre-

ciated. But in 1884 he was offered and accepted the bishopric of Chester, and five years later he was translated to the see of Oxford. As a bishop he was energetic and liked by his clergy, while his learning added to the prestige of the Episcopal bench. But it may be held that his ecclesiastical duties might have been as efficiently performed by a man who had less obvious powers in another direction. As a bishop Stubbs was almost lost to history and to literature. At Chester he edited two volumes of William of Malmesbury, and while he lived at Cuddesdon he resumed some of his former connection with the university, and sat once more on boards and committees. But his only independent publication in the last sixteen years of his life was a collection of the public lectures which he had delivered with so much open repining during his tenure of the Oxford chair. Some of them are of remarkable merit, and one or two show glimpses of that genial humour which was familiar to Stubbs's personal friends, but which is not conspicuous in his published works and by many readers is probably unsuspected. He was fond of making epigrams, and one of them is worth quoting here:

Froude informs the Scottish youth  
That Parsons do not care for truth  
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries  
That History is a pack of lies

What cause for judgments so malign?  
A brief reflexion solves the mystery  
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,  
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history!

Perhaps constitutional history does not lend itself either to humour or to eloquence. At any rate, Stubbs was more eminent as a historian than as a man of letters. For evidence of his ability to write with vigour and point the reader must go either to his little book on the Early Plantagenets, his only contribution to the innumerable manuals which have been produced in such profusion by later historians, or preferably to the Prefaces in the Rolls Series. Since Stubbs's death these Prefaces have been collected and republished in a separate volume, and they will probably prove more attractive to the general reader than the *Constitutional History*, which is too solid and substantial for the ordinary appetite.

#### Henry II and his Sons

Henry's division of his dominions among his sons was a measure which, as his own age did not understand it, later ones may be excused for mistaking, but the object of it was, as may be inferred from his own recorded words, to strengthen and equalise the pressure of the ruling hand in the different provinces of various laws and nationalities. The sons were to be the substitutes, not the successors of their father, the eldest as the accepted or elected sharer of the royal name, as feudal superior to his brothers, and first in the royal councils, stood in the same relation to his father as the king of the Romans to the emperor, he might rule with a full delegated power, or perhaps with inchoate independence, but the father's hand was to guide the helm of State.

Unhappily the young brood of the eagle of the broken covenant were the worst possible instruments for the working of a large and complex policy—the last creatures in the world to be made useful in carrying on a form of government which the experience of all ages has tried and found wanting.

Yet how grand a scheme of western confederation might be deduced from the consideration of the position of Henry's children, how great a dream of conquest may after all have been broken by the machinations of Lewis and Eleanor! What might not a crusade have effected headed by Henry II., with his valiant sons, the first warriors of the age, with his sons in law, William the Lion, William of Sicily, and Alfonso of Castile, with Philip of France, the brother in law of his sons, Frederick Barbarossa, his distant kinsman and close ally, the princes of Champagne and Llanders, his cousins? In it the grand majestic chivalry of the emperor, the wealth of Sicily, the hardy valour and practical skill of Spain, the hereditary crusading ardour of the land of Godfrey of Bouillon and Stephen of Blois, the statesman-like vigour and simple piety of the great Saxon hero, under the guidance of the craft and sagacity, the mingled unimpetuosity and caution, of Henry II., might have presented Europe to Asia in a guise which she has never yet assumed. Yet all the splendour of the family confederation, all the close woven, widespread web that fortune and sagacity had joined to weave, end in the cruel desertion, the basiled rage, the futile curses of the charmed leopard in the last scene at Chinon. The lawless sons, the offspring, the victims and the avengers of a heartless policy, the loveless children of a loveless mother have left the last duties of an affection they did not feel to the hands of a bastard—the child of an early, obscure, misplaced, degrading, but not a mercenary love.

(From the Preface to *Benedictus Abbas*)

#### Impartiality in a Historian

For my own part, I do not see why an honest partisan should not write an honest book if he can persuade himself to look honestly at his subject, and make allowance for his own prejudices. I know it is somewhat critical work, and a man who knows himself in one way may be quite ignorant of himself in another. I take Hallam as an illustrious example. Hallam likes himself to be a political partisan, and, wherever he knew that political prejudice might darken his counsels, he guarded most carefully against it. He did not claim the judicial character without fitting himself for it, and where he knew himself to be sitting as judge he judged admirably, so admirably that the advanced advocates even of his own views have long ago thrown him over as too timid and temporising for their purpose. Yet where he was not awake to his own prejudice, in matters, for instance, regarding religion and the Church, in which he seems to have had no doubt about his own infallibility of negation, how ludicrously and transparently unfair he is!

I do not see any necessity for this. I do not see why a man should not say once for all I like Charles I better than Oliver Cromwell, I like the cause for which Charles believed himself to be contending better than that for which Cromwell strove. Charles is attractive to me, Oliver is repulsive, Charles is my friend, Oliver is my foe but am I bound to maintain that my friend is always right and my enemy always wrong, am I bound to hold Charles for a saint, Oliver for a monster,

am I bound never to mention Charles without a sigh or Oliver without a sneer, am I bound to conceal the faults of the one and to believe every calumny against the other? If you like, put it the other way, believe in the great Protestant statesman, treat Charles as the overrated fine gentleman, the narrow minded advocate of a theory which he did not understand, the big headed mountaineer of a cause you dislike. You may be a partisan, but can you not believe that, if you believe your own side of the question, truth will be found on your side? Misrepresentation, exaggeration, dishonesty of advocacy, will only displease the presentation which you desire to make of your own convictions and your own purposes. Nay, I would go further, and as I should like Charles better than Oliver even if his cause were less my own than I conceive it to be. I am ready to stick to my friends and vote against my unfriends, but why should I shut my eyes to the false and foolish things that my friend is doing, or to the noble aspirations, honesty, and good intentions of those whom I think wrong in their means and mistaken in their ends? Yet, as I beg in by saying, without some infusion of spite it seems as if history could not be written, that no man's zeal is bound to write unless it is moved by the desire to write down. Of course I seem to be straining, extreme etc., but it is extreme cases that make their own advertisements, and that do the greatest mischief. Here the study of ancient history has its great advantage over modern, yet battles are still sought over the character of Marius and the 'lues rebus tanti' has given a new reading to the history of Marius and Sylla.

(From *Lectures on Modern History*.)

KIC HAKID I ONGLE.

**Walter Bagehot** (1826-77) was born at Langport, Somerset, and from school at Bristol he passed in 1842 to University College, London, where he took his M.A. in 1848, in 1852 he was called to the Bar, but joined his father as a banker and shipowner at Liverpool. From Paris in 1851 he had written a series of letters justifying Napoleon's *coup d'état*. Soon after he became a writer for the periodicals, and was associated with R.H. Hutton on the *National Review*. In 1858 he married a daughter of Mr Wilson, founder of the *Economist* newspaper, and from 1860 till his death he was its editor. His works include *The English Constitution* (1867), a book of great value, translated into several foreign tongues, *Physics and Politics* (1872), applying to politics the evolution theory, *Jambar Street* (1873), a standard work on the money market, and three volumes of literary, biographical, and economic studies, with Memoir by R.H. Hutton (1879-81, new ed. 1895). Bagehot was an unconventional, original, and suggestive thinker, a trenchant but sagacious critic, and a vigorous and even brilliant writer. He was readier than most contemporaries to give due weight to the historical and evolutionary aspects of things, he recognised the limitations of the Ricardian economics, and treated political economy as a science not of rigorous laws, but of tendencies. There are essays on him in Mr Birrell's *Miscellanies* (1902) and in Sir Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer* (2nd series, 1902).

**Samuel Rawson Gardiner** (1829-1902), one of the great historical specialists of his time, gave in his career a supreme example of a life devoted to the realisation of a great idea. Born at Fopley in Hants, he was educated at Winchester School and at Christ Church, Oxford. Quitting Oxford in 1855, he married Isabella, youngest daughter of Edward Irving, the founder of the Apostolic Church, of which communion he became a member, and held high place in its hierarchy. In 1874 he was appointed Professor of History in King's College, London—a post which he held for fourteen years, and throughout the same period he acted as lecturer for the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching. In 1882 he received a pension of £150 from the Government of Mr Gladstone, and in 1884 All Souls College, Oxford, elected him to a Research Fellowship. On the death of Mr Froude in 1894 he was offered the Regius Professorship of History at Oxford, but, now in his sixty-fifth year, he declined the honour that he might devote himself to the great work of his life. He had honorary degrees from Oxford, Edinburgh, and Göttingen.

From the date of his leaving Oxford (1855) Gardiner addressed himself to the task which he unremittingly pursued to the close of his life—the history of England from the accession of James I to the Restoration. In 1865 the first instalment of the work appeared in two volumes, and their successors followed at regular intervals till, in the last year of his life, he was disabled by ill health. A fragment of the third volume of his *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate* (1654-66) was posthumously published in 1903. The great work, thus so nearly brought to completion, is a monument of patient, exact, and disinterested labour, but it was likewise a labour of love which from first to last engrossed the whole heart and soul of its author. It was by natural affinity that Gardiner selected the special period of English history of which he has produced such a minute and exhaustive record. Of deep, though unobtrusive, religious feeling, he was naturally attracted to a period when religion played so large a part in the national development. His sympathies were with the Parliament rather than with the Crown in the great controversy that cleaved the English nation in twain, but he was of too fair a mind and too genial a temper to do injustice to any mode of thought or feeling, however alien to his own. His estimates of the Royalists, Strafford and Montrose, are as generous as his estimates of the Parliamentarians Pym and Hampden. Of Cromwell, the dominating figure in his work, he has presented a portrait which in many of its traits differs from that of Carlyle, yet (due deduction made for the Carlylean emphasis) the lineaments presented in both portraits are essentially the same. For Gardiner, Cromwell was the 'most representative Englishman that ever lived'—typical of his countrymen by his innate conservatism and

his statesmanship never determined by abstract theories, but by the immediate perception of actual fact.

The greatness of Gardiner's work does not proceed from his power as a thinker or from his skill as a literary artist, it was by his passion for truth and accuracy, his candour and breadth of sympathy, his unwearied industry, that he achieved a work which must ever hold its place among the chief historical productions in English literature. In the sense in which the expression is now employed, Gardiner was not, and did not desire to be, a 'scientific historian'. He did not conceive it to be the duty of the historian to efface



SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

himself in the presentation of his materials, nor to eschew all expression of his own opinion on the events and actions he has to narrate. Everywhere he frankly pronounces his judgments, whether of condemnation or approval, and in so doing he held that he was discharging not the least important function of the historian. In his conception, if history was not directly didactic, the writing of it is a vain labour, and the true scientific historian is he who most conscientiously seeks to ascertain and present the lessons which the past has to offer.

Other works of Mr Gardiner besides his principal History are *The Thirty Years' War* and *The First Two Stuarts ('Epochs of Modern History')*; *Student's History of England*, *An Introduction to English History* (in conjunction with Dr Bass Mullinger), and *Cromwell's Place in History* (being the first series of Ford Lectures delivered in 1896).

P. HUME BROWN

**James Gairdner** was born at Edinburgh in 1828, and at eighteen entered the Public Record Office in London, where he became assistant-keeper in 1859. He has shown a rare combination of erudition, accuracy, and judicial temper in editing a long series of historical documents, notably the letters and papers of Richard III and Henry VII, and the continuation of Professor Brewer's calendar of Henry VIII. The same qualities are seen in his own works, which include *The Houses of Lancaster and York* (1874), *Life of Richard III* (1878), *Studies in English History* (1881), written in conjunction with Spedding), *Henry III* (1889), and a *History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century* (1902). He edited the 'Paston Letters' in 1874, and re-edited them in 1901.

**Richard Holt Hutton** (1826-97), son and grandson of Unitarian ministers, was born at Leeds, and studied at University College, London, at Heidelberg and Berlin, and under James Martineau at the Manchester New College. He was for some time a Unitarian preacher, became principal of a Nonconformist university hall, and edited a Unitarian periodical, but under the influence of F. W. Robertson and F. D. Maurice he was drawn farther and farther from doctrinaire Unitarianism, and ultimately joined the Church of England. He wrote for the *Prospective Review*, assisted in editing the *Economist*, and, with his friend Bagshot, the new quarterly *Action and Review*, besides teaching mathematics in Bedford College from 1856 till 1865. In 1861 he and Mr Townsend became associated as proprietors and joint editors of the *Spectator* (founded in 1828), to which he gave the impress of his accomplished, resolute, devout mind. His department was literature, as his colleague's was politics, but both agreed in siding with the North against the South in the American Civil War, and thus for a time injured the success of their paper. Later, both editors greatly strengthened opposition to Irish Home Rule. Hutton became more and more a champion of Christianity in every form against naturalism, and he came to sympathise more and more fully with the neo-Catholic movement, and to revere Cardinal Newman. It was inevitable that he should have constant regard to ethical and religious interests in his judgments of men and movements, whether literary, social, or political, and he was perhaps stronger in sympathetic exposition than in pure criticism. He edited Bagshot's works and wrote a Memoir. His *Studies in Parliament* (1866), *Essays, Theological and Literary* (1871, 3rd ed. 1888), *Modern Guides of English Thought* (1887), and *Contemporary Thought and Thinkers* (1894) were partially recast and republished from the periodicals, his monograph on Scott ('Men of Letters,' 1878) was his least effective publication. See a 'memorial volume' by Mr Hogben (1899) and a study by Dr Robertson Nicoll (1903).

**Mortimer Collins** (1827-76), son of a Plymouth solicitor, was for years a mathematical master in Guernsey, but in 1856 he settled in Berkshire, and kept up an incessant activity in articles, novels, and playful verses. Of his novels the chief are *Sweet Anne Pace* (1868), *Marquis and Merchant* (1871), *Iwo Plunges for a Pearl* (1872), *Mr Cartington*, by Robert Turner Cotton (1873), *Stars-migration* (1874), *From Midway to Midnift* (1875), and *A Fight with Fortune* (1876). See the Life (1877) by his second wife.

**John Leitch, I.I.D.** (1829-94), born at Peebles, studied at Edinburgh, and became Professor of Logic and Rhetoric at St Andrews in 1860, at Glasgow in 1864. His works include a *Newer of Sir W. Hamilton* (1869), *Poems and other Poems* (1875), *History and Poetry of the Scottish Border* (1877, new ed. 1893), *Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry* (1887), *Milton and other Poems* (1891), *Dualism and Morism* (1895), and *Border Essays* (1896). See his Life by Muriel Bryce (1896).

**James Hannay** (1827-73), born at Dumfries, and dismissed from the navy for insubordination, edited the *Edinburgh Courant* 1850-64, and from 1868 till his death was British consul at Barcelona. Of his novels the best are *Sugden Fortunes* (1859) and *Instinct Censors* (1855). His Lectures on Satire and Saturists (1854) deal with satirists of all ages—Horace and Juvenal, Erasmus and Buchanan, Butler and Swift, Moore and Byron—and are not less remarkable for his appreciative insight than for his own satiric power. *Essays from the Quarterly* (1861) show wide knowledge and fine literary sense, and, like all his works are lighted up with an extraordinary wealth of epigram, simile, and suggestive illusion, classical and other. Other works were *Tales of a Donnan* [the Gurney] House (1866) and *Studies of Thackeray* (1869). The essay prefixed by him to an edition of Poe's poems was an admirable piece of work. There is an appreciation of his work in the *Bookman* for 1893.

**Henry Morley** (1822-94), the son of a London apothecary, was educated at the Moravian school of Neuweid-on-the-Rhine and King's College, London. After practising medicine at Middlesex 1844-48, and keeping school at Winchester and Liverpool, he settled down in London in 1850 to literary work. His first publication was a volume of verse called *Sunrise in Italy* (1848), his next ventures were in the magazines—*Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and the *Examiner*, a series of articles on public health being published also as a book. He was successively sub editor and editor of the *Examiner* (1859-64), and, English lecturer at King's College for eight years, was for nearly quarter of a century (1865-89) Professor of English Literature there. Meanwhile he published *Lives of Pilissy* (1852), *Cardin* (1854), *Cornelius Agrippa* (1856), and *Clement Marot* (1870), *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair* (1857), and two

volumes of fairy tales (1859-60). To another category belong the works by which he is best known — his *English Writers* (carried down in 10 vols to Shakespeare, 1864-94), *A First Sketch of English Literature* (1873, which before his death reached its 34th thousand), his *Library of English Literature* (5 vols 1876-82), his *English Literature in the Reign of Victoria* (1881), besides four admirable series edited by him — Morley's *Universal Library* (63 vols at 1 shilling, 1883-88), Cressell's *National Library* (214 vols at threepence, 1886-90), the *Carisbrooke Library* (14 vols 1888-91), and Morley's *Companion Poets* (9 vols 1891-92). His *Early Papers and Some Memories* (1891) were largely autobiographical.

**David Masson**, the biographer of Milton, was born at Aberdeen in 1822, and educated at Marischal College there and at the University of Edinburgh, where he studied theology under Dr Chalmers. While still but a boy in years he was editing an Aberdeen weekly paper, for a time he was on the literary staff of the publishers of the present work, and to their 'Educational Course' he largely contributed, but by 1847 he had settled in London, and was busy writing for reviews, magazines, and encyclopedias. In 1852 he succeeded to the chair of English Literature in University College, vacated by A. H. Clough; in 1865 he was appointed to the corresponding chair in Edinburgh University, and this post he held till he retired from active work in 1895. From 1859 till 1868 he edited *Macmillan's Magazine*, his first published work, *Essays, Biographical and Critical*, saw the light in 1856, and was reprinted with other essays in 1874-76 in three volumes named from 'Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats,' 'The Three Devils — Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's,' and 'Chatterton' respectively. But his greatest life-work is the magisterial *Life of John Milton*, which justly claimed to be 'narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time,' admittedly the most complete biography extant of any Englishman, it has well been called 'a noble and final monument to the poet's memory.' The six volumes which it comprises appeared between the years 1859 and 1880, and, resting as they do on wide and laborious researches, present a marvellous compendium of material invaluable for the study not merely of Milton's life, but for all contemporary history — political, social, literary, theological. A three-volume edition of Milton's poems (1874, new ed. 1890) was followed by two smaller editions. Amongst Professor Masson's other works are books on the British novelists (1859), on recent British philosophy (1865), an exhaustive study of Drummond of Hawthornden (1873), a volume of *Edinburgh Sketches and Memories* (1892), and the admirable little book on De Quincey in the 'Men of Letters' series *Carlyle Personally and in his Writings* (1885) bore testimony to a still more memorable friendship. Masson

edited the standard edition of De Quincey's works (1889-90), and as editor of the register of the Privy Council of Scotland from 1879 till 1898 he put much admirable historical work into the exhaustive but luminous introductions to the annual volumes published under his charge. He delivered the Rhind Lectures in 1885, and was appointed royal historiographer of Scotland in 1893. In London he had been the zealous secretary of the Friends of Italy, in Edinburgh he took an active part in promoting the higher education of women, and a succession of eminent writers revered him as a spiritual father. A vigorous and original thinker, a learned, sagacious, and open-minded historian, he has accepted the high responsibility and maintained the dignity of the true man of letters, and has from the first been recognised as an author of weight, as a critic of exceptional breadth and sanity.

#### Strafford's Doom.

The plot having been discovered, and those concerned in it having fled, the consequent indignation of the two Houses, backed by a perfect tumult in London, and cries of 'Justice, Justice,' from excited mobs in the streets was fatal to Strafford. Knowing this, and that an attempt to bribe the Lieutenant of the Tower had failed, he himself wrote, on the 4th of May, to the King, expressing resignation to his fate, and only recommending his four young children to his Majesty's protection. On the 8th the Bill of Attainder passed the Lords in a thin House. All then depended on the King.

It is not for a historian to be very ready with opinions as to what a king, or any other person, might, could, or should have done on this or that occasion. But here there can be no doubt. All the sophistication in the world cannot make a doubt. If ever there may be a moment in a man's life when, with all the clamour of a nation urging to an act, all personal and State reasons persuading to it as expedient, and all the pressure of circumstances compelling to it as inevitable, still even they who would approve of the act in itself must declare that for that man to do it were dastardly, such a moment had come for Charles. To dare all, to see London and England in uproar, to lose throne, life, and everything, rather than assent to the death of his minister, was Charles's plain duty. Strafford had been his ablest minister by far, had laboured for him with heart and head, had made the supremacy of the Crown the cause of his life, not an act he had done, one may say, but was with Charles's consent, or his implied command and approbation, and it was in trust in all this, and in the royal promise that 'not a hair of his head should be touched,' that Strafford, against his own better judgment, had run the risk of coming to London. If the words 'honour' and 'fidelity' have any meaning, there was but one right course for the King. How did he behave? On Sunday the 9th of May he had a consultation with Juxon, Usher, and Williams, as spiritual advisers, and with his Privy Councillors generally, respecting his scruples of conscience. Juxon and Usher gave him the manly advice that, if his conscience did not consent to the act, he ought not to do it. Williams drew some distinction or other between 'public conscience' and 'private conscience.' The sophistry helped Charles. He appointed a commission, consisting of Arundel and other

lords, to give his assent to the Bill the next day. On the 11th, however, he sent the young Prince of Wales to the Lords with a last message in Strafford's behalf. It would be 'an unspeakable contentment,' he said, if the Lords and Commons would agree to change Strafford's punishment into close imprisonment for life, on pain of death without farther process on the least attempt to escape or to communicate with the King. 'If no less than his life can satisfy my people,' the letter ended, 'I must say *Fiat justitia*,' and then there was a postscript, suggesting at least a reprieve till Saturday. Neither request was granted, and on Wednesday the 12th of May that proud curly head, the casket of that brain of power, rolled on the scaffold on Tower Hill.

(From the *Life of Milton*)

**William Young Sellar** (1825-90), born near Golspie in Sutherland, was educated at Edinburgh Academy, Glasgow University, and, as a Snell exhibitioner, at Balliol. He graduated at Oxford with a classical first, in 1850 was elected a Fellow of Oriel, next acted as assistant professor at Durham, Glasgow (1851-53), and St Andrews (1853-59), filled for four years the Greek chair at St Andrews, and was elected in 1863 to the Latin chair at Edinburgh. He made his name widely known by his brilliant *Roman Poets of the Republic* (1863, enlarged 1881), which was followed by *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age*—*Virgil* (1877) and *Horace and the Elegiac Poets* (1892), the latter left unfinished at his death, and edited by his nephew, Mr Andrew Lang, with a brief memoir in which it is said, not amiss, that his first book 'would, in France, have given him probably a claim to membership of the Academy.'

**John Conington** (1825-69), born at Boston, was five years at Rugby, and while at Magdalen College, Oxford, carried off the Herford and Ireland scholarships (1844). In 1846 he migrated to University College, where in 1848 he was elected a Fellow. Determining not to take orders, he tried the study of law, but soon abandoned it, and was Latin professor at Oxford from 1854 until his untimely death at his native place. His greatest work is his edition of *Virgil* (3 vols 1861-68), with its singularly subtle and suggestive essays. It is as a skilful verse translator that he is best known, not so much for his metrical version of Horace's odes as for his rendering of the *Aeneid* (1866), in Scott's ballad metre—perhaps as good in its way as a verse translation by one not born a poet could be. He published also a prose translation of the *Aeneid*. He further completed Worsley's translation of the *Iliad* in the Spenserian stanza, and Englished Horace's *Satires* and *Epistles* admirably in the couplet of Pope. In 1872 appeared his edition of Persius and his *Miscellaneous Writings*, with a short Life of him by Professor H. J. S. Smith.

**Thomas Edward Brown** (1830-97), son of the incumbent of a small living at Douglas in the Isle of Man, was educated on the island till he came (as servitor) to Christ's Church College,

Oxford. He won a double first, was elected a Fellow of Oriel, and after teaching in the Isle of Man and at Gloucester, where Henley was one of his pupils, spent thirty years (1863-92) as a master at Clifton College. The rest of his life he spent in his beloved native island. His poetic temper was finer and richer than his poetic achievement, even his tenderest and most touching verses being somewhat rugged in form. Some of his lyrics are admirable, his notablest works were narrative poems in Manx English. *Betsy Lee* appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1873, and with other poems was included in *Tod'sle Yarns* (1881). Other collections were named from *The Doctor* (1887), *The Manx Witch* (1889), and *Old John* (1893), and all his poems were collected in one volume in 1900. His native humour, his warm love of nature and of the hills and winds and waves of Man, overflow into the two volumes of his letters published in 1900, with an introductory Memoir by Mr S. T. Irwin.

**James Payn** (1830-98) was the son of a clerk to the Thames Commissioners, did not learn much at Eton, but was crammed successfully for Woolwich. Health failing, he resolved to take orders, and while reading with a private tutor in Devonshire sent a contribution to *Household Words*, thus began the friendship with Dickens which influenced him for life. At Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1852, he published two volumes of verse, and finally decided to live by literature. He wrote industriously for the magazines, and in 1859 became editor (first at Edinburgh, from 1861 in London) of *Chambers's Journal*, in which, till he withdrew in 1874, many of his stories and articles appeared. The *Lost Sir Massingberd* ran in the *Journal* in 1864, and attracted a great deal of notice. His best-known novel, *By Proxy*, appeared in 1878, and rested for its popularity more on its whimsical humour, its knowledge of men, its ingenious situations, than on special knowledge of Chinese life. In 1882 to 1896 he was Sir Leslie Stephen's successor as editor of *Cornhill*. Of his other sixty novels the following are some of the most successful: *A Woman's Vengeance*, *Carlyon's Year*, *Not Wooed but Won*, *Thicker than Water*, *The Talk of the Town*, *The Heir of the Ages*, *A Modern Dick Whittington* (1892), *A Trying Patient* (1893), and *In Market Over* (1895). His weekly column of literary and other miscellanea was long a feature of the *Illustrated London News*. *Some Literary Recollections* (1886) and *Gleams of Memory* (1894) are autobiographical, and there is an admirable biographical introduction by Sir Leslie Stephen to *The Backwater of Life*, a volume of essays by Payn published in 1900.

**Sir John Skelton** (1831-97) was born in Edinburgh, called to the Scottish Bar in 1854, and in 1892 became chairman of the Local Government Board for Scotland, of which he had

been secretary from 1868. Amongst his works were a defence of Mary Stuart (1876), sumptuous Lives of her (1893) and Charles I (1898), besides *Maitland of Lethington* (1887, a brilliant and picturesque but strongly biased book), *The Crookit Meg* (1880, a graphic story of life at Peterhead, originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*), and the *Table Talk of Shirley* (1895–96). He wrote also on Dryden and on Bolingbroke, and was closely associated with *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, a friend and correspondent of Mr Froude's, he was made K.C.B. in the year of his death.

**Edmund Yates** (1831–94), born at Edinburgh, the son of the actor-manager Frederick Henry Yates, from 1847 till 1872 had a berth in the Post-Office, being for ten years chief of the missing-letter department. Busily engaged in journalism—mainly as dramatic critic—by 1854, he became widely known as author of an offensively personal article on Thackeray. He produced many dramatic pieces, and published over a score of novels and other works, including *Broken to Harness*, *Running the Gauntlet*, and *Black Sheep*, was editor of *Temple Bar*, *Tinsley's*, and other periodicals, and in 1874 founded, with Grenville Murray, a successful 'society' weekly, *The World*, which, for a libel on Lord Lonsdale, involved him in 1884 in two months' imprisonment. The same year he issued his *Recollections and Experiences*.

**Laurence Oliphant** was born at Capetown in 1829. Both his parents belonged to Scottish families of distinction. His father was Sir Anthony Oliphant, at that time Attorney General at the Cape, afterwards, Chief-Judge of Ceylon. His mother was a daughter of Colonel Campbell of the 72nd Highlanders. An only child, the idol of his parents, he was nurtured in such luxury that, had it not been for their religious disposition and the essential purity of his own character, he could hardly have escaped moral ruin—the common fate of spoiled children. As it was, it took him many years to fully realise that life held any responsibility for him more serious than that of amusing himself in relatively innocent ways. He was a traveller from his childhood—coming from Capetown to England at a very early age, and rejoining his parents in Ceylon when he was twelve years old. Five years later he was about to enter Cambridge University, when his parents decided on a two years' tour through Europe, whereupon he persuaded them that from an educational point of view it would be best for him to accompany them. From that time forward, for twenty years, he was, to use his own description, 'a rolling stone' through Europe, Africa, Asia, and America. Of the many important wars and revolutions of that stirring period there were few that he did not participate in, either actively or as an observer. He conspired with Garibaldi and saw Victor Emmanuel crowned. When war broke out with Russia he hastened to the Crimea. In 1856 he was

assisting a filibustering adventure in Nicaragua, and narrowly escaped hanging. Failing to enter Parliament at the general election of 1857, he joined Lord Elgin's embassy to China, calling on the way at India, where the Mutiny was in progress. In China he accompanied the squadron which captured the Peiho forts, and was one of the party which scaled the walls of Tientsin. In 1861 he was in Yedo as one of the British Legation, and in that famous midnight assault with which the Japanese tried to expel the unwelcome foreigners he was severely wounded. After participating in the Polish insurrection of 1863 and the war in Schleswig-Holstein in 1864, he returned to London, meaning to enter Parliament. Well born, personally attractive, brilliant as a writer, witty and genial, he was already a favourite in the fashionable world, and it seemed as though the highest social and political honours were at his disposal. He entered the House of Commons as member for the Stirling Burghs, and was regarded with reason as amongst the most promising of coming Liberal statesmen.

About this time, however, occurred a turning-point in Oliphant's career. He came under the influence of Mr Thomas Lake Harris, then an obscure preacher of mystical doctrines. The man of pleasure, careless but not vicious, was awakened by this teacher to a consciousness of some of the deeper realities of existence. Up to thirty-eight years of age Oliphant had been possessed by an absorbing passion for knowing whatever could be known. It had been a period of learning, of preparation—a prolonged boyhood. Of the meaning of life he had hardly begun to think. But he had learned much, and qualified himself, as he said, to be 'a citizen of the world by an extended knowledge of it,' and, when he came to settle down, Mayfair and Parliament proved, by comparison, trivial. The long preparation had qualified him for something larger and better than anything they could offer, their prizes, precious to others, did not allure him. When, at the moment of disillusion, Mr Harris opened out to him visions of broader and nobler possibilities in new worlds yet unexplored, he appealed alike to his conscious need and his love of adventure. In 1867 he startled London society by his sudden departure for America, where he joined the community of the Brotherhood of the New Life at Brocton, on the shores of Lake Erie. He had thrown in his lot with Mr Harris, and with characteristic impetuosity and thoroughness had cast away his worldly prospects to work thenceforward, for the remainder of his days, for the regeneration, first of himself, and afterwards, when self-renunciation had qualified him, for the regeneration of mankind. The basis of his philosophy and religion was a belief that there were latent forces in nature which could be utilised in the interests of the human race, but, misused, would prove to be sources of grave peril. The first condition for successful work in this direction was absolute personal purity.

of life. On the mystical doctrines of 'open breathing' and the 'two in one' which entered largely into Oliphant's beliefs it is not necessary to enlarge. He associated himself also with certain phases of spiritualism, disclaiming the authorship of some of his later books on the ground that he was simply the 'writing medium'. From the time he abandoned London society he lived a cheerful and even joyous life in the service of others. By many of his friends his career, thus diverted at the hour of its brightest promise, was counted a failure, but Oliphant himself thought otherwise, and, considering what he gained by the renunciation, he counted the world well lost.

Oliphant's mother, Lady Oliphant, became a member of the Brotherhood of the New Life a year later than himself. In 1872 he was married to Alice le Strange, of Hunstanton, Norfolk, who also joined the community. Lady Oliphant died in 1881, and in the same year Oliphant and his wife severed their connection with Mr Harris. The following year they established a settlement at Haifa in Palestine, where, in 1886, Mrs Oliphant died. In August 1888 Oliphant was married to Rosimond, daughter of Robert Dale Owen, and granddaughter of the famous Robert Owen. Two days later he was seized with a severe illness, and before the close of the year he died.

Oliphant's contributions to literature were numerous, they included books of travel, graphically written, some clever satires on society, and two novels scarcely so successful. His chief works are *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea* (1853), *The Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omer Pasha* (1856), *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan* (1859), *Patriots and Filibusters* (1860), *Piccadilly* (1866), *The Land of Gilead* (1880), *Traits and Travesties* (1882), *Altiora Peto*, a novel (1883), *Sympneumata* (1885), *Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine* (1885), *Masollam*, a novel (1886), *Scientific Religion* (1888). The authorised biography is the *Memoir* (2 vols 1891) by Mrs Oliphant the novelist, who justly acknowledges her inability to understand the mystical philosophy which had so important a bearing on Oliphant's character and career.

#### A Filibustering Expedition.

It was on the 1st day of the year [1857] that the good ship *Texas* cleared out of New Orleans with three hundred emigrants on board. At least we called ourselves emigrants—a misnomer which did not prevent the civic authorities, with the city marshal at their head, trying to stop us, but we had the sympathies of the populace with us, and under theiregis laughed the law to scorn. It would have been quite clear to the most simple minded observer what kind of emigrants we were the day after we got out to sea and the men were put through their squad drill on deck. There were Englishmen who had been private soldiers in the Crimea, Poles who had fought in the last Polish insurrection, Hungarians who had fought under Kossuth, Italians who had struggled through the revolutions of '48, Western 'boys' who had

just had six months' fighting in Kansas, while of the 'balance' the majority had been in one or other of the Lopez expeditions to Cuba. Many could exhibit bullet wounds and sword cuts, and scars from manacles, which they considered no less honourable—notwithstanding all which, the strictest order prevailed. No arms were allowed to be carried. There were always two officers of the day who walked about with swords buckled over their shooting jackets, and sixteen men told off as a guard to maintain discipline. Alas! the good behaviour and fine fighting qualities of these amiable emigrants were destined to be of no avail, for on our arrival at the mouth of the San Juan River we found a British squadron lying at anchor to keep the peace, and the steamer by which we hoped to ascend the river in the hands of our enemies, the Costa Ricans. Just before sunset we observed, to our dismay, a British man of war's boat pulling towards us, and a moment later Captain Cockburn, of H M S *Cossack*, was in the captain's cabin, making most indiscreet inquiries as to the kind of emigrants we were. It did not require long to satisfy him, and as I inadvertently hazarded a remark which betrayed my nationality, I was incontinently ordered into his boat as a British subject, being where a British subject had no right to be. As he further announced that he was about to moor his ship in such a position as would enable him, should fighting occur in the course of the night, to fire into both combatants with entire impartiality, I the less regretted this abrupt parting from my late companions, the more especially is, on asking him who commanded the squadron, I found it was a distant cousin. This announcement on my part was received with some incredulity, and I was taken on board the *Orion*, an 80 gun ship, carrying the flag of Admiral Erskine, to test its veracity, while Captain Cockburn made his report of the *Texas* and her passengers. As soon as the Admiral recovered from his amazement at my appearance, he most kindly made me his guest, and I spent a very agreeable time for some days, watching the 'emigrants' disconsolately pacing the deck, for the Costa Ricans gave them the ship in the night and went up the river, and their opponents found their occupation gone. Poor Walker! he owed all his misfortunes, and finally his own untimely end, to British interference, for on his return to Central America, where he intended to make Honduras the base of his operations, he was captured at Truxillo by Captain (now Sir Nowell) Salmon, and handed over to the Honduras Government, who incontinently hanged him. This was the usual fate which followed failure in this country, and those who fought in it knew they were doing so with a rope round their necks—which doubtless improved their fighting qualities. I did not know, however, until my return to England, that rumour had accredited me with so tragic an end, when, at the first party I went to, my partner, a very charming young person, whom I was very glad to see again after my various adventures, put out two fingers by way of greeting, raised her eyebrows with an air of mild surprise, and said in the most silvery and unmoved voice, 'Oh, how d'ye do? I thought you were hung!' I think it was rather a disappointment to her that I was not. There is a novelty in the sensation of an old and esteemed dancing partner being hanged, and it forms a pleasing topic of conversation with the other ones.

(From *Episodes in a Life of Adventure*)

WALTER LEWIN

**Thomas William Robertson** (1829-71) was born at Newark-on-Trent of a family that had for generations produced actors and actresses, and was himself brought up almost on the boards. In 1848 the Lincoln circuit, with which his father was connected, ceased to pay, the company was broken up, and Tom came to London. There and elsewhere he struggled for a living, acting as prompter and stage manager, writing unsuccessful plays, acting himself, writing for newspapers and magazines (*Fun* amongst them), translating French plays, and so forth, but he never became an actor of mark. His first success as a dramatist—when he was seriously thinking of becoming a tobacconist—was with *David Garrick* in 1864, the title rôle of which was one of Sothern's great things. Spite of its name, this was substantially an adaption from the French, and it was followed by a more original study of English Bohemianism, his comedy *Society*, first produced at Liverpool (1865), and received there and in London with the warmest approval. *Ours* (1866), produced by the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London, thoroughly established Robertson's fame, and from that time his pen was kept incessantly busy. *Caste* (1867), *Play* (1868), *School* (1869), *M P* (1870)—all brought out by the Kendals at the Prince of Wales's, and *Home* (1869) and *Dreams* (1869), the former at the Haymarket, the latter at the Gaiety, were all equally successful. But in the midst of his triumphs the author died. His best comedies—notably *Caste* and *School*—still retain their popularity, which rests on the excellence of their construction and stagecraft, their merry humour, their healthy tone, their happy contrasts, and the sunny spirit that shines through them. His *Principal Dramatic Works* were published with a Memoir by his son in two volumes in 1880, and a more formal biography, his *Life and Writings*, by Pemberton in 1893.

**Henry James Byron** (1834-84), the son of a British consul in the West Indies, was born in Manchester, and entered the Middle Temple in 1858, but became famous as a prolific and popular writer of burlesques and extravaganzas. He wrote extensively for periodicals, was the first editor of *Fun*, and leased several theatres, where he produced more ambitious plays, in which he himself occasionally appeared—comedies or domestic dramas of a sort, enlivened by the smart dialogue and brisk incidents of farce. The best was *Cyril's Success* (1868), the most successful, *Our Boys*, which had an unprecedented run in London for more than four years (from the beginning of 1875). *The Upper Crust* suited Toole admirably. Byron excelled in depicting Cockney vulgarity, his dialogue is usually clever and amusing, but overladen with repartee and puns, for which he readily sacrificed probability and appropriateness. His plots have a considerable measure of originality and ingenuity, and even of human interest, but are always artificial and often inane. His verse was

uniformly poor, and his work showed altogether a serious falling off from the standard even of Robertson.

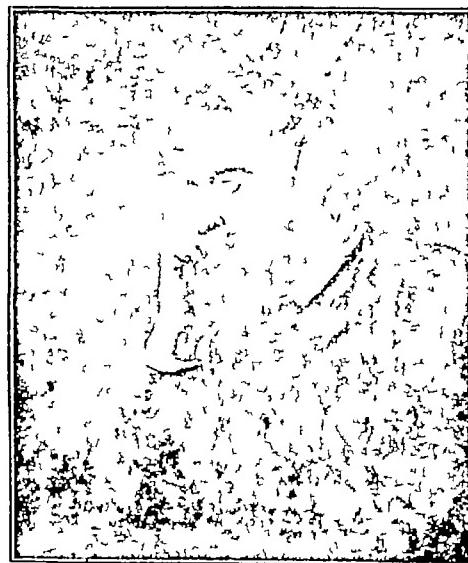
**John Nichol** (1833-94), son of a Glasgow professor of astronomy, was educated at Glasgow and Balliol College, Oxford, and from 1862 to 1889, when he resigned, was Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University. *Hannibal* (1873), a drama, was his first notable achievement, *The Death of Themistocles, and other Poems* (1881), his next. But, a pithy and accomplished writer both in verse and prose, he was known also as author of little books on Byron ('Men of Letters,' 1889), on Burns, and on Carlyle, and of a history of American literature (1882), originally contributed to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Professor Knight published a Life of him in 1896.

**Roden Noel** (1834-94)—in full the Hon. RODEN BERKELEY WROTHESLEY NOEL—was a son of the Lord Barham made Earl of Gainsborough in 1841, and graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge. *Bilund the Veul* (1863) was the first of a series of more than half a dozen poems or books of poems (including *Songs of the Heights and Depths* and *A Little Child's Monument*), besides a drama in verse. There was also from the same pen a volume of *Essays* on various poets from Chatterton to Whitman, and a short Life of Shelley, and Mr Reden Noel edited selections from Spenser and from Owain's plays.

**Joseph Henry Shorthouse** (1834-1903) was born at Birmingham, and became a chemical manufacturer there. He was profoundly interested in religious questions, bred a Quaker, he was as a grown man baptised into the Church of England. The greater part of his working life he devoted to business, though to literature he gave of his best. It was not till 1881, when he was within measurable distance of fifty, that his romance *John Inglesant*, on which he had been engaged for many years, and which had been privately printed the year before, carried his name over England, and people asked in surprise, 'Can such a thing come out of Birmingham, and be by a Birmingham manufacturer?' For the work was a protest in a modern and materialistic age and country in favour of old-world High Church religious fervour, chivalrous devotion to a sovereign, and holy reverence for woman. It awakened echoes in unlikely quarters, and stirred all readers who realise the eternal conflict between flesh and spirit. The mystical romance would never have been printed but for the urgency of Mr Shorthouse's friends, when submitted to James Payn it was rejected as defective in structure and lacking in the elements of popularity. It never was popular in the ordinary sense, yet a sale of over 80,000 copies had by 1901 testified to a grip on contemporary thought that was more than a *succès d'estime*. *The Little Schoolmaster Mark* (1883-84) met with no

such acceptance, nor can *Sir Percival* (1886) be pronounced an artistic triumph, spite of its restrained power and the delicate, over-refined style which marked it and all the author's works. *The Countess Eve* (1888) showed more of the author's characteristically tender spiritual suggestion. *A Teacher of the Violin* (1888), *Blanche, Lady Falaise* (1891), prefaces or introductions to Herbert's *Temple* (1882), an essay on *The Platonism of Wordsworth* (1882), a translation from Molinos (1883), and one or two other republications practically exhaust the list of his published works.

**The Earl of Lytton** (EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, 1831-91), son of the first Lord Lytton (page 332), was educated at Harrow and at Bonn, and in 1849 went to Washington as attaché



THE EARL OF LYTTON, G C B  
(OWEN MEREDITH)

From the Portrait by G F Watts R A, in the National Portrait Gallery (Fred Hollyer Photo.)

and private secretary to his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, subsequently he was attaché, secretary of legation, consul or *charge d'affaires* at Florence, Paris, the Hague, St Petersburg and Constantinople, Vienna, Belgrade, Athens, Lisbon, Madrid, and Paris. In 1873 he succeeded his father as second Lord Lytton, and in 1876 became Viceroy of India. Made Earl of Lytton on his resignation in 1880, he was in 1887 sent as ambassador to Paris, and there he died. With more of the poetic equipment than his father possessed—imaginative vigour, facility of expression, metrical skill and grace—he yet never seemed to put his best strength into his poems, which were to the last the work of a brilliant amateur. His works, published mostly under the pseudonym of 'Owen Meredith,' include *Clytemnestra* (1855), a dramatic poem, *The Wanderer*, *Lucile* (1860), a novel in verse, probably his most successful work, a volume of what were called 'translations from the Servian,' *The*

*Ring of Amasis*, a prose romance, *Orval, or the Fool of Time*, *Fables in Song*, *Glenaveril* (1885), an epic of modern life, in which, perhaps, he most nearly succeeded in imprinting character and individuality on his work, *After Paradise* (1887), *Masah* (1892), and *King Poppy* (1892). A selection from his poems by Miss M. Betham Edwards appeared in 1890. He left his biography of his father incomplete—but only too complete on the unhappy relations between his father and mother.

**Charles Stuart Calverley** (1831-84), prince of parodists, was the son of the Rev. Henry Blayds, who in 1852 took the name of Calverley. Born at Martley in Worcestershire, from Harrow he passed to Balliol College, Oxford, whence in 1852 (the over exuberance of his boyish spirits having come into conflict with academic discipline—he would jump over the college walls) he migrated to Christ's College, Cambridge. He won the Craven and other distinctions, graduated as second classic in 1856, and in 1858 was elected a Fellow of his college. At the university he was famous less for his scholarship, brilliant though it was (for he was not so industrious as he might have been), than for his gifts as a writer of clever verse, as a musician, as a caricaturist, as a talker, and as an athlete. The famous *Pickwick paper* (in answering which Professor Skeat was first and Sir Walter Besant second) was one of his happiest *jeu d'esprit* in prose, and was set in 1857, when he was a don. In 1865 he was called to the Bar, and settled in London, but a neglected fall on the ice at Oulton Hall, Leeds (his father-in-law's place), in the winter of 1866-67 put an end to what might have been an exceptionally brilliant career, for the remaining seventeen years of his life he was a confirmed invalid, the original concussion of the brain being followed by other maladies. One of the most gifted men of his time, and unrivalled as a humourist, Calverley will be remembered by his two little volumes, *Verses and Translations* (1862) and *Fly-Leaves* (1872). His serious verse is much of it very admirable, but it is for his humorous verses in various kinds that C S C is best known to the world. His parodies, particularly that of Jean Ingelow, were obviously the best that had appeared since the *Rejected Addresses*, and in their own line are unequalled in modern English literature, innumerable as his imitators have been. Calverley's parodies have the highest qualities—parodies can have they depend not on a burlesque reproduction of the words or rhythms parodied, on the exaggeration of mannerisms, the caricaturing of mere externals, but get wonderfully near the whole spirit of the originals. His work exhibits a singular combination of delicate insight, creative imagination, genial but trenchant satire, lightness of touch, and mastery of rhythms. Some of his parodies are poems themselves. His ripe scholarship found admirable expression in his numerous renderings from and into Latin and

Greek, and his *Theocritus* (1869) displays also his facile mastery of English verse. His *Literary Remains* were published in 1885, with a Memoir by his brother-in-law, Sir W. J. Sendall, and reminiscences of Calverley by friends such as Dr Buller, Sir John Seeley, and Sir Walter Besant. An edition of the *Complete Works* appeared in 1901. The first of the examples quoted below, in which Rossetti's ballad manner is playfully 'taken off,' appeared in *Chambers's Journal* in 1869, the other is one of those in which some of Miss Ingelow's weaknesses were made fun of.

#### Ballad.

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,  
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
A thing she hid frequently done before,  
And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees

The piper he piped on the hill top high,  
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
Till the cow said 'I die,' and the goose ask'd 'Why?'  
And the dog said nothing, but search'd for fleas

The farmer he strode through the squire farmyard,  
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
His last brew of ale was a trifle baird—  
The connexion of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes,  
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,  
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips  
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
If you try to approach her, away she skips  
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair,  
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,  
Which wholly consisted of lines like these

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks,  
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
And spake not a word While a lady speaks  
There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze

She sat, with her hands 'neath her crimson checks,  
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
She gave up mending her father's breeks,  
And let the cat roll in her new chemise

She sat, with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks,  
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks,  
Then she follow'd him out o'er the misty leas

Her sheep follow'd her, as their tails did them  
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)  
And this song is consider'd a perfect gem,  
And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

#### Lovers and a Reflection.

In moss prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter  
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean,  
Meaning, however, is no great matter)  
Where woods are a tremble, with rifts atween,

Thro' God's own heather we wonn'd together,  
I and my Willie (O love my love)  
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,  
And flitter bats waver'd alow, above

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,  
(Boats in that climate are so polite),  
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,  
And O the sun dazzle on bark and bight!

Thro' the rare red heather we danced together,  
(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers  
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,  
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours —



C S CALVERLEY

By permission of Messrs G Bell & Sons.

By roses that flush'd with their purple favours,  
Thro' becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,  
We walked and waded, we two young shavers,  
Thanking our stars we were both so green

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,  
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,  
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly  
Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes

Song birds darted about, some inky  
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds, •  
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—  
They reck of no eerie To come, those birds!

But they skim over bents which the mill stream washes,  
Or hang in the list 'neath a white cloud's hem,  
They need no parasols, no goloshes,  
And good Mrs Trimmer she feedeth them

Then we thrid God's cowslips (as erst His heather)  
That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms,  
And snapt—it was perfectly charming weather)—  
Our singers at Fate and her goddess glooms

And Willie 'gan sing (O, his notes were fluty,  
Wafts fluttered them out to the white wing'd sea)—  
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,  
Rhymes (better to put it) of 'ancientry'



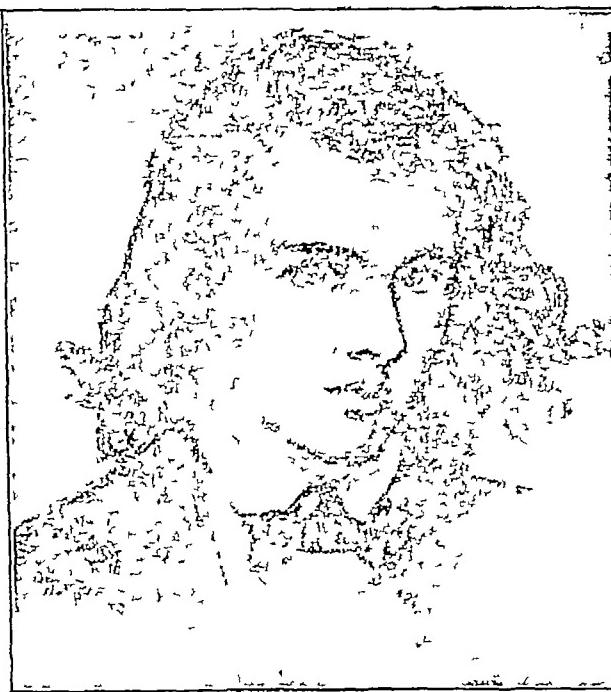
**Dante Gabriel Rossetti** (1828-82), christened Charles Gabriel Dante, was the eldest son and second child of Gabriele Rossetti, Italian scholar and patriot, who spent the last thirty years of his life in exile in London, and of Frances Polidori, the sister of Lord Byron's friend. In blood Rossetti was three-fourths Italian, the English strain coming through his mother's mother, whose maiden name was Pierce. He was born in London, and educated at King's College School, early took to painting, and in 1846 entered the antique school of the Royal Academy, where he made the acquaintance of William Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais. By his personal magnetism and his enthusiasm for the conversion of others to his own ideas, Rossetti was a natural leader of men, and he has the best title to be regarded as the founder of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, a movement to do away in painting with the grandiose conceptions and fluent technique of the Academies of Art, and to recapture something of the religious intensity and humble, painstaking

attention to detail of the early Italian painters. The immediate occasion, says Mr Holman Hunt, of the founding of the Brotherhood was the discovery, at Millais' house, of a book of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa. The short-lived magazine, *The Germ*, was planned in 1849 to promulgate the ideas of the Brotherhood, and in 1851 Mr Ruskin wrote to the *Times* to defend them from the contumely that they had already excited. Rossetti's first oil-painting, 'The Girlhood of Mary Virgin,' belongs to the year 1849, before this date he had produced some of his finest poetic work, notably *The Blessed Damozel* and *The Portrait*. For the next ten years he worked hard at poetry and painting, and in 1861 published his first volume of translations, *The Early Italian Poets*. The publication of his original poems was delayed by the death of his wife, Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, who died in 1862, less than two years after their marriage. In the despair of his grief Rossetti buried the manuscript poems, many of which had been written for

her, in her coffin. Some seven years later he yielded to the persuasions of his friends and permitted them to be disinterred. The volume entitled *Poems* was published in 1870, and became the centre of fierce controversy. In 'The Fleshly School of Poetry,' an article contributed to the *Contemporary Review* (October 1871) over the signature 'Thomas Maitland,' and reprinted separately, Mr Robert Buchanan stated the case of Rossetti's assailants, which, faintly outlined a year before in *Blackwood's Magazine*, was restated later in the *Quarterly* (1872), and, after his death, with even greater ferocity and rancour in the *British Quarterly* (1882). Apart from personal innuendo, these attacks charged Rossetti's poetry with gross animalism and vapid affectation. It is not easy to understand why Mr Buchanan's assault should have affected Rossetti as it did, but from this time he became habitually depressed and moody, more secluded in his habits, and addicted to the frequent use of chloral. He had lived and worked in a circle of sympathy, and this covert ul-

tack, delivered by a professed poet, revealed to him, perhaps for the first time, the breadth and depth of the popular misunderstanding of poetry. He replied, in a moderate and serious vein, under the title 'The Stealthy School of Criticism' (*Athenaeum*, 1871), showing that in his sonnets, if they be not garbled by malice, 'all the passionate and just delights of the body are declared—somewhat figuratively, it is true, but unmistakably—to be as naught if not ennobled by the concurrence of the soul at all times.' Years later, in a private letter, Mr Buchanan admitted that he had been 'most unjust' when he 'impugned the purity and misconceived the passion of writings, too hurriedly read, and reviewed *currente calamo*'.

From his wife's death onward Rossetti lived in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where for a short time he shared his house with Mr Swinburne, Mr George Meredith, and his brother, Mr W. M. Rossetti. In 1874 he published *Dante and His Circle*, a volume of translations wonderful for their fidelity to the matter and form of the originals, and in



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI  
From the Drawing by himself (1846) in the National Portrait Gallery



In this and in others of his early poems, as, for instance, *World's Worth*, there is a purity of diction and a slow distinctness of enunciation that bespeak deep passion. There is no 'flow of language,' it is the ebbing of the life-blood, drop by drop.

Rossetti is most widely and generally known as the author of *The House of Life*. These famous sonnets, which range through a great diversity of moods, have but one subject—the passion, and the mystery, and the sacrament of love between man and woman. The passion is so intense that it bears the seal of tragic fate on its forehead even from its birth, like the love of Romeo and Juliet or of Tristan and Iseult. As we are carried along these rapids we hear the distant roar of the doom ahead. It is perhaps over-curious to speculate on the different completion that Rossetti might have given to *The House of Life* had fate dealt more gently with him, and carried him out safely among the pastures where the river is deep and silent and the voices of children are heard. Perhaps his gain would have been our loss, for where the shadow falls deepest and the doom impends, his thought tightens its grasp, and his expression becomes almost Shakespearian in its tortuous and complex strength. His poetry fulfils the requirements of his own famous saying, which makes 'fundamental brain work' an essential of all poetry. The glamour of his passion and the intoxication of his admirers with the strange beauty that he celebrates interfered for a time with the due recognition of his speculative genius. But it is on the strength of this foundation—on the range and power of his vision—that his best claim to a place among the English poets must be based. The attention of the public is at all times easily lured from substance to accident, and the early Italian angels and archaic musical instruments have obscured the calm sweep of the horizon that surrounds them. In *The Blessed Damozel*, written by a boy of eighteen, these lines might well startle a critic looking only for costume and conceits:

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds.

Rossetti has that great 'negative capability' which Keats found lacking in Coleridge, the power of resting content in the contemplation of mystery, without any irritable striving after certainty and system. Some of his profoundest reflections have thus been mistaken, even by favourable critics, for commonplaces. Commonplaces are great truths which from the dullness and flimsiness of man's mind have lost their power to move. They regain that power in the mind of a poet. A tree outlives the generations of man, and there comes a man whom the thought excites.

Ye, who have passed Death's haggard hills, and ye  
Whom trees that knew your sires have ceased to know  
And still stand silent—is it all a show,—  
A wisp that laughs upon the wall?

*The Burden of Nineveh* is a splendid piece of historical imagining. The great winged stone bulls of Nineveh, newly dug up, are seen by the poet as they are carried into the British Museum, and they beget in him a passion of reverie. Their shadow, under which Sennacherib has perhaps knelt, is now thrown on the London flags.

Lo thou! could all thy priests have shown  
Such proof to make thy godhead known?  
From their dead Past thou liv'st alone,  
And still thy shadow is thine own,  
Even as of yore in Nineveh

When Satan showed all the kingdoms of the world to Christ, did the desolation of Nineveh, already ruined, not rebuke him? The poem is compacted of thought, down to the last line, in which there comes a sense of misgiving with regard to our own civilisation, when it shall be looked back upon by coming generations.

Those heavy wings spread high,  
So sure of flight, which do not fly,  
That set gaze, never on the sky,  
Those scriptured flanks it cannot see,  
Its crown, a brow contracting lord,  
Its planted feet which trust the sod  
(So grew the image as I trod.)  
O Nineveh, was this thy God,—  
Thine also, mighty Nineveh?

Since the whole bulk of Rossetti's poetic work is comparatively small, its variety deserves notice. *A Last Confession* is a dramatic monologue, not unlike some of Browning's, but built round a single impression—the sense of horror awakened in the soul by the sound of a coarse, empty laugh, which reveals, as no sight can reveal it, the abode of lost souls. The whole tragedy, it is easy to divine, was built up from this single experience. In *The King's Tragedy* and *The White Ship* two memorable historical tragedies are recited with concentrated power. *Sister Helen* and *Eden Bower* tell weird stories of supernatural terror in a revived ballad metre, with varied refrains. Perhaps those critics are right who insist on the insuperable difficulties of modern attempts to revive the ballad. The refrain, well suited for the broad and simple effects of the old ballads, is teased and varied in *Sister Helen* for the purposes of a more restless and critical poetry, and the old effect is lost. Lastly, in *The Stream's Secret*, *Love's Nocturne*, and many shorter poems Rossetti proves himself unsurpassed in the power of evoking emotions of wonder and pathos and mystery from the subtle music of words.

It is customary to conclude the critical consideration of a poet by noticing his limitations, and by enlarging on what he did not accomplish, which is like saying the Lord's Prayer backwards by way of thank offering for his achievements. Rossetti, it is truly said, 'deals with man little as a social being, and not much as an ethical being; he knows (save here and there) of no care for the

many, of no conflict between duty and desire, the interest of the many and the passion of one' But he expressed the passion of one—the passion of man, hungry at heart and islanded between two eternities—with a stress of thought, a lyrical fervour, and a high command of the manifold chords of language which have not often been matched in the annals of English poetry

#### Sonnet VII.—Supreme Surrender

To all the spirits of Love that wander by  
Along his love sown harvest field of sleep  
My lady lies apparent, and the deep  
Calls to the deep, and no man sees but I  
The bliss so long afar, at length so nigh,  
Rests there attuned Methinks proud I love must weep  
When Fate's control doth from his harvest reap  
The sacred hour for which the veins did sigh  
First touched, the hand now warm around my neck  
Taught memory long to mock desire and lo!  
Across my breast the abandoned hair doth flow,  
Where one shorn tress long stirred the longing ache  
And next the heart that trembled for its sake  
Lies the queen heart in sovereign overthrow

#### Sonnet LV—Still-born Love

The hour which might have been yet might not be,  
Which man's and woman's heart conceived and bore  
Yet whereof life was barren,—on what shore  
Bides it the breaking of Time's weary sea?  
Bondchild of all consummate joys set free,  
It somewhere sighs and serves, and mute before  
The house of Love, hears through the echoing door  
His hours elect in choral consonancy  
But lo! what wedded souls now hand in hand  
Together tread at last the immortal strand  
With eyes where burning memory lights love home?  
Lo! how the little outcast hour has turned  
And leaped to them and in their faces yearned —  
'I am your child O parents, ye have come!'

#### Sonnet LXXIII.—The Choice

Think thou and act, to morrow thou shalt die.  
Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,  
Thou say'st 'Man's measured path is all gone o'er  
Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,  
Man climb until he touched the truth, and I,  
Even I, am he whom it was destined for'  
How should this be? Art thou then so much more  
Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?  
Nay, come up hither From this wave washed mound  
Unto the furthest flood brim look with me,  
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd  
Miles and miles distant though the first line be,  
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—  
Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea

#### Sonnet LXXVII—Soul's Beauty

Under the arch of Life, where love and death,  
Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw  
Beauty enthroned, and though her gaze struck awe,  
I drew it in as simply as my breath  
Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,  
The sky and sea bend on thee,—which can draw,  
By sea or sky or woman, to one law,  
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise  
Thy voice and hand shake still,—long known to thee  
By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the best  
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,  
How passionately and irretrievably,  
In what fond flight, how many ways and days!

#### Sonnet XCI—Lost on Both Sides

As when two men have loved a woman well,  
Each hating each, through Love's and Death's deceit,  
Since not for either this stark marriage sheet  
And the long pruses of this wedding bell,  
Yet o'er her gave the night and day dispel  
At last their feud forlorn, with cold and heat,  
Nor other than dear friends to death may fleet  
The two lives left that most of her can tell —  
  
So separate hopes, which in a soul had woed  
The one same Peace, strove with each other long,  
And Peace before their faces perished since  
So through that soul, in restless brotherhood,  
They roam together now, and wind among  
Its bye streets, knocking at the dusty inns

#### My Sister's Sleep

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve  
At length the long ungranted shade  
Of weary eyelids overweigh'd  
The pun nought else might yet relieve

Our mother, who had learned all due  
Over the bed from chime to chime  
Then raised herself for the first time,  
And as she sat her down, did pray

Her little work table was spread  
With work to finish For the glare  
Made by her candle, she had care  
To work some distance from the bed

Without, there was a cold moon up,  
Of winter radiance sheer and thin,  
The hollow halo it was in  
Was like an icy crystal cup

Through the small room, with subtle sound  
Of flame, by vents the fireside drove  
And reddened In its dim alcove  
The mirror shed a clearness round

I had been sitting up some nights,  
And my tired mind felt weak and blank,  
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drunk  
The stillness and the broken lights

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling ears  
Heard in each hour, crept off, and then  
The ruffled silence spread again,  
Like water that a pebble stirs

Our mother rose from where she sat  
Her needles, as she laid them down,  
Met lightly, and her silken gown  
Settled no other noise than that

'Glory unto the Newly Born!'  
So, as said angels, she did say,  
Because we were in Christmas Day,  
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us,  
There was a pushing back of chairs,  
As some who had sat unawares  
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.  
  
With anxious, softly stepping haste  
Our mother went where Margaret lay,  
Fearing the sound o'erheard—should they  
Have broken her long-watched-for rest?  
  
She stopped an instant, calm, and turned,  
But suddenly turned back again,  
And all her features seemed in pain  
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned  
For my part, I but hid my face,  
And held my breath, and spoke no word  
There was none spoken, but I heard  
The silence for a little space  
Then came the sound of voices, and

The San-Jmits

Consider the sea's listless chime  
Time's self it is, made audible,—  
The murmur of the earth's own shell  
Secret continuance sublime  
Is the sea's end our sight may press  
No furlong further Since time was,  
This sound hath told the lapse of time.  
No quiet, which is death's,—it hath  
The mournfulness of ancient life,  
Enduring always at dull strife  
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,  
Its puneful pulse is in the sands  
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,  
Grey and not known, along its path

Listen alone beside the sea  
Listen alone among the woods,  
Those voices of twin solitudes  
Shall have one sound all e to thee.  
Mark where the innum'rs of thronged men  
Surge and sink back and surge again,—  
Still the one voice of wave and tree.  
Gather a shell from the strown beach  
And listen at its lips, they sigh  
The same desire and mystery,  
The echo of the whole sea's speech  
And all mankind is thus at heart  
Not anything but what thou art  
And Earth Sea, Man, are all in each

## The Cloud Conference

The day is done, and the night  
To him that would scratch their heart  
No bough of cloud that will put it  
Nor morning song in the bough  
Only gazing there  
To him wild shadow tree stand,  
Deep under deep in shadow stand  
And haggle above until town be th

Still I say, we go,  
Strange to think by the way,  
Whatever there is to know,  
That shall we know or say?

The Past is over and fled  
Named new, we name it the old,  
Therof some tale hath been told,  
But no word comes from the dead,  
Whether at all they be,  
Or whether as bond or free,  
Or whether they too were "e,  
Or by what spell they have sped

Still as we go —  
"Strange to think by the way  
Whatever there is to know,  
That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of hate  
That beats in thy breast O Time?—  
Red strife from the furthest prime,  
And anguish of fierce debate,  
War that shrivels her slain,  
And peace that grinds them as grain,  
And eyes fixed ever in vain  
On the pitiless eyes of I tie  
Still we say as we go,—  
Strange to think by the way  
Whin ever there is to I know,  
That shull ye know one day

What of the heart of love  
That bleeds in thy breast, O Man?—  
Thy kisses snatched neath the boughs  
Of sungs that mock them above,  
Thy bells prolonged unto the hills,  
Thy hope that a breath dispels,  
Thy bitter forlorn farewells  
And the empty echoes thereof?  
Still we say as we go,—  
“Strange to think by the way  
Whate'er there is to know,  
That shall we know one day.”

The sky leans dumb on the sea,  
Awful with all its wings,  
And oh! the song the sea sings  
Is still everlasting.  
Our past is clean forgot,  
Our present is and is not,  
Our future's a sealed seed plot,  
And what betwixt them are we?—  
We who as we go—  
‘Strive to think by her way  
Whatever there is to know,  
That shall we know one day’

The Family Letters and Memorials Date 1871-1872  
(2 vols. 1872) should be referred to that the late Professor at  
Penghu and Worcester (1872) the First & Second (1872) com-  
piled by the one hand are the best of all those  
(pp. 1, Theodora West Duane and F. J. Sharpe, 1872, and the  
fourteenth Chapter of March 1872 works by William Sharp  
(1872), Hall C. in (1872) Jones Knight (1872) & Stephen  
(1872) & F. M. Williams (1872) & A. C. H. (1872)  
See also West Duane Duane, 1872, 1872, 1872, 1872, 1872  
Sharp in the First & Second (1872) & the 1872 of Alice  
Law in the Second & Second (1872) & the 1872  
The Precious (1872) & the 1872 of W. H. in the 1872  
See also the 1872 of Alice Law

**Christina Rossetti** (1830-94), the youngest child of Gabriele Rossetti, and sister to Dante Rossetti, spent the greater part of her life in London, where she was born and died. She lived in great privacy, devoting herself to the care of her mother (who died in 1860), to her religious duties, and to poetry. She was an ardent member of the Church of England, and, for reasons of religion, rejected two proposals of marriage, one from a Roman Catholic, the other from a suitor of 'undefined and heterodox views'. The series of sonnets entitled *Monna Innominata*, and some others of her best known poems, are probably as directly autobiographical in import as Mrs Browning's *Sorrows from the Portuguese*. Her earliest printed verses appeared when she was eleven years old, and from that time till her death she wrote, not voluminously, but incessantly. A volume called *Verse* was privately issued by her grandfather, Giacomo Polidori, in 1847, she contributed several numbers to *The Germ* (1850) over the signature

Ellen Allyn, and thereafter wrote many poems, articles, essays, and short stories for various magazines. The best of her poems were collected by her in *Goblin Market and other Poems* (1862), *The Prince's Progress and other Poems* (1866), *A Pageant and other Poems* (1881), and *Verse* (1893). To these must be added the posthumous volume of *New Poems* (1896).

Though by the accidents of association Christina Rossetti was brought near to the group of poets and painters who started the Pre-Raphaelite movement, she belongs to no school, and holds a place by herself in English poetry. She is the least ambitious, and some would add the greatest, of English poetesses. She has that rarest of gifts—the gift of expressing deep feeling in quiet speech and perfect musical cadence. Her best sonnets, though they have not the splendour of the greatest of Shakespeare's, or Milton's, or Wordsworth's, or Rossetti's, yet come nearer than any of these to the purity and simplicity and perfection of form that mark the finest Italian sonnets. Her thoughts run naturally into a lyrical mould, and there is no sense

of effort in all her work. She made no attempt in the larger poetic kinds of drama or romance, and was never betrayed by literary admiration into imitating the works of others at the sacrifice of sincerity and spontaneity. Imitation has been the besetting sin of not a few English poets; as Mrs Aphra Behn, a clever and excellent woman, has been called vicious because she wrote so horrible comedies from the stand point of the courtly code of the Restoration, Mrs Hemans is almost inconceivable without Byron, and 'Mrs Browning' often forgets her genuine gifts, even in her later

work, quite as a kind of compensation, or, 'triumph after poverty,' takes the note of 'old common courtesy' which is well like *Amerasia* offended. Dantes Roméo is therefore not a little to the purpose of this criticism that she knew herself well held fast by her own experience till she found in her best work true. She would have remained pure both as in her work as 'woman's work.'

We never know  
feel many things.

that men do not know or feel and it is only by expressing these things that they can match men in literature. It was by simple loyalty to their own experience and their own vision that Jane Austen and Christina Rossetti achieved their unique positions among English writers.

Her genius is almost purely lyrical and her poems are full of that bewitching redundancy and varied iteration which are natural to all strong feeling and all spontaneous melody. Her lyrics have very much the air of improvisations, she chooses for theme some simple, elemental feeling, and pours it into song, the expression rising unsought, with incessant recurrence to the words or phrases given at first, and with a delicate sense of pattern which prescribes the changes in the cadence. Her ideas are so essentially poetical that they can hardly be expressed in prose. Her art is so subtly simple that critical analysis may well despair of explaining it. The whole bulk of her poems would yield but few quotations and perhaps not one generalised statement of moral truth. Though, like many other poets famous for



CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI  
(with her Mother, FRANCES MARY LAVINIA ROSSETTI)  
From the Drawing in Crayon by D. G. Rossetti (1851).  
National Portrait Gallery

verbal melody, she had no strong taste for music, her poetical gift is musical rather than pictorial. Her most characteristic imagery, such as is found in *A Birthday or Death Wishes*, is passionate, not contemplative, it is the outcome of moments of feeling arrested, and yields little or nothing to thought, yet everywhere and always the soul of poetry is in her work.

The poems of many earlier religious poets are easily and sharply divisible into secular and sacred. It would be vain to attempt any such bisection of Miss Rossetti's work. Some of her poems deal with religious themes, and some do not, but all alike are permeated with religious ideas. This is especially noticeable in the very few of them that have any sort of claim to be called 'long poems'. *Goblin Market* and *The Prince's Progress* are fairy stories, the one telling of certain goblin sellers of magic fruit who haunt a mossy valley, the other describing the temptations and adventures that befall a prince of fable on his way to claim his bride. The stories are told without the smallest didactic intention, they are dream fantasies, but no one who reads them can fail to perceive that the ideas shadowed in them are all religious. *Goblin Market* is an idyl of temptation and of vicarious sacrifice, *The Prince's Progress* is a history of the pilgrimage of the soul, unmindful of its destiny, blinded and hindered by the love of ease and pleasure, by the search for wealth or knowledge, and aroused from time to time by the chiding, wailing voices that are carried on the air. A deep melancholy underlies all her most heart-felt poems, and if she resembles Shelley in lyrical elevation and the natural glow of lyrical utterance, there is more of the sadness of humanity in her poems than in his. Her verses beginning, 'Passing away, saith the World, passing away,' have been given the fame that they deserve by the praise of Mr Swinburne, who alludes to them as 'the great New-Year hymn of Miss Rossetti, so much the noblest of sacred poems in our language that there is none which comes near it enough to stand second, a hymn touched as with the fire and bathed as in the light of sunbeams, tuned as to chords and cadences of refluent sea-music beyond reach of harp and organ, large echoes of the serene and sonorous tides of heaven.'

#### Shall I forget?

Shall I forget on this side of the grave?  
I promise nothing you must wait and see  
Patient and brave.  
(O my soul, watch with him and he with me )  
Shall I forget in peace of Paradise?  
I promise nothing follow, friend, and see  
Faithful and wise.  
(O my soul, lead the way he walks with me )

#### A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird  
Whose nest is in a watered shoot,  
My heart is like an apple tree  
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit,

My heart is like a rainbow shell  
That paddles in a halcyon sea,  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me

Raise me a dais of silk and down,  
Hang it with var and purple dyes,  
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with a hundred eyes,  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves and silver fleurs-de lys,  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come, my love is come to me.

#### Echo

Come to me in the silence of the night,  
Come in the speaking silence of a dream,  
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright  
As sunlight on a stream,  
Come back in tears,  
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,  
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,  
Where souls brim full of love abide and meet,  
Where thirsting longing eyes

Watch the slow door  
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live  
My very life again though cold in death  
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give  
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath  
Speak low, lean low,  
As long ago, my love, how long ago

#### Rest

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes,  
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth,  
Lie close around her, leave no room for mirth  
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs  
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,  
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth  
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth,  
With stillness that is almost Paradise  
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,  
Silence more musical than any song,  
Even her very heart has ceased to stir  
Until the morning of Eternity  
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be,  
And when she wakes she will not think it long

#### From 'Old and New Year Ditties.'

Passing away, saith the World, passing away  
Chances, beauty and youth sapped day by day  
Thy life never continueth in one stay  
Is the eye wixen dim, is the dark hair changing to gray  
That hath won neither laurel nor bay?  
I shall clothe myself in Spring and bud in May  
Thou, root stricken, shalt not rebuild thy decay  
On my bosom for aye  
Then I answered Yea.

Passing away, saith my Soul, passing away  
With its burden of fear and hope, of labour and play,  
Hearken what the past doth witness and say  
Rust in thy gold, a moth is in thine array,

A crunker is in thy bairn, thy bairn must sleep  
At midnight, at cock crow, at morning, one certain day,  
I o, the Bridegroom shall come and shall not delay  
Watch thou and pray  
Then I answered Yet

Passing away, earth my God, passing away  
Winter passes after the long delay  
New grapes on the vine, new figs on the tender sprigs  
Turtle calleth turtle in Heaven's May  
Though I tarry, wait for Me, trust Me, watch and pray  
Arise, come away, night is past and lo it is day,  
My love, My sister, My spouse, thou hast heard Me say  
Then I answered Yet

#### Saint Louise do in Misericorde

I have desired, and I have been deceived  
But now the days are over of desire,  
Now dust and dying embers mock my fire,  
Where is the fire for which my life was hired?  
Oh vanity of vanity, desire!

Longing and love, spring of a fount in hell I plumb up,  
Longing and love, a diabolical fire  
And memory's bottomless gulf of hate  
And love a fount of tears outrunning measure  
Oh vanity of vanities desire!

Now from my heart I've despatched trial, trialles,  
Drop by drop slowly drop by drop of fire,  
The dress of life, the love of want desire  
Alas, my toke of life gone all too quickly—  
Oh vanity of vanities desire!

Oh vanity of vanity desire  
Stunting my hope which might have strained up higher  
Turning my garden plot to barren waste,  
Oh death struck low oh diabolical fire  
Oh vanity of vanities desire!

#### Monna Innominata

'Amo che re la mente mi farà n...—DANTE  
'Amor vero n'ha bel suo di costei.—TITRARCA

If there be any one can take my place  
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,  
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe  
I do command you to that nobler grace,  
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face  
Yet since your riches make me rich, conceive  
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I weare  
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace  
For if I did not love you, it might be  
That I should grudge you some one dear delight,  
But since the heart is yours that was mine own,  
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,  
Your honourable freedom makes me free,  
And you companioned I am not alone

There is a life of Christina Rossetti by Mackenzie Bell (1875) containing extracts from her letters, and essays on her works by Edmund Gosse (*Critical Kit* &c. 1875), Arthur Symons (*Studies in Two Literatures*, 1897), A. C. Benson (*In the Auto-Trail Review*, Feb., 1895), and Mrs Meynell (*Art Review*, Feb. 1895). The edition of her works (2 vol. 1894) has a life by her brother.

WALTER RALLIGH

**Charles Lutwidge Dodgson** (1832-98), beloved by English children as 'Lewis Carroll,' was the son of the vicar of Daresbury in Runcorn parish, Cheshire, and, passing from Rugby to Christ Church, Oxford, he graduated B.A. in 1854

with a first class in mathematics. Elected a student of his college, he took orders in 1851, and from 1855 to 1881 was mathematical lecturer. In his own name he published a series of useful and even important mathematical works, begun with books on the classical conic sections, completed in 1860, and continued in 1867-69 by works on *Determinants*, *Linear and Curved Motion*, *Curves of a Mathematical Mind* may be found in the wonderfully difficult list of his literary works credited to 'Lewis Carroll.' He was extremely punctilious in preserving the structure he set. Dodgson, the mathematician, does not like the



#### CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON

Lewis P. Shapley Hall, Esq.

'Lewis Carroll' whose works overflowed with fun, nonsense humour, and the most delightful stories dear to children. 'Lewis Carroll' never quite equalled again the genial creator of *Lewis*, his first triumph, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865), with its continuation *Alice in the Looking-glass* (1872), and its illustrations by Tenniel has become a nursery classic, and been translated into most of the languages of Europe. To the 'Lewis Carroll' series belong also *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens* (1860), *Hatter of the Snark* (1876), *D. H. L.* (1879), *Romeo* and *Rosalie* (1883, new ed. 1897), *A Tangled Tale* (1856), *Gone of Jag* (1887), and *Silkie and Bruno* (1889-93)—the latter in places positively tedious. Mr S. D. Collingwood published his *Life of a Letters* in 1898, and *The Lewis Carroll Picture Book* in 1899.

**Charles Haddon Spurgeon** (1834-92) born at Kelvedon in Essex in 1834 became usher in a school at Newmarket, and in 1854 pastor of the New Park Street Chapel, London. The vast

Metropolitan Tabernacle was erected for him in 1859-61, with it were connected almshouses, a pastor's college, and an orphanage, over all of which he exercised and maintained effective supervision. He had a unique gift as an orator, and enlivened his sermons with quaint humour, his voice was of marvellous clearness and reach, and he wielded his mother tongue with native vigour. His theological acquirements were slender and his commentaries uncritical. With the newer criticism he had no sympathy, and four years before his death he withdrew from the Baptist Union because no action was taken against persons charged with what he and conservative divines regarded as fundamental errors. His sermons, issued weekly from 1855, showed enormous energy of productivity, and continued to be surprisingly fresh, they had an average issue of 30,000, and were translated into several foreign tongues. He published over a hundred volumes, including *The Saint and his Saviour* (1867), *John Ploughman's Talk* (1868), *The Treasury of David* (a commentary on the Psalms, 1865-80), *Interpreter* (1874), *Sermons in Candles* (1891), and *Messages to the Multitude* (1892). A collection of Spurgeon's speeches was edited by Pike (1878), there are short Lives by Pike, Ellis, and Shindler (1891-92), and the authoritative autobiography in four volumes was compiled by his wife and Mr Harland (1897-98).

**Sir John Robert Seeley** (1834-95) was the third son of Mr Seeley the publisher. He was educated at the City of London School and at Christ's College, Cambridge, was bracketed with three others as senior classic in 1857, and next year was elected a Fellow of his college. In 1863 he became Professor of Latin in University College, London, in 1869 of Modern History at Cambridge, and there to the end of his industrious life he remained. *Ecce Homo* had appeared anonymously in 1865, and excited an extraordinary commotion in the religious world. It was denounced with vehemence by many evangelicals like Lord Shaftesbury as subverting the foundation of Christian faith and hope, on the other hand, its reverent tone and literary charm commended the book to many orthodox minds. For while it deliberately excluded consideration of the supernatural and insisted on Christ's human work as the founder of a Church of humanity, it did not profess to deal with all the aspects of Christ's mission—some even expected it to be followed by an *Ecce Deus*, which was no part of Seeley's plan. The work certainly produced no little influence on contemporary thought. Strictly anonymous at first, it was soon pretty confidently referred to the Cambridge historian, and was ultimately acknowledged by him as his *Natural Religion* (1882), also anonymously published, was perhaps an even more effective presentation of the author's view of the essence of Christianity, but as an eirenicon between science and faith, it persuaded neither

the Christian nor the Agnostic. For it posited a non-supernatural Christianity, and contented itself with a religion which was practically the pursuit of the ideal in life. Seeley's *Life and Times of Stein* (1879) was the best history of the creator of modern Germany, but, written without enthusiasm, it was generally pronounced tedious. His *Short Life of Napoleon the First* (1885) insisted on treating that portentous phenomenon as a clever and unscrupulous *condottiere* merely, and almost wholly ignored his power of political combination, his administrative sagacity, and his profound legislative achievement. In so far the historian showed himself liable to a prepossession. In his his-



SIR J R SEELEY

From a Photograph by Elliott &amp; Fry

torical work generally Seeley sought for the driest light and refused to appeal to the emotions, and his concern in history was with the State and its development, with public documents and diplomacy though he strove to find in past political consecrations answers to the pressing problems of the present. In one work he struck a chord in the public breast, his *Expansion of England* (1883) did much to build up British Imperialism, to show the significance of the struggle between France and Britain in the eighteenth century, and to emphasise the value of Britain's oversea inheritance. His *Growth of British Policy*, unfinished at his death, was an almost equally pregnant essay on our foreign policy, its conditioning causes, methods, and results, from the accession of Elizabeth down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, to this Professor Prothero prefixed a short Life of the author (1895). *An Introduction to Political Science*, published in 1896, comprises two series of lectures. Seeley's work on Goethe, a reissue of magazine articles, was sound and

sensible but not remarkably illuminative. For his service to the national cause he was created KCMG in 1891.

**Lord de Tabley** was the title, borne after his succession in 1887 to his father, the second baron, by the Hon. JOHN BYRNE LEICESTER WARREN (1835-1895), one of the true poets of his time, though he never attained popularity with the public, and even to many lovers of poetry became well known only a few years before his death. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he was for a time attached to the embassy at Constantinople under Sir Stratford de Redcliffe. In 1859 he was called to the Bar, and about the same time published, under a pseudonym, a volume of poems—his own, and not, as has been erroneously said, the joint work of himself and a dead friend. Other volumes of verse—including ballads and Metrical Sketches, *The Threshold of Atride*, *Glimpses of Art with Pieterita*, *Elegies and Marathanas*, *Studies in Verse*—followed in 1860-65, and two powerful dramas, *Philoctetes* (1865) and *Orestes* (1868), were Greek not in subject matter alone. In 1868, too, the author (pseudonymous or anonymous as yet) made his only entry into English public life by candidating for Mid Cheshire on the Liberal side. He was not elected, and soon after took up his residence in London, where he lived the life of a literary recluse in the society of a few warm friends. He was not a book man merely, but an enthusiastic expert in botany, in book plates, and in Greek coins. Results of these studies appeared in a work on book plates (1880) and one on *The Flora of Cheshire* (1899). *Rehearsals* (1870) and *Scatching the Net* (1873) were collections of poems. *The Soldier's Fortune* (1876) was a poetic tragedy; *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical* (1893), comprised selections from past work with new pieces, and a supplementary volume appeared in 1895. At his death his fame was still growing, and a posthumous volume, *Orpheus in Fennée, and other Poems*, edited by the Hon. Lady Leighton Warren (1901), was universally greeted as a rare addition to the treasury of English poetry. Lord de Tabley's high strung, too sensitive temperament is reflected in much of his verse—his noble melancholy, his all-but pessimistic outlook on a world of empty strife and vain ambition. And another and equally sensitive side of his character appears in the poems and passages which give rich and melodious utterance to the poet's heart felt joy in the ineffable beauty of nature.

See the Memoir by Sir M. F. Grant Duff (preface to *The Flora of Cheshire* (1899)), Mr Gove's Critical Kit-Kat (1871) and the biographical sketch by Professor Hugh Waller (1901).

**Sir Walter Besant** (1836-1901), born at Portsmouth, studied at King's College, London, and at Christ's College, Cambridge, and, having abandoned the idea of taking orders, was appointed to a professorship in Mauritius, where he found time to read largely in French literature

A succession of severe attacks compelling him to resign this post, he returned to England, and in 1868 finally accepted the office of secretary of the newly founded London Exploration Fund, an appointment he retained till his success as a writer of fiction made him independent of this staff (1885). His first work, *Studies in French Poetry*, appeared in 1866, and attracted much attention rather by its interest and pleasure than from its exhaustiveness. Three years later he began to collaborate in story writing with James Rice (1844-82), who from Northampton came to Queen's, Cambridge, from law-draffed into literature, had published one or two unimportant novels, and was editor of *Once a Week*. In 1872 they produced *The Young Martyr* (1872), *The Little Girl, Her Harp and Cray*, *The Son of Lazarus*, *The Golden Butterflies* (1876), which grew by reason of their popularity into *The Works of Frederic*, *In Celid's Apartment*, *The Children of the Fleet*, and *The Seven Seas* (1881). This literary partnership between two men of different gifts, so compatible in intuition, with that of Bewick and Fletcher or of Leckie-Mann and C. M. D. H., resulted in a combination with the happiest results in all the drift of the younger collaborator. Their work, and Rice's contribution to produce fiction a full half year in invention and development with unabated energy and fertility, though for the most part in a dawning, unshaded, didactic manner, ending so far in success with *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* (1878), *Mary a Carter Fair*, *Dorothy Forster*, *Ch. Peter of Gisborn*, *Armored* (1881), *The Poor Giant*, *Beyond the Bounds of France*, *The Master Craftsman*, *The Red J. Quir*, *The Fourth Generation*, *The Lady of Ixion*, and other stories.

*Rede n. 13* *Moral* (drafted by Rice and partly written before the prison ship began) and *The Golden Butterflies* are probably the best known of all the books inscribed with Besant's name, and though it be admitted that the books produced by the collaboration are richer in humour, more vivid in characterisation, fresher and more enteraining also, either this does not prove that these features were wholly or mainly Mr Rice's contribution, but that Besant grew older. Unquestionably the later novels were many of them somewhat incredible and fictitious, didactic and over-weighted with detail, as well apt to repeat ideas and situations. Perhaps Besant was right in regarding *Dorothy Forster*, a story of the Earl of Derwentwater and the Rebellion of 1815, as his best tale. *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, on the other hand, was the most notable of a series which produced a marked and unexpected influence on the public heart and conscience thus stimulated and guided the philanthropic (and fashionable) movement that led to the establishment of the People's Palace in the east end of London.

Another series of Sir Walter's literary enterprises concerned the topography and history of London

It was his ambition to be the Stow of nineteenth-century London, and he projected a vast scheme in which he was to have the help of experts, retaining for his own share the general history of London from the earliest times to the end of the nineteenth century. This he seems ever to have regarded as his *magnum opus*, and to it he devoted the continuous labour of five years. To this plan, unfinished at his death, belonged the pleasant volumes on Westminster, London, South London, and East London (written by him with some assistance), as also *London in the Eighteenth Century* (1902), *London under the Stuarts* (1904), and *London under the Tudors*. From the *Autobiography* published in the same year it appeared that he had completed a history of London from the beginning as far as the end of the eighteenth century. His attitude towards religious and theological problems was frankly expounded in the same book, and was by no means conservative. His relations with Mr Rice (who, it should be added, wrote a well-known history of the British Turf) he had explained in a preface to the library edition of *Ready money Mortiboy* in 1887.

As secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund Besant edited or wrote works on Jerusalem, Palestine, and the survey, and is first chairman of the Society of Authors he laboured strenuously to secure, especially to inexperienced writers for the press, as full a share as possible of the profits accruing from their labours. His zeal in their behalf, testified to by a great expenditure of time and work, led him ultimately to be unduly suspicious and not a little unfair to one of the two partners in the business of publishing books.

Further French studies were a work on the French humourists (1873) and small works on Rabelais, Montaigne, and Coligny; he wrote also Lives of Professor Palmer and Richard Jefferies, and there were opuscules from his hand on Whitington, Captain Cook, and King Alfred. *Ready*

*money Mortiboy* was dramatised by the author. *As We are and as We may be* was a collection of miscellanies, posthumously published in 1903.

**Thomas Hill Green** (1836-82) was born at the rectory of Birkin in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first in classics, and later a third in law and modern history. He was elected and re-elected a Balliol Fellow, became the first

lay tutor of the college, and, under Jowett, the main influence in Balliol. He married a sister of J. A. Symonds in 1871, and became in 1877 Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy. Green's noble character, contagious enthusiasm, philosophical independence and profundity, and strong interest in social questions gathered around him many of the best men at Oxford. Popular education and temperance lay near his heart, and he gave himself with great earnestness to School-Board work and political reform. He was the 'Mr Gray' of *Robert Elsmere*. In 1874 he contributed his masterly intro-



SIR WALTER BESANT  
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

duction to the Clarendon Press edition of Hume's *Treatise on Human Nature*, subjecting Hume's philosophy in detail to searching and hostile analysis from an idealist point of view. His own philosophy, which sprang from the sympathetic study of Kant and Hegel, was largely a polemic against current empiricism as stultifying philosophy and rendering the ethical standard nugatory; he was a trenchant critic of British empirical philosophy, whether that of Hume or of Lewes or of Herbert Spencer. His *Prolegomena to Ethics*, left incomplete at his death, was edited in the following year by Mr A. C. Bradley, and two addresses or lay sermons to his pupils were issued with an unfinished preface by Arnold Toynbee. His condemnation of Hume and scattered essays in *Mind* and elsewhere were edited by R. L. Nettleship (1885-88), the third volume containing a Memoir.

**John Richard Green** (1837-83) was the son of an Oxford tradesman, and was educated at Magdalen College School till the age of fifteen, when he was sent to complete his education under the charge of a private tutor. In 1854 he competed successfully for an open scholarship at Jesus College, Oxford, and was matriculated at the end of 1855. The choice of a college was probably unfortunate, the members of Jesus College were mostly Welshmen, and they were rather isolated from the rest of the university. Green made few intimate friends during his undergraduate days, refused to throw himself into the normal current of Oxford studies, and was content with a pass degree in 1859. That his time had not been wholly wasted, and that his early taste for reading had led him into the direction of his later work, is proved by some brilliant papers on the history of Oxford which he contributed during his last year of residence to the *Oxford Chronicle*. In 1860 he took orders and accepted a curacy in London at St Barnabas, Goswell Road. For a few months in 1863 he had charge of a parish in Hoxton, but was compelled by ill-health to resign it. After another short period as a curate at Notting Hill, he received from Bishop Tait the curacy-in-charge of St Philip's, Stepney, which he held for five years. He discharged his clerical duties with rare fidelity and devotion, but his sympathies were always with the Broad Church party, and as time went on he became more and more reluctant to bind himself to any definite religious dogmas. He had always been delicate, and the arduous labour of a clergyman in the east end of London overtaxed his strength. When he resigned his charge at Stepney in 1869, he gave up all active clerical work.

During his life in London Green had managed to find time for literary work. Whenever he could get away from his parish, he spent his time in the British Museum studying the authorities for early English history. He had plans for a history of Somersetshire, and a history of the English Church in connection with the lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, but his favourite scheme was a history of England under the Angevin kings, a task which has since been performed by his disciple, Miss Kate Norgate. A paper which Green read before the Somersetshire Archaeological Society led to an intimate friendship with Freeman, by whom he was induced to become a contributor, and after a time a frequent contributor, to the *Saturday Review*. Through Freeman he became acquainted with Stubbs, who was at the time Lambeth Librarian, an office in which Green succeeded him, and was also engaged in editing some of the most important volumes in the Rolls Series. The encouragement which he received from these two older students was of immense value to Green, and he recognised his obligation when in 1878 he dedicated his *History of the English People* 'to two dear friends, my masters in the study of

English History, Edward Augustus Freeman and William Stubbs.'

Green's intention, when he abandoned the Church, was to earn a living by writing for the *Saturday*, but to devote almost the whole of his energy and time to the Angevin period. It was a great blow to him to discover in 1869 that his lungs were affected, and that he would have to curtail his work and to live the life of an invalid. For three successive winters he was compelled to go to the South. Under these unwelcome and unexpected conditions he was induced to alter his plans, to abandon or postpone the unremunerative task of writing a lengthy book on a special period, and to undertake for Macmillan a *Short History of the English People*. To the writing of this book he gave five years of such strenuous work as he could put into the limited hours allowed by medical advice. It was published in 1874, and Green suddenly found himself famous. This was the more startling and gratifying, because the experts who had read the proof-sheets were by no means unanimous in prophesying success. But the verdict of readers was as decisive as in the case of Macaulay's first two volumes a quarter of a century before. It was not merely the vividness of the narrative and the picturesqueness of the style that secured such a notable triumph. Green had presented the social side of English history in its connection with political life and constitutional progress as nobody had presented it before. His life in the east end had been a more valuable training to him than Gibbon's experience as a militia officer had been to the writer of the *Decline and Fall*. Green's intention was clearly stated in his Preface. 'The aim of the following work is defined by its title, it is a history, not of English Kings or English Conquests, but of the English People. At the risk of sacrificing much that was interesting and attractive in itself, and which the constant usage of our historians has made familiar to English readers, I have preferred to pass lightly and briefly over the details of foreign wars and diplomacies, the personal adventures of kings and nobles, the pomp of courts, or the intrigues of favourites, and to dwell at length on the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual, and social advance in which we read the history of the nation itself. It was with this purpose that I have devoted more space to Chaucer than to Cressy, to Caxton than the petty strife of Yorkist and Lancastrian, to the Poor Law of Elizabeth than to her victory at Cadiz, to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the young Pretender. Whatever the worth of the present work may be, I have striven throughout that it should never sink into a "drum and trumpet history".' The mere abandonment of the time-honoured division into reigns was in itself a revolution. No other European country had at that time found such a historian as Green, and though foreigners have since tried to emulate his methods, none have succeeded in equalling their

model. The *Short History* remains unique in historical literature.

For nine more years Green was engaged in a heroic struggle to do as much work as increasing ill health would allow. His opportunities for research were seriously curtailed by the necessity of always wintering abroad. In 1877 he married Miss Alice Stopford, whose invaluable assistance made the remaining years of his life happier and more fruitful than they could otherwise have been. He never returned to his project of Anglo-Saxon history, but set himself to work out the general history of England on an ever-increasing scale. In 1878-80 he published in four volumes his *History of the English People*, in which he ex-

disted past. This is his supreme merit as a historian, and in this quality he has never been surpassed.

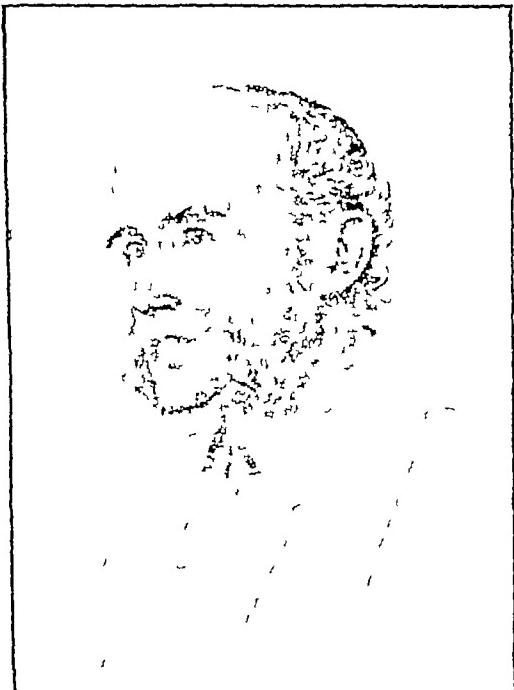
#### Oxford in the Middle Ages

At the time of the arrival of Vacarius, Oxford stood in the first rank among English towns. Its town church of St Martin rose from the midst of a huddled group of houses, girt in with massive walls, that lay along the dry upper ground of a low peninsula between the streams of Cherwell and the upper Thames. The ground fell gently on either side, eastward and westward, to these rivers, while on the south a sharper descent led down across swampy meadows to the city bridge. Around lay a wild forest, the moors of Cowley and Bullingdon fringing the course of Thames, the great woods of Shotover and Bagley closing the horizon to the south and east. Though the two huge towers of its Norman castle marked the strategic importance of Oxford as commanding the river valley along which the commerce of southern England mainly flowed, its walls formed, perhaps, the least element in its military strength, for on every side but the north the town was guarded by the swampy meadows along Cherwell, or by the intricate channels into which the Thames breaks among the meadows of Osney. From the midst of these meadows rose a mitred abbey of Austin canons, which, with the older priory of St Frideswide, gave the town some ecclesiastical dignity. The residence of the Norman house of the D'Ollis within its castle, the frequent visits of English kings to a palace without its walls, the presence again and again of important councils, marked its political weight within the realm. The settlement of one of the wealthiest among the English Jewries in the very heart of the town indicated, while it promoted, the activity of its trade. No place better illustrates the transformation of the land in the hands of its Norman masters, the sudden outburst of industrial effort, the sudden expansion of commerce and accumulation of wealth which followed the Conquest. To the west of the town rose one of the stateliest of English castles, and in the meadows beneath the hardly less stately abbey of Osney. In the fields to the north the last of the Norman kings raised his palace of Berumont. The canons of St Frideswide reared the church which still exists as the diocesan cathedral, while the piety of the Norman Castellans rebuilt almost all the parish churches of the city, and founded within their new castle walls the church of the Canons of St George. We know nothing of the causes which drew students and teachers within the walls of Oxford. It is possible that here as elsewhere a new teacher had quickened older educational foundations, and that the cloisters of Osney and St Frideswide already possessed schools which burst into a larger life under the impulse of Vacarius. As yet, however, the fortunes of the University were obscured by the glories of Paris. English scholars gathered in thousands round the chairs of William of Champeaux or Abelard. The English took their place as one of the 'nations' of the French University. John of Salisbury became famous as one of the Parisian teachers. Becket wandered to Paris from his school at Merton. But through the peaceful reign of Henry the Second Oxford was quietly increasing in numbers and repute. Forty years after the visit of Vacarius its educational position was fully established. When Gerald of Wales read his amusing *Topography of Ireland* to its students, the mo-

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

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pended the *Short History*, and rewrote those periods of it which had been defectively treated in the former book. Then he began from the beginning to utilise on a large scale the authorities which he had been studying for so many years. One volume, *The Making of England*, which brought the history down to 828, was published in January 1882. With feverish activity he went on dictating another volume to his wife, but it was still unfinished when he died at Mentone on 7th March 1883, it appeared as a posthumous work under the name of *The Conquest of England*. It is to these last two books that we must look to estimate the immense labour which it had cost Green to draw his brilliant picture of the nation's progress, and it is in these books that we see most clearly the extraordinary imaginative power which enabled Green to throw himself into the life of the





gloomy atmosphere, the poem reveals a distinct personality, and has engaging nimbleness and grace of artistic form. In the same volume the lyric 'To our Ladies of Death,' prompted by De Quincey's *Suspiria*, is very strikingly conceived and daintily elaborated. Thomson further illustrates his sovereign quality in *Vane's Story* and the attractive Oriental tale, *Weddah and Om-el-Bonain*, published with other poems in 1881. In his first two volumes appeared the author's best work. They include, besides the poems named, 'Sunday at Humpstead,' 'Sunday up the River,' and various other short pieces that evince a winning love of natural beauty and rare energy of lyrical rapture. In 1881 Thomson issued *Essays and Phantasies*, which are curious if not important Posthumous works are *A Voice from the Nile, and other Poems*, and *Satires and Profanities*, both published in 1884, *Shelley, a Poem*, published in 1885, and *Poems, Essays, and Fragments*, issued in 1892. The collected Poems appeared in two volumes in 1895, and a volume of Prose was published in 1896. Mr Bertram Dobell prefixed a Life of Thomson to the volume entitled *A Voice from the Nile, and other Poems*, and in 1899 Mr H. S. Salt published a work which, as revised in 1898, has become the standard biography of the poet.

From 'The City of Dreadful Night'

Of all things human which are strange and wild  
This is perchance the wildest and most strange,  
And sheweth man most utterly beguiled,  
To those who haunt that sunless City's range,  
That he bemoans himself for aye, repeating  
How Time is deadly swift, how life is fleeting,  
How naught is constant on the earth but change.

The hours are heavy on him and the days,  
The burden of the months he scarce can bear,  
And often in his secret soul he prays  
To sleep through barren periods unaware,  
Arousing at some longed-for date of pleasure,  
Which having passed and yielded him small treasure,  
He would oversleep another term of care.

Yet in his marvellous fancy he must make  
Quick wings for Time, and see it fly from us,  
This Time which crawleth like a monstrous snake,  
Wounded and slow and very venomous,  
Which creeps blindwormlike round the earth and ocean,  
Distilling poison at each painful motion,  
And seems condemned to circle ever thus.

And since he cannot spend and use aright  
The little time here given him in trust,  
But waste it in weary undelight  
Of foolish toil and trouble, strife and lust,  
He naturally claimeth to inherit  
The everlasting Future, that his merit  
May have full scope, as surely is most just.

O length of the intolerable hours,  
O nights that are as teons of slow pain,  
O Time, too ample for our vital powers,  
O Life, whose woeful vanities remain

Immutable for all of all our legions  
Through all the centuries and in all the regions,  
Not of your speed and variance we complain

We do not ask a longer term of strife,  
Weakness and weariness and nameless woes,  
We do not claim renewed and endless life  
When this which is our torment here shall close,  
An everlasting conscious inanition!  
We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,  
Dateless oblivion and divine repose

THOMAS BAYNE

**Robert Buchanan** (1841-1901), a versatile and highly talented writer in verse and prose, was born at Caverswall in Staffordshire, the son of a Scottish schoolmaster and Socialist, who settled for a while



ROBERT BUCHANAN

From a Photograph by Ellis and Walery

in Glasgow. The son was educated at Glasgow High School and University, where his closest friend was the short-lived David Gray (page 657). In the year 1860 the two set out for London to set the Thames on fire, but gloom and poverty hung over their steps, and fame did not come until too late for the elder of the pair. Buchanan's first work, *Understones*, a volume of verse, published in 1863, was well received. *The Idylls and Legends of Inverburn* followed in 1865, and next year came *London Poems*, his first distinct success — a rare combination of lyrical vigour and insight into humble life, lightened up with humour and sweetened with pathos. Later volumes of verse were a translation of Danish ballads and *Wayside Postes* (1866), *North Coast Poems* (1867), *Napoleon Fallen*, a Lyrical Drama, and *The Drama of Kings* (1871), two rhapsodies suggested by the



How, spite of your human scorning,  
Once more God's future draws nigh,  
And already goes forth the warning  
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers  
From the dazzling unknown shore,  
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,  
And renew our world as of yore,  
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,  
And things that we dreamed not before  
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,  
And a singer who sings no more

**David Gray** (1838–61), eldest of eight children of a handloom weaver, was born on the bank of the Luggie near Kirkintilloch. He showed much promise at school, was destined in consequence for the ministry, and by dint of pupil-teaching paid his way for four years at Glasgow University. But having contributed a considerable number of poems to the *Glasgow Citizen*, he determined, with his friend Robert Buchanan, to go to London, and begin the career of a man of letters. By mistake the two travelled by different trains, and, arriving alone, Gray spent the first night in the open air, the result was a cold which soon became consumption. For a time the poet lived with his friend Buchanan in a garret in Blackfriars, and Mr Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton) found him some literary work. But his disease increased, and, after a sojourn in the south of England, he returned to his father's cottage at Kirkintilloch to die. During his remaining months he wrote a series of thirty sonnets, *In the Shadows*. These breathe the very passion of despair, and remain his finest work. His longest poem, 'The Luggie,' is a descriptive piece containing many passages of great beauty. The poet of 'The Luggie' presents one of the most pathetic figures in Scottish literature; Pollok, Fergusson, and Bruce were all, like him, cut off before their prime, but none of these received the arrow of death with such a piteous cry. His poems were published in 1862, after his death, with a Memoir by Dr Hedderwick of the *Citizen*, and an Introduction by Lord Houghton.

#### Sonnet

If it must be, if it must be, O God!  
That I die young, and make no further moans,  
Thrust underneath the unrespective sod,  
In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones  
Shall crumble soon—then give me strength to bear  
The last convulsive throes of too sweet breath!  
I tremble from the edge of life to dare  
The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,  
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse,  
But, like a child that in the night times cries  
For light, I cry, forgetting the eclipse  
Of knowledge and our human destinies  
O peevish and uncertain soul! obey  
The law of life in patience till the day

(From *In the Shadows*)

**Edward Lear** (1812–88), born in London, had from boyhood a passion for drawing and painting, and by a book of fine coloured drawings of parrots interested the Earl of Derby, who gave him the opportunity of visiting Italy. He settled in Rome and became a landscape painter, but in spite of ill health was an indefatigable traveller, visiting not merely the out-of-the-way corners of Italy, Greece, and Turkey, but Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and India. After 1837 he was very little in England, though he exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1850 to 1873, and he died at San Remo. Lear is less known by his paintings than by his beautifully illustrated books of travel—*Sketches of Rome* (1842), *Illustrated Excursions in Italy* (1846), *Journal in Greece and Albania* (1851), *Journal in Calabria* (1852), and *In Corsica* (1869). Naturalists thought his drawings of birds equal to Audubon's, and Tennyson praised his Greek journal in a well-known poem. But Lear is far best known by his *Book of Nonsense* (1846, 29th ed. with Introduction by Sir E. Strachey, 1894), an original compound of wit, humour, paradox, and good sense in rhymes extraordinarily facile and felicitous, which have gone to the hearts of all English children. The outcome of his friendship with the Derby family, the book was written to amuse the childhood of the fifteenth Earl of Derby (1826–93), afterwards a very grave statesman. *More Nonsense Rhymes* followed in 1871, *Nonsense Songs, Stories, and Botany* in 1870, *Laughable Lyrics* in 1876.

**Charles Jeremiah Wells** (1800–79) was born in London and educated at Edmonton, was a friend of Hazlitt and Keats (though from both he was ultimately estranged), and till 1830 practised as a solicitor in London. His book of *Stories after Nature* (1822), tales in poetic prose, fell still-born, and was followed in 1824 by the remarkable biblical drama, *Joseph and his Brethren*, which, though praised by R. H. Horne in *The New Spirit of the Age* in 1844, remained all but unknown until attention was directed to its beauties by Rossetti in *Gilchrist's Life of Blake* (1863) and by Mr Swinburne, who in the *Forthightly* (1875) hailed him as 'a poet meant to take his place amongst the highest.' Wells, who had abandoned professional work for a country life in Wales and Hertfordshire, went to Brittany in 1840, and finally settled at Marseilles. After his wife's death in 1874 he burnt MSS. of tragedies and poems that would have filled eight or ten volumes, but when a revised edition of *Joseph* had been published in 1876, the old man was moved to write some additional scenes for his *chef d'œuvre*, which Mr Gosse has described as 'an overgrown specimen of the pseudo Jacobean drama in verse popular in ultra-poetical circles between 1820 and 1830' to be regarded less as a play than as a poetical curiosity of florid eloquence and rich versification.

See Mr Watts Dunton in the *Athenaeum* (1876–77); Mr Buxton Forman in Miles's *Parts of the Century*; and Linton's edition of *Stories after Nature* (1891).



Master of all of us,' said R L Stevenson *(Some critics have dilated on his lack of constructive skill, or even paradoxically affirmed that he violates every canon which the art of fiction should observe, and too much has been made of the obscurity and indirectness of his diction. The idiosyncrasies of his style, which in the later works is often provokingly compressed and elliptical, form a certain barrier to appreciation, and repel many at the outset, but those who have become accustomed to the atmosphere of his thought and utterance are agreed that there are few writers, living or dead, whose works will better repay a careful study. Unintelligibility and obscurity are relative terms, and to the novel in its most complex and highest form it cannot be made matter of reproach that there are some—perhaps many—who lack the intelligence or the sensibility that can alone admit them to the charmed circle of appreciative readers. The difficulties of Mr Meredith's style and manner have been greatly exaggerated, and are felt to be a serious impediment to sympathetic understanding only by those who have not the patience to apply themselves to the study of the higher fiction with the same ardour that they would think necessary in the case of any other art.)* No one has ever tried to make words convey so much meaning as Mr Meredith, and very few have had so much meaning to express. His power of phrase-making is as wonderful as the variety and oppositeness of his use of individual words. *(It should be noted that with the publication of *The Egoist* in 1879, there was a marked change in Mr Meredith's style, a change not without its disadvantages—to a more fastidious choice of words, with an increasing command of felicitous phrases, and a more sedulous effort to put the fullest significance and suggestiveness into every sentence.)* Although Mr Meredith was long in gaining recognition, and is unlikely ever to be a popular writer in the ordinary sense, he is now regarded by the majority of cultivated readers as one of the most powerful and original intellectual forces of our time, distinguished alike for the large sanity of his outlook upon life, the subtlety and grasp of his insight into the springs of character, and his command of many of the most effective forms of artistic expression.

#### From 'Love in the Valley'

Heartless she is as the shadow in the meadows  
 Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy noon  
 No, she is athirst and drinking up her wonder  
 Earth to her is young as the slip of the new moon  
 Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,  
 Even as in a dance, and her smile can heal no less  
 Like the swinging May cloud that pelts the flowers with  
 Hulstones.  
 Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless

Happy happy time, when the white star hovers  
 Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,  
 Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,  
 Threading it with colour, like yewberries the yew

Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens  
 Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells  
 Maiden still the morn is, and strange she is, and secret,  
 Strange her eyes, her cheeks are cold as cold sea  
 shells

#### From 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel'

They believe that the angels have been busy 'bout  
 them from their cradles. The celestial hosts have  
 worthily striven to bring them together. And, O vic  
 tory! O wonder! after toil and pain, and difficulties  
 exceeding, the celestial hosts have succeeded!

'Here we two sit who are written above as one!'

Pipe, happy Love! pipe on to these dear innocents!

The tide of colour has ebbed from the upper sky. In  
 the West the sea of sunken fire draws back, and the  
 stars leap forth, and tremble, and retire before the  
 advancing moon, who slips the silver train of cloud from  
 her shoulders, and, with her foot upon the pine tops,  
 surveys heaven

'Lucy, did you never dream of meeting me?'

'O Richard! yes, for I remembered you'

'Lucy! and did you pray that we might meet?'

'I did!'

Young as when she looked upon the lovers in Paradise,  
 the fair Immortal journeys onward. Fronting her, it is  
 not night but veiled day. Full half the sky is flushed  
 Not darkness not day, but the nuptials of the two

'My own! my own for ever! You are pledged to  
 me? Whisper!'

He hears the delicious music.

'And you are mine?'

A soft beam travels to the fern covert under the pine  
 wood where they sit, and for answer he has her eyes  
 turned to him an instant, timidly fluttering over the  
 depths of his, and then downcast, for through her eyes  
 her soul is naked to him

'Lucy! my bride! my life!'

The night jar spins his dark monotony on the branch  
 of the pine. The soft beam travels round them, and  
 listens to their hearts. Their lips are locked

Pipe no more, Love, for a time! Pipe as you will you  
 cannot express their first kiss, nothing of its sweetness,  
 and of the sacredness of it nothing. St Cecilia up aloft,  
 before the silver organ pipes of Paradise, pressing fingers  
 upon all the notes of which Love is but one, from her  
 you may hear it.

#### From 'The Egoist'

'An oath?' she said, and moved her lips to recall  
 what she might have said and forgotten. 'To what?  
 What oath?'

'That you will be true to me dead as well as living!  
 Whisper it'

'Willoughby, I shall be true to my vows at the altar.'

'To me! me!'

'It will be to you.'

'To my soul. No heaven can be for me—I see none,  
 only torture, unless I have your word, Clara. I trust it.  
 I will trust it implicitly. My confidence in you is  
 absolute.'

'Then you need not be troubled.'

'It is for *you*, my love, that you may be armed and  
 strong when I am not by to protect you.'

'Our views of the world are opposed, Willoughby.'

'Consent gratify me, swear it. Say, "Beyond  
 death" Whisper it. I ask for nothing more. Women

think the husband's grave breaks the bond, cuts the tie, sets them loose They wed the flesh—prh! What I call on you for is nobility the transcendent nobility of faithfulness beyond death "His widow!" let them say, a saint in widowhood'

"My vows at the altar must suffice."

"You will not? Clara!"

"I am plighted to you"

"Not a word?—a simple promise? But you love me?"

"I have given you the best proof of it that I can"

"Consider how utterly I place confidence in you"

"I hope it is well placed"

"I could kneel to you, to worship you, if you would, Clara!"

"Kneel to heaven, not to me, Willoughby. I am

I wish I were able to tell what I am I may be inconstant I do not know myself Think, question yourself whether I am really the person you should marry Your wife should have great qualities of mind and soul I will consent to hear that I do not possess them, and abide by the verdict."

"You do, you do possess them!" Willoughby cried "When you know better what the world is, you will understand my anxiety Alive, I am strong to shield you from it, dead, helpless—that is all You would be clad in mail, steel proof, inviolable, if you would But try to enter into my mind, think with me, feel with me. When you have once comprehended the intensity of the love of a man like me, you will not require asking It is the difference of the elect and the vulgar, of the ideal of love from the coupling of the herds. We will let it drop At least, I have your hand As long as I live I have your hand Ought I not to be satisfied? I am, only, I see farther than most men, and feel more deeply"

From 'Vittoria.'

It was he who preached to the Italians that opportunity is a mocking devil when we look for it to be revealed, or, in other words, wait for chance, as it is God's angel when it is created within us, the ripe fruit of virtue and devotion He cried out to Italians to wait for no inspiration but their own, that they should never subdue their minds to follow any alien example, nor let a foreign city of fire be their beacon Watching over his Italy, her wrist in his meditative clasp year by year, he stood like a mystic leech by the couch of a fair and hopeless frame, pledged to revive it by the inspired assurance, shared by none, that life had not forsaken it. A body given over to death and vultures—he stood by it in the desert Is it a marvel to you that when the carrion wings swooped low, and the claws fixed, and the beak plucked and savoured its morsel, he raised his arm, and urged the half resuscitated frame to some vindicating show of existence? Arise! he said, even in what appeared most fatal hours of darkness The slack limbs moved, the body rose and fell The cost of the effort was the breaking out of innumerable wounds, old and new, the gun was the display of the miracle that Italy lived She tasted her own blood, and herself knew that she lived Then she felt her chains. The time was coming for her to prove, by the virtues within her, that she was worthy to live, when others of her sons, subtle and adept, intricate as serpents, bold, unquestioning as well-bred steeds, should grapple and play deep for her in the game of worldly strife. Now—at this hour of which I speak—when Austrians marched like a merry

file down Milan streets, and Italians stood like the burnt out cinders of the fire grate, Italy's faint wrist was still in the clutch of her grave leech, who counted the beating of her pulse but an long pauses, that would have made another think life to be leaving its last, not beginning

A revised edition of Mr. Meredith's novels began to appear in 1875 and was completed three years later in thirty two volumes. There is a very complete bibliography by Mr. John Lane prefixed to the study of Meredith published by Mr. Le Gallienne in 1877. Miss Hannay Lynch published a book on him in 1881 as did Mr. Walter Jerrold in 1903. In Part II. Worfold discusses the theory of fiction in *The Principles of Criticism* (1901) and in *Victorian Prose Masters* (1902). Mr. W. C. Broome has an appreciative critical estimate. Mr. Meredith's profound significance in connection with the Pensee of Words has been suggested in the essay introductory to the present volume.

JAMES OLIPHANT

**Justin McCarthy**, born at Cork in 1839, early embraced a journalistic career, which, commencing in Liverpool, was most of it spent in England. In 1860 he joined the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons as representative of the *Morning Star*, and in 1864 became editor of that paper, later he was appointed a leader-writer on the *Daily News*. For many years he contributed copiously to the literature of fiction, *A Fair Saxon* (1873) and *Dear Lady Disdain* (1875) being perhaps his most successful novels. But Mr. McCarthy's main interests have always been centred in public affairs. Not only did he for many years occupy a prominent position in the House of Commons as an active member and, for a time, the chairman of the Irish party, but his best literary work has been done in the region of political history. *The History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria* (1878-97), is an excellent and, on the whole, extremely full summary of the events of the Victorian era, the latter half of the work has the interest and value which attaches to a description of political events by one who was acquainted with many of the principal personages who figure in his pages. *A History of the Four Georges*, written after the first volume of the *History of Our Own Times* had appeared, may be best described in an Irishism as a sequel of antecedent history, it is written on the same scale as the earlier work and treated in the same manner. But Mr. McCarthy is more at home in the history of events which are still politics than of politics which have become history. A similar criticism may fairly be passed on *The Reign of Queen Anne* (1902). Among other works which blend history with politics are *The Life of Sir Robert Peel* (1891), *Lives of Pope Leo XIII and of Mr. Gladstone*, and *Modern England* (1898). Mr. McCarthy retired from Parliament and from public life in 1896, and devoted himself exclusively to literary work, and in 1903 a Civil List pension was bestowed on him. His *Reminiscences* (1899) contain effective sketches of contemporary personages, in *British Political Leaders* (1903) the sketches are too purely journalistic to be of enduring value.—His son, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy (born 1860), is a novelist, dramatist, and historian.

**James Hutchison Stirling**, patriarch of British philosophers, was born at Glasgow in 1820, studied at Glasgow University, and practised 1843–1851 as a surgeon near Aberdare in South Wales, but afterwards went to Paris and Heidelberg, and devoted himself to philosophy. His *Secret of Hegel* (1865, new ed. 1900), a masterpiece of philosophical insight and expository genius, opened up an unknown world to English readers, and gave a powerful impulse to the study of philosophy; in 1881 came his *Complete Text-book to Kant*. LL.D. both of Edinburgh and of Glasgow, he delivered the first course of Gifford lectures at Edinburgh—*Philosophy and Theology* (1890). Other works, hardly less original, incisive, and influential, are an assault on Hamilton's doctrine of perception (1865), a translation, with notes, of Schwegler's *History of Philosophy* (1867, 12th ed. 1893), *Jerrold, Tennyson, and Macaulay* (1868), *As Regards Protoplasm* (1869, complete ed. 1872), a reply to Huxley, *Lectures on the Philosophy of Law* (1873), *Burns in Drama* (1878), *Darwinianism* (1894), a trenchant criticism of the three Darwins, *What is Thought? or the Problem of Philosophy* (1900), and, finally, *The Categories* (1903). In Germany, as well as in Italy and elsewhere, the *Secret of Hegel* was accepted as a profound, brilliant, and authentic exegesis, Emerson knew no modern British book that showed 'such competence to analyse the most abstruse problems of the science, and, much more, such singular vigour and breadth of view in treating the matter in relation to literature and humanity'. And Carlyle thought its author 'the only man in Britain capable of bringing metaphysical philosophy, in the ultimate, German or European, and highest actual form of it, distinctly home to the understanding of British men who wish to understand it'.

**Lewis Campbell** was born 3rd September 1830, at Edinburgh, the son of a cousin of Thomas Campbell the poet, and was educated at the Academy of Edinburgh, the University of Glasgow, and Trinity and Balliol Colleges at Oxford. He took Anglican orders, and in 1856–58 was vicar of an English parish, from 1863 to 1892 was Professor of Greek at St Andrews, where he delivered the Gifford Lectures in 1894–95. He has edited the plays of Sophocles and three of Plato's dialogues, one of them in collaboration with Professor Jowett, and has translated Æschylus and Sophocles into spirited and graceful English verse. Besides other books and articles on classical subjects he has published sermons, written (in collaboration with W. Garnett) the Life of Clerk Maxwell, and (with Evelyn Abbott) edited Jowett's Life and Letters.

**Friedrich Max-Müller** (1823–1900), son of the German poet Wilhelm Müller, was born at Dessau, and educated at Leipzig, Berlin, and Paris, and through Bunsen was, as an accom-

plished Sanskritist, asked to England to edit the Rig Veda for the East India Company. Settling at Oxford, he was successively Taylorian Professor of Modern Languages and, from 1868, of Comparative Philology, a study he did more than any one else to promote in England, though many of his favourite doctrines have been superseded. Besides a history of Sanskrit literature and books on the science of religion, of thought, and of mythology, he issued in singularly nervous, polished, and idiomatic English the essays he called *Chips from a German Workshop* (1868–75), and the Glasgow Gifford lectures on natural religion (1889–93). He held numerous academic and other honours, and in 1896 was made a member of the Privy Council. *Auld Lang Syne* (1898–99) was autobiographical, and his wife edited his Life and Letters (1902).

**Thomas Hodgkin**, born of Quaker stock at Tottenham in 1831, and educated at University College, London, became partner in a large banking house at Newcastle on Tyne. Devoting learned leisure to historical writing, he has recorded the history of Italy after the fall of the Roman Empire in *Italy and her Invaders* (7 vols. 1880–98), and as *parerga* wrote monographs on *The Dynasty of Theodosius* (1889) and *Theodoric the Goth* (1891), and a Life of Charlemagne (1897).

**Frederic William Farrar** (1831–1903), born in Bombay, graduated at London University and at Cambridge. Ordained in 1854, he was for many years a master at Harrow, and in 1871–76 head master of Marlborough College, in 1876 he became canon of Westminster and rector of St Margaret's, archdeacon of Westminster in 1883, and Dean of Canterbury in 1895. An eloquent preacher and a copious author, he wrote *Eric* and other stories of school life, books on philology and education, a Life of Christ (1874) which ran through twelve editions in as many months, a Life of St Paul, besides *Lives of the Fathers* and a *History of Interpretation*. One of several volumes of sermons was *Eternal Hope* (1878), disputing the doctrine of eternal punishment. *Darkness and Dawn* (1892) was a story of Nero's days, and *Gathering Clouds* (1895) of Chrysostom's. His Life by his son was published in 1903.

**Frederic Harrison**, born in London in 1831, was educated at King's College School, London, and Wadham College, Oxford, taking a classical first class in 1853. He became Fellow and tutor of his college, but was called to the Bar in 1858, and practised conveyancing and in the Courts of Equity. He has served on more than one Royal Commission, from 1877 till 1889 was Professor of Jurisprudence and International Law to the Inns of Court, and was an alderman in the London County Council. He is an advanced Liberal and Home-Ruler, and his outlook on the world is largely conditioned by his zeal as a convinced Comtean. Since 1880 he has been president of the English Positivist Committee. An eager student of history and

literature, as a critic he yields a versatile and trenchant pen. He has written on the meaning of history (1862), on order and progress, on education and the choice of books, on Byzantine history, and on early Victorian literature, edited the Positivist *Calendas of Great Men*, and published much on Positivist matters, especially on Comte's Positive Polity, is author of books on Cromwell, William the Silent, King Alfred, and Ruskin (1902), the latter containing much original and suggestive criticism, and we have further had from him a collection of critiques of Tennyson, Mill, and others, addresses delivered in America (1901), and the Byzantine historical romance *Theophano* (1904).

**Sir Leslie Stephen**, son of Sir James Stephen, for many years Colonial Under Secretary, was born at Kensington Gore, 28th November 1832. He was educated at Eton King's College, London, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. It was his intention to follow a clerical career, and he took holy orders, but in consequence of increasing intellectual dissatisfaction with the creed of the Church, he abandoned the idea of becoming a clergyman and devoted himself to literature. Settling in London, he contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as well as to the *Fortnightly Review*, *Glasier's Magazine*, and *Macmillan's Magazine*. In 1871 he was appointed editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and retained this position till 1882, when he resigned in order to undertake the duties of editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The first volume of the *Dictionary* appeared early in 1885, and under Stephen's editorship twenty quarterly volumes were published. He afterwards appointed Mr Sidney Lee—since 1883 his assistant—joint editor, and early in 1891, in impaired health, he abandoned the editorship to his coadjutor but continued to be contributor. In 1892 he was appointed president of the London Library in succession to Tennyson, and in June 1902 was created a Knight Commander of the Bath. A thinker of singular independence and energy, a critic of exceptional learning, breadth, and acuity, Sir Leslie Stephen has been an industrious writer, amongst his works being *The Playground of Europe* (1871), *Hours in a Library* (three series, 1874-79), *The History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (1876 and 1881), *Essays on Freethinking and Plain Speaking* (1879), *The Science of Ethics* (1882), *Life of Henry Fawcett* (1885), *An Agnostic's Apology* (1893), *Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen* (1895), *Studies of a Biographer* (4 vols 1898-1902), *The English Utilitarians* (3 vols 1900), *George Eliot* in the 'Men of Letters' series (1902), and *English Literature and English Society in the Eighteenth Century* (1903). A disciple of Hume, Bentham, and the Mills, in his *Science of Ethics* he retained the utilitarian system as modified by the new light thrown upon the ethical development of man by Darwin and Spencer. He died 22nd February 1904.

**Stopford Augustus Brooke**, born in 1832 at Letterkenny in Donegal, had a distinguished course at Trinity College, Dublin, and taking orders, became a curate in London. His first incumbency was St James's Chapel (1866-75), his second, Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, where, in virtue of his independence of thought and the literary grace of his sermons, he came to be till his resignation in 1894 amongst the foremost London preachers. In 1880, on dogmatic grounds connected with miracles, he severed his connection with the Church of England. For a time he had been a royal chaplain. His *Life of Robertson of Brighton* (1865) from the first ranked as a classic biography, his *Primer of English Literature* (1876), unique amongst primers, was followed by his *History of Early English Literature* (2 vols 1892) and a one volume work on *English Literature to the Norman Conquest* (1898). Amongst his volumes of sermons and theological works are *Jesus and Modern Thought* and *The Gospel of Joy*. A poet himself, he is a critic of sympathetic insight, and he has published, besides a little book on Milton, important studies of Tennyson (1894) and Browning (1902). With a colleague he prepared a *Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue* (1901), and the first section of the present work (Vol I pp 1-30) is from his pen.

**James Cotter Morison** (1832-88), son of the proprietor of Morison's Pills, was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, and lived much in France. His masterpiece, *The Life of St Bernard* (1863), was dedicated to Carlyle. For his friend Mr Morley he wrote *Gibbon* (1878) and *Masanius* (1882) in the 'Men of Letters' series, his last work, *The Sacrae of Man* (1887), was a criticism of revealed religion from the Positive point of view.

**Sir Lewis Morris** was born at Penrhyn in Carmarthen in 1833, and educated at Sherborne and Jesus College, Oxford, where in 1855 he took a first in classics and won the Chancellors prize. He practised at the Bar as a conveyancer from 1861 to 1881, and subsequently devoted himself to local work in Wales in connection with education and politics, but failed (as a Liberal candidate) to gain a seat in Parliament for a Welsh constituency. *Songs of Two Worlds* (3 vols 1872-75) by 'A New Writer' showed taste, grace, craftsmanship, and the influence of Tennyson, *The Epic of Hades* (1876), by the same anonymous 'New Writer,' retold in a sufficiently modern spirit the myths and legends of ancient Greece—of Helen, Endymion, Marsyas, and the rest. These pretty idylls were welcomed with joy by a great public. His critics were willing here, as in his later work, to recognise artistic narrative, metrical skill, clear and sometimes forcible thought, unmistakable talent, but refused to acknowledge evidence of true poetic genius. He has since published *Even, a Drama in Monologue*, *The Ode of Life*, *Songs Unsung*, *Gycia, a Tragedy*, *A Vision of Saints* (1890), *Idylls and*

*Lyrics* (1896), *Harvest Tide*, and many other books of verse, besides articles and addresses. In 1877 he was made an honorary Fellow of his old college, in 1895 he was made a knight-bachelor, and he holds a Greek decoration and some other honours.

**Edward Burnett Tylor** was born at Camberwell in 1832, educated at the Friends' school, Grove House, Tottenham, and starting from Cuba in 1856 with a friend, made a scientific journey through Mexico, one result of which was his *Anahuac, or Mexico and the Mexicans* (1861). He was recognised as the most philosophical of English anthropologists and one of the moulders of the science when, already F.R.S. and an honorary graduate of Oxford and St Andrews, he was appointed successively keeper of the Oxford University Museum (1883), Reader in Anthropology, and Professor of Anthropology, and he has been Gifford lecturer at Aberdeen and president of the Anthropological Society. His *Researches into the Early History of Mankind* (1865) and *Primitive Culture* (2 vols. 1871, 3rd ed. 1891) stand first among works of their class, in learning, arrangement, grasp of principles, and breadth of view. The foundation of his philosophy of man is involved in the significance he finds in the various ideas, rules, and usages that accompany or flow from animism, the child-like apprehension by the primitive savage of disembodied spiritual existences, as the minimum of religion and the basis of culture. One of the best introductory handbooks to a subject ever written is his attractive, luminous, and comprehensive *Anthropology* (1881).

**Sir Edwin Arnold**, the son of a Sussex magistrate, was born in 1832, and was sent to school at Rochester, to King's College, London, and to University College, Oxford, where he was elected a scholar. He won the Newdigate (1853) with a poem on *Belshazzar's Feast*, for a while was second master at Birmingham, and afterwards became principal of the Deccan College at Poona. Returning to England in 1861, he joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, with which, as editor and otherwise, he has been since identified. He published a volume of poems in 1853, and as early as 1875, in *The Song of Songs of India*, was busy with his life-task of interpreting in English verse the life and thought of the East. His most important book is *The Light of Asia, or the Great Renunciation* (1879), a verse rendering of the story of the life of Buddha, with an exposition of Nirvana and Karma and the rest of his teaching, and, incidentally, descriptions of the scenery and manners of ancient India. His statement of Indian philosophy has not been accepted by experts as impeccable, and his fluent and sometimes grandiose blank verse was by critics generally regarded as lacking in distinction, but the work attained great popularity, and by the end of the century had gone through sixty English and eighty American editions. In *The Light of the World* (1891) he

attempted, more audaciously and less successfully, to do for Jesus Christ's life and teaching what he had done for Buddha. The subject was less unfamiliar, the inadequacy of the treatment more generally recognised, and the not infrequent infelicities more inevitably conspicuous. There was little to rivet attention, the paraphrases of the gospel story were found pedantic or purposeless, and, spite of much fine writing in smooth and copious (but monotonous) blank verse, the whole failed of effect. Other works are *Pearls of the Faith, With Sa'di in the Garden* (translations from the *Gulistan*), *The Tenth Muse, and other Poems*,



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

*Potiphar's Wife, Adzuma, or the Japanese Wife* (a play), *The Voyage of Ithobal*. He visited India and Japan, and gave readings in the United States, and wrote books on his travels, based on articles in his paper. He was C.S.I. (1877) and K.C.I.E. (1888), and had Siamese, Japanese, Persian, and Turkish decorations. His third wife was a Japanese lady. He died 25th March 1904.

**Lord Avebury** had made his name in literature as Sir John Lubbock long ere he was created a peer (1900). The son of the astronomer Sir John William Lubbock (1803-65), he was born in London in 1834, from Eton he passed at fourteen into his father's banking house, in 1856 became a partner, served on several educational and currency commissions, and in 1870 was returned for Mudstone in the Liberal interest, in 1880 for London University—after 1886 as a Liberal Unionist. He was the means of passing more

than a dozen important measures, including the Bank Holidays Act, the Bills of Exchange Bill, the Ancient Monuments Bill, and the Shop Hours Bill. He holds honorary degrees from Oxford, Cambridge, and several other home and foreign universities, was vice-chancellor of London University 1872-80, and has been president of the British Association, vice-president of the Royal Society, president of the London Chamber of Commerce, chairman of the London County Council, and president of many scientific associations at home and honorary fellow of many learned societies abroad. Distinguished for his original researches on primitive man and on the habits of bees and ants, he is almost equally well known as having greatly contributed, by the interest of his exposition, to popularise all the scientific subjects with which he deals, and his treatises on the practical philosophy of life have some of them reached their two hundred thousand. His selection of the hundred best books in universal literature greatly extended the mental horizon of many Englishmen and English-women. He has given innumerable lectures and addresses, scientific and popular, and contributed more than a hundred memoirs to the *Transactions of the Royal Society* and other scientific journals. He has also published *Prehistoric Times* (1865, 6th ed. 1900), *The Origin of Civilisation* (1870, 6th ed. 1902), *The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects* (1874), *British Wild-flowers in Relation to Insects* (1875), *Ants, Bees, and Wasps* (1882), *The Senses and Instincts of Animals* (1888), *The Pleasures of Life* (1887-89), *The Beauties of Nature* (1892), *The Use of Life* (1894), and *The Scenery of Switzerland* (1896).

**Sabine Baring-Gould**, born at Exeter in 1834, of an old Devon family, in early life lived much in Germany and France. Educated at Clare College, Cambridge, he became incumbent of Dalton near Thirsk in 1866, and rector of East Mersea, Colchester, in 1871, and in 1881 presented himself to the rectory of Lew Trenchard, Devon, having on his father's death (1872) succeeded to the estate there. He is one of the most indefatigable, multifarious, and unequal of authors. His eighty works include, besides several volumes of sermons and theological works, collections of English minstrelsy and west country songs, books of travel in Iceland, Brittany, and South France, works on Germany, past and present, and its Church, histories of the Cæsars and Napoleon Bonaparte, a whole series of popular antiquarian publications, of which *The Book of Were-Wolves* (1865) and *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* (1866) were the most popular, collections of fairy stories, of historic oddities, and strange events, and a long series of novels, of which *Mehalah* (1880), *John Herring*, *Richard Cable*, *Mrs Cuggenven*, and *Nebo the Nailor* (1902) are amongst the best known. *Chris of all Sorts* was the work of 1903.

### William Morris

was born 24th March 1834 at Walthamstow, not then a suburb of London, and educated at Marlborough and Oxford. His writings form only one part of his life-work as poet, artist, and reformer, in each of these directions he did a full life's work. As artist the volume of original work produced by him or under his direction is enormous, and its effect—striking enough in England already—is only now beginning to manifest itself in anything like its true proportion in western and central Europe. As reformer, the result of his life-work has been to revolutionise the decorative instincts of English homes, to emphasise, and to translate for the public, the meaning of decorative art, to bring back into English printing the ideals of an early age, 'printing books which should have a definite claim to beauty and at the same time should be easy to read and should not dazzle the eye or trouble the intellect of the reader to eccentricity of form in the letters,' and even in the Socialist agitation which took up so much of the latter years of his life, and which embodied for him so many of his ideals, to redeem it from the narrowness which characterises so many of the European Socialist parties, and to bring it into line with the aspirations common to the thinking men of all political parties. His influence is apparent not in the work of his imitators only, but even more in the general Renaissance of style, the substitution of a truer feeling for beauty of line and colour in all the ordinary surroundings of life. He died 3rd October 1896.

As a writer, Morris belongs to the Romantic school at its best and healthiest. The Pre-Raphaelite movement, of which his work is but the direct expression, is a phase of the great romantic development, which, arising in our country, finding its first expression in the poems of Ossian, the Percy Ballads, and the work of Chatterton, spread to the continent of Europe, made itself deeply felt in Germany and in western Europe generally, while pursuing in England a course freed from some of the excesses of disordered imagination which characterised it abroad. As Mr Watts Dunton, in formulating his theory of the Renascence of Wonder, has finely pointed out, the English Romantic school did not aim merely at the revival of natural language, it sought rather to reach through Art the forgotten world of old Romance—that world of wonder and mystery and spiritual beauty of which poets gain glimpses through

Magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn

When Morris was beginning his career as a writer by his contributions to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, Tennyson had written his best poems, Browning was at his finest and freshest, Ruskin and Carlyle were applying a vigorous criticism in life and art. The moral and

emotional life of the nation had been stimulated by the Tractarian movement and the Russian war, and he himself, prepared by a lifelong interest in mediæval architecture and in such romance as was open to the reader of the day, had just made the acquaintance of Malory and Froissart. It was at this time that *The Blessed Damozel* and *Hand and Soul* fell into his hands. We have heard him describe their thrilling effect upon him, and when this was reinforced by the remarkable personal influence of Rossetti and his paintings, the young poet found his bent determined. We owe to the acquaintanceship and intimacy then formed many of the more distinctive poems—such as *The Defence of Guenevere*, *King Arthur's Tomb* and *The Blue Closet*, and the *Tune of Seven Towers*—but Morris even in these owed little to Rossetti, except subject and a sort of courtly and intense note in the diction; the two minds were essentially unlike. He was much more influenced by Tennyson and by Browning, but his poems were fresher and less conscious than those of Tennyson, while Browning had taught something of his own insight without lending his fine worldliness to the observation of the younger mind. In that sensitivity to the outward circumstances of things which we call sensuousness Morris approaches Keats. 'Riding Together,' 'Summer Dawn,' or 'The Haystack in the Floods' should, any one of them, have established the poet's reputation they did not. The little volume was spoken of 'as a curiosity which shows how far affectation may mislead an earnest man towards the fogland of Art.'

Nearly ten years passed before Morris published his *Jason*, a poem originally designed to take its place in the framework of *The Earthly Paradise*, but which had outgrown in the making the limits of that scheme. His early verse 'had gradually gained for itself an increasing audience amongst men of imaginative taste,' to quote again the words of the greatest critic of our days. It was followed by the *Earthly Paradise* itself, the collection of poems with which Morris's name is most often associated. The device by which twelve classic legends are alternate with as many mediæval ones provided the poet with an opportunity of which he took the fullest advantage, while the introduction and the poems of the Months which connect the stories are little masterpieces no one who understands the charm of English country can be unmoved by them. These works mark the second stage in his development as a writer. The early poems are all edge, these are distinguished by a flow so smooth and easy that 'the happiness of epithet and of local colouring, the picturesque detail and the appropriate phrase which give life and individuality to his pictures, are for the most part known only by their effects and only fully appreciated in the retrospect.'

*Love is Enough*, published in 1872, was a bold innovation in point of form, written with a pris-

sionate quality such as one found in his earliest work, a much more matured balance in carrying out his scheme. It is perhaps the least popular of his works, and at the same time it is the most instructive for the student of his work, with its ordered intricacy, its architectural construction of four receding planes. In it real things are seen through a medium of strange and deceptive splendour, not enhanced but transformed, while the skill with which the difficult Middle English metres is handled enlarges the limits of English verse.

The third period of artistic development, dating from his visits to Iceland, is marked by a series of translations from the Icelandic, culminating in his epic of *Sigurd the Volsung*, perhaps his finest work. 'More masculine than Jason, more vigorous and romantic than the best of the stories in the *Earthly Paradise*, it will take its place among the epic poems of the world.' A comparison of the way in which the subject of *Sigurd* was treated by Ampere among the French, Fouque among the Germans, and Morris among the English would present an instructive study of the development of the Romantic school in these three countries. Translations of the *Aeneid*, the *Odyssey*, and *Beowulf* mark another development of his energies. Virgil was brought from Classical Art straight into Romance, but after all this was but just, as the *Aeneid* is the fountain head of Romanticism. In writing of his version of the *Odyssey*, we may again quote from Mr Watts Dunton: 'The two specially Homeric qualities—those, indeed, which set Homer apart from all other poets—are eagerness and dignity. That Tennyson could have given us the Homeric dignity his magnificent rendering of a famous fragment of the *Iliad* shows. Chapman's translations show that the eagerness also can be caught. Morris could not have given the dignity of Homer, but then, while Tennyson has left us but a few lines speaking with the dignity of the *Iliad*, Morris gave us a literal translation of the entire *Odyssey*, which, though it missed the Homeric dignity, secured the eagerness as completely as Chapman's free and easy paraphrase.'

As a prose writer his productions fall into three distinct classes—his controversial writings, his translations, and his prose romances. The works of the first class, including his lectures on art and his Socialist tales and tracts, *A Dream of John Ball*, and *News from Nowhere*, are written in an English so simple and direct that it has no rival since the best of Cobbett, yet with a distinction and grace all his own. A little sketch, *Under the Elm-tree*, still lives in one's memory as the very embodiment of poetical ideas, expressed in plain and serious prose. Apart from its tendency, *A Dream of John Ball* is a work whose beautiful language, whose delicate fidelity to archaeological details and mediæval feeling, have conquered for it a place in the affections of many who are as the

poles asunder from its author's sympathies. The translations from the Icelandic, which we have already mentioned, are remarkable for their closeness in point of form to their originals, and the same may be said for the three little French romances, but in the case of the latter the Old French lends itself more gracefully to our tongue, of which it is, in truth, a sort of foster mother.

His published prose romances begin with *The House of the Wolfings*, 'a form of literary art so new that new canons of criticism have to be formulated and applied to it.' It is the tale of a little Northern tribe attacked by the Romans, and is told in prose intermingled with song speech—a true

its riches of art and its squalid poverty, its high aims and marvellous performances, its misery and vice, its good and bad, and the bad very bad, the other in ideal age, five hundred years behind us and a thousand years ahead. The age in which he loved to move is one which contains only what is fairest and strongest in mediæval life. He peoples with his imagination a little hollow land, sheltered by wide forests and desolate wastes, where his loved ones may live undisturbed, far from the sots of the outside world. Once, indeed, he began a story of the actual past—the adventures of one of his favourite Northmen in the decaying Roman civilisation, but he found the task of portraying its evil too great for what was to be the solace of his leisure hours, and he abandoned it half done. To the picturing, then, of this ideal world the poet, the artist in words, brought a style wholly new, which places these romances among the most original contributions to pure literature that our epoch has seen. Morris's use of the supernatural, too, is very personal and quite northern in character, voiding the bizarre, the cruel, the borderland of madness into which so many of the German Romantic school fall. Perhaps the principal defect of these romances is a want of relief to the virtues of almost all the actors therein; even the criminality which occurs is business-like and free from any taint of meanness.

The literary art of William Morris is, as we have said of the Romantic school, indeed, in many respects it is not too much to say that the school touches its high water mark of achievement with him. Perhaps no single line of his reaches the haunting beauty of certain strains from Keats or the sensuous magic of Rossetti, but, on the other hand, he is free from the mysticism of the latter. He has a fuller and stronger sweep of wing than the former. Analogies have been sought for him with Chaucer and with Spenser, but though he is a romantic story-teller like Chaucer, he is distinguished from him by the fact that he finishes his stories, and by his deliberate avoidance of humour in his writing, probably in accordance with the theories of art he held. That this avoidance was deliberate is known from the suppressed conclusion of *Sir Peter Harpendon's End*, of which Mr W. H. Dunton has preserved the memory. His points of contact with Spenser are more numerous, but no exact parallel can be drawn. His art is a story teller was that of the *improvisatori*, and he carried it to the highest point of which it was capable. The pictorial quality of his work sets him in a class apart from other writers of the Romantic school. His special bent of mind was historic, and there were few questions concerning the Middle Ages which he had not studied. Scott knew history perhaps as well, he had at his finger ends all that was to be known of olden times, but he did not see as Morris did. He could describe, he could not paint in words. 'My work,' said Morris, 'is the embodi-



WILLIAM MORRIS

From a Photograph by Messrs Walker & Boutell

Northern sign. From that time forward a succession of these tales poured from his pen, *The Roots of the Mountains*, *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, *The Wood beyond the World*, *The Well at the World's End*, *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, and *The Sundering Flood*. Round their language and diction a storm of criticism raged. A public accustomed to the stereotyped form of the magazine and the newspaper found itself in face of a use of language as individual and as striking as that of Carlyle or Meredith, and wondered accordingly. For Morris the use of archaic words and old-world turn of phrase was an artistic necessity, if he were to create the atmosphere he required, to awaken the mind to the expectation of strange surroundings and simpler if unaccustomed motives. He is not in the world of Caxton or of Malory, yet of such surroundings is his tale built up, and his language recalls, but does not copy, theirs. For this age of his romance never existed—a fact which no man knew better than himself. Two parts were always with him the historical, with

ment of dreams—to bring before men's eyes the image of the thing my heart is filled with' It was this characteristic—the pictorial view of things—which, in addition to the romantic spirit and the imaginative love of beauty, gave unity and harmony to all his work, artistic and literary

### The Wedding Path.

He said 'We shall be home but a very little while after the first, for the way I tell of is as short as the Portway. But hearken, my sweet! When we are in the meadows we shall sit down for a minute on a bank under the chestnut trees, and thence watch the moon coming up over the southern cliffs. And I shall behold thee in the summer night, and deem that I see all thy beauty, which yet shall make me dumb with wonder when I see it indeed in the house amongst the candles.'

'O my,' she said, 'in the Portway shall we go, the torch bearers shall be abiding thee at the gate'

Spake Face of god 'Then shall we rise up and wend first through a wide treeless meadow, wherein amidst the night we shall behold the king moving about like odorous shadows, and through the greyness of the moonlight thou shalt deem that thou seest the pink colour of the eglantine blossoms, so fragrant they are'

'O my,' she said, 'but it is meet that we go by the Portway'

But he said 'Then from the wide meadow come we into a close of corn, and then into an orchard close beyond it. There in the ancient walnut tree the owl sitteth breathing hard in the night time, but thou shalt not hear him for the joy of the nightingales singing from the apple trees of the close. Then from out of the shadowed orchard shall we come into the open town meadow, and over its daisies shall the moonlight be lying in a grey flood of brightness'

'Short is the way across it to the brim of the Weltering Water, and across the water heth the fair garden of the Face, and I have dugt for thee there a little bont to walt us across the night dark waters, that shall be like wavering flames of white fire where the moon smites them, and like the void of all things where the shadows hang over them. There then shall we be in the garden, beholding how the hall windows are yellow, and hearkening the sound of the hall glee borne across the flowers and blending with the voice of the nightingales in the trees. There then shall we go along the grass paths whereby the pinks and the cloves and the lavender are sending forth their fragrance, to cheer us, who faint at the scent of the over worn roses, and the honey sweetness of the lilies'

'All this is for thee, and for nought but for thee this even, and many a blossom whereof thou knowest nought shall grieve if thy foot tread not thereby to night, if the path of thy wedding which I have made, be void of thee, on the even of the Chamber of Love.'

'But lo! at last at the garden's end is the yew walk arched over for thee, and thou canst not see whereby to enter it, but I, I know it, and I lead thee into and along the dark tunnel through the moonlight, and thine hand is not weary of mine as we go. But at the end still we come to a wicket, which shall bring us out by the gable end of the Hall of the Face. Turn we about its corner then, and there are we blinking on the torches of the torch bearers, and the candles through the open door, and the hall ablaze with light and full of joyous clamour,

like the bale fire in the dark night kindled on a ness above the sea by fisher folk remembering the Gods'

'O my,' she said, 'but by the Portway must we go, the straughtest way to the Gate of Burgstead'

In vain she spake, and knew not what she said, for even as he was speaking he led her away, and her feet went as her will went, rather than her words, and even as she said that last word she set her foot on the first board of the foot bridge, and she turned aback one moment, and saw the long line of the rock wall yet glowing with the last of the sunset of midsummer, while as she turned again, lo! before her the moon just beginning to lift himself above the edge of the southern cliffs, and betwixt her and him all Burgdale, and Face of god moreover

(From *The Roots of the Mountains*)

### Summer Dawn.

Pry but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,

Think but one thought of me up in the stars

The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,

Taint and grey 'twixt the leaves of the aspen, betwixt  
the cloud bars,

That are patiently waiting there for the dawn

Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold  
Waits to float through them along with the sun  
Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,

The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold  
The uneasy wind rises, the roses are dun,  
Through the long twilight they pry for the dawn,  
Round the lone house in the midst of the corn

Speak but one word to me over the corn,  
Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn

(From *The Defence of Guenevere*)

### I know a little garden close

'I know a little garden close  
Set thick with lily and red rose,  
Where I would wander if I might  
From dewy dawn to dewy night,  
And have one with me wandering

'And though within it no birds sing,  
And though no pillared house is there,  
And though the apple boughs are bare  
Of fruit and blossom, would to God,  
Her feet upon the green grass trod,  
And I beheld them as before

'There comes a murmur from the shore,  
And in the place two fair streams are,  
Drawn from the purple hills afar,  
Drawn down unto the restless sea,  
The hills whose flowers ne'er fed the bee  
The shore no ship has ever seen,  
Still beaten by the billows green,  
Whose murmur comes unceasingly  
Unto the place for which I cry

'For which I cry both day and night,  
For which I let slip all delight,  
That maketh me both deaf and blind,  
Careless to win, unskilled to find,  
And quick to lose what all men seek

'Yet tottering as I am, and weak,  
Still have I left a little breath  
To seek within the jaws of death  
An entrance to that happy place,  
To seek the unforgotten face

Once seen, once kissed, once left from me  
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.'

(From *The Life and Death of Jason*, Book iv.)

*[The Life of William Morris*, by Mr J W Mackail, was published in two volumes in 1899, a book on Morris, his art, his writings, and his public life, by Mr Aymer Vallance had appeared in 1897, in which year Mr Buxton Forman produced *The Books of William Morris*, and there is a *Description of the Kelmscott Press* by Mr S C Colerell (1898).]

ROBERT STEELE

**Thomas Hood** the Younger (1835-74), son of a more famous father, Thomas Hood the Elder (see above at page 136), studied at Pembroke College, Oxford, published a poem, a 'Farewell to the Swallows,' in 1853, and a series of *Pen and Pencil Pictures* in 1857, and after a year or two of journalism in Cornwall and five years' clerking in the War Office, he became, in 1865, editor of *Fun*, to which he contributed largely in prose, in verse, and in drawings. He published half-a-dozen novels, the best *Captain Master's Children* (1865), and to a volume of his *Favourite Poems* (Boston, U.S., 1877) his sister prefixed a Memoir.

**Richard Garnett**, born at Lichfield in 1835, the son of a keeper of books in the British Museum, held in the same institution a succession of posts, being latterly editor (1881-90) of the great catalogue and (1890-99) keeper of printed books. He has published several volumes of original verse, besides translations from German and Italian, essays, and books on Carlyle, Emerson, Milton, Blake, and E G Wakefield, as well as on the relics of Shelley, on *The Age of Dryden*, on Richmond on the Thames, and a *History of Italian Literature*. *The Twilight of the Gods*, published in 1888 with other tales, was a brilliant *jeu-d'esprit*. He has also contributed much to encyclopaedias and the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and was responsible for two of the volumes of *English Literature, an Illustrated Record* (4 vols. 1903, the other volumes by Mr Gosse). He is LL.D and C.B.

### Theodore Watts-Dunton.

Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton, poet, novelist, and critic, was born at St Ives, Huntingdon, in 1832. At the age of eleven he was sent to a private school at Cambridge, and he received there and afterwards at home an elaborate education. At an early period of his life, in order to learn the Romany language, he saw much of the gypsies, and had those remarkable experiences with them which lend perhaps the chief colour to *Aylwin* and *The Coming of Love*. In 1875, having settled in London, he became a prominent figure in a famous group of poets, and the leading critic of poetry on the *Examiner* and the *Athenaeum*. Afterwards he took the same position on the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, contributing to it a treatise on 'Poetry,' which has been described by an eminent writer as 'the literary crown of that vast work.' This essay is alone sufficient to show how deep has been his study of poetic principles, and

how completely justified was Mr Swinburne in styling him 'the first critic of our time, perhaps the largest minded and surest sighted of any age.' In 1897 he published *The Jubilee Greeting to the Men of Greater Britain*, and in the same year his long-looked-for volume of collected poems, *The Coming of Love*, which immediately set him in the front rank of contemporary poets. In the following year he published *Aylwin*, a poetical romance, which was placed by Lord Acton and Mr G B Gooch, in *The Annals of Politics and Culture*, first amongst the three most important books published in England in 1898. Henry Aylwin, in this story, and Percy Aylwin, in *The Coming of Love*, may be regarded as the embodiment of his philosophy of life. The two cousins, Henry Aylwin of the romance, and Percy Aylwin of the poem, are phases of a modern Hamlet, a Hamlet who stands at the portals of the outer darkness, gazing with eyes made wistful by the loss of a beloved woman. In both the romance and the poem the theme is love at war with death, or, to use the words of the author, in his preface to the illustrated edition of *Aylwin*.

It is a story written as a comment on Love's warfare with death—written to show that confronted as man is every moment by signs of the fragility and brevity of human life, the great marvel connected with him is not that his thoughts dwell frequently upon the unknown country beyond Orion where the beloved dead are loving us still, but that he can find time and patience to think upon anything else—a story written further to show how terribly despair becomes intensified when a man has lost—or thinks he has lost—a woman whose love was the only light of his world—when his soul is torn from his body, as it were, and whisked off on the wings of the 'viewless winds' right away beyond the farthest star, till the universe hangs beneath his feet a trembling point of twinkling light, and at last even this dies away and his soul cries out for help in that utter darkness and loneliness. It was to depict this phase of human emotion that both *Aylwin* and *The Coming of Love* were written. They were missives from the lonely watch tower of the writer's soul, sent out into the strange and busy battle of the world—sent out to find, if possible, another soul or two to whom the watcher was, without knowing it, akin.

In *Aylwin* the problem is symbolised by the victory of love over sinister circumstance, whereas in the poem it is symbolised by a kind of unistic dream of 'Natura Benigna.' *Aylwin* is so full of portraits of men of genius that no one can form a vivid conception of the higher literary and artistic life of the mid-Victorian epoch who has not studied it. Notwithstanding the vogue of *Aylwin*, there is no doubt that it is on his poems, such as *The Coming of Love*, *Christmas at the Mermaid*, *Prophetic Pictures at Venice*, *John the Pilgrim*, *The Omnipotence of Love*, *The Three Fausts*, *What the Silent Voices Said*, *Apollo in Paris*, *The Wood-Haunter's Dream*, *The Octopus of the Golden Isles*, *The Last Walk with Jowett from Boar's Hill*, and *Omar Khayyām*, that Mr Watts Dunton's future

position will mainly rest (see a study by the present writer, 1904) Here there is only room to touch upon *The Coming of Love*, a poem which, as a critic has said, 'has its chances for all time.'

Percy Aylwin is a poet and a sailor with such an absorbing love for the sea that he has no room for any other passion to him an imprisoned sea-bird is a sufferer almost more pitiable than an imprisoned man, as will be seen by the following extract from the opening section of the poem

#### Mother Carey's Chicken

(Percy, on seeing a storm petrel in a cage on a cottage wall near Gypsy Dell, takes down the cage, with the view of releasing the bird.)

I cannot brook thy gaze, beloved bird,  
That sorrow is more than human in thine eye,  
Too deeply, brother, is my spirit stirred  
To see thee here, beneath the landsmen's sky,  
Cooped in a cage with food thou canst not eat,  
Thy 'snow flake' soiled, and soiled those conquering feet  
That walked the billows, while thy 'sweet sweet sweet'  
Proclaimed the tempest nigh

Bird whom I welcomed while the sailors cursed,  
Friend whom I blessed wherever keels may roam,  
Prince of my childish dreams, whom mermaids nursed  
In purple of billows—silver of ocean foam,  
Abashed I stand before the mighty grief  
That quells all other Sorrow's King and Chief,  
Who rides the wind and holds the sea in sief,  
Then finds a cage for home !

From out thy jail thou seest yon heath and woods,  
But canst thou hear the birds or smell the flowers?  
Ah, no ! those rain drops twinkling on the buds  
Bring only visions of the salt sea showers.  
'The sea !' the hinnets pipe from hedge and heath,  
'The sea !' the honeysuckles whisper and breathe,  
And tumbling waves, where those wild roses wreath,  
Murmur from inland bowers.

These winds so soft to others—how they burn !  
The mavis sings with gurgle and ripple and splash,  
To thee yon swallow seems a wheeling tern,  
And when the rain recalls the briny lash,  
Old Ocean's kiss we love—oh, when thy sight  
Is mocked with Ocean's horses—manes of white,  
The long and shadowy flanks, the shoulders bright—  
Bright as the lightning's flash—

When all these scents of heather and brier and whin,  
All kindly breaths of land shrub, flower, and vine,  
Recall the sea scents, till thy feathered skin  
Tingles in answer to a dream of brine—  
When thou, remembering where thy royal birth,  
Dost see between the burs a world of dearth,  
Is there a grief—a grief on all the earth—  
So heavy and dark as thine?

But I can buy thy freedom—I (thank God !),  
Who loved thee more than albatross or gull—  
Loved thee, and loved the waves thy footsteps trod—  
Dreamed of thee when, becalmed, we lay a hull—  
'Tis I, thy friend, who once, a child of six,  
To find where Mother Carey fed her chicks,  
Climbed up the boat and then with bramble sticks  
Tried all in vain to scull—

Thy friend who shared thy Paradise of Storm—

The little dreamer of the cliffs and coves,  
Who knew thy mother, saw her shadowy form  
Behind the cloudy bastions where she moves,  
And heard her call 'Come ! for the welkin thickens',  
Then, starting from his dream, would find the chickens  
Were daws or blue rock doves—

Thy friend who owned another Paradise,

Of calmer air, a floating isle of fruit  
Where sang the Nereids on a breeze of spice,  
While Triton, from afar, would sound salute  
There wast thou winging, though the skies were calm,  
For marvellous strums, as of the morning's shalm,  
Were struck by ripples round that isle of palm  
Whose shores were Ocean's lute.

And now to see thee here, my king, my king,  
Far glittering memories mirrored in those eyes,  
As if there shone within each iris ring

An orb'd world—ocean and hills and skies !—  
Those black wings ruffled whose triumphant sweep  
Conquered in sport !—yea, up the glimmering steep  
Of highest billow, down the deepest deep,  
Sported with victories !—

To see thee here ! a coil of wilted weeds

Beneath those feet that danced on diamond spray,  
Rider of sportive Ocean's reinless steeds—

Winner in Mother Carey's Sabbath fray  
When, stung by magic of the Witch's chant,  
They rise, each foamy crested combatant—  
They rise and fall and leap and foam and gallop and prance  
Till albatross, sea swallow, and cormorant  
Must flee like doves away !

And shalt thou ride no more where thou hast ridden,  
And feast no more in hyaline halls and caves,  
Master of Mother Carey's secrets hidden,  
Master and monarch of the wind and waves,  
Who never, save in stress of angriest blast,  
Asked ship for shelter—never till at last

Slashed thee like whirling glaives ,

Right home to fields no seamew ever kenned,  
Where scarce the great sea wanderer fares with thee,  
I come to take thee—nay, 'tis I, thy friend !

Ah, tremble not—I come to set thee free ,  
I come to tear this cage from off this wall,  
And take thee hence to that fierce festival  
Where billows march and winds are musical,  
Hymning the Victor—Sea !

Yea, lift thine eyes to mine Dost know me now ?

Thou 'rt free ! thou 'rt free ! Ah, surely a bird can smile !

Dost know me, Petrel ? Dost remember how

I fed thee in the wake for many a mile,  
Whilst thou wouldest pat the waves, then, rising, take  
The morsel up and wheel about the wake ?

Thou 'rt free, thou 'rt free, but for thine own dear sake

I keep thee caged awhile.

Away to sea ! no matter where the coast

The road that turns for home turns never wrong ,

Where waves run high my bird will not be lost

His home I know 'tis where the winds are strong—

Where, on a throne of billows, rolling hoary  
And green and blue and splashed with sunny glory,  
Far, far from shore—from farthest promontory—  
Prophetic Nature bares the secret of the story  
That holds the spheres in song !

Percy, carrying the bird in the cage, suddenly comes upon a landsman friend of his, a Romany Rye (presumably the late F H Groome), who is just parting from a young gypsy-girl. She is so beautiful that Percy stands dazzled and forgets the petrel. It is symbolical of the inner meaning of the story that the bird now pushes its way through the half-open door and flies away. From that moment, through the magic of love, to Percy the land is richer than the sea, and this ends the first phase of the story. The first kiss between the two lovers is thus described

If only in dreams may Man be fully blest,  
Is heaven a dream? Is she I claspt a dream?  
Or stood she here even now where dew drops gleam  
And miles of surze shine yellow down the west?  
I seem to clasp her still—still on my breast  
Her bosom beats I see the bright eyes beam  
I think she kissed these lips, for now they seem  
Scarce mine so hallowed of the lips they pressed  
Yon thicket's breath—can that be eglantine?  
Those birds—can they be Morning's choristers?  
Can this be Earth? Can these be banks of surze?  
Like burning bushes fired of God they shine!  
I seem to know them, though this body of mine  
Passed into spirit at the touch of hers!

Percy stays with the gypsies, and the gypsy girl, Rhona, teaches him Romany. This arouses the jealousy of a gypsy rival—Herne the 'Scollard'. Percy Aylwin's family afterwards succeeds in separating him from her, and he is again sent to sea. While cruising among the coral islands he receives the letter from Rhona which of itself paints her character with unequalled vividness

#### Rhona's Letter

On Christmas Eve I seed in dreams the day  
When Herne the Scollard come and said to me,  
He's off, that rye o' yours, gone clean away gentleman  
Till swallow time, he's left this letter see  
In dreams I heerd the bee and grasshopper,  
Like on that mornin, buz in Rington Hollow,  
She'll live till swallow time and then she'll mer, die  
For never will a rye come back to her gentleman  
Wot leaves her till the comin o the swallow

All night I heerd them bees and grasshoppers,  
All night I smelt the breath o' grass and may,  
Mixed sweet wi' smells o' honey from the surze  
Like on that mornin when you went awa',  
All night I heerd in dreams my daddy sal laugh  
Sayin, De blessed chi ud give de chollo girl—whole  
O' Bozzles breed—tans, vardey, greis,<sup>1</sup> and all—  
To see dat torno rye o' hern palall back  
Wot's left her till the comin o the swallow

I woke and went a walkin on the ice salt  
All white with snow dust, just like sparklin loon,  
And soon beneath the stars I heerd a vice,  
A vice I knewed and often, often shoon,

An then I seed a shipe as thin as tuv,  
I lowned it war my blessed mammy's mollo  
Rhona, she sez, that torno rye you love,  
He's thinkin on you, don't you go and rose,  
You'll see him at the comin o the swallow

Sez she, For you it seemed to kill the grass  
When he wur gone, and freeze the brooklets gillies,  
There wornt no smell, dear, in the sweetest cas,  
And when the summer brought the wter lilies,  
And a hen the sweet winds wived the golden giv,  
The skies above em seemed as bleak and kollo  
As now, when all the world seems frozen yiv  
The months are long, but mammy says you'll live  
By thinkin o the comin o the swallow

She sez, The whinchit soon wi silver throat  
Will meet the stonechat in the buddin whin,  
And soon the blackcaps airliest gillie ull float song  
From light green boughs through leaves a peepin thin,  
The wheat eir soon ull bring the willow wren,  
And then the fust sond nightingale ull follow,  
A callin Come, dear, to his laggin hen  
Still out at sea, the spring is in our glen,  
Come, darlin, wi the comin o the swallow

And she wur gone! And then I read the words  
In mornin twilight wot you rote to me,  
They made the Christmas sing with summer birds,  
And spring leaves shine on every frozen tree,  
And when the drwnin kindled Rington spire,  
And curdin winter clouds burnt gold and jollo red  
Round the dear sun, wot seemed a volk o fire,  
Another night, I sez, has brought him nigher,  
He's comin wi the comin o the swallow

And soon the bull pups found me on the Pool—  
You know the way they barks to see me slide—  
But when the skatin bors o Rington scool  
Comed on, it turned my head to see em glide.  
I seemed to see you twirlin on your skates,  
And somethin made me clap my hans and hollo,  
It's him, I sez, achinnin o them 8s  
But when I woke like—I'm the gal wot waits cutting  
Alone, I sez, the comin o the swallow

Comin seemed ringin in the Christmas chime,  
Comin seemed rit on everything I seed,  
In beads o frost along the nets o rime,  
Sparklin on every frozen rush and reed,  
And when the pups began to bark and play,  
And frisk and scrabble and bite my frock and wallow  
Among the snow and fling it up like spray,  
I says to them, You know who rote to say  
He's comin wi the comin o the swallow

The thought on t makes the snow drifts o December  
Shine gold, I sez, like daffodils o spring  
Wot wait beneath he's comin, pups, remember,  
If not—for me no singin birds ull sing  
No chorin chiriklo ull hold the gale cuckoo  
Wi Cuckoo, cuckoo, over hill and hollow  
There'll be no crakin o the meadow rail,  
There'll be no Jug jug o the nightingale,  
For her wot waits the comin o the swallow

Come back, minaw, and you may kiss your hin mine own  
To that fine rawni rowin on the river,  
I'll never call that lady a chovihan,  
Nor yet a mumply gorgie—I'll forgive her lady  
witch miserable gentle

Come back, minaw I wur to be your wife  
 Come back—or, say the word, and I will follow  
 Your footfalls round the world I'll leave this life  
 (I've flung away a ready that ere knif)—  
 I'm dyin for the comin o the swallow

I Tents, wagons, horses.

After a while Percy returns to England and proceeds to Gypsy Dell, reaching it at the very moment when 'the Scollard,' maddened by jealousy on discovering that Rhona is to meet Percy that night, has drawn his knife upon the girl under the starlight by the river-bank. But the courageous girl overcomes her antagonist and hurls him into the water, where he is drowned. There are other witnesses—the stars, whose reflected light, according to a gypsy superstition, writes in the water, just above where the drowned man sank, mysterious hieroglyphics legible only to a gypsy star reader—signs telling the story of the deed. For a Roman woman the penalty for marrying a Gorgio is death. Notwithstanding this, Rhona, defying all perils, marries Percy. Here is the bewitching picture of Rhona waking in the tent at dawn

The young light peeps through yonder trembling chink  
 The tent's mouth makes in answer to a breeze,  
 The rooks outside are stirring in the trees  
 Through which I see the deepening bars of pink.  
 I hear the earliest anvil's tingling clink  
 From Jasper's forge, the cattle on the leas  
 Begin to low She's waking by degrees  
 Sleep's rosy fetters melt, but link by link  
 Whut drem is hers? Her eyelids shake with tears,  
 The fond eyes open now like flowers in dew  
 She sobs I know not what of passionate fears  
 'You'll never leave me now? There is but you,  
 I dreamt a voice was whispering in my ears,  
 "The Dukkerpen o' stars comes ever true."

But Rhona cannot free her mind from forebodings, and one night when they are on the river together, she herself reads the runes of the stars

The mirrored stars lit all the bulrush spears,  
 And all the flags and broad leaved lily isles,  
 The ripples shook the stars to golden smiles,  
 Then smoothed them back to happy golden spheres.  
 We rowed—we sang, her voice seemed in mine ears  
 An angel's, yet with woman's dearer wiles,  
 But shadows fell from gathering cloudy piles,  
 And ripples shook the stars to fiery tears.  
 What shaped those shadows like another boat  
 Where Rhona sat and he Love made a lir?  
 There, where the Scollard sank, I saw it float,  
 While ripples shook the stars to symbols dire,  
 We wept—we kissed—while starry fingers wrote,  
 And ripples shook the stars to a snake of fire

The gypsies, by reading the starry signs, get, as Rhona foresaw, a knowledge of the homicide, and, inveigling her from her husband, secretly slay her Percy, coming back to Gypsy Dell, tries vainly to find out where the gypsies have buried her. Then he flies from the dingle lest the memory of Rhona should drive him mad, and lives alone in the Alps, where he passes into the strange ecstasy, depicted

in 'Natura Maligna,' which has been much discussed by the critics

The Lady of the Hills with crimes untold  
 I followed my feet with azure eyes of prey,  
 By glacier brink she stood—by cataract spray—  
 When mists were dire, or avalanche echoes rolled  
 At night she glimmered in the death wind cold,  
 And if a footprint shone it break of day,  
 My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say  
 "Tis hers whose hand God's mightier hand doth hold"  
 I trod her snow bridge, for the moon was bright,  
 Her icicle arch across the sheer crevise,  
 When lo, she stood! God made her let me pass,  
 Then felled the bridge! Oh, there in sallow light,  
 There down the chasm, I saw her, cruel, white,  
 And all my wondrous days as in a glass.

Of this awful vision Sir George Birdwood, the orientalist, wrote in the *Athenaeum* of 5th February 1881 'Even in its very epithets it is just such a hymn as a Hindu Puritan (Savite) would address to Kali ("the malignant") or Parvati ("the mountaineer"). It is to be delivered from her that Hindus shrink to God in the delirium of their fear.' Finally, a magical dream comes to the anguished lover which prepares him for the true reading of 'The Promise of the Sunrise' and the revelation of 'Natura Benigna'

Beneath the loveliest dream there coils a fear  
 Last night came she whose eyes are memories now,  
 Her far off gaze seemed all forgetful how  
 Love dimmed them once, so calm they shone and clear  
 'Sorrow,' I said, 'has made me old, my dear,  
 'Tis I, indeed, but grief can change the brow  
 Beneath my lord a seraph's neck might bow,  
 Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair'  
 Oh, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips more!  
 I saw the love mists thickening in her eyes—  
 I heard a sound as if a murmuring dove  
 Felt lonely in the dells of Paradise,  
 But when upon my neck she fell, my love,  
 Her hair smelt sweet of whin and woodland spice

And now 'Natura Benigna' speaks to him, and he is consoled

What power is this? What witchery wins my feet  
 To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow,  
 All silent as the emerald gulfs below,  
 Down whose ice walls the wings of twilight beat?  
 What thrill of earth and heaven—most wild, most sweet—  
 Whut answering pulse that all the senses know,  
 Comes leaping from the ruddy eastern glow  
 Where, far awry, the skies and mountains meet?  
 Mother, 'tis I, reborn I know thee well  
 That throb I know and all it prophesies,  
 O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell  
 Of Silence, gazing from thy hills and skies'  
 Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell  
 The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes

It is intensely interesting to the metrical student to see how in a form so novel, so concentrated, and so artistic, Rhona Boswell lives with an electric passion unrivalled save in the terse drama of the Border ballad or the 'lyrical cry' of Heine or Burns

JAMES DOUGLAS

### Algernon Charles Swinburne

was born in Chapel Street, Belgrave, on 5th April 1837. His father, Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, belonged to an old Northumbrian family, and his mother, Lady Jane Henrietta, was a daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham. Although born in London, he is not a Londoner, for it was by chance that his birth took place at a time when his family were making a brief stay in the metropolis. His father owned a beautiful place in the Isle of Wight—East Dene, Bonchurch—together with the well-known Landslip, and his grandfather (Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart.) resided at Cipheaton, his estate in Northumberland. The two families for some years lived together, spending the summer at Cipheaton and the winter at East Dene. Some of his later lyrics were written at The Orchard, a beautiful place at Niton Bay belonging to a relative. He entered Eton in his twelfth and left it in his seventeenth year. After leaving Eton he read for two years with the future Bishop Woodford. A reminiscence of his school days appears in the Dedication to *Poems and Ballads*. Speaking of his verses, he says

Some sang to me dreaming in classtime,  
And truant in hand as in tongue,  
For the youngest was born of boy's pastime,  
The eldest are young.

In 1856 he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he joined a literary set, the chief members of which were John Nichol, T H Green, A. V Dicey, G Birkbeck Hill, and George Rankine Luke, a brilliant young student who was drowned (not unlike 'Lycidas') while swimming in the Isis. Other contemporaries were Sir Michael Hicks Beach and the Right Hon James Bryce. Four contributions by Mr Swinburne appeared in the *Undergraduate Papers* (1857-58), a publication edited by John Nichol, who has described it as being 'to our set what *The Germ* was to Rossetti's'. Although in 1858 he took the Taylorian Prize for French and Italian, and a second class in classical moderations, Mr Swinburne left Oxford in 1860 without taking a degree, and shortly afterwards published at his own expense his first volume of poetry, *The Queen Mother and Rosamund* (1860), two Shakespearian plays full of dramatic fire and poetic presage, but although its promise was recognised by some literary men, the book fell dead. In 1861 Mr Swinburne spent with his parents a few weeks in Italy. At that time Walter Savage Landor was living at Fiesole. Being already an ardent Landorian, Mr Swinburne had brought with him a letter of introduction to Landor from Lord Houghton (then Monckton Milnes), and the two poets met four or five times, the young generation mingling with the old.

And with the white the gold haired head  
Mixed running locks, and in Time's ears  
Youth's dreams hung singing, and Time's truth  
Was half not harsh in the ears of youth

During the next few years Mr Swinburne contributed several poems to the *Spectator*, in which also appeared his famous letter on Mr George Meredith's *Modern Love*—the first authoritative recognition of his friend's genius as a poet. *Atalanta in Calydon* appeared in 1865. Highly praised by Monckton Milnes in the *Edinburgh Review*, by the *Athenaeum*, and by other literary journals, it immediately placed the young poet in the foremost files of fame. *Chastelard*, the first part of his Mary Stuart trilogy, was published in the same year, and in the following year (1866) *Poems and Ballads* fell like a thunderbolt on Philistia. If *Atalanta* made the poet Byronically famous, *Poems and Ballads* made him Byronically infamous. Savagely assailed and maligned, he fiercely defended himself in *Notes on Poems and Reviews* (1866), but the British public was in 'one of its periodical fits of morality,' and the poet was 'singled out as an expiatory sacrifice.' For years the storm raged round his head, and the London clubs buzzed with fantastic legends and apocryphal gossip. But although, or because, Philistia howled, everybody knew 'Frustine' and 'Dolores' by heart. 'We all went about,' said a contemporary poet, 'chanting to one another those new, astonishing melodies.' Mr Swinburne himself has described *Poems and Ballads* as *pièces de jeunesse*. But 'Dolores' is more than a *tour de force* in double rhymes. It is one of the most poignantly moral lyrics in our literature. It is a passionate revelation of the pain of pleasure, the ennui of evil, and the satiety of sin. It may seem a far cry from Solomon to Swinburne, but 'Dolores' is really a lyrical version of the seventh chapter of Proverbs. It is the despairing cry of the baffled voluntary Vice has its renegades as well as virtue. We hear too much about the temptations of vice, and too little about the temptations of virtue. 'Dolores' shows that in the deepest depth of hedonism the hedonist is haunted by the eternal riddle of good and evil, that the wiles of vice are weaker than the wiles of virtue, and that the attainment of perfect depravity is infinitely harder than the attainment of perfect righteousness. Doubtless so daring a paradox was bound to *épater le bourgeois*, especially the conventional Pharisee, who habitually overvalues the power of evil and undervalues the power of good, but surely the purblindest prude might have perceived the ethical meaning of such lines as

Death laughs, breathing close and relentless  
In the nostrils and eyelids of lust,  
With a pinch in his fingers of scentless  
And delicate dust.

No prophet or preacher has painted the agony and anguish of sin more remorselessly than Mr Swinburne. With regard to the metrical structure of 'Dolores,' it is interesting to note that it is based on Byron's 'Stanzas to Augusta' ('Though the day of my destiny's over') By truncating the last line

the small birds were about  
the house on the roof,  
but I could never find them  
anywhere else, except in  
pairs from the two to  
four which the teacher had  
taught me.

The first time I  
saw the bird was  
on the roof of the  
teacher's house.  
I said, "Look at  
those birds up there."  
He said, "They are  
swallows."

He said, "They are  
birds called swallows.  
They have long tails  
like this, and they  
will live all the time  
they like to live.  
They are birds, and  
they are not here  
because they have  
fledgling children."

He said, "They are  
birds called swallows.  
They have long tails  
like this, and they  
will live all the time  
they like to live.  
They are birds, and  
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energy in varied technique which had passed since he wrote *Atalanta* the powers of the poet had steadily strengthened and matured Under its austere form *Atalanta* pulses with the luxuriant exuberance of youthful romanticism Its arraignment of the gods and most of its choruses are really as modern in temper as *Prometheus Unbound* *Erechtheus* is a much more serious attempt to solve the problem which has fascinated many generations of poets from Milton to Shelley, from Lindor to

Matthew Arnold—the problem of resurrecting in English the soul of Greek thought and imagination In the case of Mr Swinburne the fascination was a fascination of opposites, for no temper could be less Greek than the Swinburnian temper But there seems to be a principle in literature which resembles the principle of sexual selection The artist sometimes instinctively seeks for his own antithesis and hungers after victory in alien forms All the romantic riot in Mr Swinburne's blood clamoured for Greek severity and Greek restraint Nothing is more remarkable in the phenomena of literature than this unconscious

economy of correction The same tendency may be seen in Browning, whose Gothic grotesquerie and barbaric formlessness were always sprawling at the feet of Greek sanity and Greek beauty The most paradoxical feature of Mr Swinburne's Hellenism is its co-existence with his romanticism His imagination is Protean He assumes the very soul of a period, and for the time sings as if he were a poet of the time At one moment he is an Elizabethan dramatist, at another a Hebrew seer, at another a French lyrist, at another a Greek poet His mastery of multifarious styles is unparalleled The vivid Greek verses prefixed to *Atalanta* are followed by the no less vivid

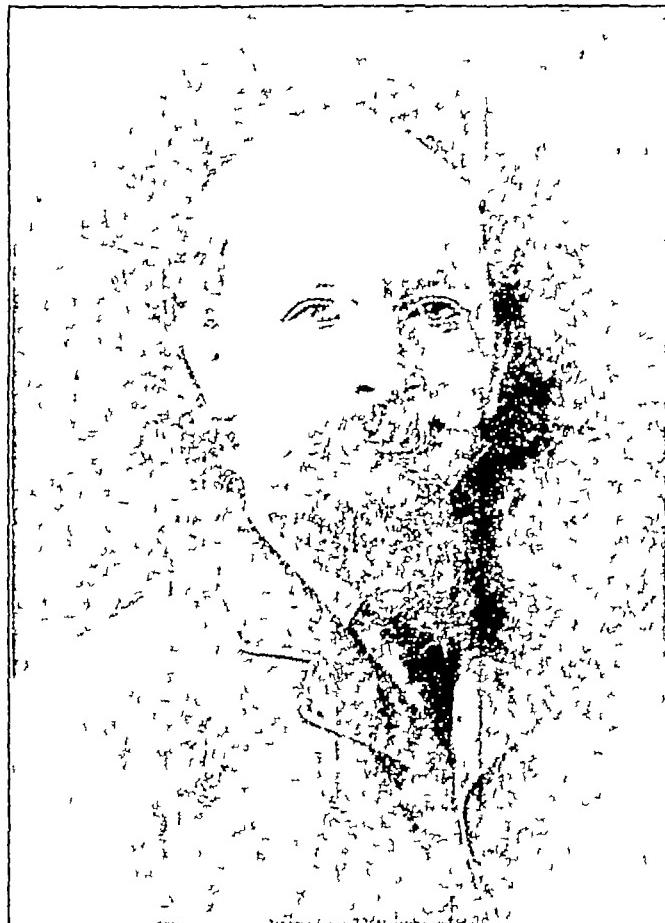
'Argument,' written in prose as magical as that of the Authorised Version Or take 'Anactoria' (perhaps the pinnacle of his achievements in point of form), or 'On the Cliffs,' in which he captures the uncapturable Sapphic cadence

Bid not ache nor agony break nor master,  
Lady, my spirit

But of all Mr Swinburne's spiritual transmigrations *Erechtheus* is the most wonderful Its cold

austerity of contour, its pure sanity of style, its noble patriotism, its holy maternal heroism, its magnanimity, and its clangorous songs of storm and battle are all built up into an edifice of balanced beauty and symmetrical strength The choruses in *Erechtheus* will never be so popular as the choruses in *Atalanta*, but in perfection of form and unity of spirit it is nobler than *Atalanta*, and indeed nobler than any other reincarnation of Greek art

After *Ercchtheus* the romantic temper reconquered the poet's imagination, and since then it has maintained its ascendancy This no doubt is partly due to the influence of the closer intimacy which sprang up



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

about this time between him and the great romantic poet and critic Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton It was in 1879 that the two friends became permanent housemates at The Pines, Putney Hill They have lived together ever since In these days when literary friendships are sometimes more perilous than literary enmities, the spectacle of a literary friendship which has endured for thirty years refutes a reproach which is often cast at the Republic of Letters Though living so near London, Mr Swinburne is not of London, and his days pass serenely between the lintels of literature and life Yet he is by no means the bookish recluse of popular legend He sees

many friends at The Pines. He is full of physical fire and energy. A great lover of long rambles, he is seen every morning 'walking the Wimbledon postman off his legs'. He is like a boy in his hearty love for the open air. He never deigns to wear an overcoat or to carry an umbrella or to wear a glove, but swings along with an elastic stride in winter and summer, in wind and snow and rain, with a gusto for all weathers as hearty as George Borrow's. He still delights in swimming with his friend, who as a boy swam at Cromer with George Borrow. The value of a comradeship so congenial in so many ways to Mr. Swinburne's essentially sociable nature can hardly be exaggerated, and there can be no doubt that his genius owes much to the sympathy and the incitement of this ideal companionship. *Tristram of Lyonesse* (1882) was inscribed 'To my best friend, Theodore Watts, I dedicate in this book the best I have to give him,' and to it was prefixed this beautiful sonnet:

Spring speaks again, and all our woods are stirred,  
And all our wide glad wastes aflower around,  
First twice have heard keen April's clarion sound  
Since first we here together saw and heard  
Spring's light reverberate and reiterate word  
Shine forth and speak in season Life stands crowned  
Here with the best one thing it ever found,  
As of my soul's best birthdays dawns the third  
  
There is a friend that as the wise man saith  
Cleaves closer than a brother nor to me  
Hath time not shown, through days like waves at  
strife,  
This truth more sure than all things else but death,  
This pearl most perfect found in all the sea  
That washes toward your feet these waifs of life

Assuredly the poet gave his 'best,' for besides *Tristram*, in which the impissioned splendour of his lyrical genius culminated, the volume contains some of his finest sonnets (including the superb cameos of the Elizabethan dramatists) and that lovely nosegay of child songs, 'A Dark Month.' In *A Midsummer Holiday* (1884), which was also inscribed 'To Theodore Watts,' Mr. Swinburne commemorated a holiday spent with his friend on the East Anglian coast. As this volume contains some of Mr. Swinburne's most magnificent sea-ballads, a word about his passion for the sea may not be out of place. Doubtless other poets have sung the sea, but no other poet has sung it so spontaneously and so sincerely. Most of our poets, from Campbell to Kipling, regard the sea either as a stage for our naval heroes, or as material for metaphor, or as a stock pot of sentiment, or as a reservoir of rhetoric. Even Byron addresses the ocean as if it were a public meeting. Mr. Swinburne was the first poet to escape from all these artificialities and to do for the sea what Wordsworth did for the land. His clean rapture in the sea is free from literary affectation. The glorious description of Tristram swimming is

written in the grandly spacious manner of the greatest poetry:

And he, ere night's wide work lay all undone,  
As earth from her bright body casts off night,  
Cast off his raiment for a rapturous fight  
And stood between the sea's edge and the sea  
Naked, and godlike of his mould as he  
Whose swift foot's sound shook all the towers of  
Troy,  
So clothed with might, so girt upon with joy,  
As, ere the knife had shorn to feed the fire  
His glorious hair before the unkindled pyre  
Whereon the half of his great heart was laid,  
Stood, in the light of his live limbs arrayed,  
Child of heroic earth and heavenly sea,  
The flower of all men scarce less bright than he,  
If any of all men latter born might stand,  
Stood Tristram, silent, on the glimmering strand  
Not long but with a cry of love that rang  
As from a trumpet golden mouthed, he sprung,  
As toward a mother's where his head might rest  
Her child rejoicing, toward the strong sea's breast  
That none may gird nor measure and his heart  
Sent forth a shout that bade his lips not part,  
But triumphed in him silent no man's voice,  
No song, no sound of clarions that rejoice,  
Can set that glory forth which fills with fire  
The body and soul that have their whole desire  
Silent, and freer than birds or dreams are free  
Take all their will of all the encountering sea.  
And toward the foam he bent and forward smote,  
Laughing, and launched his body like a boat  
Full to the sea breach, and against the tide  
Struck strongly forth with amorous arms made wide  
To take the bright breast of the wave to his  
And on his lips the sharp sweet minute's kiss  
Given of the wave's lip for a breath's space curled  
And pure as 't the daydawn of the world  
And round him all the bright rough shuddering sea  
Kindled, as though the world were even as he,  
Heart stung with exultation of desire  
And all the life that moved him seemed to aspire,  
As all the sea's life toward the sun and still  
Delight within him waxed with quickening will  
More smooth and strong and perfect as a flame  
That springs and spreads, till each glad limb became  
A note of rapture in the tune of life,  
Like music mild and keen as sleep and strife  
Till the sweet change that bids the sense grow sure  
Of deeper depth and purity more pure  
Wrapped him and lapped him round with clearer cold,  
And all the rippling green grew royal gold  
Between him and the far sun's rising rim  
And like the sun his heart rejoiced in him,  
And brightened with a broadening flame of mirth  
And hardly seemed its life a part of earth,  
But the life kindled of a fiery birth  
And passion of a new begotten son  
Between the live sea and the living sun  
And mightier grew the joy to meet full faced  
Each wave, and mount with upward plunge, and taste  
The rapture of its rolling strength, and cross  
Its flickering crown of snows that flash and toss,  
Like plumes in battle's blithest charge, and thence  
To match the next with yet more strenuous sense,  
Till on his eyes the light beat hard and bade

*His face turn west and shoreward through the glad  
Swift revel of the waters golden clad,  
And back with light reluctant heart he bore  
Across the broad backed rollers in to shore*

As examples of Mr Swinburne's later sea poetry, we may mention those magnificent ballads, 'In the Water' and 'On the Verge'

Since the publication of *A Midsummer Holiday* Mr Swinburne has devoted himself mainly to poetic drama in the Elizabethan manner. In *Marino Faliero* (1885) he handled with great power the well-known story of the octogenarian doge of Venice. Faliero is a magnificent conception, and the sunless loves of Bertuccio and the Duchess are as pure and as fresh as the loves of Dante and Beatrice. It is indeed a curious error to imagine that the Swinburnian conception of love is solely or even mainly sensual. The truth is that in Mr Swinburne's poetry many phases of the love passion are found. No doubt he seems to accentuate the sensual as distinguished from the sentimental side of love, and the explanation is to be sought not only in the poet's passionate temperament, but in his saturation with Greek poetry, in which love is an animal appetite like hunger or thirst. Further, his Elizabethanism leads him into direct locutions which are at variance with the modern taste for veiled suggestion. Stress is often laid on his Gillicism, but in point of fact his temper is utterly different from the Gallic temper, preferring plain, downright Saxon to salacious euphemism and suggestive periphrasis. The present literary convention is not likely to be permanent, and it must be said that Mr Swinburne's fearless candour is broader and larger and in essence more wholesome than the mawkish sentimentalism of the fading Victorian age. Chastelard is a poignantly true study of a young man fascinated by the selfish cynicism of a beautiful woman. Everybody knows that there are women who dominate men not by their nobility, but by their ignobility—women whose charm is a repulsive attraction. But Mr Swinburne shows other aspects of love. It would be hard to match in our literature the extreme exaltation and heroic purity of the erotic passages in *Tristram*. Here the love-passion is shown in its healthiest and wholesomest phase, a phase which stands midway between Greek animalism and Victorian sentiment. Since *Marino Faliero* Mr Swinburne has published three plays—*Lo crine* (1887), *The Sisters* (1892) and *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards* (1899). In addition to the volumes of poems already mentioned, he has published *Songs of Two Nations* (1875), *Poems and Ballads Second Series* (1878), *Poems and Ballads Third Series* (1889), *Songs of the Springtides* (1880), *Studies in Song* (1880), *The Heptalogia, or the Seven against Sense* (1880), *A Century of Roundels* (1883), *Astrophel* (1894), *The Tale of Balen* (1896). He has also made a volume of *Selections from his poetical works*. His prose

works include *George Chapman a Critical Essay* (1875), *A Note on Charlotte Brontë* (1877), *A Study of Shakespeare* (1880), *Miscellanies* (1886), *A Study of Victor Hugo* (1886), *A Study of Ben Jonson* (1889), *Studies in Prose and Poetry* (1894). He has also contributed to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and to the leading monthly reviews many valuable critical monographs and essays. In his numerous studies of the Elizabethan dramatists he has done more than any writer save Charles Lamb to revive interest in the great poets so long overshadowed by the genius of Shakespeare.

In many respects, indeed, Mr Swinburne is more Elizabethan than Victorian. Like Ben Jonson he is 'passionately kind and angry,' and like Marlowe he is 'all air and fire.' No modern poet is more utterly born and more utterly made a poet. There seems to be no thread of prose in his nature. His imagination is perpetually incandescent, his poetic energy always at white heat. He sees everything in terms of poetry. He has no gift of prose compromise or secular conciliation. His intellect is worked by his imagination so swiftly that it seems uncontrollable, but in reality he is a perfect master of his vehicle. It is possible for a poet to be too poetical for his time, for in all save the golden ages of literature, poetry is a foreign language to four men out of five and to nine critics out of ten. Learning does not endow a man with the power of knowing poetry when he sees it. That is why so much modern criticism is preoccupied with the unpoetic elements of poetry—with its philosophy, its morality, its message to the age, its anecdotes, and so forth. Before poetry like Mr Swinburne's didactic criticism is dumb, searching in vain for the facile novelette, the easy platitude, the pious truism. He is a singer and nothing but a singer.

He sings in music for the music comes

In Tennyson's just phrase, 'he is a reed through which all things blow into music.' This, far from being a defect, is a unique power, for he has made poetry almost as sensuously emotional and imaginative as music. It is with music that his poetry ought to be compared, for it affects the intellectual feelings not merely through the logical faculty, but mainly through the aural imagination. It rolls along in vast volumes of subtly modulated melody, in long, undulant waves of rhythmic harmony that elate and exalt, trouble and charm, thrill and enthral the mind. It enters the soul not by the avenue of the eye, but by the avenue of the ear, not like the coloured song of Milton or Shakespeare, Keats or Wordsworth, but like the symphonies and sonatas, the operas and oratorios, of the great musical composers. Other poetry may be read by the eye; this must be read by the ear. Unfortunately, in modern times the habit of reading poetry aloud has died out, and most men in the presence of poetry are like the deaf at a concert or the colour blind in a picture gallery. That is why

the magnitude of Mr Swinburne's creative energy is unsuspected by students trained in the old didactic school. Bewildered by his manifold music, they charge him with masking his intellectual poverty under sonorous verbiage. It is strange that a fallacy so uncritical should pass for criticism. In sheer intellectual power of the imagination Mr Swinburne is surpassed by none of his contemporaries. The fact that his intellect expresses itself in so many new metrical forms proves rather than disproves its strength, for in his best work the conquest of sense is not less complete than the conquest of sound, the mastery of mind is as triumphant as the mastery of music. The quality of intellectual imagination displayed in 'Atalanta,' 'Erechtheus,' 'Tristram,' 'Hertha,' 'Tiresias,' 'The Hymn to Proserpine,' 'The Hymn of Van,' 'The Eve of Revolution,' 'Ave Atque Vale' (a threnody as fine as *Lycidas* or *Adonais*), 'The Triumph of Time,' 'A Forsaken Garden,' 'Hesperia,' 'The Garden of Proserpine,' 'By the North Sea,' 'A Nympholept,' 'A Song in Time of Order,' 'Italus,' 'Jacobite Song,' 'Cor Cordium,' 'Ilicet,' 'Christmas Antiphones,' and in scores of lyrics, songs, and sonnets, is of the first order. Full justice has never been done to the intellectual subtlety of such a poem as 'Hertha.'

I am that which began,  
Out of me the years roll,

Out of me God and man,  
I am equal and whole,

God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily, I  
am the soul

Beside or above me,  
Nought is there to go,  
Love or unlove me,  
Unknow me or know,

I am that which unloves me and loves, I am stricken,  
and I am the blow

I the mark that is missed,  
And the arrows that miss,  
I the mouth that is kissed  
And the breath in the kiss,

The search, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul and  
the body that is

But what thing dost thou know,  
Looking Godward, to cry  
'I am I, thou art thou,  
I am low, thou art high?'

I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him, find thou  
but thyself, thou art I

No doubt it is Mr Swinburne's diffuseness which has engendered the critical delusion that he is mainly a gorgeous verbalist. But although in one sense he is the most diffuse of poets, in another sense he is the least diffuse. Few poets can pack an iambic line more cunningly and more closely, with more magical feats of elision, or beat more music into a sonnet or a song. As has been pointed out, he is diffuse only in anapaestic and dactylic metres. The true test of the Swinburnian

lyric is not verbal parsimony, but musical richness, for here it is music that expresses emotion—music and music alone, music often without colour, music often without pictorial flashes. Of course there are unvitalised tracts in Swinburne, as in all poets, where the music expresses no emotion, and then, no doubt, as Mr Myers said, we must read the emotion into the music. But true criticism must recognise that diffuseness is as legitimate in anapaests and dactyls as it is illegitimate in iambs. For it has been shown that, owing to the dominance in English of the consonants over the vowels, the anapaestic line, with its crowded syllables, becomes 'pebbly' unless the corners are bevelled off by liquids, and the available words containing l's and r's being limited, the expression of the thought must be manipulated in order to include them. The result is that the poet in his search for music diverges from concise and direct utterance, deliberately sacrificing verbal brevity to verbal music. Another charge brought against Mr Swinburne concerns his undoubtedly excessive use of alliteration. Here again the explanation is to be found in the laws governing anapaestic and dactylic verse, for if daring liquidation is necessary to oil the clogging consonants, daring alliteration is necessary to drive them along. Therefore criticism must recognise that bold alliteration is as legitimate in anapaests and dactyls as it is illegitimate in iambs. If we study, for example, one of the loveliest choruses in *Atalanta*, the hymn to Artemis, we shall see that its rhythmical beauty could not have been achieved without liquidation and alliteration.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain,  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Italus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain

Come with bows bent, and with emptying of quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
With a noise of winds and many rivers,

With a clamour of waters, and with might,  
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet,  
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,

Round the feet of the dry, and the feet of the night

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
Fold our hands round our knees, and cling?  
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,  
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her

As raiment, as songs of the harp player,  
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,

And the south west wind and the west wind sing

For winter's rains and ruins are over,

And all the season of snows and sins,

The days dividing lover and lover,

The light that loses, the night that wins,

And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are sun and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
    Blossom by blossom the spring begins  
The full streams feed on flowers of rushes,  
    Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,  
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
    From leaf to flower and flower to fruit,  
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes  
    The chestnut husk at the chestnut root  
And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
    Fleeter of foot than the fleet foot kid,  
Follows with dancing and fills with delight  
    The Mænads and the Bassarids,  
And soft as lips that laugh and hide  
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,  
And screen from seeing and leave in sight  
    The god pursuing, the maiden hid  
The ivy falls with the Breechanil's hair  
    Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes,  
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
    Her bright breast shortening into sighs  
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,  
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare  
    The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies

It may seem superfluous to pruse the metrical splendour of this immortal lyric, but one may pardonably dwell on the magical effect produced by the introduction of the couplet after the fourth line, by the choice of a dactyl for the opening of the second stanza instead of the anapest used for the opening of the first stanza, and by the thunderous reiteration of the word 'fire' in the fourth line of the third stanza.

It must be admitted that in rhymed iambic measures Mr Swinburne is often too diffuse and too alliterative. This is due partly to his training in dancing metres, and partly to his undoubted passion for sacrificing the demands of the eye to the demands of the ear. His habit of allowing the rhyme to master his imagination continually retards the imaginative *πεπιτέρεια*.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
With which, like ships, they steer their courses

Indeed, it must be said that no great poet has ever defied so defiantly the maxim, *Ars est celare artem*. He seems to reveal his art as carefully as other poets conceal it. But it would be absurd to suppose that he does so by chance and not by design. He doubtless deliberately accepts the loss in illusion for the sake of the gain in music. It is uncritical, therefore, to censure as insincerity what is evidently a deliberate means towards a definite end. The question whether the end justifies the means is a question of ear as well as eye, for undoubtedly undue servility to the eye tends towards metrical monotony as great as the metrical monotony produced by undue servility to the ear.

On the whole, it must be allowed that Mr Swinburne, by vindicating the stifled claims of lyrical music, has enriched our poetry with an almost inexhaustible variety of new rhythms, new metres, new measures, and new rhymes. He has, indeed, no rival as a metrical inventor. As a specimen of his extreme subtlety in this respect, it is sufficient to cite 'Super Flumina Babylonis,' one of the many grandly sonorous metrical structures which he has built upon the prose cadences of the Old Testament.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,  
    Remembering thee,  
That for ages of agony hast endured, and slept,  
    And wouldest not see.

Apart from its rhythmical beauty, this poem illustrates the Hebraic temper of the poet's genius. In prophetic grandeur and moral sublimity he is close of kin to the great Israelitish seers. His imaginative metempsychosis of the august Hebrew spirit is, indeed, one of the most original features of his poetry, and suggests a comparison with Milton's Hebraism which would, however, take us too far afield.

Another marvellous feat of metrical creation is the *couplets* in *Atalanta*, remarkable for rhythmical qualities quite different from those displayed in the poems already mentioned.

#### *Meleager*

Let your hands meet  
    Round the weight of my head,  
Lift ye my feet  
    As the feet of the dead,  
For the flesh of my body is molten, the limbs of it molten  
    as lead

Unto each man his fate,  
    Unto each as he saith  
In whose fingers the weight  
    Of the world is as breath,  
Yet I wouldest that in clamour of battle mine hands had  
    laid hold upon death

Would God he had found me  
    Beneath fresh boughs!  
Would God he had bound me  
    Unwares in mine house,  
With light in mine eyes, and songs in my lips, and a  
    crown on my brows!

But thou, O mother,  
    The drearer of dreams,  
Wilt thou bring forth another  
    To feel the sun's beams  
When I move among shadows a shadow, and wail by  
    impassable streams?

#### *Chorus*

When thou dravest the men  
    Of the chosen of Thrice,  
None turned him again  
    Nor endured he thy face  
Clothed round with the blush of the battle, with light  
    from a terrible place

*Oeneus*

Thou shouldst die as he dies  
For whom none sheddeth tears,  
Filling thine eyes

And fulfilling thine ears

With the brilliance of battle, the bloom and the beauty,  
the splendour of spears.

*Meleager*

For the dead man no home is,  
Ah, better to be

What the flower of the foam is

In fields of the sea

That the sea waves might be as my raiment, the gulf  
stream a garment for me.

Would the winds blow me back?

Or the waves hurl me home?

Ah, to touch in the track

Where the pine learnt to roam

Cold girdles and crowns of the sea gods, cool blossoms of  
water and foam!

In all poetry there is no funeral dirge so heavily melancholy, so sorrowfully dolorous, so plangently solemn. The rhythms and the rhymes rise and fall like the slow feet of mourners, and the syllables beat with the very pulse of grievous despair. Another kind of metrical invention is found in 'The Eve of Revolution,' where the magnificent sublimity of the music is heightened and deepened by the splendid *leitmotif* of the trumpet that breaks up the night. Tremendous are the metrical antitheses and antiphones in *Tristram of Lyonesse*, notably in the book entitled 'Iseult at Tintagel,' where the wind and the sea chant a terrible choral accompaniment to the anguish of the Queen

And swordlike was the sound of the iron wind,  
And as a breaking battle was the sea.  
And as a full field charging was the sea  
And as the cry of slain men was the wind  
And all her soul was as the breaking sea,  
And all her heart anhungered as the wind  
And till their pinst came wailing in the wind,  
And all their future thundered in the sea  
And as men's anguish clamouring cried the wind,  
And as God's anger answering rang the sea  
And like a world's cry shuddering was the wind,  
And like a God's voice threatening was the sea.  
And like man's heart relenting sighed the wind,  
And as God's wrath subsiding sank the sea.

There is a perpetual play and counterplay of symbolical imagery throughout the poem. The *leitmotif* of tragic passion appears at the close of the first book, 'The Sailing of the Swallow'

Their heads neared and their hands were drawn in one,  
And they saw dark, though still the unsunken sun  
For through fine rain shot fire into the south,  
And their four lips became one burning mouth

And at the end, when Iseult steps on shore and finds Tristram dead, it resumes the whole tragedy of their tragic love

And ere her ear might hear her heart had heard,  
Nor sought she sign for witness of the word,

But came and stood above him newly dead,  
And felt his death upon her, and her head  
Bowed, as to reach the spring that strikes all drouth,  
And their four lips became one silent mouth

In many respects *Tristram of Lyonesse* must be regarded as Mr Swinburne's masterpiece. It is the noblest 'lyrical epic' in our literature. In it the heroic couplet is transformed from the cold artificial cadence of Dryden and Pope into a grandly sonorous and sinuous rhythmical life, full of cunningly linked harmonies and anapaestic undulations more nearly resembling the Homeric hexameter than any of the innumerable attempts to reproduce 'the strong-winged music of Homer,' and at the same time approximating very closely to the fluent continuity of blank verse. Where, for example, can such a passage as the description of Tristram rowing be matched?

And while they sat at speech as at a feast,  
Came a light wind fast hardening forth of the east  
And blackening till its might had mirred the skies,  
And the sea thrilled as with heart sundering sighs  
One after one drawn, with each breath it drew,  
And the green hardened into iron blue,  
And the soft light went out of all its face.  
Then Tristram girt him for an oarsman's place  
And took his oar and smote, and toiled with might  
In the east wind's full face and the strong sea's spite  
Labouring, and all the rowers rowed hard, but he  
More mightily than any wavier three  
And Iseult watched him rowing with sinless eyes  
That loved him but in holy girlish wise  
For noble joy in his fair manliness  
And trust and tender wonder, none the less  
She thought if God had given her grace to be  
Man, and make war on danger of earth and sea,  
Even such a man she would be, for his stroke  
Was mightiest as the mightier water broke,  
And in sheer measure like strong music drove  
Clean through the wet weight of the wallowing wave,  
And as a tune before a great king played  
For triumph was the tune their strong strokes made,  
And sped the ship through with smooth strife of oars  
Over the mid sea's grey foam given floors,  
For all the loud breach of the waves at will  
So for an hour they fought the storm out still,  
And the shorn foam spun from the blades, and high  
The keel sprang from the wave ridge, and the sky  
Glared at them for a breath's space through the run

Or take the great couplet in the description of Tristram's last fight

But on the slayer exulting like the flame  
Whose foot foreshines the thunder Tristram came.

Or the sunset in Joyous Gard

So that day

They communed, even till even was worn away,  
Nor aught they said seemed strange or sad to say,  
But sweet as night's dim dawn to weariness  
Nor loved they life or love for death's sake less,  
Nor feared they death for love's or life's sake more.  
And on the sounding soft funeral shore

They, watching till the day should wholly die,  
Saw the sun sweep to the far grey sky,  
Saw the long winds sweep to the long grey sea.  
And night made one sweet mist of moor and lea,  
And only far off shore the form gave light,  
And life in them sank silent as the night.

#### Or Iscuit's piteous prayer

Yea, though deep lips and tender hair be thinned,  
Though cheek wither, brow fade, and bosom wane,  
Shall I change also from this heart again  
To maidenhood of heart and holiness?  
Shall I more love thee, Lord, or love him less—  
Ah miserable! though spirit and heart be rent,  
Shall I repent, Lord God? shall I repent?  
Nay, though thou slay me 'for herein I am blest,  
That as I loved him yet I lose him best—  
More than mine own soul or thy love or thee,  
Though thy love save and my love save not me

#### Or the large imagery in the lines telling how Tristram—

Let all sad thoughts through his spirit sweep  
As leaves through air or tears through eyes that weep  
Or snowflakes through dark weather and his soul,  
That had seen all those sightless seasons roll  
One after one, wave over weary wave,  
Was in him as a corpse is in its grave

#### Or this flash of romantic glamour

And like the moan of lions hurt to death  
Came the sea's hollow noise along the night.

#### Or this troubling picture of the queen

And all that strange hair shed  
Across the tissued pillows, fold on fold  
Innumerable, incomparable, all gold

The failure of modern poets to raise blank verse to the Shakespearian or to the Miltonic height suggests that the Swinburnian heroic couplet may be more suited to the genius of a language which craves for the rich emphasis of rhyme. Before *Tristram* was written our poets assumed, perhaps too hastily, that the heroic couplet was an artificial form incapable of being made ductile and flexible. *Tristram* overthrew that assumption, and perhaps the *Tristram* couplet may be still further developed by poets who cannot build the loftier harmonies of blank verse. It is, indeed, a pity that Mr Swinburne has not continued an experiment so fruitful.

In conclusion, it may be well to clear away certain uncritical ideas with regard to Mr Swinburne's religious poems. It is absurd to assume that, because he scourges the crimes of Christless Christianity, he is therefore blind to the moral grandeur of Christ. Now and again an ignorant and illiterate person speaks of such a poem as 'Before a Crucifix'—a vindication of Christ against theological caricatures of Christ—as if it were an attack on Christ Himself! It would indeed be strange if a poet who has drawn his inspiration so largely from the Bible were unable to realise

its ethical splendour. It is because he realises it more intensely than some of its professional interpreters that he perceives the paradox of an unchristian Christianity—

Of Christian creeds that spit on Christ.

His conception of Christ is summed up in his sonnet 'On the Russian Persecution of the Jews,' with its prophetic appeal

True loved of little children long ago,  
Head hated of the priests and rulers then,  
Say was not this thy passion, to foreknow  
In death's worst hour the works of Christian men?

There is really no deep difference between the Pantheism of Browning and the 'Pananthropism' of Swinburne, and the spiritual interpretation of the Incarnation brings the most liberal theologians very close to the Swinburnian conception of the divinity of man. It is not a paradox, therefore, but a platitude to say that Mr Swinburne, far from being irreligious, is one of the most religious poets of our time. Faults he has, but they are superficial faults of taste and judgment rather than deep flaws of the spirit, and the day is coming when it will be universally acknowledged that he has pursued his artistic aims with a high nobility of soul and with a lofty faith in the spiritual future of humanity.

JAMES DOUGLAS

#### Thomas Hardy.

Thomas Hardy, one of the greatest novelists of the period, was born at Upper Bockhampton near Dorchester, 2nd June 1840. He was brought up and practised as an architect, gaining in 1863 the prize and medal of the Institution of British Architects and Sir William Tite's prize for architectural design. His intention was to become an architect, and his earliest work in print is an account of the building of a house, published in *Chambers's Journal* in 1865. But he gradually became absorbed in literature, and from the beginning of his career till now he has steadily risen in the estimation alike of critics and the public. Always a diligent student, he was in his early years deeply impressed by the poetry of Crabbe. The Dorsetshire poems of his friend and neighbour, the Rev. William Barnes, were also favourites, and he has written more than one critical appreciation of these, remarkable for depth and subtlety. Mr Hardy, who has resided for many years at Max Gate, Dorchester, has had no public life, and has jealously guarded his privacy. But on various occasions he has spoken frankly of his own intention in his novels, partly in his interesting prefaces and partly in occasional replies to critics. He has removed the thin veil which hangs over the scenery of his fiction. Mr Hardy's first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, was published anonymously in 1871. Though it had no popular success, its great power was recognised by the critics, notably

the *Athenaeum* and the *Spectator*—‘We see no reason why he should not write novels only a little inferior to the best of the present generation’ In 1872 the charming idyl *Under the Greenwood Tree* appeared, and was recognised as a singularly fresh and delightful sketch of rural life, comparable with the masterpieces of George Sand It describes the love affairs of a country schoolmistress, ‘a bright little bird,’ with the vicar, the churchwarden, and the parson’s son, who wins the prize. It was followed in 1873 by *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, a tragedy wrought out with much subtlety and pathos Its irony prevented it from being very popular, though the heroine is one of the most winning among the author’s creations Mr Hardy gained his first notable success with his next book, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, under the editorship of Mr Frederick Greenwood. Appearing anonymously, it was attributed by many readers to George Eliot, though some of the younger critics of the day did not hesitate to deny this on the ground that the story was much too good for her From that day Mr Hardy had his own circle of warm admirers, both among reviewers and readers In *Far from the Madding Crowd* there is a sure and easy power, a wealth of material, an unfailing distinction of expression, and a dramatic power which places the book among the author’s finest productions *The Hand of Ethelberta*, which followed in 1876, is a very clever and brilliant exercise in comedy The heroine, Ethelberta, is a butler’s daughter, who finds herself placed by marriage in an aristocratic environment, and the tale describes the reactions between her and her circumstances Next came *The Return of the Native*, perhaps the greatest and most original of all Mr Hardy’s books, the most masterly in style, and the profoundest in its apprehension of nature and character It was somewhat coldly received, but has steadily grown in favour Then came *The Trumpet Major*, a slighter and more popular book, on the lines of *Far from the Madding Crowd* It was succeeded by *A Laodicean* and *Two on a Tower*, both highly finished works, but neither marking an advance *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886) is a sound and strong study of human nature, and *The Woodlanders* (1887) is a book of more complex and still greater power, ranking with *Far from the Madding Crowd* and the *Return of the Native*. *Tess of the D’Urbervilles* (1891) was the first story of Mr Hardy’s that had a really great circulation, and in some respects it marked a new departure in his work There was no change in the underlying convictions and preferences to which he has been constant from the beginning, but he asserted his right to deal more frankly and explicitly with the problems of life and destiny This claim was pushed still further in *Jude the Obscure* (1895), which called forth much hostile criticism It is certain that *Tess* and *Jude* are in every respect among the highest achievements of the author,

whatever be thought of their philosophy By the time they were published, comparisons between Mr Hardy and the popular novelists who reigned over the dreariest period of British fiction were felt to be ridiculous In 1897 *The Well Beloved*, published some years previously in serial form, appeared as a book *Wessex Tales* (1888) contains some of the best short stories in the language, and *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891) embodies in fiction some Wessex traditions Two volumes of poetry, *Wessex Poems* (1898) and *Poems of the Past and the Present* (1901), are characteristic expressions of the author’s mind, rugged and sombre, but often with a haunting melody of their own

Mr Hardy is first of all a most original writer He is influenced by no master, although it is easy to see that Heine and Schopenhauer have touched him As a stylist he occupies a high place, though he has cared supremely for rendering the truth as he has seen it in fact and life He is born of the earth, born of Wessex almost in a more special sense than her other children His Teutonic like power of catching and fixing phrases of peasant life is unapproached except in Shakespeare At their best his peasants are comparable only with those in *Hamlet* and *A Winter’s Tale* It has been complained that he brings the phrases and thoughts of culture into the conversation of his rustics, intertwining distinct phases of either thought or language, or of both It may be replied that the humours of his peasantry are bound up largely with their use of scriptural language, but the true answer is that such creations of genius invest themselves like Shakespeare’s His sensitiveness to scenic and atmospheric effects, to the moods and changes of day and night, to the voices of the hearthbells, the trees, and the winds, to the delicate harmonies of colour, achieves an effect impossible to the closest observation and the minutest vision It brings the reader into the inmost heart and shrine of nature In Mr Hardy’s view of life the main interest is that of love He has hardly any place for children His heroes and heroines are isolated Family ties count for little The ordinary ambition for a career is scarcely recognised In his characters the element of flexibility is wanting, and when the phase of passionate love is ended there is little to follow but misery His women have been described as ‘Undines of the earth’ They are fascinating, vivacious, incalculable They have an elemental purity of nature, and so long as they are led by instinct they are true, but they make no fight against circumstances They show an impassioned receptivity, and their love is blind and impulsive From the first but more explicitly in his later books, Mr Hardy has proclaimed that human life is governed by inscrutable forces, that human beings are puppets of fate, and destined to misery From an artistic point of view, it is difficult to secure the full effect of tragedy in a book where tragedy itself is treated as hardly more than a deeper tinge

of the common leaden colour in the human lot, and it might be fair to say that in the *Return of the Native* the final impression is rather that of human miserableness than of human grief. But this cannot be said of *Tess* and *Jude the Obscure*. There we have a true rendering of the anguish of the human spirit, of the depths, though not of the heights, in life.

From 'The Return of the Native'

The place became full of a watchful intentness now, for when other things sank brooding to sleep the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its lithe form seemed to await something, but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through



THOMAS HARDY

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

the crises of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow.

It was a spot which returned upon the memory of those who loved it with an aspect of peculiar and kindly courtesy. Smiling champagnes of flowers and fruit hardly do this, for they are permanently harmonious only with the existence of better reputation as to its issues than the present. Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for beauty of the accepted kind are utterly wanting. Fair prospects wed happily with fair times, but alas, if times be not fair! Men have oftener suffered from the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings over

sadly tinged Higgard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learnt emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming and fair.

Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new Vale of Lempre may be a gaunt waste in thule human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness dis- tasteful to our race when it is young. The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind, and, ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle gardens of South Europe are to him now, and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand dunes of Scheveningen.

It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly, neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame, but, like man, slighted and enduring, and with singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

Valenciennes

(1793)

We trenched, we trumpeted and drummed,  
And from our mortars tons of iron hummed  
Ath'art the ditch, the month we bombed  
The Town o' Valencieen

'Twas in the June o' Ninety three  
(The Duke o' York our then Commander been)  
The German Legion, Guards, and we  
Laid siege to Valencieen.

This was the first time in the war  
That French and English spilled each other's gore,  
—God knows what year will end the roar  
Begun at Valencieen!

'Twas said that we'd no business there  
A topersen the French for disagreen,  
However, that's not my affair—  
We were at Valencieen

Such shocks and slats, since war began  
Never knew raw recruit or veteran  
Stone deaf therence went many a man  
Who served at Valencieen

Into the streets, ath'art the sky,  
A hundred thousand balls and bombs were fleen,  
And harmless townsfolk fell to die  
Each hour at Valencieen!

And, sweat'en wi' the bombardiers,  
A shell wis silent to shards anghist my ears  
—'Twas nigh the end of hopes and fears  
For me at Valencieen'

They bore my wounded frame to camp,  
And shut my gap'en slull, and washed en clean,  
And jined en wi' a silver clamp;  
This night at Valencieen

'We've fetched en back too quick from dead,  
But never more on earth white rose is red  
Will drum rouse Corpel !' Doctor said  
O' me at Valencieen

'Twer true No voice o' friend or foe  
Can reach me now, or any liven been,  
And little have I power to know  
Since then at Valencieen'

I never hear the zummer hums  
O' bees, and don' know when the cuckoo comes,  
But night and day I hear the bombs  
We threw at Valencieen

As for the Duke o' York in war,  
There be some volk whose judgment o' en is mean,  
But this I say—"n w<sup>s</sup> not far  
From great at Valencieen

O' wild wet nights, when all seems sad,  
My wounds come back, as though new wounds I'd had,  
But yet—at times I'm sort o' glad  
I fout at Valencieen

Well Heaven wi' its jasper hills  
Is now the on'y Town I care to be in  
Good Lord, if Nick should bomb the walls  
As we did Valencieen'

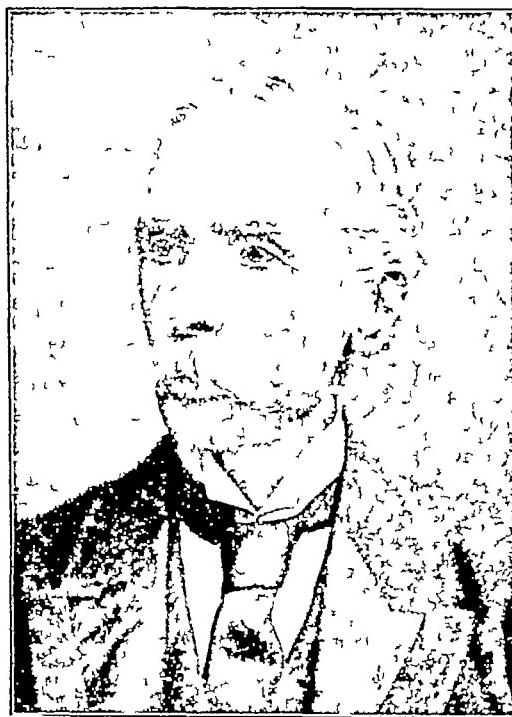
1878-1897

One of the best criticisms is in the *Westminster Review*, April 1833, another is by Coventry Patmore in the *St James's Gazette* 2nd April 1887. See also volumes by Lionel Johnson (1894) and Annie Macdonell (1894). The Hardy country has been described and illustrated by Bertram Windle. See also *Borkman* November 1902.

W ROBLRTSON NICOLL

**Alfred Austin** poet-laureate from 1896 onwards, was born of Catholic parents at Headingley, Leeds, in 1835, and, educated at Stonyhurst and Oscott, he graduated at the University of London in 1853, and was called to the Bar in 1857, but practised for little more than three years, having on his father's death in 1861 adopted literature as a profession. His first efforts in poetry and fiction (*Randolph, a Tale of Polish Grief*, &c.) had hardly been successful, but *The Season, a Satire* (1861), was distinctly bright and clever. In *The Poetry of the Period* (1870) he distinguished himself more by the audacity of his judgments on Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and Swinburne than by real critical insight. *The Golden Age*, *Interludes*, *Madonna's Child*, *The Tower of Babel* ('a celestial love drama'), *The Human Tragedy*, *Lyrical Poems*, and *Narrative Poems* (vol. vi of a 'collected edition of his works') are volumes of verse in various kinds, as are *Savonarola* (a tragedy), *Prime Lucifer* (a drama in verse), *England's Darling*, *The Conversion of Winckelmann* and other Poems, and *Flodden Field*, performed at His Majesty's Theatre in 1903, and we have further had from him the idyllic prose books *The Garden that I Love*, *In Veronica's Garden*, and *Lamia's Winter Quarters*, not to speak of *Spring and Autumn in Ireland* and *A Tale of True Love*. From 1883 Mr Austin had been the energetic editor of the *National Review*, and in 1896 (four

years after the death of Tennyson) he was named poet-laureate. The appointment has caused an unfair standard to be applied to his work—Tennyson could have no successor in his own rank. But Mr Austin's best lyrics, if they lack the true lyrical ring, are simple, sincere, fresh, and graceful, like much of his prose. His worst, unhappily, are some of his official elucubrations as laureate, or such verses as he felt called to produce in praise of the Jameson Raid.



ALFRED AUSTIN

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons

**Sir Alfred Comyns Lyall** was born, the son of a clergyman, at Coulston in Surrey in 1835, and was educated at Eton and Haileybury for an Indian career. K.C.B. (1881) and Lieutenant Governor of the North West Provinces in 1882-87, he was in 1888 appointed a member of the Council of India. His *Verses written in India* proved him to be not merely a keen critic of the life about him but a poet. His *Asiatic Studies* (1882, new ed. 1899) showed a rarely sympathetic insight into the actual beliefs of the Indian people, and has been heartily accepted as a standard authority. He has also written a book on Warren Hastings, and one on the rise of the British dominion in India (1893), and, in a different field, a critical study of Tennyson (1902). He is a member of the Privy Council and holds honorary degrees of Oxford and Cambridge.

**Alfred Ainger**, son of a London architect, was born in 1837, graduated from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and after holding a cure near Lichfield, in 1866 became a reader at the Temple Church, in 1887 a canon of Bristol, and in 1894 Master of

the Temple Author of the articles on Lamb and Hood in this work, of selections, with a memoir, from Hood, and of a book on Cribbe ('Men of Letters' series, 1903), he is best known in literature as biographer (1882, 1888) and editor (6 vols 1883-88) of Lamb He died 8th February 1904

### William Edward Hartpole Lecky.

historian and moralist, was born at Dublin on 26th March 1838, and educated for the Irish Church first at Cheltenham and then at Trinity College, Dublin. His first book (1860) was on *The Religious Tendencies of the Age*. He soon resolved to make historical research his life-work, and after a distinguished literary career he was from 1893 till 1903 M.P. for Dublin University. In 1861 he published anonymously *The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, four brilliant and sympathetic essays on Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell, the greatly enlarged edition of 1903, which omitted Swift, expanded the O'Connell article into what is the best history of Ireland from the Union to the potato famine. His final judgment on Swift appeared in the introduction to an edition of the Dean's works (1897). His learned, luminous, and dispassionate *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe* (2 vols 1865, new ed. 1899) does not deal with rationalism in the sense of religious free thought or mere anti-supernaturalism in interpreting the Bible—still less with rationalism in the stricter sense of one specific school of German Biblical criticism. It has for its subject the dawn of the age of reason and the decline of the age of unhesitating faith, the gradual revolt, conscious or unconscious, against traditional, ecclesiastical, and clerical standards of judgment in all that concerns life and manners. The decay of the belief in witchcraft and magic, finding faith in the miraculous as an explanation of mysteries, the sapping of the persecuting spirit by the growth of toleration, the disappearance of superstition and the secularisation of life—all fall within the scope of this scholarly and original work. The statements, guardedly made, are supported by a mass of copious notes and references, and though the work is well written, Lecky attached more importance to the substance of what he said than to the manner of saying it. The tone is nowhere that of a partisan, but the ethical philosopher is the unhesitating friend of progress, and in his own sense of the word is a broad minded rationalist. He did, and did admirably, some of the work Buckle proposed to do, but his spirit was not the spirit of Buckle—it was more truly historical, more genial and broad minded.

The *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (8 vols 1878-90, 12th ed. in 12 vols 1899) is not a history in strict chronological form, but rather a philosophical study of events and their causes, a succession of dissertations on the manners of the last age, relieved by an admirable

series of finished historical portraits. Perhaps the most original portion of the work is the treatment of the American war of independence, but the five volumes dealing with Ireland are even more valuable, and it should count as a special merit that one Irish historian is able to treat Irish political history with moderation and truth. Lecky stands midway between the dramatic school of literary historians and the modern scientific type of researchers in archives who are not ashamed of the dry-as-dust method. He rarely abandons personal prepossession, and is singularly free from prejudice, he is afraid of purple patches and epigrams as disturbing the judicial attitude, but when he gives the reins to his imagination he commands an impressive dieton. In him the task of the historian is not so much to point a path to solve a problem—to explain a nation's present by the past. The *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne* (2 vols 1879) is also learned, libentious, and judicial, and it occupies a field of its own, showing exceptional power of gathering vast masses of detached social phenomena, too much unheeded in a new light, and of interpreting their significance and their lesson. A volume of poems (1891) was not generally considered to show Lecky at his best; he was essentially a thinker and expositor, and not a lyrict, but as counterpieces to his best prose the verses are of great interest to his readers. Lecky, who was in substance a Whig and a Moderate, took in spite of his warm Irish sympathies, a strong side against Home Rule, and is M.P. for Dublin University from 1893, and in his *Democracy and Liberty* (1896, new ed. 1899), revealed the anti Radical somewhat too mindful of the defects and dangers of unrestrained democracy. *The Map of Life Conduct and Character* (1899, though it demands only the freedom which is consistent with a determinist view of life, is not a disquisition on the foundation of morals, but a compendium of practical observations on such subjects as the management of character, success, money, marriage national and individual ideals, and the disproportionate amount of English energy devoted to political interests. Lecky, who was LL.D. and D.C.L., was admitted to the Privy Council in 1897, one of the first authors to receive the new Order of Merit in 1902 he was the first to be removed by death (22nd October 1903).

### Persecutions of the Weslovans.

From the time of the institution of lay preachers Methodism became in a great degree independent of the Established Church. Its chapels multiplied in the great towns, and its itinerant missionaries penetrated to the most secluded districts. They were accustomed to preach in fields and gardens, in streets and lecture rooms, market places and churchyards. On one occasion find Whiteside at a fair mounting a stage which he erected for some wrestlers, and there denounces the pleasures of the world, on another, preaching mountebanks at Moorfields on a third, attract his pulpit 10,000 of the spectators at a race.

fourth, standing beside the gallows at an execution to speak of death and of eternity Wesley, when excluded from the pulpit of Epworth, delivered some of his most impressive sermons in the churchyard, standing on his father's tomb Howell Harris, the apostle of Wales, encountering a party of mountebanks, spring into their midst exclaiming, in a solemn voice, 'Let us pray,' and then proceeded to thunder forth the judgments of the Lord Rowland Hill was accustomed to visit the great towns on market-day in order that he might address the people in the market place, and to go from fair to fair preaching among the revellers from his favourite text, 'Come out from among them. In this manner the Methodist preachers came in contact with the most savage elements of the population, and there were few forms of mob violence they did not experience. In 1741 one of their preachers named Seward, after repeated ill treatment in Wales, was at last struck on the head while preaching at Monmouth, and died of the blow. In a riot, while Wheately was preaching at Norwich, a poor woman with child perished from the kicks and blows of the mob. At Wednesbury—a little town in Staffordshire—then very famous for its cock-fights—numerous houses were wrecked, the Methodists were stoned, beaten with cudgels, or dragged through the public kennels. Women were atrociously abused. The leaders of the mob declared their intention to destroy every Methodist in the county. Wesley himself appeared in the town, and the rioters speedily surrounded the house where he was staying. With the placid courage that never deserted him in danger, he descended alone and unarmed into their midst. His perfect calmness and his singularly venerable appearance quelled the most noisy, and he succeeded by a few well-chosen words in producing a sudden reaction. His captors, however, insisted on his accompanying them to a neighbouring justice, who exhorted them to disperse in peace. The night had now fallen, and Wesley was actually returning to Wednesbury protected by a portion of the very crowd who had attacked him, when a new mob poured in from an adjoining village. He was seized by the hair and dragged through the streets. Some struck at him with cudgels. Many cried to knock out his brains and kill him at once. A river was flowing near, and he imagined they would throw him into the water. Yet in that dreadful moment his self-possession never failed him. He uttered in loud and solemn tones a prayer to God. He addressed those who were nearest him with all the skill that a consummate knowledge of the popular character could supply, and he speedily won over to his side some of the most powerful of the leaders. Gradually the throng paused, wavered, divided, and Wesley returned almost uninjured to his house. To a similar courage he owed his life at Bolton, when the house where he was preaching was attacked, and at last burst open, by a furious crowd thirsting for his life. Again and again he preached, like the other leaders of the movement, in the midst of showers of stones or tiles or rotten eggs. The fortunes of his brother were little different. At Cardiff, when he was preaching, women were kicked and their clothes set on fire by rockets. At St Ives and in the neighbouring villages the congregation were attacked with cudgels, and everything in the room where they were assembled was shattered to atoms. At Devizes a water engine played upon the house where he was staying. His horses were seized. The house of one of

his supporters was ransacked, and bull-dogs were let loose upon him. At Dublin Whitefield was almost stoned to death. At Exeter he was stoned in the very presence of the bishop. At Plymouth he was violently assaulted and his life seriously threatened by a naval officer.

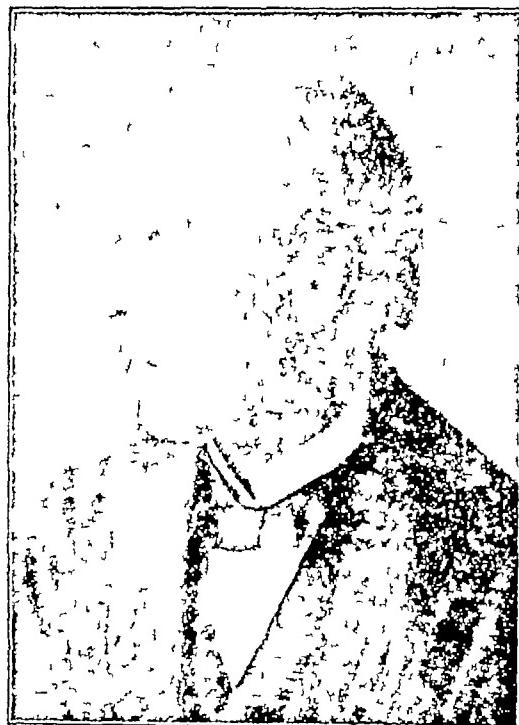
(From *England in the Eighteenth Century*)

#### Early Christianity and Patriotism

The relations of Christianity to the sentiment of patriotism were from the first very unfortunate. While the Christians were, from obvious reasons, completely separated from the national spirit of Judea, they found themselves equally at variance with the lingering remnants of Roman patriotism. Rome was to them the power of Antichrist, and its overthrow the necessary prelude to the millennial reign. They formed an illegal organisation, directly opposed to the genius of the empire, anticipating its speedy destruction, looking back with something more than despondency to the fate of the heroes who had adorned its past, and refusing resolutely to participate in those national spectacles which were the symbols and the expressions of patriotic feeling. Though scrupulously averse to all rebellion, they rarely concealed their sentiments, and the whole tendency of their teaching was to withdraw men as far as possible both from the functions and the enthusiasm of public life. It was at once their confession and their boast that no interests were more indifferent to them than those of their country. They regarded the lawfulness of taking arms as very questionable, and all those proud and aspiring qualities that constitute the distinctive beauty of the soldier's character as emphatically unchristian. Their home and their interests were in another world, and, provided only they were unmolested in their worship, they vowed with frankness, long after the empire had become Christian, that it was a matter of indifference to them under what rule they lived. Asceticism, driving all the enthusiasm of Christendom to the desert life, and elevating as an ideal the extreme and absolute abnegation of all patriotism, formed the culmination of the movement, and was undoubtedly one cause of the downfall of the Roman Empire.

There are, probably, few subjects on which popular judgments are commonly more erroneous than upon the relations between positive religions and moral enthusiasm. Religions have, no doubt, a most real power of evoking a latent energy which, without their existence, would never have been called into action, but their influence is on the whole probably more attractive than creative. They supply the channel in which moral enthusiasm flows, the banner under which it is enlisted, the mould in which it is cast, the ideal to which it tends. The first idea the phrase 'a very good man' would have suggested to an early Roman would probably have been that of great and distinguished patriotism, and the passion and interest of such a man in his country's cause were in direct proportion to his moral elevation. Ascentic Christianity decisively diverted moral enthusiasm into another channel, and the civic virtues, in consequence, necessarily declined. The extinction of all public spirit, the base treachery and corruption pervading every department of the Government, the cowardice of the army, the despicable frivolity of character that led the people of Treves, when fresh from their burning city, to call for theatres and circuses, and the people of Roman Carthage to plunge wildly into the excitement of the chariot races,

on the very day when their city succumbed beneath the Vandal—all these things coexisted with extraordinary displays of ascetic and of missionary devotion. The genius and the virtue that might have defended the empire were engaged in fierce disputes about the Pelagian controversy, at the very time when Attila was encircling Rome with his armies, and there was no subtlety of theological metaphysics which did not kindle a deeper interest in the Christian leaders than the throes of their expiring country. The moral enthusiasm that in other days would have fired the armies of Rome with an invincible valour, impelled thousands to abandon their country and their homes, and consume the weary hours in a long routine of useless and horrible incantations.



WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

When the Goths had captured Rome, St Augustine, as we have seen, pointed with a just pride to the Christian Church, which remained an unviolated sanctuary during the horrors of the sack, as a proof that a new spirit of sanctity and of reverence had descended upon the world. The Pagan, in his turn, pointed to what he deemed a not less significant fact—the golden statues of Valour and of Fortune were melted down to pay the ransom to the conquerors. Many of the Christians contemplated with an indifference that almost amounted to complacency what they regarded as the predicted ruin of the city of the fallen gods. When the Vandals swept over Africa, the Donatists, maddened by the persecution of the orthodox, received them with open arms, and contributed their share to that deadly blow. The immortal pass of Thermopylae was surrendered without a struggle to the Goths. A Pagan writer accused the monks of having betrayed it. It is more probable that they had absorbed or diverted the heroism that in other days would have defended it. The conquest, at a later date, of Egypt by the Moham-

medines, was in a great measure due to an invitation from the persecuted Monophysites. Subsequent religious wars have again and again exhibited the same phenomenon. The treachery of a religionist to his country no longer argued in absence of all moral feeling. It had become compatible with the deepest religious enthusiasm, and with all the courage of a martyr.

(From *The History of European Morals*)

**Lord Acton** (1834-1902), born at Naples JOHN ERICH EDWARD DULPERG ACTON, was the grandson of the Minister of Ferdinand IV of Naples, and succeeded his father as baronet in 1838. He was educated at Oscott under Cardinal Wiseman, and at Munich by Dr Döllinger, whose views he zealously espoused, distinguishing himself in Rome in 1870 by his hostility to the dogma of papal infallibility. He sat in Parliament for Carlow (1859-65), and was raised to the peerage by Mr Gladstone in 1869 as Baron Acton of Aldenham. The leader of the Liberal Catholics in England, he was for a time editor of the *Home and Foreign Review*, and afterwards of the *Weekly Chronicle* and *British Quarterly*, but it was rather by his universal repute as a scholar of singular learning and breadth of mind than by his writings on the Vatican decrees (1874), Wolsey (1877), German Schools of History (1880), and other occasional publications, that he had shown himself exceptionally well qualified to hold the Cambridge chair of History in Seeley's successor (1893). His inaugural lecture on *The Study of History* expounded the high and deep view he took of the subject. The inherent worth and interest of humanity was his leading thought, the course of history was for him a philosophy of history. Historical facts were for him 'not a burden on the memory, but an illumination of the soul.' His point of view was cosmopolitan, his tradition was vast and his insight profound. But his lofty ideal of studious accuracy limited his productiveness. No scholar of anything like his learning wrote or published so little, perhaps his chiefest bequest to posterity was his planning and mapping out and laying the foundations of the great *Cambridge Modern History*, of which the first volume appeared in the year of his death. His enormous library, purchased after his death by an American millionaire, and presented to Mr John Morley, found an appropriate resting-place in the University of Cambridge. A bibliography of the works of Bishop Stubbs, Bishop Creighton, and Lord Acton was edited for the Royal Historical Society in 1903. Acton's letters to Mrs Drew appeared in 1904.

**William John Courthope**, the son of a Sussex clergyman, was born in 1842, studied at Harrow and New College, Oxford, and besides being a Civil Service Commissioner, has been Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Editor of Pope's works and author of a Life of him, he has written, besides a short Life of Addison, *The Paradise of Birds*, and other works, a magisterial *History of Poetry* (4 vols. 1895-1904).

**John Morley**, son of a surgeon at Blackburn, was born on the 24th December 1838. He entered Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1856, and three years later took his degree. At that time the Tractarian movement, which had long dominated Oxford, had spent its force, and was followed by a movement in the direction of Liberalism, J S Mill succeeded to the intellectual throne vacated by Newman. At a formative period of his life Mr Morley came under the influence of Mill, to whose memory he has paid a noble tribute. On the conclusion of his university course he embarked upon a literary career, and after a few preliminary ventures (as in editing the *Literary Gazette* and the *Morning Star*), he was appointed editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, in succession to G H Lewes. In 1860 he became editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then the leading organ of advanced Liberalism in London, notably in dealing with Irish politics, and he conducted the *Pall Mall* till he was sent (1883) to Parliament by Newcastle. In 1886 he was appointed Secretary for Ireland in Mr Gladstone's Home Rule administration, with a seat in the Cabinet,

and in 1892, when the Gladstone Government again held office, he returned to his old post. In 1895 Mr Morley was one of those who lost their seats in the disaster which overtook the Liberal party, his loss of popularity being largely due to the stand he made against Socialistic interference with the hours of labour in the form of a compulsory eight hours' day. In 1896 he re-entered Parliament as member for the Montrose Burghs. Since 1894 he has been a trustee of the British Museum.

Mr Morley's speeches, models of literary excellence, are distinguished by dignity of tone, elevation of thought, and manifest sincerity. In recent years, especially on foreign questions—notably on the South African war—Mr Morley has taken the

unpopular side, but by the force of his personality and his steadfast adherence to his principles he has retained the respect of those who have differed most violently from him. The key to Mr Morley's public career is to be found in his writings. A friend and admirer of J S Mill, he has carried to the study of modern problems the spirit and methods of Philosophical Liberalism, and he has freed the creed of his masters from many of its crudities. On the historic side the old Liberals were always weak. They condemned or approved institutions, not according to their relative values, but according to their relation to an abstract system of political philosophy. This error was noted by Mill, but he came upon the scene too early to profit by the revolution worked in political philosophy, especially on the historic side, by the evolutionary conception of society. Mr Morley accepts in the main the leading conceptions of the Philosophic Liberalism—namely, a belief in individual and social progress along the lines of freedom and knowledge—progress being accelerated by the growth of justice and sympathy.

His political creed,

rooted in a passionate desire for justice and freedom, makes him look coldly upon recent Socialistic developments. And it is his intense interest in the progress of humanity which explains his antipathy to the Imperialist conception, in his view, Great Britain should be not the military dictator but the moral pioneer of humanity. Mr Morley is entirely free of the crude views of the early Radicals, who hoped in their day to see the establishment of the Age of Reason, evolution, not revolution, is the keynote of his thinking. His study of Burke and Comte has shown him the relative value of old ideas and old institutions, and by his deep historic sense, his fondness for the concrete, his vital interest in humanity, apart from philosophic shibboleths, Mr



JOHN MORLEY

From a Photograph by Russell & Sons

Morley has left behind him the old revolutionary Liberalism of his masters, and has advanced to what may be called evolutionary Liberalism.

Mr Morley's philosophy of life must be gathered from a study of his writings, of which that *On Compromise* (1874) is one of the most characteristic. In his *Voltaire* (1872) we have his attitude towards religion, particularly to that form of it which in his view has been the main obstruction to individual and social progress. In his *Diderot and the Encyclopédistes* (1878) we have his insistence upon the paramount importance of knowledge and freedom as the two vital factors in progress, and a generous tribute is paid to the advanced thinkers of the Revolution period, who fought so valiantly for the liberation of humanity. In *Rousseau* (1873), along with appreciation of Rousseau's influence as supplementary to the hard, dry, critical influence of Voltaire, we have a protest against the dangers of importing into political life sentimentalism and intuitionism. In *Burke* (1879) Mr Morley presents us with a sketch of the ideal politician, in whom the desire for progress is held in check by a profound regard for the principles of order and continuity. In his *Life of Cobden* (1881) he does justice to those great politico-economic principles which, in his opinion, tend to internationalise commerce and industry, thereby promoting the brotherhood of man. Two series of *Critical Miscellanies* (1871 and 1877) and a volume of *Studies in Literature* (1891) are an integral part of Mr Morley's literary work, and the *Oliver Cromwell* (1900) showed how fairly Mr Morley could deal with a man and a revolution dominated by religious conceptions he does not share. His *Life of Gladstone* (3 vols. 1903) was sure to be not merely a permanent addition to the political history of the time, but a literary masterpiece. Yet as Gladstone's career was so bound up with the public life of his time, there was an obvious danger that the historian would encroach on the biographer, that against the massive historic background the figure of Gladstone would shrink into something quite indistinct and shadowy. But in this greatest of our political biographies, Mr Morley's intuitive sense of literary proportion stood him in good stead, the history of the time is depicted with superb and attractive lucidity, while Gladstone all through remains the central figure.

#### The Political Spirit.

It is at least well, and more than that, it is an indispensable condition of social well-being, that the divorce between political responsibility and intellectual responsibility, between respect for what is instantly practicable and search after what is only important in thought, should not be too complete and universal. Even if there were no other objection, the undisputed prominence of the political spirit has a plain tendency to limit the subjects in which the men animated by it can take a real interest. All matters fall out of sight, or at least fall into a secondary place, which do not bear more or less directly and patently upon the material and structural welfare of the

community. In this way the members of the community miss the most bracing, widening, and elevated of the whole range of influences that create great characters. First, they lose sincere concern about the larger questions which the human mind has raised up for itself. Second, they lose a fearless desire to reach the true answer to them, or if no certain answers should prove to be within reach, then at any rate to be satisfied on good grounds that this is so. Such questions are not immediately discerned by commonplace minds to be of social import. Consequently they, and all else that is not obviously connected with the machinery of society, give way in the public consideration to what is to connect with it, in a manner that cannot be mistaken. How momentous a disadvantage this is we can best know by contemplating the characters which have sometimes lighted up the old times. Men were then devoutly persuaded that their eternal salvation depended on their having true belief. Any shelter, in finding out which beliefs are the true ones would have to be sought for before the throne of Almighty God, at the sure risk and peril of everlasting damnation. To what quarter in the large historic firmament can we turn our eyes with such earnestness of being stirred and elevated, of thinking better of human life and the worth of those who have been more deeply penetrated by its seriousness, as to the annals of the intrepid spirits whom the Protestant doctrine of infinite sensible personal responsibility brought to the front in Germany in the sixteenth century, and in England and Scotland in the seventeenth? It is not their fanaticism, still less is it their theology, which makes the great Puritan chiefs of England and the stern Covenanters of Scotland so heroic in our sight. It is the fact that they sought truth and ensued it, not thinking of the practical nor cautiously counting majorities and minorities, but each man pondering and searching so 'as ever in the great Task master's eye.'

(From *On Compromise*)

HECTOR MACPHERSON

**James Bryce.** son of Dr James Bryce, geologist and schoolmaster, was born at Belfast, 10th May 1838, and educated at Glasgow High School and University, and Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1862 as double first. Elected a Fellow of Oriel, and called to the Bar in 1867, he was Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford from 1870 to 1893, and entered Parliament as a Liberal in 1880. In 1886 he was made Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and in 1892 Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and he is a member of the Privy Council. His literary works give him a place among the most accomplished scholars of the day. His first book of note, *The Holy Roman Empire*, which appeared in 1884, was an elaboration of a university prize essay, and contains a luminous sketch of the central political institutions of the Middle Ages, his *Transcaucasia and Ararat* (1877) is the record of a visit to the East, in which he climbed the historic mountain. The monumental work on *The American Commonwealth* (1888) marked him as the successor of De Tocqueville, and won him the honour of a corresponding membership of the Institute of France. His later works are *Impres-*

sions of South Africa (1897), *Studies in History and Jurisprudence* (1902), and an interesting volume of *Studies in Contemporary Biography* (1903).

**Sir George Otto Trevelyan**, son of Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, Governor of Madras and Baronet, and Hannah, the sister of Lord Macaulay, was born in 1838 at Rothley Temple in Leicestershire, the birthplace of his illustrious uncle. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, he graduated as second classic in 1861, and gave high promise of distinction in literature by his Aristophanic slights of *Horace at the University of Athens* (1861) and *The Ladies in Parliament* (1869). In 1865 he entered Parliament as a Liberal, and sat, mainly for Scotch constituencies, until 1897, filling at different times the Cabinet offices of Chief Secretary for Ireland and Secretary for Scotland. His earlier prose works were the *Letters of a Competition Wallah* (1864) and the brilliant but rather too emphatic narrative of the desecration and fall of *La unpopole* (1864). In 1876 he enriched English biography with his admirable *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, which ranks next to the masterpieces of Boswell and Lockhart, and in 1880 he followed it up with a vivid picture of later eighteenth century politics in *The Early History of Charles James Fox. The American Revolution* (parts I and II, 3 vols. 1899–1903) was in a sense a continuation of the *Fox*. His youngest son, George Macaulay Trevelyan, born in 1876, has also applied himself to historical studies, and published a volume on *England in the Age of Wellington* (1899).

**Mandell Creighton** (1843–1901), born at Carlisle, from Durham School passed to Merton College, Oxford, where he was elected a Fellow in 1866. Successively vicar of Limpleton, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, Bishop of Peterborough (1891) and of London (1896), he became one of the most authoritative of English historians, amongst his works being a book on Simon de Montfort (1876), his great *History of the Papacy during the Reformation Period* (1882–94, new ed. 6 vols. 1901), and the sumptuous *Queen Elizabeth* (1897). His Memoir of Sir George Grey (1884) was published after his death, as were his *Thoughts on Education* and his *Essays and Reviews*. His wife edited his *Life and Letters* (1904).

**William Hale White** was born at Bedford about 1830, the son of a bookseller who was from 1850 to 1880 doorkeeper to the House of Commons. In 1848–51 Mr Hale White qualified at Cheshunt and New College for the Congregational ministry, but was expelled for his views on inspiration, whereupon he became a journalist and miscellaneous writer. His translation of Spinoza's *Ethics* (1883, revised by Miss Hutchison Stirling, new ed. 1894) was published under his own name, but he owes his literary eminence to the powerful studies of domestic social, moral and

theological problems contained in the remarkable trilogy of novels, *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* (1881), *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* (1885), and *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* (1887), 'edited by Reuben Shippott.' Mark Rutherford's later novels, *Miriam's Schooling*, *Catherine Furze*, and *Clara Hopgood* (1896) attracted less notice. He collected and edited in 1897, as *The Inner Life of the House of Commons*, a series of articles contributed by his father to a weekly paper. In a book on *The Apostasy of Wordsworth* (1898) he vindicated the poet's consistency, in 1900 he gave us *Pages from a Journal*, in 1904 a study of Bunyan.

**William Robertson Smith** (1846–94), the son of the Free Church minister at Keig in Aberdeenshire, was educated at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Bonn, and Göttingen, and in 1870 became Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College at Aberdeen. For his article on the 'Bible' in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* he was prosecuted before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland on a charge of heresy, but acquitted, in 1880. Another article on 'Hebrew Language and Literature' cost him his chair, from which he was dismissed in 1881. Subsequently he delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow the lectures republished as *The Old Testament in the Jewish Church* (1881) and *The Prophets of Israel* (1882), and after assisting and succeeding Professor Spencer Baynes in the editorship of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he was made Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University in 1883 and university librarian. Ere his death he had gained the reputation of one of the foremost Semitic scholars in Europe, *The Religion of the Semites* (1889) containing some of his most pregnant work.

**Edward Dowden**, born at Cork in 1843, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where in 1867 he became Professor of English Literature. To him we owe *Shaksper, his Mind and Art* (1875), a work which gave a decided impulse to Shakespearean study and gave him high standing as a Shakespearean scholar; the invaluable *Shakspeare Primer*, the *Introduction to Shaksper* (1893), the standard *Life of Shelley* (1886), and an excellent small book on Southey, besides poems, several volumes of studies in literature, a *History of French Literature* (1897), and *Puritan and English* (1900). He has also edited Shelley, Wordsworth, selections from Southey, critical editions of *Hamlet*, of *Romeo and Juliet*, and of the *Sonnets*; the correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor, and that of Southey with Caroline Bowles. Professor Dowden contributed the article on Matthew Arnold to the present work.

**John Pentland Mahaffy** was born near Vevey, Switzerland, in 1837, studied in Germany and at Trinity College, Dublin and from 1871 to

1899 was Professor there of Ancient History. He has written on Kant, on primitive civilisation, on Greek antiquities, on piping, and on the art of conversation, but is best known for a series of fresh and interesting works on Greek history, such as *Greek Social Life from Homer to Menander*, *Alexander's Empire*, *Greek Life and Thought from Alexander to the Roman Conquest*, and *The Empire of the Ptolemies*.

**Henry Austin Dobson** was born at Plymouth on the 18th of January 1840, and at the age of eight went with his parents to Holyhead in Wales. Educated at Beaumaris and Coventry, and afterwards at the *gymnase* of Strasburg, he returned to England in 1856, intending to follow his father's profession of civil engineer, but it was found that he should enter the Civil Service as a clerk in the Board of Trade, where—for the last seventeen years as principal of his department—he served until his retirement in 1901. His office work did not deprive him from favourite studies in art, or from practising in prose and verse. His first poetical contribution to a magazine was to *Temple Bar* in December 1864. But his literary career practically began in March 1868, when he became a contributor of verse to *St Paul's Magazine*, then under the editorship of Anthony Trollope, and to the editor his first volume of poems, *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société*, was dedicated at its publication in October 1873. *Proverbs in Porcelain* followed in 1877, *Old-World Idylls* in 1883, and *At the Sign of the Lys* in 1885. Whether in the artificial forms of old French verse—rondeau, ballade, triolet, chant royal, and villanelle (which he was among the earliest to write systematically)—or in more familiar and less elaborate rhythms, his poems are remarkable for perfection of technique, for freshness, spontaneity, and sprightly humour, while many are instinct with true pathos or genuine satire. Activity in prose composition and editorial work soon followed. In 1879 Mr Dobson began his literary studies of the eighteenth century with the *Life of Hogarth* (expanded in the subsequent editions of 1891, 1898, and 1902), and continued them in the monograph on *Fielding* in the 'English Men of Letters' (1883, new American ed. 1900), since followed in the same series by *Richardson* (1902) and *Fanny Burney* (1903), in *Thomas Bewick and his Pupils* (1884, new ed. 1889), in *Steel* (1886) and *Goldsmith* (1888), in *Horace Walpole* (1890), in *Eighteenth-Century Vignettes* (1892–96), *A Paladin of Philanthropy* (1897), and *Side Walk Studies* (1902). By these he has approved himself an accurate and sympathetic biographer and an exquisite critic, having at command the rare gift of combining the results of conscientious and laborious research with lightness and brightness of presentment. Through his various works in prose and verse, and through his editing of a selection of *Eighteenth-Century Essays* (1882), and the *Fables of Guy*

(1882), the poems of Prior (1889), and the plays, poems, and novel of Goldsmith, as well as by his contributions to Ward's *English Poets*, Craft's *English Prose*, and to most of the principal magazines and reviews, Mr Dobson has attained critical rank as the supreme authority on the lighter literary aspects of the ages of Pope and Johnson, and his intimate knowledge of French literature is seen in his *Four Frenchmen* (1890). His prose has the same pleasant ease and daintiness of style as distinguishes his poems, which with some new additions, were collected in 1897. The fifth edition (1902) contained selections from *Carmina Potiva*, poems first privately published in 1901. In 1902 Edinburgh conferred on him its honorary degree of LL.D. He contributed important articles to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and to *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, and the value of his contributions to the present work (see Vol II, pages 1–13, 294–300, 339–348, 478–494) cannot fail to be recognised by every reader.

#### Angel Court

In Angel Court the sunless air  
Grows faint and sick, to left and right  
The cowering house shrunk from sight,  
Huddled and hopeless, evile & bare  
Minimised, you see ! For surely rare  
Must be the angel shapes that light  
In Angel Court !

Nay ! the Eternities are there,  
Death at the doorway stands to smite  
Life in its garrets leaps to light  
And Love has climbed that crumbling stair  
In Angel Court

#### On a Fan

Chicken skin, delicate white,  
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,  
Loves in a riot of light,  
Roses and vaporous blue,  
Hail to the dainty *frou-frou* !  
Picture above, if you can,  
Lives that could melt as the dew,—  
This was the Pompadour's fan !

See how they rise at the sight,  
Thronging the *Cil de Bauf* through,  
Courtiers as butterflies bright,  
Beauties that Fragonard drew,  
*Talon rouge*, falbala, queue,  
Cardinal, Duke,—to a man,  
Eager to sigh or to sue,—  
This was the Pompadour's fan !

Ah, but things more than polite  
Hung on this toy, " *yéz'ous* !  
Matters of state and of might,  
Things that great ministers do,  
Things that, maybe, overthrew  
Those in whose brains they begin,  
Here was the sign and the cue,—  
This was the Pompadour's fan !

*Emrys*

Where are the secrets it knew?  
 Weavings of plot and of plan?  
 —But where is the Pompadour, too?  
*This was the Pompadour's Fan!*

**A Garden Song**

Here, in this sequestered close,  
 Bloom the hyacinth and rose,  
 Here beside the modest stock  
 Flaunts the flaring hollyhock,  
 Here, without a pang, one sees  
 Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race  
 In this quiet resting place,  
 Peach, and apricot, and fig  
 Here will ripen, and grow big,  
 Here is store and overplus,—  
 More had not Alcinous!

Here, in alleys cool and green,  
 Far ahead the thrush is seen,  
 Here along the southern wall  
 Keeps the bee his festival,  
 All is quiet else—afar  
 Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long,  
 Here be spaces meet for song,  
 Grunt, O garden god, that I,  
 Now that none profane is nigh,—  
 Now that mood and moment please,—  
 Find the fair Pierides!

**In After Days**

In after days when grasses high  
 O'er top the stone where I shall lie,  
 Though ill or well the world adjust  
 My slender claim to honoured dust,  
 I shall not question or reply

I shall not see the morning sky,  
 I shall not hear the night wind sigh,  
 I shall be mute, as all men must  
 In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I  
 That some one then should testify,  
 Saying—"He held his pen in trust  
 To Art, not serving shame or lust"  
 Will none?—Then let my memory die  
 In after days!

**The Letter**

'Dear John (the letter ran), it can't, can't be,  
 For Father's gone to Chorley Fair with Sam,  
 And Mother's storing Apples,—Prue and Me  
 Up to our Elbows making Damson Jam  
 But we shall meet before a Week is gone,—  
 "Tis a long Lane that has no turning,' John!  
 'Only till Sunday next, and then you'll wait  
 Behind the White Thorn, by the broken Stile—  
 We can go round and catch them at the Gate,  
 All to Ourselves, for nearly one long Mile,

Dear *Prue* won't look, and Father he'll go on,  
 And *Sam's* two Eyes are all for *Cissy, John!*

'John, she's so smart,—with every Ribbon new,  
 Flame coloured Sack, and Crimson Padesoy  
 As proud is proud, and has the Vapours too,  
 Just like My Lady,—calls poor *Sam* a Boy,  
 And vows no Sweet heart's worth the Thinking on  
 Till he's past Thirty      I know better, *John!*'

'My Dear, I don't think that I thought of much  
 Before we knew each other, I and you,  
 And now, why, *John*, your least, least Finger touch,  
 Gives me enough to think a Summer through  
 See, for I send you Something! There, 'tis gone!  
 Look in this corner,—mind you find it, *John!*'

(From 'A Dead Letter')

**Mrs Richmond Ritchie**, is novelist and author perhaps still better known as 'Miss



MRS RICHMOND RITCHIE

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

Thackeray,' is Thackeray's eldest daughter, Anne Isabella, and was born in 1837. She first appeared as an author in vol 1 of the *Cornhill* (1860) with 'Little Scholars'. To this sketch succeeded a dozen or more volumes of novels, tales, biographical essays, and other varied work, of which may be mentioned *The Story of Elizabeth* (1863), *The Village on the Cliff* (1867), *Old Kensington* (1873), *Miss Angel* (1875, its heroine Angelica Kauffmann), *Mrs Dymond* (1885), *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning* (1892), *Lord Tennyson and his Friends* (1893), *Chapters from some Memoirs* (1895), and her dainty modern recasts of such old world stories as 'Bluebeard' and 'Cinderella'. Tender, delicate, harmonious, her books are feminine as are very few women's books. In 1877 she married her cousin, Mr Richmond Thackeray Ritchie.

Europe in Literature,' of all of which he is general editor, a book on the town of Manchester, and much miscellaneous work, editions of Scott's *Dryden* and of Sterne, and a great work on *The History of Criticism from the Earliest Times to the Present*, in three volumes.

**Alfred Perceval Graves**, born in 1836 in the south of Ireland, thoroughly understands the southern peasant. His ballads are the work of a generation earlier than that of Mr Yeats, and they embody an earlier and very different—not on that account, perhaps, a less accurate—conception of Irish character, he may be said to belong to the school of Lever and Lover. His best known song, 'Father O'Flynn,' is an admirable example of the school of Irish humour to which it belongs—humour genuine and never coarse—April laughter, bright and wholesome, but with a tinge of tenderness never far off. In other pieces—'The White Blossom's off the Bog,' for instance—he has struck with a fine touch the note of gentle pathos. Mr Graves's principal volumes are *Songs of Killarney* (1873), *Irish Songs and Ballads* (1880) and *Father O'Flynn and other Irish Lyrics* (1889). Several of his songs have been published with musical accompaniment arranged by Professor Villiers Stanford.

**William Schwenck Gilbert** was the son of William Gilbert (1804-89), author of some thirty novels and tales, and was born in London in 1836. He graduated at London University, was a clerk in the Privy Council Office from 1857 to 1862, and in 1864 was called to the Bar. From 1861 he had been contributing to the magazines, and he was ere long on the staff of *Fun* in whose columns his *Bab Ballads* appeared. His burlesque *Dulcamar* (1866) was followed by a long series of comedies, burlesques and operettas—the first comedies including *The Palace of Truth* (1870), *Pigmaliion and Galatea* (1871), *The Hatted World* (1873), *Broken Hearts* (1876), and *Harlequin and the Fairy's Dilemma* (1904), a two act domestic pantomime. Other plays are the charming *Sweethearts* (1874), *Engaged* (1877), *Charity* (1874), *Gretchen* (1879), *Comedy and Tragedy* (1884), and *Brantingham Hall* (1888). But the work with which his name is more especially identified is the characteristic genre of light witty, humorous, paradoxical operettas, in which his sprightly and cleverly versified words and songs were wedded to the tuneful and striking music of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The 'Gilbert and Sullivan' productions, though not quite a new species, were a very considerable contribution to the dramatic art of the last thirty years of the nineteenth century. Though neither great nor profound either in literature or as art, they had in both elements real interest and value, and attracted and entertained large sections of the public who had no keen attachment to the classical drama or the 'legitimate' opera. Besides the preliminary experiments in this sort, *The Gipsy*

(1871) and *Arial by Jury*, this wonderfully popular series comprised *The Sorcerer* (1877), *Hiawatha* (1878), *The Pirates of Penzance* (1880), *Patience* (1881), *Iolanthe* (1882), *Princess Ida* (1883), *The Mikado* (1885), *Ruddigore* (1887), *The Yeomen of the Guard* (1888), *The Gondoliers* (1889), *Utopia Limited* (1893), and *The Grand Duke* (1895). In nearly all his better known works Gilbert displays a fantastic humour that is often subtle, and is always healthy in tone and is only the more entertaining for a slight flavour of cynicism, which is seldom seriously meant than set down in pure fun. On the other hand the satire though playful yet is often real and effective. His touch is light, and the absurd extremes with which we are not concems are worked out inimitable though it has constantly been imitated. In *The Yeomen of the Guard* he took out the grotesquerie and presented characters that are both human and pathetic. As seems appropriate in the case of one who claims to be of the blood of Sir Humphrey Gilbert Mr Gilbert's work is as little as popular in America as it home. Misunderstandings between Mr Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan led to a temporary break in the brilliant partnership of more than twenty years' duration and for a time the collaborator worked separately but Gilbert's libretto to *His Excellency* (1893) set to music by another composer was found to lack an important element of its popularity. Even the last joint work of the old partners, *Utopia Limited*, as if the vein was largely exhausted and after before Sullivan's death the series had come to an end. Much of Gilbert's verse shows supreme craftsmanship and mastery of rhymes and rhythm.

**Sir Francis Cowley Burnand**, knighted in 1902, was born in 1836 and educated at Eton and Cambridge for Anglican orders, but in 1858 became a Roman Catholic. He was called to the Bar in 1862 but the success of some early dramatic ventures altered his plans and he has produced over a hundred and twenty pieces chiefly light comedies and burlesques including *The Chimes* and *Cox and Box* (to Sullivan's music). He had joined Mr W. J. Byron in starting *Fun* but in 1863 left that paper for *Punch*, of which in 1880 he became editor. Amongst his own contributions to *Punch* were *Happy Thoughts* (1868), *The Modern Sandford and Merton* (1872) and *Stratmore*, in 'Weeder' (1878). *My Time and a Half* were with it (1874) was followed in 1903 by a more considerable autobiographical *Karamazov*.

**George Robert Sims** was born in London in 1847, and was educated there and at Bonn. Having joined the staff of *Fun* in 1874, he soon commenced his 'Dragonet' ballads and other contributions to the *Referee*. Among his plays are *Catch and Toothpick* (1870), *Netherland* (1881), *The Lights of London* (1881), *The Roman* (1882), and, written in collaboration, *In the Ranks*, *Harbour Lights*, *The Golden Ladder*, *Little Cloris*

*topher Columbus, The Gipsy Earl, The Gay City, and Scarlet Sin*. His novels include *Rogues and Vagabonds, Memoirs of Mary Jane, Mary Jane Married, Memoirs of a Landlady*, and *The Ten Commandments*. His *Daily News* letters on the housing of the London poor were effective work in a very different category.

**Sydney Grundy**, the son of a Manchester mayor, was born in 1848, educated at Owens College, and called to the Bar in 1869. He practised as a barrister for seven years, and had meanwhile made his first literary and dramatic ventures, including a novel in 1876. His first dozen plays were mainly adaptations from the French *A White Lie* and *A Fool's Paradise* (both in 1889) were on similar lines, but original in substance, and his art was developed in a long series of plays, of which *Sowing the Wind* (1893), *The New Woman* (1894), *The Greatest of These* (1895), *A Marriage of Convenience*, *The Black Tulip*, and *A Debt of Honour* have been amongst the most entertaining and successful.

**Henry Arthur Jones**, the son of a Buckinghamshire farmer, was born at Grandborough in 1851, was educated in the county, and from thirteen to twenty-seven was engaged in business. His first noteworthy play, *A Clerical Error*, was produced in 1879, his first hit was *The Silver King* (1882). He passed from melodrama in *Saints and Sinners* (1884) to serious criticism of modern country life, and this was followed by *The Middleman* (1889), *The Dancing Girl* (1891), and *The Crusaders*, showing greater depth and maturity. Of more than a score of plays produced by him—many of them with a piquant element of social satire—some of the most notable were *The Case of Rebellious Susan* (1894), *Michael and his Lost Angel* (1896), *The Liars* (1897), *The Manawrees of Jane* (1898), and *Mrs Dane's Defence* (1900).

**Arthur Wing Pinero**, the son of a London solicitor, was born in 1855, and bred at private schools with a view to his father's profession, but in 1874 made his début on the stage at Edinburgh, in 1875 joined the Lyceum company, and continued an actor till 1881. The player had ere then made himself known as a promising playwright, his earlier pieces including *£200 a Year* (1877) and *The Squire* (1881). His farces *The Magistrate*, *The School-mistress*, and *Dandy Dick* proved him a genial humourist, *Sweet Lavender* (1888) was a sentimental drama. *The Profligate* was a new departure, *The Waker Sex*, *Lady Bountiful*, and one or two others are also 'modern' and real. But it was in *The Second Mrs Tanqueray* (1893) that Mr Pinero produced a play that marked an epoch in the history of modern English drama, and the serious problems of modern social life were the keynotes of those that followed—*The Notorious Mrs Ebbesmith* (1895), *The Benefit of the Doubt*, *Trelawny of the Wells*, *The Princess and the Butterfly* (1897), *The Gay Lord Quex* (1899), *Iris* (1901), and *Lelly* (1903).

**William Ernest Henley** (1849–1903) was born at Gloucester and educated at the Crypt Grammar School there. While lying in hospital at Edinburgh he was visited by Robert Louis Stevenson, and the two became intimate for years, collaborating especially in a series of plays, *Deacon Brodie*, *Beau Austin*, *Admiral Gunca*, and *Robert Macaire*. Henley edited *The Magazine of Art*, *The Scots* (later *National*) *Observer*, *The New Review*, and other serials, two or three anthologies of lyrics, an edition of Burns (with Mr T E Henderson) and one volume of an edition of Byron, part of a Shakespeare, and the 'Tudor Translations,' and republished in volumes *Views and Reviews* on literary and artistic subjects. With Mr Farmer, he worked on a great dictionary of slang, practically completed at his death. His poetry is vigorous and vivid in expression and rapid in movement, shows a fondness for unrhymed lyrical measures and experiments in unusual rhythms, for odd words and curious locutions, and is lacking chiefly in simplicity and grace. The 'Hospital Rhymes' in the first *Book of Verses* (1888, 4th ed. 1893) are full of the grimdest realism, whereas the 'Bric-à-brac' series are largely exercitations in artificial verse forms. The *London Volunteers*, published with the *Song of the Sword* (1892), had more of true poetry in them, of music and magic. A collected edition of his poems appeared in 1898, but *For England's Sake* (1900) and *Hawthorn and Lavender* (1901) were later volumes. All his work, prose and verse, reflects his virile temperament, his 'unconquerable soul' had to contend against physical disabilities and broken health. His best poems were short, in much of his verse there were rough, even coarse, passages, and he could celebrate the speed of the motor car in a poem which is as little a thing of beauty as the vehicle itself. Yet some of his poems, and parts of many, were exquisite, at times he heard 'the voice of strange command.'

Out of the sound of the ebb and flow,  
Out of the sight of lamp and star,  
It calls you where the good winds blow,  
Where the unchanging meadows are,  
From faded hopes, and hopes agleam,  
It calls you, calls you night and day,  
Beyond the dark, into the dream  
Over the hills and far away

In criticism he was confident, aggressive, full of prejudices, anti conventional in his judgments, arrogant and contemptuous but stimulating, pungent, and trenchant in style. He commanded an exceptional wealth of epigram and dealt largely in impudent illusions, and his intolerance of dullness led to eccentricity and paradox. He strenuously maintained Byron's claim to be regarded as the great English poet of the nineteenth century. His long essay on Burns prefixed to the edition of the works by him and Mr Henderson aggrieved worshippers of the bard by insisting overmuch that Burns was 'a lewd peasant of genius' who completed rather

than initiated a development in national song, and he outraged Stevensonians by the manner of his protests against the representation of R. I. S. given in the official Life. As editor he 'discovered,' encouraged, trained, or stimulated a remarkable series of writers who became noted for their gifts.

**Edmund Gosse**, the son of Philip Henry Gosse (1810-88) the distinguished naturalist, was born in London on 21st September 1849, and educated in Devonshire. Appointed assistant librarian at the British Museum in 1867, he became translator to the Board of Trade in 1875. Five years earlier he had appeared as a poet in a volume of *Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets*, in which he collaborated with Mr J. A. Blakie; this was followed in 1873 by another volume of lyrics entitled *On Viol and Flute*. In 1872-74 he had visited Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, and familiarised himself still more thoroughly with Scandinavian literature; in 1877 he made a similar literary tour in Holland. For some years afterwards he devoted himself mainly to verse, producing *King Ival*, a tragedy on a Norse theme (1876), the *Un nutzen Juor*, in dramatic form (1878), and *Two Poems* (1879), which were followed by *Firðausi in Isle* (1886) and *In Russet and Silver* (1894). The spontaneity, grace, and lightness of touch displayed in his lyrical poetry were universally recognised. His first prose work of note, *Northern Studies*, was published in 1879, and was the fruit of his Scandinavian and Dutch researches. Mr Gosse's essays on Ibsen were the earliest efforts to introduce the great Norwegian dramatist and poet to the English public. In 1882 he contributed the excellent monograph on Gray to the series of 'English Men of Letters,' and he has since shown his interest in the work of that eighteenth-century classic by editing Gray's works in 1884. Thenceforth he devoted himself mainly to the illustration of English literature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, his work comprising *Seventeenth-Century Studies* (1883), a review of the transition from Shakespeare to Pope (1885), a *Life of Congreve* (1888), a *History of Eighteenth-Century Literature* (1889), *Jacobean Poets* (1894), and, on larger lines, the *Life and Letters of Dr Donne* (1899). Other volumes of essays were *Gossip in a Library*, *Questions at Issue*, and *Critical Kit-Kats* (1896), and a suggestive *History of Modern English Literature* appeared in 1897. In 1890 Mr Gosse performed a pious duty in publishing a Life of his father. *The Secret of Narcisse* (1892) was a prose romance of the Renaissance in France, *Hypolymnia, or the Gods in the Island* (1901), was a delightful 'ironic phantasy.' Mr Gosse's editorial care has also been exercised on a selection of *English Odes* (1881), and on collecting the works of Lodge, the Elizabethan dramatist, in 1882, and of Thomas Lovell Beddoes in 1890-91. Translations of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* (1891) and, in collaboration with Mr William Archer, of

*The Master Builder* (1893) showed his sustained interest in Norse drama. In 1884 he lectured at Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, and other American universities. Mr Gosse's taste and enthusiasm have done much for the intelligent understanding of literature. He is a strict but sympathetic critic, and the polished prose of his critical work shows much of the grace and lucidity of his verse. In 1884 his literary distinction was recognised by his appointment, as successor of Sir Leslie Stephen, to the Clark Lecture ship in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, next year another honour followed in the honorary degree of M.A. conferred by the University, and St Andrews added its LL.D. in 1899. Mr Gosse has supervised a series of short histories of the literatures of the world, and had charge of the literary department of the supplement to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. With Dr Richard Garnett he is author of *English Literature, an Illustrated Record* (4 vols. 1903-4), the second and fourth volumes being from his pen. And he was an important contributor to the present work, the articles on Spenser and on Sidney as poet, on Webster, Ford, and Shurley, and on the Elizabethan song-writers and sonnet-cycles, being his work.

#### The Maenad's Grave

The girl who once, on Indian heights,  
    Around the sacred grove of pine,  
Would dance through whole tempestuous nights  
    When no moon shone,  
Whose pipe of lotos seatly blown  
    Gave us as shrill as Lot's own  
Who, crowned with buds of ivy dark  
    Three times drained deep with ruddy lips  
The wine sed bowl of willow bark  
    With silver tips,  
Nor sun nor eevil, but shonted still  
Like some wild wind from hill to hill,  
She lies at last where poplars wave  
    Their sad grey soling all day long,  
The river murmurs near her grave  
    A soothng song,  
I weel, it saith! Her days have done  
With shouting at the set of sun  
*(From On Land and Flute)*

#### Two Points of View

If I forget,—  
    My joy pledge this week heart to sorrow!  
If I forget—  
    May my soul's coloured summer borrow  
The hueless tones of storm and sun,  
    Of ruth and terror, shame and pain,—  
If I forget!  
    Though you forget,—  
There is no binding code for beauty  
    Though you forget,—  
Love was your charm, but not your duty,  
    And life's worst breeze must never bring  
A ruffle to your silken wing,  
    Though you forget.

If I forget,—  
The salt creek may forget the ocean,  
If I forget  
The heart whence flows my heart's bright motion,  
May I sink meaner than the worst,  
Abandoned, outcast, crushed, accurst,—  
If I forget!

Though you forget,—  
No word of mine shall mar your pleasure,  
Though you forget,—  
You filled my barren life with treasure,  
You may withdraw the gift you give,  
You still are lord, I still am slave,—  
Though you forget.

(From *Firdausi in Exile*)

### Robert Louis Stevenson,

essayist and romance-writer, was the only child of Thomas Stevenson, a distinguished civil engineer, himself the youngest son of one still more famous, Robert Stevenson, the builder of the Bell Rock Lighthouse. Mathematical and engineering talent was hereditary in the family, who for three generations have been pre eminent in the construction and illumination of lighthouses. His mother was Margaret Balfour, of the old Scottish family of the Balfours of Pilrig. From her he inherited the delicacy which made him a chronic invalid throughout his life. He was born in Edinburgh on the 13th of November 1850. Even in childhood his health gave constant anxiety, and his education was interrupted and irregular from his thirteenth to his seventeenth year much of his time was spent in travelling in the south of England and abroad. He was destined for the hereditary profession of his family, and between 1867 and 1871 went through a course of engineering study at Edinburgh University, also gaining some practical experience, and that familiarity with the sea and sea-folk which is so marked a feature in his writings, chiefly in connection with the great Wick breakwater and the Dhu Hervitach Lighthouse. But he had no aptitude for the scientific side of the profession, and insufficient health for the exposure and physical hardships which its practice involves. Even as a boy, he was completely wrapped up in two interests literature, and the curious study of human life in all its aspects, with a strong leaning towards its more sordid and squalid aspects, and as strong a revolt against convention and respectability. In 1871 he definitely abandoned engineering and began to read law, being admitted an advocate at the Scottish Bar in 1875. To his legal studies he only gave an absolute minimum of attention, but whether in Edinburgh, at his father's country-house among the Pentlands, or in rambles far and wide over both Lowlands and Highlands, he was an industrious student of human nature, an eager devourer and assimilator of all sorts of imaginative and historical literature, and, to use his own phrase, 'a sedulous ape' of the writers upon whom

he had an ambition of forming his style. The cult of the *mot propre*, a quality then, even more than now, rather French than British, became his consuming passion. Fortunately his admiration for the large manner of the Romantic school, and the underlying Puritanism of his own temperament, kept him from dropping into a mere follower of the school of Flaubert. In or about his twenty-fifth year the formative influences in his artistic life came in rapid succession first the acquaintance, which soon ripened into a close and lifelong friendship, with Mr Sidney Colvin, then his own initiation into authorship through Mr Leslie Stephen and the *Cornhill Magazine*, and, a little later, his introduction by Mr Stephen to Mr W. E. Henley at the beginning of 1875. In the summer of that year his cousin, the brilliant artist and critic, R. A. M. Stevenson, took him to Fontainebleau and introduced him into the cosmopolitan artists' colony at Barbizon. For three years he passed much of his time there. In 1876 he made, together with Sir Walter Simpson, the canoe-journey from Antwerp to Pontoise, the record of which, *An Inland Voyage* (1878), was his first published work. Though it had no wide or striking success, it gave him a significant place in literature among the small circle who ultimately form public taste. In the same year with it there appeared (in magazines) the series of fantastic stories entitled *New Arabian Nights*, and also the striking study or apologue called *Will o' the Mill*, one of his first and most successful essays in that mixture of psychology and romance which he was to make peculiarly his own. In 1879 appeared *Travels with a Donkey through the Cévennes*, the journal of a tour taken in southern France in the previous autumn. During these years Stevenson lived almost as much in France as in Edinburgh or London. At Barbizon he had made the acquaintance of a Californian lady, Mrs Osbourne, whom he afterwards married, and who was his critic and collaborator in much of his work thereafter. It was mainly to renew relations with her that in the summer of 1879 Stevenson went out to California. This was the darkest period of his fortunes. His writing as yet only brought him a very small and very precarious income, the hardships of the journey, which, partly for economy's sake, and partly to gain a new experience (recounted in *Across the Plains*), he took as an ordinary emigrant, greatly reduced his small stock of bodily strength, and the winter of 1879-80, spent in poverty, loneliness, and dejection, almost wore through the frail thread of his life. With his marriage and return to Europe in 1880 the tide of his fortunes began to turn, but there was no physical recovery, and for the rest of his life he had to struggle against constant ill health which seldom allowed him to work for more than two or three hours in the day, and often for months together deburred him from both work and companionship. The volume and excellence of the work he produced under these appalling

difficulties during the next few years are equally amazing. His laborious apprenticeship was now bearing fruit. The collected volume of essays entitled *Virginibus Puerisque* was published in 1881, after a winter spent at Davos, in that year, among many other works planned or begun, he wrote the brilliant story of Scottish diablerie called *Thrawn Janet*, began the series of verses of childhood which took the world by storm when they appeared four years later, and began also the first of his serious romances of adventure, the epoch-making *Treasure Island*. It was printed and published in 1882, and obtained immediate and almost universal recognition. Hitherto Stevenson had only been known to a comparatively small circle of appreciative critics. He now took his place as one of the foremost imaginative writers of his time. The *New Arabian Nights* already mentioned were collected and published about the same time, and were followed by a fresh series, *More New Arabian Nights*, in 1883; in 1882 also appeared a second volume of collected essays, *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, which established his reputation as a fine and subtle critic, and as the expounder of a suggestive and original philosophy of life. From this time forward he was not only a writer of unquestioned originality and distinction, but the head of a school, and an influence in literature of profound import.

Two years at Hyères did nothing to restore his health, and in the autumn of 1884 he settled at Bournemouth, where he remained until the summer of 1887. The first fruit of this period was the singular and interesting *Prince Otto*, a romance in a manner quite new to him, and one which he never repeated. The influence of Mr George Meredith is very marked in it, and to that influence may be at least in part attributed the fact that, alone among all his romances, it makes a serious if not wholly successful attempt to create women and make them integral to the story. For the absence of female interest is one of the most marked features

of Stevenson's work. On men, and more especially on young men and boys, he lavished all his art and all his refined psychology, his heroines, where there are any, are mere boys in petticoats, and his subsidiary women characters little more than part of the scenery or background of the action. Two years' labour was spent over *Prince Otto*, but some months before it appeared there was published the celebrated *Child's Garden of Verse*, as decisive and important a success in its

own field of literature as *Treasure Island* had been two years before. The field was in this case almost wholly new, the *Child's Garden* may be said not only to have founded a new school, but to have opened up a new side of life, and to be a substantial contribution towards the theory of human development and the science of psychology. The essay called *Child's Play*, which had originally appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* as early as 1878, and was included in the *Virginibus Puerisque* volume of 1881, had broken ground in this direction, with singular delicacy and depth of insight. But now Stevenson was able to address his vindication and interpretation of

childhood *urbi et orbi*, these verses, perpetually reprinted, quoted, in many cases set to music and sung, have become household words among the whole English speaking world.

A few months after *Prince Otto* appeared the brief but very highly finished psychological romance, *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*. Its fortunes were at first doubtful, the public were a little shocked, a little puzzled, and greatly inclined to be scandalised. Like the story of the Suicide Club in the *New Arabian Nights*, it was thought to deal too lightly and fantastically with a subject in itself painful and even shocking, as to which conventional good taste suggested that the lips should be closed, if not the eyes shut. But it soon conquered popularity, and it has, alone among Stevenson's works, added two names to the common stock of these imagina-



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON  
From a Photograph by W J Hawker, Bournemouth.

tive creations which are as real and as widely known as any historical figures. During those years much of his time was also spent in writing plays and dramatic sketches, for the most part in collaboration with Mr Henley. A volume containing four of the plays which they completed between 1880 and 1885, *Deacon Brodie, Beau Austin, Admiral Guinea, and Vacanze*, was published in 1892. Neither author had any notable dramatic gift. Two of the four plays have been produced on the stage, but rather as literary curiosities than as pieces which could attract the public, or which had any essential vitality. The best that can be said of Stevenson's plays is that they are not feeble or more ineffective than Scott's.

But by this time Stevenson had turned to a field for romance with which he was, alike by birth and training, peculiarly qualified to deal—Scotland of the eighteenth century. A passionate lover of Scotland and the Scottish character, he had also since boyhood been a student of Scottish history, and was versed in the annals of both the Whigs and the Jacobites. The celebrated political and criminal trials of that period had been his favourite reading as a student of law and a briefless advocate. He had planned and begun to collect materials for more than one historical work dealing with Scotland between 1660 and 1800. Edinburgh still in his boyhood retained a tradition of the period when it was a centre of national life as various, crowded, and thrilling as had ever been in Athens or Florence. And the eighteenth century had from the first strongly attracted his imagination. At the age of four-and-twenty he had written of it in words of quite remarkable insight and sympathy ‘the spirit of a country orderly and prosperous, a flavour of the presence of magistrates and well-to-do merchants in bag-wigs, the clink of glasses at night in fire lit parlours, something certain and civic and domestic,’ and yet withal in the fullest sense of the word romantic. Where the great magician had been, it might seem presumptuous to follow, but the field from which Scott had reaped with so large and careless, yet so sure and fine a hand, still left ample resources for the new methods which the mere lapse of half a century necessarily implied. To this period and setting belong the four works which are the core and consummation of Stevenson's achievement in romance: *Kidnapped* (1886), *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889), *Catriona* (1893), and *Weir of Hermiston*, left a fragment at the author's death.

In 1887 Stevenson's lung disease had become so serious that neither the English nor the French Riviera was any longer a safe refuge for him. He left England that autumn in order to spend the winter in the dry air of the Adirondack Mountains at Lake Saranac, and from that time never returned to Europe. The charming volume of poems, *Underwoods*, was published just after

his departure. In verse Stevenson was only a brilliant amateur, but these poems have all the curious fascination that attaches to the work of a trained artist who diverges for his own amusement into an alien though cognate art. The same year was issued the collected volume of short stories entitled *The Merry Men*, and in the following year *The Black Arrow*, a romance of adventure of which the scene is laid in England during the Wars of the Roses. Here, as always when he went back beyond the eighteenth century, his touch is uncertain and his success very imperfect. With the Middle Ages he had no sympathy, and the fifteenth century, although it lies beyond the Middle Ages properly so called, was almost equally alien from him. In the summer of 1888 the voyage in the Southern Pacific, which had been one of his cherished dreams since boyhood, was actually undertaken. The climate there was favourable, the semi-barbaric and adventurous life of the Polynesian Islands fascinated him, and after wanderings in the South Seas extending over nearly two years, he bought a piece of land in Samoa and settled there for the remainder of his life. Through the six years spent by him in the South Seas he was writing constantly. The petty politics of Samoa absorbed much of his interest, but his journals and letters failed to arouse any great corresponding interest in the audience for whom he wrote. Nor did he obtain any striking success by his stories of life in the islands (*the Island Nights' Entertainments* of 1893 and *The Ebb Tide* of 1894), though they contain much admirable description and characterisation. He went on, however, at the same time working on his main central line, and whenever he laid his scene in Scotland, his certainty of touch and vigour of handling remained almost unimpaired. In another work of this period, *The Wrecker* (1892), he made an attempt at filling a larger canvas, working into it the suggestions and memories of his earlier life in Edinburgh and among the artists of Paris and Fontainebleau, with his later experiences of California and the Pacific. The result was a strangely amorphous and ineffective book, containing much excellent work that is on the whole wasted. The two works last named, and some others of minor importance, were written in collaboration with his stepson, Mr Lloyd Osbourne. By this time physical debility had greatly affected Stevenson's power of continuous or constructive work. *St Ives*, the story of the adventures of a French prisoner of war in Great Britain during the Napoleonic wars, is perhaps the weakest and most fliccid of all his romances. He left it incomplete, but its own vitality, no less than his, was already exhausted. In the last months of his life he was able to rally his powers for a last effort, and the opening chapters of *Weir of Hermiston* (the scene of which is again in Scotland towards the end of the eighteenth century) are on a level with his best and finest work. But

this was the last flare of a dying flame. On the 3rd of December 1894 he died suddenly in his home at Vailima in Samoa.

Great as is the positive and essential merit of Stevenson's work when at its best, it is as an influence in letters and in thought that his position is most notable. In some respects he is an interesting parallel to William Hazlitt, a writer whom, both in substance and manner, he took in youth for one of his chief models. If to Hazlitt may be applied the caustic saying of Voltaire, *Sa réputation s'affirme à toujours, parce qu'il est gâté*, so more than half of the various and unequal work that fills the long shelf of Stevenson's collected works will probably become the possession of a small circle of men of letters and be disregarded or forgotten by the wider public. The same fate has already overtaken De Quincey, who likewise resembles Stevenson in multifariousness, in a certain extravagance and whimsicality of mind, and in the possession of a style of great fascination and marked individuality, highly artificial in origin and construction, but become a second nature to its author, and handled with perfect ease and consummate skill. Stevenson as an essayist stands apart from both in virtue of his refined and subtle psychology as a romance-writer he belongs to a different order of literature. The name by which he was known among the native Samoans, *Tusitala*, 'the teller of tales,' is that on which his permanent reputation will rest. His delight in stories of adventure was that of a boy, and his story-telling instinct (one of the rarest of literary qualities) unsurpassed within the limits which his nature had assigned to him. He was one of those persons who in a sense never outgrow their boyhood. As has been already remarked, one half of the human race remained for him throughout life almost a sealed book. 'I have never pleased myself with any women of mine,' he wrote towards the end of his life, and the criticism is just. Even his men are for the most part larger children. But of the romance of boyhood and adolescence, and, going still farther back, of the feelings and inner life of childhood, he is an unsurpassed master. Even the philosophy of life developed in both his essays and his romances is that rather of a gifted boy than of a mature man. Like his style, it was fully developed in him by the age of five and twenty, and it underwent no change thereafter except, in his last years, an imperceptible and silent reversion towards the traditions of his birth and blood. He has been called, not unjustly, the best loved of modern writers, and the Gods, according to the Greek saying, also loved him for he died young.

#### From 'Notes on Edinburgh.'

The ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom, none better chosen for noble prospects. From her tall precipice and terraced

gardens she looks far and wide on the sea and broad champaigns. To the east you may catch at sunset the spark of the May lighthouse, where the Firth expands into the German Ocean, and away to the west, over all the expanse of Stirling, you can see the first snows upon Ben Ledi.

But Edinburgh pays cruelly for her high seat in one of the vilest climates under heaven. She is liable to be beaten upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered with the snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shifty and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in the spring. The delicate die early, and I, as a survivor, among bleak winds and plumping rain, have been sometimes tempted to envy them their fate. For all who love shelter and the blessings of the sun, who hate dark weather and perpetual tilting against squalls, there could scarcely be found a more unhomely and harassing place of residence. Many such aspire angrily after that somewhere else of the imagination, where all troubles are supposed to end. They lean over the great bridge which joins the New Town with the Old—that windiest spot, or high altar, in this northern temple of the winds—and watch the trains smouldering out from under them and vanishing into the tunnel on a voyage to brighter skies. Happy the passengers who shake off the dust of Edinburgh, and have heard for the last time the cry of the east wind among her chimney tops! And yet the place establishes an interest in people's hearts, go where they will, they find no city of the same distinction, go where they will, they take a pride in their old home.

Venice, it has been said, differs from all other cities in the sentiment which she inspires. The rest may have admirers, she only, a famous fair one, counts lovers in her train. And indeed, even by her least friends, Edinburgh is not considered in a similar sense. These like her for many reasons, not any one of which is satisfactory in itself. They like her whimsically, if you will, and somewhat as a virtuoso dotes upon his cabinet. Her attraction is romantic in the narrowest meaning of the term. Beautiful as she is, she is not so much beautiful as interesting. She is pre-eminently Gothic, and all the more so since she has set herself off with some Greek airs, and erected classic temples on her crags. In a word, and above all, she is a curiosity. The Palace of Holyrood has been left aside in the growth of Edinburgh, and stands grey and silent in a workman's quarter and among breweries and gasworks. It is a house of many memories. Great people of yore, kings and queens, buffoons and grave ambassadors, played their stately farce for centuries in Holyrood. Wars have been plotted, dancing has lasted deep into the night, murder has been done in its chambers. There Prince Charlie held his phantom levées, and in a very gallant manner represented a fallen dynasty for some hours. Now, all these things of old are mingled with the dust, the king's crown itself is shown for sixpence to the vulgar, but the stone palace has outlived these changes. For fifty weeks together, it is no more than a show for tourists and a museum of old furniture, but on the fifty-first, behold the palace reawakened and mimicking its past. The Lord Commissioner, a kind of stage sovereign, sits among stage courtiers, a coach and six

and clattering escort come and go before the gate, at night the windows are lighted up, and its near neighbours, the workmen, may dance in their own houses to the palace music. And in this the palace is typical. There is a spark among the embers, from time to time the old volcano smokes. Edinburgh has but partly abdicated, and still wears, in parody, her metropolitan trappings. Half a capital and half a country town, the whole city leads a double existence, it has long traces of the one and flashes of the other, like the king of the Black Isles, it is half alive and half a monumetal marble. There are armed men and cannon in the citadel overhead, you may see the troops marshalled on the high parade, and at night after the early winter evenfall, and in the morning before the haggard winter dawn, the wind carries abroad over Edinburgh the sound of drums and bugles. Grave judges sit bewigged in what was once the scene of imperial deliberations. Close by in the High Street perhaps the trumpets may sound about the stroke of noon, and you see a troop of citizens in tawdry masquerade, tattered above, heather mixture trower below, and the men themselves trudging in the mud among unsympathetic bystanders. The grooms of a well appointed circus tread the streets with a better presence. And yet these are the Heralds and Pursuivants of Scotland, who are about to proclaim a new law of the United Kingdom before two score boys, and thieves, and hickney coachmen. Meanwhile every hour the bell of the University rings out over the hum of the streets, and every hour a double tide of students, coming and going, fills the deep archways. And lastly, one night in the springtime—or say one morning rather, at the peep of day—late folk may hear the voices of many men singing a psalm in unison from a church on one side of the old High Street, and a little after, or perhaps a little before, the sound of many men singing a psalm in unison from another church on the opposite side of the way. There will be something in the words about the dew of Hermon, and how goodly it is to see brethren dwelling together in unity. And the late folk will tell themselves that all this singing denotes the conclusion of two yearly ecclesiastical parliaments—the purifications of Churches which are brothers in many admirable virtues, but not specially like brothers in this particular of a tolerant and peaceful life.

#### From 'Kidnapped.'

The next day Mr Henderland found for me a man who had a boat of his own and was to cross the Linnhe Loch that afternoon into Appin, fishing. Him he prevailed on to take me, for he was one of his flock, and in this way I saved a long day's travel and the price of two public ferries I must otherwise have passed.

It was near noon before we set out a dark day with clouds, and the sun shining upon little patches. The sea was here very deep and still, and had scarce a wave upon it, so that I must put the water to my lips before I could believe it to be truly salt. The mountains on either side were high, rough and barren, very black and gloomy in the shadow of the clouds, but all silver faced with little watercourses where the sun shone upon them. It seemed a hard country, this of Appin, for people to care as much about as Alan did.

There was but one thing to mention. A little after we had started, the sun shone upon a little moving clump of scarlet close in along the waterside to the

north. It was much of the same red as soldiers' coats, every now and then, too, there came little sparks and lightnings, as though the sun had struck upon bright steel.

I asked my boatman what it should be, and he answered he supposed it was some of the red soldiers coming from Fort William into Appin, against the poor tenantry of the country. Well, it was a sad sight to me and whether it was because of my thoughts of Alan, or from something prophetic in my bosom, although this was but the second time I had seen King George's troops, I had no good will to them.

At last we came so near the point of land at the entering in of Loch Leven that I begged to be set on shore. My boatman (who was an honest fellow and mindful of his promise to the catechist) would fain have carried me on to Balachulish, but as this was to take me further from my secret destination, I insisted, and was set on shore at last under the wood of Lettermore (or Lettervore, for I have heard it both ways) in Alan's country of Appin.

This was a wood of birches, growing on a steep, craggy side of a mountain that overhung the loch. It had many openings and ferny howes, and a road or bridle track ran north and south through the midst of it, by the edge of which, where was a spring, I sat down to eat some oat bread of Mr Henderland's, and think upon my situation.

Here I was not only troubled by a cloud of stinging midges, but far more by the doubts of my mind. What I ought to do, why I was going to join myself with an outlaw and a would be murderer like Alan, whether I should not be acting more like a man of sense to tramp back to the south country direct, by my own guidance and at my own charges, and what Mr Campbell or even Mr Henderland would think of me if they should ever learn my folly and presumption. These were the doubts that now began to come in on me stronger than ever.

As I was so sitting and thinking, a sound of men and horses came to me through the wood, and presently after, at a turning of the road, I saw four travellers come into view. The way was in this part so rough and narrow that they came single and led their horses by the reins. The first was a great, red headed gentleman, of an imperious and flushed face, who carried his hat in his hand and fanned himself, for he was in a breathing heat. The second, by his decent black garb and white wig, I correctly took to be a lawyer. The third was a servant, and wore some part of his clothes in tartan which showed that his master was of a Highland family, and either an outlaw or else in singular good odour with the Government, since the wearing of tartan was against the Act. If I had been better versed in these things, I would have known the tartan to be of the Argyle (or Campbell) colours. This servant had a good sized portmanteau strapped on his horse, and a net of lemons (to brew punch with) hanging at the saddle-bow, as was often enough the custom with luxurious travellers in that part of the country.

As for the fourth, who brought up the tail, I had seen his like before, and knew him at once to be a sheriff's officer.

I had no sooner seen these people coming than I made up my mind (for no reason that I can tell) to go through with my adventure, and when the first came alongside

of me, I rose up from the bracken and asked him the way to Aucharn.

He stopped and looked at me, as I thought, a little oddly, and then, turning to the lawyer, 'Mungo,' said he, 'there's many a man would think this more of a warning than two pynts. Here am I on my road to Duror on the job ye ken, and here is a young lad struts up out of the bracken, and speaks if I am on the wye to Aucharn.'

'Glenure,' said the other, 'this is an ill object for jesting.'

These two had now drawn close up and were grinning at me, while the two followers had halted about a stone's cast in the rear.

'And what seek ye in Aucharn?' said Colin Roy Campbell of Glenure; him they called the Red Fox for he it was that I had stopped.

'The man that live there,' said I.

'James of the Glen,' says Glenure, musingly, and then to the lawyer. 'Is he father, his people, thin ye?'

'Any way,' says the lawyer, 'we shall do better to bide where we are, and let the oldies talk on.'

'If you are concerned for me,' said I, 'I am neither of his people nor your, but an honest subject of King George, owing no man and servant to man.'

'Why, very well and, replied the Factor. 'But if I may make so bold as ask, what does the honest man do for from his country? and why does he come see me, the brother of Ardshiel? I have power here. I must tell you. I am King's Factor upon several of these estates and have twelve fiefes of soldiers at my back.'

'I have heard a wry word in the country,' said I, a little nettled, 'that you were a hard man to drive.'

He still kept looking at me, as if in doubt.

'Well,' said he at last, 'your tongue is bold. But I am no unkind to plainmen. If ye had a bed me the wye to the door of Jamie Stewart on my other day but this, I would have set ye right and bid len' ye God speed! But to dy—ah, Mungo?' And he turned again to look at the lawyer.

But just as he turned there came the shot of a musket from higher up the hill, and with the very sound of it Glenure fell upon the road.

'O, I am dead!' he cried, several times over.

The lawyer had caught him up and held him in his arms, the servant standing over and clasping his hands. And now the wounded man looked from one to another with scared eyes, and there was a change in his voice that went to the heart.

'Til e'ret of yourselves,' says he. 'I am dead.'

He tried to open his clothes as if to look for the wound, but his fingers slipped on the buttons. With that he gave a great sigh, his head rolled on his shoulder, and he passed away.

#### From 'Pulvis et Umbra.'

Of the Kosmos in the last resort science reports many doubtful things and all of them appalling. There seems no substance to this solid globe on which we stamp nothing but symbols and ratios. Symbols and ratios carry us and bring us forth and beat us down, gravity that swings the incommeasurable suns and worlds through space, is but a segment varying inversely as the squares of distances, and the suns and worlds themselves, in ponderable figures of abstraction,  $\text{NH}_3$  and  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$ . Con-

sideration does not dwell upon this view—that say madie's life—since carries us into zone of speculation, where there is no habitable city for the mind of man.

But take the Kosmos with a greater faith, as our nose give it us. We behold space swarming with matter in bands sun and worlds and the shards and wrecks of systems come, like the sun, still blazing, some so tiny, like the earth; others, like the moon, stable in destruction. All of these we take to be made of something we call matter, though such a analysis can help us to conceive, to which inurable properties no familiarity can reconcile our mind. This stuff, how ever jumbled by the luxuriance of fire, too, unluckily it becomes living we call life, and though it is often such a palpable malady, yet, in tumours that become independent, sometimes even the most violent of copy) so numerous and plenteous millions, millions abounding in one, as the marble pock'ds the thymus, a city. How such a state once of the day, and as we are to it yet, increase with new and daily, or the profusion of species in a part of a continent, or the air of a midland to meet with a rest, till some are check'd or bite tame. It is a perfect cycle of power. But now it cleav'd, then it is self-destroyed with itself, the pure spirit, which it is one of the causes of it, meets a no less form, even in the hand of the cruel physician.

In two main shpe this stupor covers the surface of the earth the sun and the vegetable, one in its heat, the other in its cold. The sun is rooted to the earth, the first coming, death like a serpent until much, and carries along with the myriad feet of it, as it moves, in the leaves and wings of birds, in flowers, inconceivable that it is well consider'd the heat 'tis up. To what power is the enclosed vacuum we have but "the" sun that less they have their joys and sorrows than doth the earth, agencies it opp'ret not have. But in the vegetable, to which it is resolved, living, vegetating. These share with us both and大家都—the muscles of sight, of hearing, of the propagation of art things that I might speec, the muscles of memory and reason, in which the power is conceiv'd and when it is gone its irrev'rent living in the brains of men and brute, the muscle of reproduction, with its impetuous desires and passions, consequence. And to put the last touch on this mountain mass of the revolving and the inexpectable, all these press upon each other, lives tearing other lives in pieces, crumpling them inside themselves and by that summary process, growing fat the vegetation, the whale perhaps the tree not less than the lion of the desert for the vegetation is only the exter of the dumb.

Me meanwhile our rotatory island loaded with prehistoric life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever inundated up, send through space with unmeasurable speed and turns alternate wheels to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away.

What a monstrous spectre is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, listing alternate feet or legs, drugged with slumber, killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face, a thing to set children screaming,—and yet looked at neither, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes! Poor soul, here for so little,

cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind, sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the deity, rising up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea, singling out his friends and his mate with cordial affection, bringing forth in pain, rearing with long suffering solicitude, his young To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy—the thought of duty, the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbour, to his God—an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible, a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop.

(From *Across the Plains*)

#### From 'Underwoods'

It is the season now to go  
About the country lugh and low,  
Among the lilacs hand in hand,  
And two by two in fairy land.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,  
Wholly fain and half afraid,  
Now meet along the hazel d brook  
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired,  
Their rough and tumble play they shared,  
They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and cried,  
A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face,  
She strove against him in the race,  
He unabashed her garter saw,  
That now would touch her skirts with awe

Now by the stile ablaze she stops,  
And his demurer eyes he drops,  
Now they exchange averted sighs  
Or stand and marry silent eyes

And he to her a hero is,  
And sweeter she than primroses,  
Their common silence dearer far  
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands,  
Joy trembles in their bosom strands  
And lovely laughter leaps and falls  
Upon their lips in madrigals

(No iv)

#### From 'Songs of Travel'

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,

Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,  
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,

My heart remembers how!

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,  
Standing stones on the vacant wine red moor,  
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,  
And winds, austere and pure

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,  
Hills of home! and to hear again the call,  
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,  
And hear no more at all

(No xvii. To S R Crockett, on receiving a dedication.)

The only complete collection of Stevenson's works is the Edinburgh edition in twenty-eight volumes (1894-95), but most of his romances, essays, and miscellaneous writings are in general circulation. His *Life*, by Mr Graham Balfour (2 vols. 1901), does little more than supplement the two volumes of *Letters to his Family and Friends*, edited by Mr Sidney Colvin (1899). Some further biographical details are given in *R L Stevenson's Edinburgh Days*, by Miss E B Simpson (1898). Out of the hundreds of critical articles on the man and his work, which have appeared during the later years of his life and since his death, few are of any substantial value. Among those which are, two only are of sufficient importance to demand mention. Mr Colvin's preface—really an informal biography—to the two volumes of letters just mentioned, and Professor W Raleigh's able, if somewhat academic, appreciation *R L Stevenson* (1895).

J W MACKAIL

**John Churton Collins**, born in 1848 in Gloucestershire, studied at Balliol, has written much for the reviews and magazines, edited works of Tourneur, Herbert of Cherbury, Greene, Dryden, Tennyson, and written books on Sir Joshua Reynolds, on Bolingbroke and on Voltaire in England, and on Swift, besides *A Study of English Literature*, *Illustrations of Tennyson*, *Essays and Criticisms*, and *Ephemera Critica*

**William Hurrell Mallock**, born in 1849 at Cockington Court, Devon, won the Newdigate in 1871 whilst at Balliol, Oxford. He made a hit with *The New Republic* (1877) and *The New Paul and Virginia* (1878), has written *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century*, and other novels, has published a poem on Lucretius and other volumes of verse, and in *Aristocracy and Evolution*, *Religion as a Credible Doctrine*, and other works has sought to make serious contributions to the solution of religious, political, and sociological problems

**Henry Rider Haggard**, born at Bradenham Hall in Norfolk, 22nd June 1856, and educated at Ipswich Grammar School, held several official positions in South Africa in 1875-79, and on his return was called to the Bar. His first book, *Cetewayo and his White Neighbours* (1882), attracted little notice, and two novels, *Dawn* (1884) and *The Witch's Head* (1885), were only successful after *King Solomon's Mines* (1885) and *She* (1887) had by their novelty and imaginative ingenuity won great and immediate popularity. Among his other novels are *Jess* (1887), *Allan Quatermain* (1887), *Maiwa's Revenge* (1888), *Cleopatra* (1889), *Allan's Wife* (1890), *Nada the Lily* (1892), *Montezuma's Daughter* (1893), *Joan Hasle* (1895), and *Svallo, a Story of the Great Trek* (1897). *The World's Desire* (1891) was written in collaboration with Mr Andrew Lang. Mr Haggard is keenly interested in agricultural conditions and problems, and has published *A Farmer's Year* (1899) and *Rural England* (1903), a somewhat pessimistic survey of the present agricultural position, based on elaborate personal inquiries

**Mrs Humphry Ward** was born in 1851 at Hobart in Tasmania, eldest daughter of Thomas Arnold, second son of Dr Arnold of Rugby, who, having resigned his Tasmanian inspectorship of schools on becoming a Roman Catholic, was by Dr Newman appointed Professor of English Literature in a Catholic college at Dublin. Mary Augusta Arnold was already known as a scholarly and accomplished writer when in 1872 she married Thomas Humphry Ward, editor of *The English Poets*. She began early to contribute to *Macmillan's Magazine*, and gave the fruits of her Spanish studies to Smith and Wace's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*. A child's story,



MRS HUMPHRY WARD  
From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.

*Milly and Olly* (1881), *Miss Bretherton* (1884), a slight novel, and the translation of Amiel's *Journal Intime* (1885) prepared the way for the spiritual romance of *Robert Elsmere* (1888), which became the novel of the season. It embodied an attempt to describe the struggle of a soul in its voyage towards newer theistic aspirations after losing the landmarks of the old faith. Profound spiritual insight, broad human sympathy, and strong thinking are manifest throughout, but as a work of art it is marred by diffuseness, didactic persistency of purpose, and a fatal want of mystery over the fundamental secret of the novelist—the power to make her puppets live rather than preach. Its successor, *David Grieve* (1892), showed all its faults and fewer merits

*Marcella* (1894) and *Sir George Tressady* (1895) are novels of English politics and society with much that is truly felt and movingly represented, yet too didactic withal. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* (1898) and *Eleanor* (1900) deal with aspects of modern Catholicism, and *Lady Rose's Daughter* (1903) is another novel of society, depicting a situation that recalls the relations of Mdlle. de l'Espinasse and Madame du Deffand.

**Madame Duclaux**, a bilingual authoress, was born at Leamington in 1857, was educated at Brussels, in Italy, and at University College, London, and under her maiden name of Agnes Mary Frances Robinson was well known as an English poetess ere, in 1888, she married Professor James Darmesteter, a learned Parisian, who was professor at the Collège de France (died 1894). In 1901 she married Professor Duclaux, Director of the Pasteur Institute (died 1904). Her *Handful of Honeysuckles* showed her a poetess of rare gifts, and the impression was confirmed by her *Crowned Hippolytus*, a translation from Euripides, *The New Arcadia and other Poems*, *An Italian Garden*, a book of songs, *Songs, Ballads, and a Garden Play*, and *Retrospect and other Poems*. She has published a novel, *Arden*, and books on the End of the Middle Ages and on Emily Brontë, in French and English, Lives of Margaret Queen of Navarre and of M Renan, and a medieval anthology, and in French, a book on *Froissart* (in the 'Grands Ecrivains' series), and *Grands Ecrivains d'Outremanche* (1901).

**Michael Field** is the pseudonym adopted by two ladies who write poetry in collaboration, and whose names are understood to be Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper. They have produced about a dozen plays in verse, and also three or four volumes of lyrics. Some of the plays, like *Callirhoe* (1884) and *Brutus Ultor* (1887), have classical themes, but the majority are based on passages of English and Scottish history. Such are *Fair Rosamund* (1884), *The Father's Tragedy* (1885), dealing with the fate of David, Earl of Rothesay, *William Rufus* (1886), *Canute the Great* (1887), and *The Tragic Mary* (1890), who of course is Mary Queen of Scots. These latter are written after the Elizabethan manner, and by some critics have even been called Shakespearian. *Callirhoe* is pretty and ingenious, but not at all Hellenic in tone or quality. The lyrical poems published under the pseudonym as *Long Ago* (1889), *Sight and Song* (1892), and *Under the Bough* (1893) are less ambitious and have more decided charm.

**Alice Meynell**, daughter of Mr T J Thompson, and younger sister of Lady Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) the battle-painter, was educated entirely by her father, with whom she lived in England and Italy until her marriage in 1877 with Mr Wilfrid Meynell, who has written much for the reviews, and in 1903 published a *Life of*

Beaconsfield. *Preludes* (1875), her first volume of verse, was illustrated by her sister, and was republished with some changes and additions in 1893. It was praised by Ruskin and Rossetti, and contains verse of high quality and finish for so young a poetess as she was when most of its contents were written. For many years afterwards her literary activity was mainly employed in essay writing in the newspapers and reviews, but in 1897 she edited an Anthology of English Poetry, showing delicate literary discernment. The list of her published works includes *The Rhythm of Life* (1893), *The Colour of Life* and *The Children* (1896), *The Spirit of Place* (1898), a sympathetic criticism of Ruskin, and a volume of *Later Poems* (1902).

**Mary St Leger Harrison**, at the beginning of the twentieth century one of the most conspicuous and powerful of women novelists, is the younger daughter of Charles Kingsley, and is Mary St Leger Kingsley spent her girlhood at Eversley Rectory. She married the rector of Clovelly in that North Devon which was so dear to her father, but became a widow in 1897. Under the pen-name of 'Lucas Malet' she made her mark in 1882 with *Mrs Lorimer*, a sketch in black and white, and had a great success in *Colonel Enderby's Wife* (1885)—both of them, like most of her novels, dealing frankly with the ethical aspects of human life and society. *Little Peter* and *A Counsel of Perfection* were succeeded by *The Wages of Sin* (1891), *The Carissima* (1896), *The Gateless Barrier* (1900), and *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*, a 'strong' rather than pleasant study of an unamiable dwarf and his noble mother (1901). In 1899 Mrs Harrison had become a member of the Roman Catholic communion.

**Fiona Macleod** is the name borne by the authoress of a remarkable series of Celtic tales, romances, and poems which began to appear in 1894 with *Pharaus, a Romance of the Isles*. Then followed in quick succession *The Mountain Lovers* and *The Sin-Eater* (1895), *The Washer of the Ford* and *Green Fire* (1896), and *The Laughter of Peterkin* (1897), most of which were collected in 1897 in a three-volume reprint. Later books are *The Dominion of Dreams* (1899), *The Divine Adventure* (1900), and *Drostan and Iscault* (1902). Fiona Macleod finds her themes in the Celtic myths of early Ireland and Scotland, which in her pages are so effectively treated as to make her one of the chief representatives of that 'Celtic Revival' of which Mr W. B. Yeats is the protagonist. *From the Hills of Dream* is a collection of lyrics, *Through the Ivory Gates*, poems, *The Immortal Hour*, a drama based on a Celtic legend. In the dedication to Mr Meredith of *The Sin-Eater* she says 'The beauty of the world, the pathos of life, the gloom, the fatalism, the spiritual glamour—it is out of these, the spiritual inheritance of the Gael, that I have fashioned these tales.'

**James Matthew Barrie** was born in 1860 at Kirriemuir, a Forfarshire village to which he has given a popularity it never formerly enjoyed. Educated at first at the village school, he passed to Dumfries Academy and Edinburgh University, taking his M.A. in 1882. After eighteen months' work on the staff of a Nottingham newspaper, he settled in London as a contributor to such weekly journals as the *Speaker* and the *National Observer*. His first book, *Better Dead* (1887), was largely a satire on London life, his second, *The Auld Licht Idylls* (1888), and its successor and sequel, *A Window in Thrums* (1889), made him one of the most popular writers of the day. Few recent



JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

sketches of Scottish village life show as much keen observation and quaint humour as are to be found in these vignettes of an extinct generation of country weavers. Less successful was Mr Barrie's next venture, *The Little Minister*, a full length novel published in *Good Words* in 1891, which, though clever in description, dialogue, and character-drawing, showed a lack of constructive power on a large design and of skill in the handling of a theme involving serious passion. Other works of fiction from his pen are *When a Man's Single* (1888), *My Lady Nicotine* (1899), *Sentimental Tommy* (1896), with its sequel, *Tommy and Grizel* (1900), and *The Little White Bird* (1902). *Margaret Ogilvie* (1896) is a pathetic picture of the life and death of his mother. His dramatic ventures, including *Walker, London* (1892), a slight but agreeable farce, in the title rôle of which Mr J. L. Toole made one of his last successes, *The*

*Professor's Love Story* (1895), a charmingly fresh comedy, and a setting of his own novel *The Little Minister* (1897), which displayed many of the faults of the novel, were wonderfully well received on the stage, and have been followed by *The Wedding Guest*, a rather muddled piece, *The Admirable Crichton*, a clever fantasy, *Quality Street*, and the 'delightful joke' *Little Mary* (1903). There is a book on Birrie and his work by Hammerton (1900).

**George Bernard Shaw**, novelist and playwright, was born at Dublin in 1856. He had no university education, but in 1876 came to London and there embarked, at first with small success, in a career of journalism and literary work. Between 1880 and 1883 he produced four novels, the best known of which is *Cashel Byron's Profession*, with a boxer for hero. In 1883 he became a Socialist agitator, and helped to form the programme of the Fabian Society, editing the essays of the League, to which he had contributed in 1889. Several tracts from his pen were also published by the same adventure, among them *The Quintessence of Ibsenism* in 1891. In 1892 appeared the first of his clever and eccentric plays, *Hedda Gabler*, *Candida*, *The Man of Honour* and *The Man of Destiny* in 1897, and others in the same erratic vein. A collection of them, under the title of *Play's Pleasant and Unpleasant*, was issued in 1898. *Three Plays for Puritans* followed in 1900, and *Man and Superman* (1903) combines comedy with a paradoxical philosophy of life.

**John Davidson**, son of a minister of the Evangelical Union, was born at Barrhead in Renfrewshire in 1857, and educated at Greenock. After studying for one session at Edinburgh University, he spent some twelve years in desultory employment as chemist's assistant, mercantile clerk, and teacher in various schools at Greenock, Perth, Glasgow, Paisley, and Crieff. In 1890 he went to London as a journalist, and wrote for the newspapers until his verses began to attract attention. Already he had published several dramas—*Bruce, a Chronicle Play* (1886), after the Elizabethan manner, *Smith, a Tragic Farce* (1888), and *Scaramouch in Naxos* (1889). These were followed in 1891 by a volume of poems entitled *In a Music Hall*, and before the end of the century he had produced seven or eight other volumes of poetry and drama, the most notable of which are *Fleet Street Eclogues* (1893–95), *Ballads and Songs* (1894), *New Ballads* (1896), *The Last Ballad* (1898), *Godfrida*, a play, and *The Testament of an Empire Builder* (1902). His verse is forcible, graceful, and luxuriant, in his treatment of some metropolitan scenes he shows a quite poignant realism, in his dramatic works he is more successful with a theme like that of the story of Ariadne than with the heroic history of a nation's struggle for freedom.

**William Watson**, son of a Yorkshire farmer, was born at Burley in Wharfedale in that county on 2nd August 1858. His father afterwards became a merchant at Liverpool, where the son was brought up. None of our universities can claim the honour of educating him, but from an early age he showed a poetic bent and gift, and in 1880 appeared *The Prince's Quest*, his first published work, manifesting strongly the influence of William Morris. Neither it, nor the *Spirrums of Art, Life, and Nature*, which came out in 1884, attracted much attention, and it was not till the thoughtful and touching verses on 'Wordsworth's Grave,' in the measure of Gray's *Elegy* and the manner of Matthew Arnold, were issued along with some other short pieces in 1890 that Mr Wilson was generally recognised as a poet. In 1892 he produced another pleasing elegy entitled 'Lachrymæ Musarum,' on the death of Tennyson, bringing it out along with several other lyrics, one of which 'England my Mother,' bears close resemblance to Mr Henley's much more powerful verses to 'England, my England' published earlier in the same year. *The Eleasing Ingels* (1893) is a clever caprice in Byronic *ottava rima*, and, like the majority of its predecessor, has something of the air of an echo of the great masters. More original and personal are the sonnets on *The Year of Shame* and *The Purple East* (1896), although they are deformed by their fierce and almost hysterical denunciation of the 'unspiritual Turk.' The most notable of Mr Watson's other poems are his *Father of the Forest* (1895) and *The Hope of the World* (1897), which were collected along with the rest of his verse in 1898. In 1902 he produced one of the many odes on the coronation of King Edward VII, and in 1903 published *For England Poems written in Estrangement*. In prose he has written a volume of essays entitled *Excursions in Criticism* (1893). In 1895 he received a Civil List pension in recognition of his work.

**Oscar O'Flahertie Wilde** (1856–1900), poet and dramatist, was the younger son of Sir William Wilde, eminent both as surgeon and as antiquary, and of Jane Elgee, a lady who under the nom de guerre of 'Speranza' contributed some inspiring verse to *The Spirit of the Nation*. He was educated first at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards at Magdalen, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize in 1878 by a poem on *Ravenna*. Here he began that cult of 'Aestheticism' for which he quickly became famous both in England and America. This movement, which for a few years took an astonishing hold on the British public, derived its impulse mainly from Wilde, and its influence has been much more than ephemeral. In 1881 appeared a volume of poems, marked by a singular mixture of verbal felicity and affected sentiment. In 1888 Wilde entered on a period of great activity, first as a writer of novels

and stories, and later as a dramatist. In the former kind *Dorian Gray* (1891) is his chief work, and its success was due, in part at least, to qualities not exclusively literary. The popularity of his plays was more legitimately earned. *Lady Hatherleigh's Fan* (1892), *A Woman of No Importance* (1893), *The Ideal Husband*, and *The Importance of being Earnest* (1895) were all of them successful on the stage, and are admirable specimens of light comedy, abounding in vivacious dialogue and dexterous situations. Wilde's career was abruptly terminated in the height of his dramatic success, and after undergoing two years imprisonment for an odious criminal offence, he was released in 1897, and passed his remaining years in France, where shortly before his death he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* (1898) embodies his experiences as a convict.

**George Moore**, novelist, playwright, and art critic, was born in 1857, son of a Mayo landowner and M.P., who, like most of the Young Ireland party, to which he was attached, united literary talent with political activity. Educated at Oscott, Moore early gave proof that his father's taste for letters had descended to him. His earliest venture was in verse. *Flowers of Passion* appeared in 1878, and *Martin Luther*, a tragedy, in 1879. Following these efforts, Moore spent several years in the study of art in Paris, where he imbibed views which have coloured all his subsequent work. In 1885 a translation of Zola's *Pot bouille* expressly avowed the direction which Moore's artistic and literary sympathies had now taken, but in *A Mummer's Wife*, a novel published in the previous year, he had indicated his enthusiasm for 'realism' plainly enough. *Vain Fortune* (1891) and *Esther Waters* (1894) are in the same vein. His later career has been chiefly associated with what is known as the Celtic Revival, and is somewhat at odds with his earlier tendencies. That his intimate connection with the modern school of art and letters in France should have led him to the conclusion that the English language has ceased to be an apt vehicle for literary purposes, is less surprising than that the disciple of realism should find the elixir of a new literary life in the idealism of the Celtic movement. With Mr Yeats, Mr Martyn, Dr Hyde, and others, he has been a contributor to *Ideals in Ireland* (1901), and has written *The Bending of the Bough* for the Irish Literary Theatre. It is perhaps as an art critic that he has most deservedly won distinction, his best work in this kind is to be found in *Modern Painting* (1898). In 1903 he renounced the Roman Catholic faith, mainly on Celtic national grounds.

**Sir Arthur Conan Doyle** was the son of a clerk in the Exchequer Office in Edinburgh who possessed a share of the artistic gifts of his famous brother Richard Doyle, born in 1859, he was educated at Stonyhurst and Edinburgh University for a medical career. He practised medicine on land and

on an Arctic ship, but was writing for *Chambers's Journal* when still a student, and in 1887 and 1888 attracted notice by *A Study in Scarlet* and *Micah Clark*, which were followed in 1890 by the still more popular *White Company*, and save that he exercised his medical profession with the troops during part of the war in South Africa, and that he stood in 1900, unsuccessfully, as Unionist candidate for a seat in Edinburgh, he has since 1890 been known as a successful author by profession, especially as the creator of a special type of detective story, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, first published in the *Strand Magazine*, and in 1891 in book form. *Brigadier Gerard*, *Rodney Stone*, and *The Hound of the Baskervilles* are amongst his most successful stories. He also wrote *The Great Boer War* (1900) and a short work on *The Cause and Conduct of the War*, issued to explain and defend the action of Britain against misrepresentation in Europe and America. For his services in this connection he was knighted in 1902. In a straightforward, unaffected, vigorous style he writes stories full of invention, movement, and interest.

**Sidney Lee**, to whom Britain is largely indebted for the carrying out of the monumental *Dictionary of National Biography*, was born in London in 1859, studied at the City of London School and Balliol College, Oxford. From the beginning of the *Dictionary of National Biography* to the twenty-first volume (1883-90) he was assistant-editor, in 1890-91 (vols. xvii.-xviii.) he was joint-editor with Sir Leslie Stephen, and from 1891 to the conclusion of the work (with the sixty-third volume), besides supplement (3 vols.) and epitome (1891-1903), was sole editor. In 1883 he produced a new edition of Lord Berners's translation of *Huon of Bordeaux*, which was followed by a recension and continuation of Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography, he wrote on Stratford-on-Avon from the earliest time till Shakespeare's death, and on the first folio Shakespeare, and he has published Lives of Shakespeare and of Queen Victoria, expanded from the articles on them contributed by him to the *Dictionary*. The article on Shakespeare in this work is from his pen.

**Israel Zangwill**, born in London in 1864, the son of an immigrant, was successively teacher and journalist, has written essays, poems, and plays, but is best known as author of *Children of the Ghetto*, *Ghetto Tragedies*, *The King of Schnorrers*, *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, and other stories showing his keen insight into all aspects of Jewish life and his sympathy with his race, as well as his literary skill and power.

**Anthony Hope Hawkins**, born in 1863, the son of a London head master and clergyman, was educated at Marlborough and Balliol College, and called to the Bar in 1887. *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1894) was not his first book, but it was that which made his pen name of 'Anthony Hope' familiar, and compounded of romanticism, satire, modernity,

and burlesque, has served as a model to many attempts in the same genre. The amusing *Dolly Dialogues* belong to the same year, and other notable works are *Rupert of Hentzau*, *The King's Mirror*, *Quisante*, *Tristram of Blent*, and *The Intrusions of Peggy*.

**Rudyard Kipling.** Journalist, writer of short stories, poet and novelist, was born at Bombay on 30th December 1865. His father, Mr John Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E., is an artist of considerable knowledge and skill, his mother (*née* Alice Macdonald) has, in conjunction with her daughter, published a volume of poems (*Hand*

tions include *Departmental Ditties* (1886), *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three*, *In Black and White*, *The Story of the Gadsbys*, *Under the Deodars*, *The Phantom Rickshaw*, *We Willie Winkie*, *Life's Handicap*, *The Light that Failed*, *The Naulakha* (written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier), *Barrack Room Ballads*, *Many Inventions*, *The Jungle Book*, *The Second Jungle Book*, *The Seven Seas*, *Captains Courageous*, *The Day's Work*, *Stalky & Co.*, *From Sea to Sea*, *Kim*, *Just So Stories*, *The Five Nations* (poems), and *Traffics and Discoveries* (1904).

Mr Kipling is still a young man with many years of work, it may be hoped, before him. No attempt could therefore in any case be made to fix the place which he will eventually occupy in the literature of his age and country. The task would be made additionally difficult by the curious and almost freakish developments and changes which have marked his literary power during the last eighteen years. He became known originally as a writer of short stories dealing with Indian life, and particularly with the life of the British soldier in India. These showed him to be possessed of a method at once vivid and strong, and of an uncom promising directness of expression somewhat rare amongst the writers of the day. The stories were not less remarkable for the extraordinary keenness of observation displayed by the writer. He may be said (although not a few soldiers might hesitate to concur in this dictum) to have represented the common soldier with a truthful accuracy that left but little to be desired, there, limned to the life, were the Cockney, the Yorkshireman, and the Irishman, three types of the great mass of their fellows who make up the rank and file of the army. Their weaknesses and the peculiar code of morals that is supposed to distinguish the regular soldier from his civilian fellow countrymen were set down as faithfully as their courage, their fatalistic endurance, their admiration of manliness, and their resourcefulness. The success of *Soldiers Three* and *Plain Tales from the Hills* was uncontested, and they were followed by sketches displaying the same graphic power in conjunction with imaginative insight and a vein of tenderness in some of the tales that formed a strange contrast to the somewhat brutal but intentional roughness of other writings by the young author. Less successful was *The Light that Failed*, Mr Kipling's first attempt at a novel. The same qualities and the same contrast are to be observed in this book as in the collections of shorter stories, but the coarseness outweighs and overpowers the tenderness, and the style of writing which, in spite of its jerkiness and its lack of emotional restraint, carried the writer triumphantly through the few pages of the short story seems to lag and halt when forced into his service for a novel. While the two *Jungle Books* and *Kim* must not be forgotten by those who endeavour to estimate Mr Kipling's position, it may safely be said that of late



RUDYARD KIPLING

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

in *Hand*, 1902, showing no small literary power combined with rare delicacy and refinement of feeling. Mr Rudyard Kipling was educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon. Afterwards returning to India, he became a journalist and acted at Allahabad as assistant editor on the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer*, in which were printed the stories which, when collected and republished in book form, first drew the attention of the reading public to his merits. Mr Kipling has travelled in China, Japan, Africa, Australia, and America. It was during his seven years' residence in the United States that he fell but succumbed to an attack of pneumonia, which called forth an extraordinary manifestation of sympathy on the part of the American public. After this he returned to England, but he has since then made more than one visit of considerable duration to South Africa. Mr Kipling's publica-

Mr Kipling's chief triumphs have been gained by his poems. The best of these, such as, to take only two examples, 'The Ballad of East and West' and 'The Recessional,' reach a very high level indeed. In the 'Ballad' is to be found that union of fiery descriptive power with nobility of feeling and an artfully simple metrical dexterity which stamps all great ballads. The subject fortunately forbade that overwrought attention to its technical details which is a mark of some of Mr Kipling's pieces both in verse and prose, but there is, on the contrary, a downright and straightforward narration of a heroic and knightly incident which makes its appeal to the reader without any adventitious trickery. No doubt many of Mr Kipling's pieces in verse, notably the *Barrack Room Ballads*, with their coarse dialect jargon and their almost affected brutality of sentiment, are destined merely to a passing popularity. Of many of his other pieces, too, it may be said that the strenuous and often aggressive patriot has submerged the poet, but if he be judged by the best of his work in poetry, it may be affirmed that amongst writers of the day he is unsurpassed for vigour of diction combined with an imaginative power that holds the reader in its spell even when the subject dealt with by the poet is most terrible and distressing.

RUDOLF C LEHMANN

**Stephen Phillips**, born at Somerton near Oxford in 1868, is the son of an English clergyman, and was educated at the Grammar Schools of Stratford and of Peterborough, where his father was Precentor of the Cathedral. After studying a while for the Civil Service, he went on the stage, playing parts of all kinds in Benson's Company, and subsequently became an army tutor. Finally he turned to literature, and in 1897 drew critical notice by his striking poem *Christ in Hades*, afterwards included in the volume of Poems published in the same year, which was 'crowned' by the *Academy* journal. The author's theatrical experience helped, with their own dramatic and poetic merit, to secure success on the stage for the poetical dramas *Paolo and Francesca* (1899), *Herod* (1900), and *Ulysses* (1902), *The Son of David*, on a plot from the English Civil War, followed in 1904. As a poet Mr Phillips is admitted by the best critics to have true and high poetic endowment, with a real gift for epigrammatic and memorable lines.

**William Butler Yeats**, born in Dublin in 1865, of Anglo-Irish parentage, has steeped his imagination in the legend and myth of the Irish Celt, and it has been apparently the chief ambition of his maturer years to give reality to that conception of an individual Irish literature, divorced from English influences, which has inspired the movement of which the Irish Literary Society and the Irish Literary Theatre are the organised champions. Yet it may be doubted whether the *Ideas of Good and Evil* (1903), over which he has

brooded in *The Celtic Twilight* (1902), in which he loves to sit, are really Irish ideas, or whether his art is as Celtic as he supposes. Certainly, in spite of his 'Cathleens' and 'Mairs,' his 'Fins' and 'Brans,' one may read the latest and most carefully revised edition of his *Poems* without finding any very direct evidences of a distinctively Celtic imagination. Mr Yeats was born with a delight in the vague, the mystical, and the unreal. These are poetical qualities, but they are not the peculiar characteristic of Irish folklore any more than they are the peculiar characteristic of the Scandinavian sagas. In every race and in every literature, if you go back to the primitive myth and unrecorded tradition, you go back to the vague, the mystical, and the unreal. If the past be but remote enough, even realities become unreal, and action no more than a dream. Whatever his tongue, the bard or story-teller can only speak of 'old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago.' Mr Yeats is a poet of imagination, and he has found in the realm of Celtic myth, which Ferguson was the first to explore, material which mates with his fancy. But to speak of his verse or of his prose tales—charming as many of the latter are—as an interpretation of Irish character is to profoundly misinterpret that character. It is characteristic of Mr Yeats's delight in dreams and shadows that the poet who has most attracted and influenced him is William Blake, whose works he edited in 1892 in conjunction with Mr E. J. Ellis.

It is nineteen years since Mr Yeats, then a lad of nineteen, first appeared in print in the pages of the *Dublin University Review*. Since then, though he has published many volumes, he has written comparatively little verse. He is to be commended for the restraint he has exercised, and the慎iousness with which he has pruned his poems. Though he has published since 1888 several volumes of poetry, the collected edition, which contains 'all of his published poetry which he cares to preserve,' is still of modest size. As an interpreter of Celtic myth and tradition, and an exponent of the Celtic influences in literature, Mr Yeats takes himself, as we have seen, very seriously. Every one may not take the same view of his mission that he does himself. But no one can doubt that he is a poet. When he is least self-conscious Mr Yeats can fulfil with real charm of manner and of language one of the highest functions of a poet, that of expressing in the language of the imagination the dimly realised feelings of less gifted persons. If he can give the world more of such poetry as the lyric in which he has sung for every prisoned toiler in the smoke of cities the haunting charm of nature's lonely solitudes, the world will forgive him readily enough for many infelicities.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day

I hear like water lapping with low sounds by the shore,  
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements grey,

I hear it in the deep heart's core

# COMPLEMENTARY LIST OF RECENT AND CONTEMPORARY BRITISH AUTHORS, IN VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF LITERATURE

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**George Long** (1800-79), sometime professor in University College, London, edited the *Penny Cyclopædia*, contributed much to Smith's Classical Dictionaries, and was an accomplished translator and commentator on classical texts.

**John Colquhoun** (1805-85), army officer, wrote *The Moor and the Loch, Rocks and Rivers, Salmon Casts, and Sporting Days*.

**Charles George William St John** (1809-56), for a while a clerk in the Treasury, wrote *Wild Sports of the Highlands* and valuable Note books on sport and natural history.

**John Bright** (1811-89) wrote little directly for publication, though he contributed a few prefatory notes to other people's works, and was co editor with Thorold Rogers of Cobden's speeches. His own *Speeches on Questions of Public Policy*, which may fairly claim to rank as literature, were published in 1868 (new ed. 1878), his *Public Addresses* in 1879, and his *Public Letters* in 1885.

**Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy** (1812-78), professor in London University and then Chief Justice of Ceylon, wrote *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*.

**William George Ward** (1812-82), Fellow and tutor of Balliol, became a Tractarian, and wrote *The Ideal of a Christian Church*, whence he became known as 'Ideal Ward,' becoming Roman Catholic, he edited the *Dublin Review*, and maintained Papal infallibility against liberalism in theology.

**Edward Forbes** (1815-54), Professor of Natural History at Edinburgh, published more than two hundred works or papers on various departments of zoology and paleontology.

**George Jacob Holyoake** (b 1817) has written many books on the history of co-operation and on secularism (of which he was the foremost exponent), as well as the autobiographical *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life*.

**John Campbell Shairp** (1819-85), Principal of St Andrews University and Professor of Poetry at Oxford, was a poet and accomplished critic, amongst his works being *Kilmahoe, Studies in Poetry and Philosophy, Culture and Religion, Aspects of Poetry*, and a small book on Burns.

**Alexander Campbell Fraser** (b 1819), at first a Free Church minister, and for thirty five years Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh, published the great edition of Berkeley's works, as also of Locke's *Essay*, with smaller books on Berkeley and Locke, a defence of theism (Gifford Lectures), and an autobiographical *Biographia Philosophica*.

**Francis Galton** (b 1822), traveller and anthropologist, has by a long life of patient research made himself

the supreme authority on all that concerns heredity in man, amongst his books being *Tropical South Africa, Hereditary Genius* (1869), *English Men of Science—their Nature and Nurture, Human Faculty, Natural Inheritance*, as well as an important work on *Finger Prints and a Fingerprint Directory*.

**Sir Edward Bruce Hamley** (1824-93), Lieutenant General and Commandant of the Staff College, contributed to *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, and, besides books on wars and campaigns, wrote on Voltaire, on *Shakespeare's Funeral*, and *Lady Lee's Widowhood*.

**Lord Kelvin** (b 1824), long known as Sir William Thomson, the most eminent mathematician and physicist of his time, has published not merely in numerous *Mathematical and Physical Papers*, but also three volumes of *Popular Lectures and Addresses*.

**Augustus Jessopp** (b 1824), rector of Scarning, has written much on local and ecclesiastical history, *Archdeacon* and *The Coming of the Friars* amongst many other books.

**Sir William Huggins** (b 1824) has, as an astronomer directing his own private observatory, made himself a supreme authority on spectroscopic astronomy, and has contributed largely to the *Transactions of the learned societies*.

**George Bruce Malleson** (1825-98), colonel, wrote books on the French in India, on the Indian Mutiny, and other periods of military history.

**Frederick James Furnivall**, born in 1825, has given a great impulse to the scholarly study of English literature by over a hundred works he has published, largely annotated editions of old English texts for the learned societies of which he has been an important member.

**Lord Dufferin** (1826-1902), statesman and orator, was author of *Letters from High Latitudes*, first published in 1859. And see page 385.

**Sir George Murray** (1827-1900), Professor of Zoology at the Roman Catholic College of Kensington, wrote *The Genesis of Species* and other works from the standpoint of a sincere evolutionist save as regards mind, but an opponent of natural selection, and was for his eschatological views ultimately debarred from the sacraments of his Church.

**Simon Somerville Laurie** (b 1829), from 1876 till 1902 Professor of Education at Edinburgh, has published a *Life of Comenius*, works on the institutes of education, on the history of mediæval education, on the philosophy of ethics, and on British theories of morals, and as 'Scotus Novantius,' *Metaphysica Nova et Vetera and Ethica*.

**William Michael Rossetti** (b 1829), editor of the famous Pre Raphaelite *Gems* in 1850, has written much on

- his father, his brother and sister, and on the Pre-Raphaelites, produced a *Life of Keats*, and edited many of the English poets, including Shelley, Blake, and the series of 'Moron's Popular Poets'.
- Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff** (b. 1829) has published, besides political speeches and miscellanies, *Studies in European Politics*, books on Sir Henry Maine, M. Renan, and Lord de Tabley, and four series of *Notes from a Diary*.
- Stanley Leathes** (1830-1900), Prebendary of St Paul's, was Boyle lecturer, Hulsean lecturer, and author of many conservative theological works.
- George Tomkyns Chesney** (1830-95), general and member of the Council of the Viceroy of India, wrote, besides *The Battle of Dorking*, *The Private Secretary* and *The Lesters*.
- Joseph Parker** (1830-1902), preacher at the City Temple in London, was a copious and popular theological writer.
- Hamilton Héhé** (b. 1830) has written poems, novels, and plays, among his recent works being *Jane Treachery*, *The Snare of the World*, and *We are Seven* (1902).
- John Knox Laughton** (b. 1830), Professor of Modern History at University College, London, is an authority on the science of navigation and on naval history, his books on *Nelson*, on *Velson and his Companions*, and on *Sea Fights and Adventures* being among the most popular, his *Life of Sir Henry Reeve* is his most important work on other than nautical themes.
- James Clark Maxwell** (1831-79), Professor of Physics at Cambridge, was one of the most creative thinkers on electricity and magnetism, produced epoch making books and papers on these and other branches of physical science, and was a brilliant letter writer.
- Edward Spencer Beesly** (b. 1831), formerly a professor of University College, London, wrote what he thought a fairer estimate than heretofore of *Cæline*, *Clodius*, and *Tiberius*, and a book on Queen Elizabeth, and was one of the translators of Comte's *Positive Polity*.
- George Manville Fenn** (b. 1831) has produced about a hundred novels and boys' stories, including *The Parson o' Durisford*, *The Silver Salvers*, *The Canker Worm*, *Black Shadows* (1902).
- George Alfred Henty** (1832-1902), journalist and novelist, was author of eighty books for boys, *Colonel Thorndike's Secret* being one of his later novels.
- Lord Roberts** (b. 1832), a distinguished soldier, field marshal, and commander in chief, is a successful author in virtue of his *Rise of Wellington* and *Forty-one Years in India*.
- Thomas Fowler** (b. 1832), President of Corpus Christi, Oxford, has written manuals of deductive and inductive logic, books on the principles of morals, and works on Locke, on Bacon, on Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, besides two histories of his own college.
- Henry Fawcett** (1833-84), Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge and N.P., is best known for his *Manual of Political Economy*, largely a popular exposition of Mill, and a book on *Protection and Free Trade*.
- Richard Watson Dixon** (1833-1900), vicar of Warkworth and honorary canon of Carlisle, published seven volumes of poetry, but is remembered as author of a scholarly *History of the Church of England* in the Reformation period.
- Lord Wolseley** (b. 1833), field marshal and commander-in-chief from 1895 to 1900, is the author of a *Life of the Duke of Marlborough* (1894), of *The Fall and Decline of Napoleon* (1895), and of an (auto-biographical) *Story of a Soldier's Life* (1903).
- George Du Maurier** (1834-96), artist and *Punch* illustrator, was author of *Peter Ibbetson*, *Trilby* (1894), and *The Martian* (1897).
- William Westall** (1834-1903), originally a business man, then journalist and novelist, published *Larry Lohen grinn* in 1879, *The Old Factory* in 1881, *Strange Crimes*, *A New Bridal*, *Her Ladyship's Secret*, *The Sacred Crescents*, are but a few of his many stories.
- James Bass Mullinger** (b. 1834), University Lecturer on History at Cambridge, is author of the great history of his university and of one of St John's College, of books on the ancient African Church and on *The Schools of Charles the Great*, and, with Dr S. R. Gardiner, of an *Introduction to English History*.
- Philip Stanhope Worsley** (1835-66) was the author of verse translations of the *Odyssey* and twelve books of the *Iliad*.
- George Birkbeck III** (1835-1903), at one time head master of a school at Tottenham, wrote *Dr Johnson, his Friends and his Critics*, and produced the masterly (but over annotated) Oxford edition of Boswell's *Johnson*, besides editing and writing much in the way of Johnsoniana, as well as editing Hume's and Boswell's letters.
- Paul Belloni Du Chaillu** (1835-1903) discovered the gorilla, recorded his *Adventures in Equatorial Africa* (1861), wrote several books on African experiences and African subjects, and produced books on Sweden and on the Viking Age.
- Sir Archibald Geikie** (b. 1835) is not merely a very distinguished geologist, but an accomplished writer on his science, his *Lives of J. D. Forbes*, *Sir Roderick Murchison*, and *Sir A. C. Ramsay*, as well as his book on *The Founders of Geology*, taking a permanent place in biographical literature.
- Walter William Skeat** (b. 1835), Professor of Anglo-Saxon in Cambridge, has by some sixty works done more than any scholar to the knowledge of Middle English and English philology generally, his edition of Chaucer and his *Encyclopedic English Dictionary* his most famous works.
- Sir Norman Lockyer** (b. 1836), Director of the Solar Physics Observatory at South Kensington, has written innumerable works on astronomy, solar physics, and spectrum analysis, some of his best known books being *Star Gazing Past and Present*, *The Chemistry of the Sun*, *Earth Movements*, *The Meteoritic Hypothesis*, *The Dawn of Astronomy*.
- John Wesley Hale** (b. 1836), Professor of English at King's College, London, has written *Shakespeare Essays* and edited Percy's Folio MS.
- Oscar Browning** (b. 1837), Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has produced *The Netherlands in the Sixteenth Century*, *A History of England* (4 vols.), *The Flight to Varennes*, books on the Guelphs and Ghibellines and the Condottieri, and Lives of Goethe, Dante, Peter the Great, Charles XII, and George Eliot.

**James Augustus Henry Murray** (b. 1837) wrote on Scottish dialects, and from 1879 was chief editor of the Philological Society's *New English Dictionary*, by far the most important work that has been done in English lexicography.

**Adolphus William Ward** (b. 1837), professor and principal at Owens College, wrote a *History of Dramatic Literature*, *Chaucer* and *Dickens* in the 'Men of Letters' series and *The Electress Sophia* (1903) in the Goupil Series.

**James Albery** (1838-89), dramatic author, produced his first successful adaptation (*Dr Dary*) in 1866, his best known plays being *Two Roses*, *Forgiven*, and *Oriana*.

**James Dykes Campbell** (1838-95), merchant at Glasgow and in Mauritius, is memorable as biographer and editor of Coleridge, and for his accurate and scholarly knowledge of the literary history of Wordsworth's period.

**Henry Sidgwick** (1838-1900), Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, wrote the *Methods of Ethics*, *Principles of Political Economy*, *Outlines of a History of Ethics*, *Elements of Politics*, *The Development of European Polity*.

**Archibald Forbes** (1838-1900), special correspondent of the *Daily News*, was especially eminent as a war correspondent.

**Robert Flint** (b. 1838), for quarter of a century Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh, published the first volume of his great *History of the Philosophy of History* in 1874 (revised in 1894 as *Historical Philosophy in France and Switzerland*), and has also written on theism, anti-theistic theories, and socialism.

**Sir William Francis Butler** (b. 1838), general and K.C.B., wrote much on British North America—*The Great Lone Land*, *The Wild North Land*—and Lives of Sir Charles Napier, General Gordon, and General Colley.

**Andrew Martin Fairbairn** (b. 1838), Congregationalist minister and Principal of Mansfield College at Oxford, is author of *Studies in Religion and Philosophy* (1876), *The City of God*, *Christ in Modern Theology*, *The Philosophy of the Christian Religion*.

**Sir Spencer Walpole** (b. 1839), who was Secretary to the General Post Office, wrote *A History of England from 1815*, Lives of Spencer Perceval and Earl Russell, and more than one volume in the 'English Citizen Series'.

**William Samuel Lilly** (b. 1840), barrister and secretary to the Catholic Union, has in *The Great Enigma*, *The Claims of Christianity*, and a dozen other works defended orthodoxy from Darwinism and other modern heresies.

**Richard Whiting** (b. 1840), journalist and novelist, is best known as author of *No 5 John Street*, *The Democracy*, *The Island*, *The Yellow Van* (1903).

**Sir Robert Stawell Ball** (b. 1840), Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, proved an eloquent expositor of his science in his *Story of the Heavens*, *Starland*, *The Story of the Sun*, and *Great Astronomers*.

**Edward Whymper** (1840-1903), artist and mountaineer, was author of *Scrambles among the Alps*, *Trails among the Great Andes*, *Chamonix and Mount Blanc*, and *Zermatt and the Matterhorn*, classics of climbers.

**Sir Frank Thomas Marzials**, K.C.B. (b. 1840), has served in the War Office and written poems and books on Dickens, Victor Hugo, and Thackeray.

**Sir Richard Inverhouse Webb** (b. 1841), Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, besides editions, translations, and commentaries on the classics (notably on Sophocles), has published a monograph on Bentley in the 'Men of Letters' series, and a work on modern Greece.

**Sir Henry Morton Stanley** (1841-1904), African traveller and member of Parliament, 'found Livingstone' in the service of the *New York Herald*, and recorded his adventures on that expedition, other works being on *The Congo and its Free State*, *Coomassie and Magdala*, *In Darkest Africa*, and *Through the Dark Continent*.

**Thomas Kelly Cheyne** (b. 1841), Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Scripture at Oxford and Canon of Rochester, is a very eminent Old Testament critic, has written much on Isaiah, Psalms, and other books of the Bible, and was editor in chief of the *Encyclopaedia Biblica* (4 vols. 1899-1903).

**Harry Buxton Forman** (b. 1842), assistant secretary of the General Post Office, edited Keats and Shelley, and has written about them and other poets, as well as on bibliographical subjects.

**Sir Thomas Wemyss Reid** (b. 1842), first editor of the *Speaker*, has written, besides novels and a book on contemporary politicians, Lives of Charlotte Brontë, of Forster, of Lord Houghton, and of William Black.

**Henry Duff Traill**, D.C.L. (1842-1900), was author of *The New Lucian*, *The New Fiction*, of *Recaptured Rhymes* and *Saturday Songs*, as well as of books on Sterne, Coleridge, Strafford, Sir John Franklin, Lord Salisbury. He edited *Social England* (6 vols. 1893-97), and projected *Literature* (Times office).

**Evelyn Abbott** (1843-1901), tutor of Balliol, wrote a *History of Greece*, and (with another) the Life of Jowett.

**Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke** (b. 1843), M.P., has written *Greater Britain*, and books on European politics and the army question.

**James Ward** (b. 1843), professor at Cambridge, is best known as author of *Naturalism and Agnosticism* (1899).

**Frederick Wedmore** (b. 1844) is author of *Studies in English Art*, *Pastorals of France*, *Four Masters of Etching*, *Etching in England*, and other works on art, a Life of Balzac, and a book on Mervyn.

**John A. Doyle** (b. 1844), Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, has written on *The American Colonies* and *The English in America*, besides a school history of the United States, and edited Miss Ferrier's Letters.

**William Kingdon Clifford** (1845-79), Professor of Mathematics and Mechanics at University College, London, was author of *Elements of Dynamics*, *The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences*, *Seeing and Thinking*, besides mathematical papers and lectures and essays on various topics.

**James Ashcroft Noble** (1845-96), journalist and critic, published poems and a book on *The Sonnet in England and other Essays*.

**Sir Frederick Pollock** (b. 1845), Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, has written, besides various handbooks on law subjects, *A History of English Law* (with Professor Maullin), *Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics*, an introduction to the history of politics, books on Spinoza and on mountaineering and (with another) *The Etchingham Letters*.

**Sir Herbert Maxwell** (b 1845) has written largely for the magazines, produced novels, books on local history, topography, and place names, works on fishing and natural phenomena, as well as a Life of the Duke of Wellington and a history of the House of Douglas.

**Archibald Henry Sayce** (b 1846), Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, is distinguished also as an Egyptologist, Hebraist, Old Testament scholar, and philologist, amongst his works being *Comparative Philology*, *The Science of Language*, *The Hittites*, *The Higher Criticism*, and a famous book on *Herodotus*.

**William Edward Morris** (b 1846) published *Heaps of Money* (1877), *My Friend Jim*, *The Rogue*, *The Widower*, *The Flower of the Flock*, *The Credit of the Country*, and other novels.

**Sir Henry Crank** (b 1846), Secretary of the Scottish Education Department, edited English prose selections and selections from Swift, and besides a book on the State and education, wrote a Life of Swift (1882) and *A Century of Scottish History* (1901).

**Ernest Hartley Coleridge** (b 1846), son of S T C's son Derwent, has edited his grandfather's letters, selections from his note books called *Anima Poetica*, and the final edition of Byron's *Poetical Works* (6 vols 1898-1902), and he contributed the article on Coleridge to the present work.

**Francis Herbert Bradley** (b. 1846), Fellow of Merton, Oxford, has written on ethics, logic, and metaphysics —his chief book being *Appearance and Reality*.

**Arthur S Way** (b 1847), translator in verse of the *Odyssey*, part of the *Iliad*, of Euripides, and of the *Epodes* of Horace.

**The Earl of Rosebery** (b 1847), statesman and orator, has published books on Pitt, Sir Robert Peel, and the later Life of Napoleon.

**David Christie Murray** (b 1847), novelist and playwright, has published since *A Life's Atonement* (1880), *Joseph's Coat* (1881), and *Val Strange* (1882), some thirty other novels.

**Major Martin Huie** (b 1847), of the Record Office, has edited the *Calendar of Spanish Papers* and the *Chronicle of Henry VIII*, produced several longer and shorter histories of Spain and the Spanish people, and written books on *The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth* and *The Year after the Armada*, as well as Lives of Raleigh, Lord Burghley, and Philip II of Spain.

**George John Romanes** (1848-94), in his later years less and less an agnostic, wrote on *Organic Evolution*, *Mental Evolution in Animals*, *Darwin and after Darwin*, *Thoughts on Religion*.

**Arthur James Balfour** (b 1848), Prime Minister, has written on *Philosophic Doubt* and on *The Foundations of Belief*, besides publishing essays and addresses on ethical, political, and financial questions.

**George Walter Prothero** (b 1848), editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and formerly Professor of History at Edinburgh, has written *The Life and Times of Simon de Montfort*, a memoir of Henry Bradshaw, a *British History Reader*, and other works.

**William Francis Barry** (b 1849), rector of a Roman Catholic church at Dorchester in Oxfordshire, has written *The New Antigone*, *The Place of Dreams*, *The Two Standards*, *Arden Massacre*, *The Wizard's Knot*, *The Day Spring*, and other novels.

**Joseph William Comyns Carr** (b 1849), art critic and

dramatist, has written many books, essays, and papers on art, and is author of the plays *The United Pair*, *The Naturalist*, *The Friar*, *Forgiveness*, *King Arthur*.

**Philip Stewart Robinson** (b 1849), journalist, wrote *In my Indian Garden*, *Under the Punkah*, *The Poets' Birds*, and *The Poets' Beasts*.

**Edward Arber**, Emeritus Professor of English Literature in Birmingham University, had by 1903 edited in *English Reprints* and elsewhere 25,000 pages of English books.

**Andrew Cecil Bradley**, since 1901 Professor of Poetry at Oxford, published his lecture on *Poetry for Poetry's Sake* (1901) and a commentary on *In Memoriam* (1901), and he contributed the article on Keats to this work.

**Arthur Henry Bullen**, son of the Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, had, before he became a partner in the publishing house of Lawrence & Bullen, begun the series of scholarly reprints (*Carols and Poems from 15th Century*, 1884, *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books*, 1886, *Lyrics from the Elizabethan Age*, 1891) with which his name is identified, he contributed the essay on Restoration Literature to the first volume of this work.

**Frederic William Maitland** (b 1850), Professor of English Law at Cambridge, has written, with Sir Frederick Pollock, *A History of English Law*, besides books on canon law in England, on *Domesday Book*, and on political theories in the Middle Ages.

**Silas kittie Hocking** (b 1850), minister of the Methodist Free Church and novelist, published between 1878 and 1903 some thirty novels, *Alec Greene* the first, and *Gripped* one of the last.

**Joseph Hocking**, a younger brother, is also minister of religion and novelist, having between *Jabez Easterbrook* in 1891 and *O'er Moor and Fen* produced more than a dozen novels.

**Robert Barr** (b 1850), editor of the *Idler* and novelist, has written *The Face and the Mask*, *The Strong Arm*, *The Unchanging East*.

**R C Carton** is the *nom de guerre* of Richard Claude Critchett, who from 1875 was a conspicuous actor, and has since become eminent as a dramatic author, amongst his plays being *Sunlight and Shadow*, *Liberty Hall*, *The Home Secretary*, *Wheels within Wheels*, and *The Under Current*.

**John Watson** (b 1850), minister of the Presbyterian Church in England at Seston Park, Liverpool, is better known by his literary pseudonym of 'Ian Maclaren,' and as author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* (1894), *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* (1895), *Kate Carnegie* (1896), *A Doctor of the Old School* (1897), and *Rabbi Saunderson* (1898).

**Augustine Birrell** (b 1850), barrister, member of Parliament, and Professor of Law in University College, London, has written a Life of Charlotte Bronte and a book on Hazlitt, besides *Obiter Dicta*, *Res Judicata*, law books, and essays.

**Walter Herries Pollock** (b 1850), barrister and sometime editor of the *Saturday Review*, published *The Modern French Theatre*, *Lectures on the French Poets*, *A Nine Men's Morris*, *King Zub*, a book on Jane Austen and her contemporaries, a treatise on *Fencing*, and several plays in collaboration with Sir Walter Besant.

**John Arthur Blaikie** (b. 1850), author and journalist, has written *Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets, Poets' Pictures, A Sextet of Singers*, and has contributed the article on Thaelgray to the present work.

**Frederick York Powell** (1850-1904), Professor of Modern History at Oxford, has written on *Early England up to the Norman Conquest*, on *Alfred the Great and William the Conqueror*, and a *History of England to 1509*, and with Vigfusson he edited the *Corpus Poeticum Britannicum*.

**Peter Hume Brown** (b. 1850) Professor of Ancient Scottish History at Edinburgh, has written Lives of Knox and Buchanan and a *History of Scotland* (vols. I and II 1895-1902), in 1903 he gave the Rhind Lectures on *Scotland in the Time of Queen Mary*, and to this work he contributed articles on James I, Knox, Buchanan, Froude, and S. R. Gardiner.

**Henry Drummond** (1851-97), Professor of Natural Science in the Free Church College of Glasgow, saw in his lifetime his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* reach its thirtieth edition, neither *The Soul of Man* nor his work on Tropical Africa had such exceptional success.

**Francis Hindes Groome** (1851-1902) wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the *Dictionary of Natural Biography*, and the author was sub-editor of *Chambers's Encyclopaedia* (1887-92) and published *In Gipsy Tents* (1880), *A Saucy Little Girl* (1887), *Leopold Holmes* (on his father), *Edward FitzGerald*, (1895), *Arte of it* (a novel 1896), *Gipsy Folk Tales* (1899) and an edition of *Laugro* (1900). He assisted in editing the first volume of the present work, and amongst the articles contributed by him are those on Crabbie, Peacock, FitzGerald, and Henry Kingsley.

**William Robertson Scott** (b. 1851), for a time a Free Church minister at Kelso subsequently editor of the *British Weekly*, *Born Free* and other serials, has published, besides theological works, *Letters and Editorials of the Nineteenth Century*, and has edited the works of Charlotte Brontë under one of his *Mus de guerre*, 'W. E. Wade,' he published a noteworthy book on Tennyson in 1881, and to this work he has contributed the articles on Charlotte Brontë, Mrs Gaskell, and Mr Hardy.

**Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge** (b. 1851), Principal of the University of Birmingham, has published a book on mechanics, electricity, lightning conductor, and written much on questions of spiritual research and the relations of science and religion.

**Walter Leis** (b. 1852), banker and Fellow of London University, was, with Messrs Lang and Myers, author of the famous translation of the *Iliad* into English prose, he has edited the *Iliad* with notes, and written a *Companion to the Iliad*.

**Louis A. Parker** (b. 1852), dramatist and composer is best known by the plays *The Man in the Street*, *Rosemary*, *The Happy Life*, *The vagabond King*, *The Cardinal*.

**R. P. Cunningham Graham** (b. 1852) has shown his power of vivid observation and caustic criticism in *Mogreb el Akhsa*, the record of a journey in Morocco, and in numerous sketches, essays, and articles on South American Spanish, and Scottish subjects, many of them reprinted in volumes.

**Rowland Edmund Prothero** (b. 1852) editor of the *Quarterly* from 1893 to 1899, edited the *Life and Correspondence of Dean Stanley*, the *Letters of Gibbon*, and the third editor of the *Letters and Manuscripts of Lord Byron* (6 vols. 1895-1901).

**Charles Harold Herford** (b. 1853) Professor of English Literature at Owen Cliff, has written on *The Age of Wordsworth and the First Thirty Years of the Victorian Drama*, *Some English Writers*, and other editions, and one ever-renewed from 1874.

**Thomas Henry Hall Caine** (b. 1853) has written, besides an anthology of his own, *The Letter of Hoskyns* (1882), a life of George and a book on *The City of Criticism*, a number of novels—*The Silken Tent* (1882), *The Sun of Maia* (1886), *The Painter* (1887), dramatised as *Leaves Green*, *The Justice* (1893), *The Last of the Jungs*, a tale of the Jews in Morocco, *The Mystery* (1894), *The Christian* (1897) and *The Letters* (1901).

**Herbert Woodfield Paul** (b. 1853) leader-writer of the Daily News and for thirty years a Member of Parliament, a *Life of Mr. Gladstone* and a book on *Matthew Arnold*.

**Henry Spenser Wilkinson** (b. 1853) journalist and publisher, has written many books, pamphlets and articles on topics of fact, the Anti-Slavery cause, and imperial defence, and the number among *The British Soldier*, *The Heart of the Army*, *The Great War*, *Our War Duties*, several lives of great leaders.

**John Edward Courtenay Bodley** (b. 1853) published in 1895 a very important work on France and its institutions, and in 1903 a work on the coronation of Edward VII.

**Charles Gore** (b. 1853), Bishop of Worcester, was in 1880 editor and founder of *The Interdenominational Review* which soon got to him since the claims of Catholicism and High Church orthodoxy. He has also written on *The Church of the West*, *Jesus Christ in England*, *The Creed of Christians*.

**James George Frazer** (b. 1854), Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, wrote on *The Golden Bough* in 1887, which made an epoch in the study of comparative religion by his *Golden Bough* (1890) and extended until revised 1900, he has also written on Pausanias and translated him.

**John Holland Rose** (b. 1853) wrote *A Century of Puritan History*, *See-King of Denmark*, and a critical Life of Napoleon I, and annotated Carlyle's *French Revolution*.

**Thomas Frederick Tout** (b. 1853), Professor of History at Manchester University (Owens College), has written on Edward I, *The Future of the Papacy*, and on 'Germany and the Empire' in the *Cambridge Modern History*.

**Richard Lodge** (b. 1853), Professor of History at Edinburgh, has written a short history of modern Europe, a book on Richelieu and a work on the close of the Middle Ages, and he has contributed to this work the articles on Micahiy, Freeman, J. K. Green, and Bishop Stubbs.

**William Paton Ker** (b. 1853) Professor of English Literature in University College, London, author of *Life and Romance* and other works, contributed the articles on Wordsworth and Scott to the present work.

**Frank Frankfort Moore** (b 1855) has published books of verse, a number of plays, and *I forbid the Banns*, *The Jessamy Bride*, *A Damsel or Two*, and nearly fifty novels and miscellaneous works.

**Arthur Bingham Walkley** (b 1855), dramatic critic, published *Playhouse Impressions* and *Frames of Mind*

**Stanley John Weyman** (b 1855) is known as author of *A Gentleman of France* (1893), *Under the Red Robe* (1894), *The Memoirs of a Minister of France* and *The Red Cockade* (1895), *Shrewsbury* (1897), *The Castle Inn* (1898), *Count Hannibal* (1901), *In King's Byways* (1902), and *The Long Night* (1903) bring up the list of his stories to more than a dozen

**John Mackinnon Robertson** (b 1856), editor of the *National Reformer* and the *Free Review*, wrote *Essays towards a Critical Method*, *Buckle and his Critics*, *A History of Free Thought, Christianity and Mythology*, *An Introduction to English Politics*

**Henry Thomas Mackenzie Bell** (b 1856) has published several volumes of poems, and books on Charles Whitehead and Christina Rossetti

**George B. Burgin** (b 1856), journalist and novelist, has written *His Lordship and Others*, *A Son of Mammon*, *The Shutters of Silence*, *The Ladies of the Manor*

**Charles Whibley**, critic and reviewer, has published *The Book of Scoundrels*, *Studies in Frankness*, *The Pageantry of Life*, a monograph on Thackeray (1903), and introductions to Rabelais and other books in the Tudor Series, and he contributed the article on Beaconsfield to this work.

**Douglas Hyde**, President of the Irish National Literary Society, has written *The Story of Early Irish Literature* (1897), *A Literary History of Ireland* (1899), and poems and a play in Irish, besides editing many Irish texts and translating mediæval tales from the Irish

**John Oxenham**, novelist, is known as author of *John of Gerisau*, *Barbe of Grand Bayou*, and other novels and stories

**Rudolph Chambers Lehmann** (b 1856), a member of the staff of *Punch*, has published a score of works in prose and verse, including *Harry Fludger at Cambridge*, *Mr Punch's Prize Novels*, *Ann Fugaces*, *Adventures of Mr Picklock Holes*, and has contributed the articles on Dickens, Kipling, and Bret Harte to the present work.

**Thomas Anstey Guthrie** (b 1856), as 'F. Anstey' wrote *Vice Versa*, *The Graft's Robe*, *The Black Poodle*, *The Tinted Venus*, and nearly a score of other works, mostly humorous and mainly published first in the columns of *Punch*

**William Archer** (b 1856), dramatic critic, edited and translated Ibsen, and wrote *Masks or Faces* and other books

**William Sharp** (b 1856) has published *Earth's Voices*, *Sogni di Roma*, *Sogni d'Italia*, and other volumes of verse, half a dozen novels, and books on Rossetti, Shelley, Heine, Ste Beuve, Philip Bourke Marston, and many miscellaneous essays and studies in literature and criticism

**J. A. Fuller Maitland** (b 1856), musical critic of the *Times*, edited the new edition of Grove's Dictionary, wrote much on music and musicians, helped to translate Spitta's *Bach*, and produced books of his own on *The Masters of German Music*, a Life of Robert Schumann, and *The Musician's Pilgrimage*

**Sir William Martin Conway** (born 1856), Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge, wrote on *Wool Cutters of the Netherlands*, *Early Flemish Artists*, on Durer, on Reynolds and Gainsborough, before in 1890 he began to enrich the literature of mountaineering, his best known contributions being on the Karakoram Himalayas, the Alps, Spitsbergen, the Bolivian Andes, and Aconcagua

**Alfred Dent's Godley** (b 1856), Fellow and tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford, has, besides more serious classical work in editing and translating, shown a brilliant gift of sprightly verse in *verses to Order*, *Lyra Trivola*, and the like.

**Wilfrid Ward** (b 1856), a conspicuous Roman Catholic author, is the son of 'Ideal Ward,' and has written two works on his father, the Oxford Movement, and the Catholic Revival, and a Life of Cardinal Wiseman, some of his many contributions to the reviews appeared in 1903 in a volume on *Problems and Persons*

**Charles Harding Firth** (b 1857), Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, has edited and written many works dealing with the great Civil War, including *Scotland and the Protectorate*, *Oliver Cromwell*, *Cromwell's Army*

**Karl Pearson** (b. 1857), Professor of Applied Mathematics and Mechanics in University College, London, has written, besides mathematical works, *The Ethic of Free Thought*, *The Grammar of Science*, *The Chances of Death and other Studies in Evolution*

**George Gissing** (1857-1903) published *The Unclassed* in 1884, *Thryza* and *Aew Grub Street* in 1887, and secured a welcome for more than a dozen stories and a study of Dickens. *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (1903) was understood to be autobiographical, *Veranika* (1904) was a historical romance.

**Morley Roberts** (b 1857) is author of some thirty works, mainly novels, including *The Western Aeronaut* (1887), *A Son of Empire*, *Immortal Youth*, *The Wingless Psyche*, *Rachel Marr* (1903)

**Frank Thomas Bullen** (b 1857), till 1883 a sailor, after 1898 made notable additions to the literature of the sea—*The Cruise of the Cashalot*, *The Log of a Sea Waif*, *Deep Sea Plunderings*, *A Whaler's Wife*

**Sir Harry Hamilton Johnston** (b 1858), naturalist, traveller, and British Commissioner in Africa, has written much on Africa—on the Congo, on Kilimanjaro, on the colonisation of Africa, on British Central Africa, on the Uganda Protectorate.

**Benjamin Kidd** (b 1858) wrote *Social Evolution*, which in seven years was translated into seven languages, *The Control of the Tropics*, and *The Principles of Western Civilisation*

**Clement King Shorter** (b 1858), editor of *The Sphere* and *The Tatler*, published *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle* and *Sixty Years of Victorian Literature*

**Egerton Castle** (b 1858), author of *Satiro* (with Mr W. H. Pollock), *Desperate Remedies*, and other plays as also of *The Fride of Jennico*, *Young April*, *The Secret Castle*, romances, and *The Jerningham Letters*

**Henry Seton Merriman** (died 1903) was the son de guerre of Hugh Stowell Scott, a novelist who became popular as the author of *The Slave of the Lamp* (1892), *The Soverys* (1896), *In Kedar's Tents* (1897) *Roden's Corner* (1898), *The Isle of Unrest* (1900) *The Leek Glove* (1901), *The Vultures* (1902), and *Barlasch of the Guard* (1903)—several

- of them, like the last named, admirably conceived and powerfully written historical romances
- Hastings Rashdin** (b. 1858), fellow and tutor of New College, Oxford, wrote the *History of the Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages* and (with another) the history of New College
- Claude C. Montefiore** (b. 1858), one of the editors of the *Jewish Quarterly*, delivered a course of 'Hibbert Lectures' (1892) on the ancient religion of the Hebrews, edited *The Bible for Home Reading* (2 vols. 1896-97), and was author of *Liberal Judaism* (1903)
- Sir James Renell Rodd** (b. 1858), diplomat and envoy, published, besides a book on the folklore of Modern Greece, *Poems in Many Lands*, *The Unknown Madonna*, *The Violet Crown*, *Ballads of the Fleet*, and other collections of verse
- Lord Curzon** (b. 1859), Viceroy of India, summed up ably his experiences of Eastern travel in *Russia in Central Asia, Persia and the Persian Question*, and *Problems of the Far East*
- Alfred William Pollard** (b. 1859), assistant in the Library of the British Museum, has written much on bibliography, including *Books about Books*, *Early Illustrated Books*, and *Italian Book Illustrations*, and is known as author of an excellent *Chaucer Primer*, and editor of the 'Globe' Chaucer and of a collection of English Miracle Plays, to this work he contributed the section on Middle English Literature
- Jerome Klapka Jerome** (b. 1859), editor of the *Illustrator* and of *To-day*, published *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, *Three Men in a Boat*, *Paul Kelver*, and a score of other books
- Albert Edward Housman** (b. 1859), Professor of Latin in University College, London, is author of *A Shropshire Lad* (1896)
- Henry Charles Beeching** (b. 1859), Professor of Pastoral Theology in King's College, London, was one of the authors of *Love in Idleness* and *Love in a Looking Glass*, wrote *In a Garden and other Poems*, has published, besides sermons, *Lectures on Poetry*, *Religio Laici*, and other works, and has edited Milton, Herbert, Vaughan, Daniel, and Drayton, and Lennison's *In Memoriam*
- John W. Mackail** (b. 1859), one of the authors of *Love in Idleness*, has published *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*, a history of Latin literature, *Biblia Innocentium*, *The Sayings of the Lord Jesus*, and the Life of William Morris, and has contributed the articles on Ruskin and R. L. Stevenson to this work
- Percy White**, journalist and novelist, wrote *Mr. Baily Martin*, *A Passionate Pilgrim*, *A Millionaire's Daughter*, *The Journal of a Jealous Woman*, *The New Christians*
- William Pett Ridge**, author of *Mord Emrys* (1898), has written also *A Son of the State*, *A Breaker of Laws*, *London Only, Lost Property*
- Justin Huntly McCarthy** (b. 1860), son of Mr. Justin McCarthy (page 660), is known as a writer in various kinds—histories, novels, dramas, and poems—*The Candidate*, *My Friend the Prince*, *If I were King* being amongst his plays
- Samuel Rutherford Crockett** (b. 1860), from 1886 to 1895 Free Church minister at Penicuik in Midlothian, had already published a volume of verse entitled *Dulce Cor* (1886), *The Sticket Minister* (1893), and *The Raiders* (1894). These two later efforts proved instantly successful, and were followed by more than a score of works of fiction, including *The Men of the Moss Hags* (1895), *Cleg Kelly* (1896), *The Grey Man* (1896), *The Black Douglas* (1899), *Ait Kennedy* (1899), *Little Anna Mark*, *Jean of the Sword Hand* (1900), and *The Silver Stull* (1901). *The Adventurer in Spain* was a book of travel sketches
- Charles William Chadwick Oman** (b. 1860), Deputy Professor of Modern History at Oxford, has published *Warwick the King-mak'r*, histories of Greece, the Byzantine Empire, Europe from the fifth to the tenth century, and England, *A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages*, *A History of the Persian War* (vols. i and ii 1902-3)
- Charles Haddon Chambers** (b. 1860), novelist and playwright, is author of *Captain Swift*, *The Idler*, *John a Dreamer*, *The Tyrants of Tears*
- Owen Seaman** (b. 1861), assistant editor of *Punch*, has by his *Horace at Cambridge* (1894), *Tillers of the Sand*, *The Battle of the Bass*, *In Cap and Bells*, and *Borrowed Plumes* (1902) approved himself our cleverest pordist since Culverley
- John R. Burry** (b. 1861), Professor of History in Cambridge University, has written on the history of the later Roman Empire, and of Greece to Alexander's death, published an inaugural lecture on history at Cambridge, and edited, besides several classical texts, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* (1896-1900), with valuable notes, corrections, and additions, and Freeman's *Historical Geography* (1903)
- Maurice Henry Hewlett** (b. 1861), Keeper of Land Revenue Records, has published *The Forest Lovers*, *Richard III and Vay*, *New Canterbury Tales*, and other stories, mainly romantic and poetical pictures of mediæval life, besides a book of verse
- Walter Raleigh** (b. 1861), Professor of English Literature at Glasgow, has written on R. L. Stevenson, on Milton, and on Wordsworth, a history of the *English Novel*, and a book on *Style*, and to this work contributed the articles on the two Rossettis.
- Eden Phillpotts** (b. 1862) has published *The End of a Life*, *Children of the Mist*, *Sons of the Morning*, and other novels and books
- Norman Gale** (b. 1862) published in 1892-93 two volumes of dainty rural lyrics called *A Country Muse*, and they were followed by *Orchard Songs*, *A June Romance*, *Cricket Songs*, and *Songs for Little People* and in prose, *Heminations* and—a novel—*The Collapse of the Penitent*
- Henry John Newbolt** (b. 1862), editor of the *Monthly Review*, published a drama, *Morared*, in 1895, but secured popularity by the patriotic ring and fervour of his verse in *Admirals All* (1897), *The Island Race*, and *The Sailing of the Long Ships* (1902)
- William Henry Hudson** (b. 1862), lecturer on English literature, published an introduction to the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, a short Life of Sir Walter Scott, poems, and *Rousseau and Naturalism* (1907)
- W. H. Hudson**, naturalist and traveller, has published *The Naturalist in La Plata*, *British Birds*, *Birds in London*, *Birds and Man*
- Arthur Christopher Benson** (b. 1862), master at Eton, published, besides a Life of his father the Archbishop of Canterbury, *The Professor and other Poems*, *The Schoolmaster*, and books on Tennyson and Rossetti

**Francis Thompson** (b. 1863), bred a Catholic at Ushaw College, showed in a volume of *Poems* (1893) his admiration of Crashaw and his compeers, and has since published *Sister Songs* (1895) and *New Poems* (1897), besides doing much criticism.

**Henry Brereton Marriott Watson** (b. 1863), author of *Galloping Dick*, *At the First Corner*, *The House Divided*, *The Skirts of Chance*, assisted Mr Barrie in the play *Richard Savage*.

**Max Pemberton** (b. 1863), is author of *The Iron Pirate*, *The Sea Wolves*, *Pro Patria*, *The House under the Sea*, and a dozen others.

**Arthur Morrison** (b. 1863), novelist, became known in 1894 by his *Tales of Mean Streets*, followed by the 'Martin Hewitt' series of three stories, by *The Child of the Jago*, and *The Hole in the Wall*.

**William Wymark Jacobs** (b. 1863) published *Many Cargoes* in 1896, followed by *The Skipper's Woong*, *The Ladz of the Barge*, *Odd Craft*, and other stories, mainly nautical and all humorous.

**Robert Marshall** (b. 1863), army captain and dramatist, is author of *His Excellency the Governor*, *The Noble Lord*, *There's many a Ship*.

**Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch** (b. 1863), known to many readers as 'Q,' has since the publication of *Deal Man's Jack* (1887), *Troy Town* (1888), and *The Splendid Spur* (1889) allowed few years to pass without a novel, book of poems, or other work, amongst them *The Delectable Duchy*, *The Golden Pomp*, *The White Wolf*.

**Robert Smythe Hichens** (b. 1864), journalist and novelist, attracted notice by his *Green Carnation* in 1894, and has since written *An Imaginative Man*, *The Folly of Eustace*, *Flames*, *The Londoners*, and has collaborated in more than one play.

**Will Munro** (b. 1864) became known as author of *The Lost Pibroch* (1896), which has been followed by several other Highland romantic fictions on a bigger scale, such as *John Splendid, a Highland Romance* (1898), *The Pay master's Boy* (1899), and *Children of Tempest* (1903).

**Israel Collier** (b. 1864), lecturer on English at Cambridge, has edited *Pearl*, *Cynewulf's Christ*, *The Exeter Book*, and other monuments of our older English literature, the 'Temple Shakespeare,' and Lamb's *Spectra*.

**George Gregory Smith** (b. 1865), Lecturer on English in the University of Edinburgh, has published books on *The Days of James IV* and on *The Transition Period* in fifteenth century European literature, edited a critical edition of *The Spectator*, and contributed to this work the articles on Addison, Jeffrey, and De Quincey.

**Alfred Edward Woodley Mason** (b. 1865) wrote in 1895 *A Romance of Westdale*, and followed with *The Courtship of Morris Buckler*, *The Philanders*, *Lavrence Clavering*, *Parson Kelly* (with Mr Andrew Lang), *Eusign Keightley*, *Clementina*.

**Arthur Symons** (b. 1865), poet and critic, has published several volumes of verse, an introduction to Browning, *Studies in Two Literatures*, *The Symbolist Movement*, and *Cities*.

**Herbert Albert Laurens Fisher** (b. 1865), Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford, became through *The Measured Empire* (1898) a recognised authority on the history of Germany.

**H. G. Wells** (b. 1866) struck out an original vein in *The Time Machine*, and had by 1903 written nearly a score of stories or collections of stories somewhat in the vein of Jules Verne—*The War of the Worlds*, *The Invisible Man*, *The Island of Dr Moreau*, *The Sea Lady*. But *Mankind in the Making* (1903) is a serious attempt at an Utopian new republic.

**Thomas Seccombe** (b. 1866), assistant editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, initiated his literary career with *To the Bad Men* in 1894, and has since produced *The Age of Johnson*, *The Age of Shakespeare* (with another), and edited Smollett's *Miscellanies* and an edition of *Bacon Munchausen*.

**Richard Le Gallienne** (b. 1866) has published *Volumes in Folio* (1888), *The Book Bills of Narrissus*, *The Religion of a Literary Man*, two volumes of *Prose Fancies*, and estimates of George Meredith and Rudyard Kipling, two or three volumes of verse, in fiction, *The Quest of the Golden Girl* and *The Romance of Zion Chapel*, besides *If I were God*, *Travels in England*, and *The Life Romantic*.

**Ernest William Hornung** (b. 1866), novelist and journalist, has written *A Bride from the Bush*, *The Rogue's March*, *Dead Men tell no Tales*, *Peccarn*, *The Black Mask*.

**Lionel Johnson** (1867–1902) did much reviewing and criticism, published volumes of poems in 1895 and 1897 (*Ireland and other Poems*), and a criticism of *The Art of Thomas Hardy*.

**Barry Pain** (b. 1867), journalist and author, has produced *Playthings and Parodies*, *Scenes and Interludes*, *The Kindness of the Celestial*, *The Octave of Claudius*.

**Edward Frederic Benson** (b. 1867) published *Dodo* in 1893, *The Babe in A*, and half a dozen other novels, stories, and plays since.

**Laurence Housman** (b. 1867), himself an artist, wrote on Blake in 1893, and has since the publication of *Arras* in 1896 had an increasing circle of admirers for his poetry, *Spikenard* is a volume of devotional love poems, *Gods and their Makers* a prose allegory.

**Charles Raymond Bentley** (b. 1868), Fellow of Merton, has published books on James of Aragon, Henry the Navigator, and the Cabots, and a history of *The Dawn of Modern Geography* (1897–1901).

**Edward Trelawny Lucas** (b. 1868) wrote a book of verses for children in 1897, published *The Open Road* in 1899, and is now known as editor of the life, works, and letters of Charles and Mary Lamb.

**George Douglas Brown** (1869–1902) suddenly became famous in 1901 for his *House with the Green Shutters*, but died within twelve months of its publication.

**Laurence Binyon** (b. 1869), assistant in the British Museum, published *Idyllic Poems* in 1894, *Poems* in 1895, *London Vision* in 1895–98, *The Praise of Life* in 1896, *Porphyry and other Poems* in 1898, *Odes* in 1900, *The Death of Adam* in 1903.

**Joseph Conrad**, master in the merchant service and novelist, became known in 1895 by *Almayer's Folly*, later stories being *The Outcast of the Islands*, *Tales of Unrest*, *Lord Jim*, *Typhoon*, *Nostromo* (1904).

**Stephen Cwynn** published *Highways and Byways in Donegal* in 1899, a book on Northcote the painter, *To-day and To-morrow in Ireland*, and a critical study of Tennyson.

**Bernard Caves**, novelist, produced in 1898 *The Lake of Wine*, followed by *Our Lady of Darkness*, *Joan Brotherhood*, *Love like a Gipsy*, *Secret on the Hill*

**Albert Frederick Pollard** (b. 1869), contributor of many articles to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, is author of *The Jesuits in Poland, England under Protector Somerset*, and *Henry VIII* in the Goupil Series

**Basil Hood**, army captain and dramatic author, has written *The Emerald Isle, Sweet and Twenty, My Pretty Maid*

**Henry V Ismoud**, actor and dramatist, is author of *Rest, One Summer's Day, The Wilderness*

**James Douglas** (born in Belfast in 1869), critic and assistant editor of the *Star*, and contributor to the

*Athenaeum*, *Bookman*, and other journals, has published an *Ode on the Coronation of King Edward VII* and an appreciation of Mr Watts Dunton (1903), and to this work he has contributed the articles on William Blake, P. J. Briley, Mr Watts Dunton, Mr Swinburne, and some other authors

**William Romaine Paterson** (b. 1871) has, under the pseudonym of 'Benjamin Swift,' written since 1896 a series of novels, including *The Tortmentor*, *The Destroyer*, *Nude Souls*, and an essay, *The Eternal Conflict*

**Ford Madox Hueffer** (b. 1873) has written poems, stories, a Life of Madox Brown, a monograph on Possotti, and, with Joseph Conrad, *Romance*

**Lady John Scott** (Alice Ann Spottiswoode, 1801-1900) was author of 'Annie Laurie,' 'Douglas, tender and true,' 'Ettrick,' 'Durisdeer,' and some others of the most esteemed of modern Scotch songs, as well as of the music to which they are sung

**Anna Swanwick** (1813-99) wrote *An Utopian Dream* and other prose works, but is remembered as the translator of *Faust* in accomplished verse, as well as a translator from Schiller and Aeschylus

**Grace Aguilar** (1816-47), an English Jewess, wrote on her ancestral faith, published poems, and was known chiefly as authoress of many unsectarian but strongly religious novels, such as *Home Influence* and *A Mother's Recompence*

**Mrs Mary Anne Everett Green** (1818-95) edited *The Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies*, *The Diary of John Rous*, *The Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*, and calendared important series of State papers

**Maria Charlotte Tucker** (1821-93) wrote as 'A.L.O.E.' (A Lady of England) many stories (usually didactic) for children

**Julia Kavanagh** (1824-77), a devout Irish Catholic, laid the scenes of most of her stories—*Madeleine*, *Nathalie*, *Addie*, and many others—in France, she wrote also on French and English women of letters

**Annie Keary** (1825-79) was author of the novel *Castle Daly*, and of stories for children, and other works

**Mrs Charles Barnard** (1830-69), the 'Claribel' of so many drawing room songs, published three collections of songs, ballads, and verses

**Amelia Blandford Edwards** (1831-92), Egyptologist and novelist, wrote *My Brother's Wife*, *Barbara's History*, *Half a Million of Money*, *Debenham's Vow*, and *Lord Brackenburg*

**Mrs Isabella L. Bishop** (born Bird, 1832-1904) travelled extensively, and wrote accounts of her experiences in America, Japan, Indo China, Persia, and Tibet.

**Matilda Barbara Fetheram Edwards** (b. 1836), cousin of Amelia B. Edwards, has written on French topography and life, and many novels, including *The White House by the Sea*, *Dr Jacob*, *Kitty*, *Dream Charlotte*

**Mrs Mary Louisa Stewart Molesworth** (b. 1839) wrote as 'Ennis Graham' half a dozen novels, but became eminent for her delightful stories for children—*Carrots*, *Cuckoo Clock*, *Herr Baby*, *The Boys and I*, and many more

**Mrs Julia Horatio Fwing** (born Gatty, 1842-85) wrote a series of charming stories for children, including *Mrs Overthewit's Remembrances*, *Jacka napes*, *Jan of the Windmill*, *A Flat Iron for a Farthing*, *The Story of a Short Life*

**Agnes Mary Clerke** (b. 1842) wrote *The System of the Stars*, *Problems in Astrophysics*, and other astronomical works

**Mathilde Blind** (1847-96), a champion of women's rights, born in Mannheim, translated Strauss's *Old Faith and the New* and Marie Bashkirtseff's memoirs, wrote Lives of George Eliot and Madame Roland and published some remarkable poems, *The Prophecy of St. Oran*, *The Heather on Fire*, *The Ascent of Man*

**Mrs Flora Annie Steel** (born Webster, 1847) has written *I from the Five Rivers*, *Tales from the Punjab*, *On the Face of the Waters*, *Voices in the Night*, *The Hosts of the Lord*

**Mrs Fawcett** (Millicent Garrett, b. 1847), widow of Professor Fawcett, and a defender of women's rights, is author of *Political Economy for Beginners* and other works on economics

**Mrs Toupin Smith** has, under her maiden name of L. T. Meade, written a long series of novels and stories, mostly for girls and children, of which *Scamp and I*, *A World of Girls*, *The Girls of St. Wode's*, *All Sorts*, *A Princess of the Gutter*, *Drift*, are examples

**Mrs Henry Reeves**, writing under her maiden name of Helen Mather, became known by her novels *Comin' thro' the Rye*, *Cherry Ripe*, *My Lady Greensleeves*, and *Sam's Sweetheart*, *The Story of a Sin*, *A Man of Today*, *My Jo John*, *Cinders*, and *Honey* are some of her later ones

**Mrs Alice Stopford Greene** (b. 1849), besides editing her husband's *Short History*, wrote *Henry II and Town Life in the Fifteenth Century*

**Madame de Laszowski Gerard** (born Emily Gerard, 1849) is author of *Reata*, *Beggar my Neighbour*, *The Waters of Hercules* (in collaboration with her sister), and half a dozen other books and stories

**Emily Frances Adeline Sergeant** (1851-1904) was author of a score of novels, including *The Story of a Penitent Soul*, *Beyond Recall*, *Sibyl Fletcher*, *Miss Betty's Mistake*, *The Common Lot*, *Blake of Oriel*

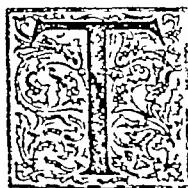
**Madame Longard de Longgarde** (born Dorothea Gerard, 1855) wrote the three above named novels with her sister, and a score of stories or books of her own



# ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS

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## English Literature in Canada.



THE Dominion of Canada, even without its Arctic islands, occupies more of the surface of the North American continent than the United States, and is in area little less than the whole of Europe. But at the beginning of the twentieth century the energetic population who had already given it its rank amongst the most promising countries and communities of the world numbered less than five and a half millions—a little more numerous than the people of the Netherlands at the same date, larger by a million than the population of Scotland, but less by a million than the population of Greater London. Only since the early years of the seventeenth century has any part of what we now call Canada been the home of men of European blood and speech. The earliest settlers were Frenchmen, whose sparsely peopled settlements on the shores of the St Lawrence and in Acadia were till near the end of the century but little disturbed by the English colonists to the south. From New England the tide of colonisation gradually flowed towards north and west. Collisions between French and English interests, between French and English colonists, became frequent and almost inevitable, and in the middle of the eighteenth century Canada was the stake for which France and England contended in wars fought out partly in Europe and partly in America. The capture of Quebec by Wolfe in 1759 practically ended the struggle, and by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, what was then called Canada, with the parts of New France between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, was ceded to Great Britain. During the revolution which led to the constitution of the United States as a new nation, Canada remained loyal to the mother-country. And the immigration into Canada at the close of the war of some thirty or forty thousand United Empire Loyalists, sadly shaking off the dust of their feet against the new republican polity, greatly strengthened the still numerically weak English element in the loyal province, and permanently saved British interests in the vast area where till of late settlers of English speech

had been greatly outnumbered by those of French blood.

French literature in Canada, beginning with the books of the old explorers and missionaries, and including in modern days the poems of Fréchette, Crémazie, Le Moir, and Sulte, lies wholly without the scope of this work. And the earliest books in English written in Canada or about Canada—such as the accounts of their explorations by the Londoner Samuel Hearne and the Scotsman Alexander Mackenzie, all dating from the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century—need only passing mention. Nor have the Earl of Selkirk's writings, William Smith's *History of Canada* (1815), or David Thompson's *The War of 1812* much to do with the development of Canadian literature, as in the other colonies, a majority of the earlier writers were British born. From 1828 onwards Joseph Howe made his newspaper, the *Nova Scotian*, published in Halifax, an important literary as well as political organ, and secured for it Haliburton's humorous papers. In virtue of his three years' sojourn in Canada, and of his *Larrie Todd, Bogle Corbet*, and other works dealing with Canadian life, John Galt (see pages 296–300) is at least associated with Canadian literature, and whoever it was who wrote it, the 'Canadian Boat Song,' referred to on page 298, is (in contrast to Moore's) a very noteworthy and early poetic outcome of a Scottish exile's life in the Canadian backwoods. Many of R. M. Ballantyne's stories (see page 623) reflect his experiences in the Hudson Bay territories, and have made two generations of British boys familiar with some aspects of life in those regions.

The first considerable verse writer in Canada was Mrs Susannah Moodie, youngest sister of Miss Agnes Strickland. With her husband, a Scottish officer who had seen service in the Low Countries and South Africa, she settled in Ontario in 1832, and before her death in 1885 produced a good deal of verse (including notable poems on the maple and the canoe) and much minor fiction. Charles Heavysege (1816–76), a Liverpool cabinetmaker, published after he settled in Canada, in 1853, sonnets, longer poems, novels, and several tragedies, of which the most important

was *Saint* Isabella Valance Crawford (1851-87), born in Dublin, came to Canada as a child, and is gratefully remembered for her lyrics, such as 'The Master Builder' and 'The Axe of the Pioneer' George Frederick Cameron (1854-85), a Nova Scotian born, deserves to be regarded as the first native poet whose lyrics, intense and passionate, were greeted as admirable by the foremost English critics and poets Educated at Queen's University, Kingston, Cameron became editor of a Kingston newspaper, and is perhaps best known for his defiant 'What reck we of the creeds of men?' At the end of the nineteenth century an enthusiastic Canadian anthologist was able to commemorate the work of no less than a hundred and thirty five Canadian poets, of whom C G D Roberts, Bliss Carman, W W Campbell, and Sir Gilbert Parker may be reckoned amongst the foremost

In novels, tales, and stories Galt's first successor was Major John Richardson, author of *Wacousta* (1833), who was born in Ontario of Scottish parents William Kirby, G M Adam, Miss Lily Dougall, and Miss M M Saunders are but a few amongst recent or living authors of romance and story Grant Allen, though Canadian born, came to Oxford as a youth, and was reckoned amongst English authors Sir Gilbert Parker, though serving as English MP from 1900, is still accounted a Canadian poet and Canadian novelist, and is the most conspicuous Canadian man of letters

Amongst historical writers, besides Bourinot and C G D Roberts, Kingsford and Goldwin Smith, should be named Robert Christie, James Hannay, George Bryce, J C Dent, and G M Adam Mr Arthur Doughty's six volumes on Wolfe's campaign (1903) constitute a very important contribution to Canadian history Alpheus Todd produced in his *Parliamentary Government in England* (1867-68) what even in England ranks as an authoritative work Sir Daniel Wilson had attained eminence in Scotland as an antiquarian and historian ere in 1853, in mid time of his life, he came to Toronto as Professor of History and English Literature Sir William Logan, geologist, was the first native man of science who can be reckoned amongst really eminent representatives of his profession the Dawsons, father and son—Sir J W Dawson and Dr G M Dawson—worthily maintained the tradition Sir John Murray 'of the *Challenger*', a supreme authority on oceanography, was born in Coburg, Ontario, and partly educated in Canada, but has done most of his scientific life-work in Britain Dr Theal (see page 730) is a New Brunswicker Dr J B Crozier, though settled in London, may be claimed by Canadians as one of their most original and stimulating thinkers and writers Professor John Watson of Kingston went from Scotland to Canada in 1872, and has since then published a series of works on Kant, Schelling, Comte, Mill, and Spencer, on ethical

philosophy and Christian idealism, which rank him amongst our most fruitful writers on philosophy

On the beginnings of literature in Canada, see the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada* (1883 et seq.), especially a paper by J G Bourinot in 1893, published also as separate book, *Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness* the same author's *Intellectual Development of the Canadian People* the relevant portions of the histories of Canada particularly that by Roberts, Light hall's collection of *Songs of the Great Dominion* (1889) and his anthology of *Canadian Poems at a Lay* ('Canterbury Poets', 1891), Sladen and Roberts, *Younger American Poets* (1891) Stedman's *Victorian Anthology* (1895) Wetherell's *Later Canadian Poems* (1893), Rand's *Treasury of Canadian Verse* (1900)

**Thomas Chandler Haliburton** (1796-1865) was born at Windsor in Nova Scotia, and educated in his native town Called to the Bar in 1820, he became a member of the House of Assembly, Chief-Judge of the Common Pleas (1828), and Judge of the Supreme Court (1842) In 1856 he retired and settled in England, was made DCL by Oxford, and in 1859-63 was Conservative MP for Lunceston He takes rank in British American literature mainly as creator of 'Sam Slick,' Yankee pedlar and clockmaker, whose quaint drollery, unsophisticated wit, simple but trenchant satire, knowledge of human nature, and aptitude in the use of 'soft swearer' have given him a fair chance of immortality The newspaper sketches (written anonymously) in which this character first appeared were collected in 1837-40 as *The Clock-maker, or Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville*, and were continued as *The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England* (1843-44), the typical Yankee having been brought to England in this new capacity Haliburton's other works include *A Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia* (1825-29), *Bubbles of Canada* (1839), *The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony*, *The Letter-bag of the Great Western*, *Wise Sayings and Modern Instances*, *Nature and Human Nature*, *Traits of American Humour*, and *Rule and Misrule of the English in America* (1850) The Canadian humourist has had few successors in his own country, but he is recognised as the father of all such as have anywhere in America written humorous work in dialect There is a Memoir by T B Crofton (1889)

**Joseph Howe** (1804-73) was the son of an emigrant loyalist who came from Boston to Halifax after the American Revolution Bred like his father, a printer, he soon showed exceptional journalistic gifts, and in 1828 became proprietor and editor of the *Nova Scotian*, remarkable not merely as the paper in which Haliburton's 'Sam Slick' made his bow to the world, but for its editor's own brilliant contributions These comprised sketches of his own experiences, 'Western and Eastern Rambles,' a series of papers, 'The Club,' on the model of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, and his weightier 'Legislative Reviews' He became the most conspicuous man in provincial public life, the most eloquent speaker in the Assembly, Secretary of State, and

Governor of Nova Scotia His *Speeches and Public Letters* were published (1858), and there is a Life of him by Fenety (1896).

**William Kingsford** (1819-98), author of the standard *History of Canada*, was born in London, at sixteen he enlisted in the Dragoon Guards, and in 1837 went with his regiment to Canada. He had risen to be sergeant when, in 1841, he left the army to do surveying work, and as surveyor or engineer he was till 1879 engaged on canals, rail ways, and harbours in the United States, Panamá, and Canada. His first publications were on roads, canals, and his own travels. His *History of Canada* (10 vols 1887-97), the result of seventeen years' patient labour in Canadian archives, is more remarkable for its fairness, fullness, and fidelity to its sources than for its literary style.

**Goldwin Smith**, born at Reading in 1823, passed from Eton to Oxford, took a first in classics in 1845, and in 1847 was elected a Fellow of University College and called to the Bar. A zealous promoter of university reform, he was assistant-secretary to the first and secretary to the second Oxford University Commission, and served on an Education Commission in 1858. Regius Professor of History at Oxford in 1858-66, he was during the American Civil War a strenuous upholder of the North, in 1864 he lectured in the United States, and in 1868 he was elected to the chair of English and Constitutional History in Cornell University. Four years later he settled in Canada, edited the *Canadian Monthly* 1872-74, and founded and edited *The Week* and *The Bystander*, and forty years' residence and literary work entitle him to rank as a conspicuous Canadian publicist and author. He has written on the study of history, on Irish history, on *Three English Statesmen* (Pym, Hampden, Cromwell), a political history of the United States, and a political history of the United Kingdom, vigorous in style, luminous in exposition, and rich in suggestion. He is the author of books or pamphlets on university reform, the American Civil War, and questions of the day here and in America. Believing profoundly in the mission of the English race, he is anti-imperialist both in British and in American politics, supported the disestablishment of the Irish Church, but opposed Home Rule. He has always insisted (in *The Political Destiny of Canada* and in *Canada and the Canadian Question*) that, geographically and commercially, Canada is bound ultimately to gravitate towards incorporation in the United States. He is an anti-Socialist but a Radical in most respects, an idealist but somewhat of a pessimist, an independent thinker and a very trenchant critic. There are monographs from his pen on Cowper, on Jane Austen, and on Lloyd Garrison. He has produced in *A Trip to England* and *Oxford and her Colleges* glorified guide books for American tourists. *Bay Leaves* and *Specimens of Greek Tragedy* show his skill in verse. And in

*Rational Religion* (1861), *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence* (1897), and a short book on *The Founder of Christendom* (1903), he broke with historical Christianity, insists on free inquiry, and demands a reconstruction of our faith.

**Sir John George Bourinot**, born in Sydney, Nova Scotia, in 1837, studied at Trinity College, Toronto, and for years edited the *Halifax Reporter*, but in 1880 became Clerk of the Dominion House of Commons. He was one of the original members of the Royal Society of Canada, of which he has been president and honorary secretary. He has written largely on constitutional history, on parliamentary procedure and parliamentary government in Canada, a book on Cape Breton and one on Canada under British rule, besides the two works noted above on *The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People* (1880) and on *Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness* (1893, originally, like many of his works, printed in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*). He was made KCMG in 1898, and has received academic honours from Laval University.

**Charles Grant Allen** (1848-99) born at Kingston in Canada, graduated from Merton College, Oxford, in 1871. After four years at Queen's College, Jamaica, as Professor of Logic and Principal (1873-77), he returned to England, and, adopting a literary career, published *Physiological Aesthetics* (1877), *Colour Sense*, *Evolutionist at Large*, *Darwin, Colly Clow's Calendar*, *Flowers and their Pedigrees*, *The Story of the Plants*, mainly connected with the exposition and popularisation of the evolution theory. Failing to make a livelihood by scientific work, he turned to novel writing, and showed a marvellous fertility and attained remarkable popularity under the circumstances. *Babylon, In All Shades Phlistina*, *The Devil's Die*, were written frankly to please the public, in *The Woman who Did* (1895), first of his 'Hill-top Novels,' he sought to expound and promote his views on life and society—in this case unconventional and startling views on marriage and the relation of the sexes. *The Evolution of the Idea of God* (1897) was an anti-Christian philosophy of religion. He wrote also a small book on Anglo-Saxon Britain, and a series of admirable historical guide-books to Paris, Florence, and Belgium.

**John Beattie Crozier**, born of Scotch parents at Galt, Ontario, in 1849, was educated at the Grammar School in Galt and at Toronto University, and having qualified as M.D. (1872), came to England and settled in practice in London. But he found time to produce as early as 1880 an important work on *The Religion of the Future*, first of a series of original and suggestive contributions to the history of civilisation and culture, *Civilisation and Progress* (1885) being followed in

1897 by the first volume of *The History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution*. In *My Inner Life* (1898) he described as 'a chapter on personal evolution and autobiography,' and he wrote a study of Lord Randolph Churchill and English democracy.

**W. H. Drummond**, born in 1859 in the west of Ireland, came to Quebec province in 1869, and settled as doctor in a typical mixed village, Bord du Plouffe, peopled by French and English-speaking voyageurs, Indians, half-breeds, and French Scotch Irish Canadians, who ran the rapids and served with Wolseley on the Red River expedition. He handles in a masterly manner the mixed patois of English and French spoken around him, and in his verse the grotesqueness of the combination strikes one less than the poetry and tenderness and fire of the narrative. *The Habitant and other French-Canadian Poems* made him favourably known in 1898, *Phil-o-Rum's Canoe* and *Madeleine Vercheres* were his next ventures (1899), *Johnnie Courteau and other Poems* followed in 1901.

**Charles George Douglas Roberts**, born at Douglas, New Brunswick, in 1860, studied at the University of New Brunswick, and after holding one or two minor educational posts, edited the *Week* at Toronto, was Professor of English Literature and of Economics in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, from 1885 till 1895, and for two years edited a paper in New York. His best-known work in poetry is contained in *Orion and other Poems* (1880), *In Divers Tones* (1887), *Poems of Wild Life* (1888), an ode for the Shelley centenary, *Songs of the Common Day*, and *The Book of the Native*. But he has written largely in prose on a variety of subjects, from guide books and histories of Canada to *Earth's Enigmas*, *The Raid from Beauséjour*, *The Forge in the Forest*, *Around the Campfire*, *By the Marshes of Minas*, *The Heart of the Ancient Wood*, and *Barbara Ladd* (1903), a story of Connecticut child life.

**Archibald Lampman** (1861-99), descended from a family of German loyalist-emigrants from Pennsylvania, was born at Morpeth in Ontario, studied at Trinity College, Toronto, and made a name for himself as a poet while holding an appointment in the Ottawa Post Office. *Among the Mellets* (1888) and *Lyrus of Earth* (1895) were his chief collections of verse, and a memoir of him was prefixed to a collected edition of his *Poems* by D C Scott (1900).

**William Bliss Carman**, born at Fredericton in New Brunswick in 1861, studied at the university of his native province, at Edinburgh, and at Harvard, and was successively engineer and teacher, but since 1890 has edited or contributed to papers in New York, Chicago, and Boston. When *Low Tide on Grand Pré* appeared in 1893 he was universally acclaimed as a poet of power

and originality. *A Sea mark*, *Behind the Arras*, and *Ballads of Lost Haven* followed. With a friend, Richard Hovey, he has produced three series of *Songs from Vagabondia*. *St Kavir, a Ballad*, *At Michaelmas*, *The Girl in the Poster*, *The Green Book of the Bards*, and *The Vengeance of Noel Brassard* appeared between 1894 and 1899.

**William Wilsfred Campbell**, born at Berlin in western Ontario in 1861, was the son of an Anglican clergyman, and educated in Toronto and in Massachusetts, became rector of a church in St Stephen, New Brunswick. In 1891 he withdrew from clerical work and took a post in the Civil Service at Ottawa. *Lake Lyrics and other Poems*, fresh descriptive verses, won him a hearing as a poet in 1889, *Beyond the Hills of Dreams* (1899) contains vigorous patriotic lyrics, such as 'Victoria,' 'England,' and 'The World Mother.'

**Lily Dougall**, born in Montreal in 1858, was educated at home and at Edinburgh University, and is L L A of St Andrews. Her novels *Beggars All* (1891) and *What Necessity Knows* dealt effectively with soul problems, and have been followed by *The Zeitgeist*, *A Question of Faith*, *The Madonna of a Day*, *A Dozen Ways of Love*, *The Mormon Prophet* (1898).

**Mrs Everard Cotes**, born at Brantford, Ontario, in 1861, contributed largely to papers and magazines, and is Miss Siria Jeannette Duncan became famous for *A Social Departure* (1890), based on a tour round the world, and *An American Girl in London* (1891). In 1891 Miss Duncan married Mr Cotes, an Indian journalist, and has written a series of tales of Anglo-Indian life—*His Honour and a Lady* (1896), *The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib*, *The Pool in the Desert* (1903, four short stories), and others.

**Charles William Gordon**, born near Glen-garry, Ontario, was for some time a teacher, but qualified at Toronto and in Edinburgh for the Presbyterian ministry, and in 1894 became minister of a church in Winnipeg. Under the pen-name of Ralph Connor, he is author of *Beyond the Marshes*, *Black Rock*, *Given's Canyon*, *The Sky Pilot* (1898), a tale of an evangelist on the Rockies), and *Ould Michael*.

**Sir Gilbert Parker**, born in Canada in 1862, and educated at Trinity College, Toronto, travelled much in Canada and in the Southern Seas, and for a time was on the staff of a Sydney paper. He published two or three plays, a book on Australia (1892), and a volume of poems (1894). But it was with *Picke and his People* (1892), a fine presentation of Canadian character, that he first tapped the mine that has proved so rich. Other stories of Canadian life in the past or in the present, amongst habitants, half breeds, and the rest, are *The Translation of a Savage*, *The Trail of the*

*Sword, When Valmont came to Pontiac, The Seats of the Mighty* (a historical novel, dealing with Wolfe and the siege of Quebec), *The Pomp of the Lavilleettes*, *The Lane that had no Turning*, and *The Right of Way*. The scene of *The Battle of the Strong* (1898) is laid in Jersey, and that of *Donovan Pasha* (1902) in Egypt, but neither of these ap-

pealed so strongly as his Canadian stories even to non-Canadian readers. In his historical work on *Old Quebec* (1903) he had the help of a collaborator. Sir Gilbert had been settled in England for some years when in 1900 he was elected M.P. for Gravesend, as a Conservative; he was knighted in 1902.

## Australasian Literature.

HE great southern island continent we call Australia begins to take shape on French and German maps in the first half of the sixteenth century. The Portuguese may have seen Australian coasts by the middle of that century. But it is not till the beginning of the seventeenth that we know of Dutch ships actually in these waters, and by their enterprise the Dutch earned in that century the right to bestow their long-current names on New Holland and Van Diemen's Land. And Tasman invented the Dutch Latin name *Nova Zeelandia* when he discovered the islands in 1642, but slightly (and not quite correctly) Anglicised when in 1840 New Zealand became definitively a British colony. The name Australia, of happy omen, dates only from the *Voyage to Terra Australis* published by Matthew Flinders in 1814. It was Cook's voyages in 1770 and later that made parts of Australia and New Zealand really well known to Europeans, and the first period of European settlement, associated with British penal stations, began in 1788. The interior of Australia was wholly unknown till after 1813. The discovery of gold in 1851 brought a flood of fresh blood and adventurous energy into the settlements, but it was the slower and soberer pastoral and agricultural colonisation that by 1901 had permanently secured wealth and well-being for the five Australian colonies, which, with Tasmania, in that year entered on a new epoch as the Commonwealth of Australia. At the inauguration of the Commonwealth its population (3,775,000, fully two thirds native born) was less than that of the English county of Lancashire or of London, and was excelled by that of four several States of the American Union at the same date. But it was considerably more than the total white population of the thirteen United States at the first census in 1790 (3,172,000). New Zealand, with its white population of nearly 790,000, has all the elements of another great and prosperous state of English blood and speech.

To all the colonies the settlers, or a proportion of them, brought their love of the home literature, and ere long one and another began to write songs and stories in imitation of the poets of the mother-country and of America. Poe's influence has been traced as well as that of Wordsworth and Byron, of Tennyson and Browning. Among the first were

Barron Field, a judge of the Supreme Court in New South Wales, who as early as 1819 published a volume of poems, *The Firstfruits of Australian Poetry*, reviewed by Charles Lamb in the *Examiner*, W. C. Wentworth, and the statesman Sir Henry Parkes. Some of what R. H. Horne wrote was inspired by his Australian experiences (page 413). Alfred Domett's principal poem was the Mori epic named below. Charles Harpur (1812-68) was even called 'the Australian Wordsworth'. Lionel Michael attracted notice in 1857 by his *Songs without Music*. By far the greater part of Australian literature has been the work of men born and bred in Great Britain. Henry Clarence Kendall was the first Australian born writer to secure a permanent place in the affections of Australians. But even now Adam Lindsay Gordon's verse is oftenest on Australian lips and Gordon came from the old country. Kendall and Lindsay Gordon began a new and more important stage in Australian literature. J. Brunton Stephens, a Scotman, became 'the Queensland poet'. But the most characteristically Australian native born poets are the so called 'Bulletin School', whose gifts have been developed in and by the *Sydney Bulletin*—John Farrell, author of *How He Did* (1895), A. B. Paterson, author of *The Man from Snowy River* (1895), Edward Dyson, author of *Rhymes from the Mines* (1896), and Henry Lawson, author of *While the Billy Boils*, in prose, and *In the Days when the World was Wide*, in verse (1896). Mr. Lawson, whose rough and swinging verses denounce with vehemence the vices of civilisation and glorify the 'good old days,' has been described as the most representative writer Australia has yet produced.

Of novels dealing with Australian subjects, probably the most important as literature have been written by two great English novelists, one of whom never even saw Australia, while the other was but for a few years a colonist. In *It's Never too Late to Mend*, Charles Reade (see page 482) carefully followed his documents, but Henry Kingsley's descriptions of bush-life and of the pioneer settlers in *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *The Hillyars and the Burtons* (see page 513) are singularly vivid and true and attractive. Much of R. L. Stevenson's later work was produced under the Southern Cross, and is racy of the Southern Sea if not of Australasia. Marcus

Clarke is on the whole the most conspicuous prose writer of those who may fairly be called Australians though European born 'Rolf Boldrewood' has been called the 'national novelist of Australia.' Ada Cambridge and 'Tasma,' both English born, and Mrs Campbell Praed, a colonial, are the most eminent women writers, though Mary Gaunt (Mrs Lindsay Miller) has also done good work in short stories and longer novels 'George Egerton,' Australian born, is cosmopolitan in her works Guy Boothby, born in Adelaide in 1867, the son of a member of the South Australian House of Assembly, has produced a score of stories, of which *On the Wallaby* (1894) and *Billy Binks* are sufficiently Australian in subject. But domiciled in England, he is rather identified with his most notable book, *Dr Nikola*, and its continuations Louis Becke, born in Port Macquarie, New South Wales, in 1848, has stuck more exclusively to Southern subjects, and utilised in his stories his experiences as a supercargo on shipboard amongst the South Sea Islands and as an Australian journalist. Some of his work he has done in collaboration with Walter Jeffery, who, born in Portsmouth in 1861, went to sea, and in 1886 settled in Sydney, where in 1891 he became editor of a paper Joseph Jacobs, born in Sydney in 1854, was educated partly there and partly at Cambridge, and has become a first-rate authority on the mediæval history of the Jews (his own people) and on fairy tales James Francis Hogan, author, journalist, and M.P., was born in Tipperary in 1855, and was in infancy taken by his parents to Melbourne, where he was educated, and whence he returned in 1887 William Henry Fitchett, born in 1850, and educated at Melbourne University for the Methodist ministry, has written popular and patriotic books on British heroic history Charles Haddon Chambers, journalist, story-writer, and dramatic author, was born at Stanmore near Sydney in 1860, and had been stock-rider and Civil servant ere in 1882 he settled in England. Ernest William Hornung, novelist and journalist, born at Middlesbrough in 1866, found two years in Australia enough to provide him with materials for several Australian stories Equally short was the sojourn in Australia of Hume Nisbet, who gave an Australian colouring to his stories Fergus Hume, British born, was a barrister in New Zealand before he took to story-writing Henry Brereton Marriott Watson, born in 1863 near Melbourne, and educated at Christchurch, N.Z., in 1885 began literary work in England George Gilbert Aimé Murray, born in Sydney in 1866, is the son of the President of the N.S.W. Legislative Council, Professor of Greek at Glasgow in 1889-99, he is an accomplished Greek scholar, and has shown true poetic power in his own plays and in masterly translations from Euripides

In the Australian novel the four main aspects of colonial life have been all duly chronicled—the convict period, the pastoral development, the

gold exploitation, and the triumphant democracy of industry and labour

Records of explorations, lives of explorers, and histories of the colonies form another large section of the literary output of Australasian historians Mr G W Rusden is perhaps the most comprehensive and voluminous A disproportionate amount of talent and energy is absorbed in journalism, and it should be added that many of the daily papers and the magazines of Australia are very ably written F W L Adams (1862-93) made some stir in Australia both by his verse and prose while on the staff of the *Sydney Bulletin*, wrote novels of Australian life and criticisms of things Australian, and a notable autobiographical novel, *The Child of the Age* Born in Malta, an army doctor's son, he shot himself at Margate, already doomed to death by lung disease Charles Henry Pearson (1830-94), author of *National Life and Character*, spent twenty years in Australia, sat in the colonial parliament, and in 1886-90 was Victorian Minister of Education Sir Charles Gavan Duffy (page 583) may also here be named Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* (page 624) seems to have taken shape in New Zealand

In New Zealand as in Australia, literary impulses have mainly found vent in journalism There are many books on the country, its geology, ornithology, and history Probably those which most distinctly deserve to rank as literature are Manning's *Old New Zealand* (1865), a description of Maori life by an Englishman who married a Maori wife and became a naturalised Maori, he has been for his humour called the 'Charles Lever of New Zealand.' And *The Long White Cloud* (1898), so called by its author, Mr W P Reeves, a colonial, from the poetical Maori name for the colony, is admirably written throughout.

See Douglas Sladen, *Australian Poets* (1888) and *Australian Ballads and Rhymes* (1888), anthologies Desmond Byrne *Australian Writers* (on seven authors 1895) Turner and Sutherland *The Development of Australian Literature* (New York, 1898) A. Patchett Martin, *Beginnings of an Australian Literature* (1898), and the relevant chapter in Percy F Rowland's *The New Nation* (1903).

**Adam Lindsay Gordon**, born at Fayal in the Azores in 1833, was the son of a retired army-captain of Scottish family, who latterly taught Hindustani at Cheltenham College Meant also to be a soldier, Adam was sent to school at Cheltenham and to Woolwich, and kept several terms at Merton College, Oxford But already an inordinate passion for horsemanship and open-air sports overbore all other interests, and led him into various irregularities At twenty he sailed to Adelaide, and was successively police-trooper, horse-breaker, and livery stable keeper, becoming whilst the best gentleman steeplechase-rider in the colony He led an adventurous life in the South Australian bush, yet at odd times read the classics and English poets He wrote a good deal of verse, and even sat for a spell in the provincial legislative assembly But neither here nor

in Victoria, where he ultimately made his home, was he in any of his various vocations persistent and scoundrous enough to make a decent livelihood, and he soon ran through a legacy his father left him. He was sensitive, proud, solitary, and melancholy in temperament. He had married a domestic servant and believed himself to have lost caste—most unreasonably, for there is evidence that he retained to the last the affection and respect of his friends, avoided the grosser excesses not uncommon in the bush, was chivalrous to women, and had no sordid interests in the turf. He was severely disappointed when his hopes of securing the succession to the Scottish estate of Esslemont in Aberdeenshire turned out to be barred by legal obstacles. Financial embarrassment deepened his natural gloom and unhinged his mind, and he shot himself at Brighton, a seaside suburb of Melbourne. He had earned the love of all lovers of poetry amongst his countrymen by *Sea-spray and Smoke drift* (1867), *Ashtaroth* (1867), and *Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes* (1870). 'The Sick Stock rider' is a marvellously vivid transcript from the bush life he knew, and 'How we beat the Favourite' is perhaps the best ballad of the turf in English. 'From the Wreck' and 'Wolf and Hound' are colonial experiences, so that his subjects are occasionally Australian. But on the whole the spirit and temper are, as in the bulk of Australian verse and prose, those of a typical and representative Briton. Unlike Kendall, he never made Australian scenery the sole subject of any poem, even 'Whispering in the Wattle Boughs' is not the voice of the Australian forest, but, like 'An Exile's Farewell,' 'Early Adieu,' 'Wormwood and Nightshade,' the echo of his own sad memories, not unmixed with sense of failure and remorse. He glorified the horse and his rider in such a way as to secure local enthusiasm, but he owed more to Byron and Browning, Tennyson and Swinburne, than to Australia or anything Australian. He was fond of short dramatic romances based on mediæval literature, as in 'The Rhyme of Joyous Garde' and 'The Romance of Britomart,' *Ashtaroth*, a dramatic lyric, suggests the influence of *Faust* and *Manfred*. It is not the specifically Australian element that commends him to his readers, but the vitally human utterance of manhood, gallantry, energy, and pathos. Marcus Clarke wrote a biographical introduction to Gordon's collected poems (1880, repeatedly reprinted), and under the not too appropriate title of the *Laureate of the Centaur*, J. Howlett Ross published a memoir in 1889.

**Henry Clarence Kendall** (1841-82) was born in a poverty-stricken hut at Ulladulla in New South Wales, and was brought up in the solitudes of the bush. His father, the son of a missionary, had fought in Chili under Dundonald, his mother was a granddaughter of Leonard McNally, Irish playwright and informer. From

a lawyer's office in Sydney Henry passed to a clerkship in the government service. From boyhood he had written verses, and he found time to do a good deal of journalistic work. He struggled ineffectually against his dipsomaniac heredity, resigned his post in the Colonial Secretary's office in 1869, did not prosper in business with his brothers, and secured a small appointment as an inspector of forests. Unlike Lindsay Gordon, he had a keen feeling for nature as revealed in Australian scenery and life in the bush, and sang of Australian mountains, streams, and forests with a wistful charm. In virtue of this and of his national odes he has been called the national poet of Australia, and he has earned a permanent place in the esteem of Australians, but he has not come home to their hearts as Lindsay Gordon did, though his verse is more carefully finished and melodious. What glimpses he gives of his own life experiences are sad and depressing, and confessedly he has not Gordon's force or verve. Yet 'September in Australia,' 'The Hut by the Black Swamp,' 'Death in the Bush,' 'The Grave of Leichhardt,' and many other of his poems show true poetic gifts. His most sustained effort is 'Orion,' a narrative poem of tragedy and adventure in the bush. His best work is found in his *Leaves from an Australian Forest* (1869), eminently rich of the soil his earliest in *Songs and Poems*, his last in *Songs from the Mountains*. A collected edition appeared in 1886.

**Marcus Clarke** (1846-81), the son of a London barrister, after an undisciplined and precocious youth emigrated to Australia when he was eighteen, and failed to interest himself in his work either in a Melbourne bank or on an up country sheep station. But from the time that he secured an appointment on the Melbourne *Argus* it was plain he had found his true life work, and though he remained a Bohemian, improvident, vexatiously erratic, and indisposed to drudgery or patient, persistent labour of any kind, he was recognised as having the makings of a brilliant journalist and man of letters. In *Long Odds*, a pessimistic study of a mésalliance and the victimising of an easy-going hero by two or more villains, he had to get friends to help in supplying instruments to keep up the supply of copy for the serial in which the tale was published. He wrote much for magazines, produced pantomimes, burlesques, and controversial pamphlets, and succeeded admirably with some short realistic tales, such as *Pretty Dick* and *Gentleman George's Bride*, but it is mainly as author of *For the Term of his Natural Life* that he has been called the most notable Australian prose writer. His *chef-d'œuvre* is a powerful but painful story expressly meant to bring out the appalling brutalities that—almost inevitably—accompanied and flowed from the hap-hazard system of transportation of criminals and the hiring out of convict labour in the settlements.

The terrible realism hardly goes beyond the facts, and is relieved by a humour only too savage and cynical, and an occasional touch of romance, Lord Rosebery said that it 'has all the ghastliness of truth.' The ingenuity of the plot is perhaps less satisfactory than the dramatic power of the development and the life-like reality with which the characters are endowed, Clarke's keen insight and the accuracy of his observation are more remarkable than his creative power. But his extravagant and improvident ways forced him to write so much and to have so many irons in the fire that he failed to do justice to his powers, and, like Lindsay Gordon and Kendall, he died young—he was but thirty-five at his death.

**Alfred Domett** (1811-87), Browning's 'lost Waring,' was, like Browning, a Camberwell man, studied at St John's, Cambridge, and after being called to the Bar, migrated to New Zealand in 1842. In swift succession he occupied the principal public posts in the colony, that of Prime Minister amongst the rest. The year after his return to England (1871) he published his famous—but too lengthy—Maori epic *Ranolf and Amohua, a South Sea Day Dream*. He had contributed verses to *Blackwood* in 1837, his *FLOTSAM and JETSAM* (1877) was dedicated to Browning.

**James Brunton Stephens** (1835-1902), born at Borrowstounness in Scotland and educated at Edinburgh University, was for thirty years closely associated with the intellectual life of Australia. His *Convict Once* (1871), an elaborate poem in hexameters on a sad story, was written while he was a tutor in a Queensland squatter's family. He subsequently held a post in the Civil Service, and in virtue is much of his shorter humorous pieces ('The Chinee Cook,' 'Ode to a Black Gin') as of his more serious and finished work ('The Angel of the Doves,' 'Mute Discourse'), was commonly known as the Queensland poet.

**Thomas Alexander Browne** has, under the pen name of Rolf Boldrewood, written *Robbery under Arms* (1888), *A Modern Buccaneer* (1894), *The Squatter's Dream* (1895), *A Canvas Town Romance* (1898), *Ghost Camp* (1902), and other Australian tales of adventure. Born in London on the 6th August 1826, he was taken to Australia in 1830 by his father, Captain Sylvester John Browne, a founder of Melbourne, and there, after a good education and a varied experience in stock-farming and other vocations, he became a police magistrate and goldfields commissioner in New South Wales, till 1895. His *Old Melbourne Memories* contain vivid sketches of up-country life on the cattle stations in 'the days before the gold.'

**Benjamin Leopold Tarjeon** (1836-1903), born in London, went almost straight from school to try his luck at the Australian gold-diggings, but settled in New Zealand, wrote a story or two, and at Dunedin was manager and part proprietor of the

first daily newspaper published in New Zealand. By 1870 he was in London working as dramatist and novelist. His first success, *Grif*, was followed by *Blade o'-Grass*, *Joshua Marvel*, *The Mesmerists*, *The Mystery of the Royal Mail* (1902), and a long series of other stories, in some of which his colonial experiences are utilised.

**Ada Cambridge**, born at St Germain in Norfolk in 1844, sailed in 1870 with her husband, the Rev G F Cross, for Victoria, where they settled—since 1893 in a Melbourne suburb. Under her maiden name Mrs Cross has since 1891 become famous as a novelist—*The Three Miss Kings*, the story of three bush bred girls, being followed by *A Marked Man*, *A Little Minx*, *Materfamilias*, *Path and Goal*, *The Devastators* (1901), and other novels, besides poems and *Thirty Years in Australia* (1903), reminiscences and views of Victorian life, manners, and problems. In most of her stories the interest centres on the human and English element in the characters, often both strong and tender, and depends but little on 'local colour' even when the scene is wholly or partly laid in Australia. She is strong in pathetic scenes, and her style is simple and natural.

**Mrs Campbell Praed**, born in 1851 Rosa Caroline Prior, daughter of the Postmaster-General of Queensland, has written some thirty novels dealing largely with the political and social life of well-to-do colonials. In *Policy and Passion* (1881), one of her first stories, she professed that her aim was to depict 'certain phases of Australian life in which the main interests and dominant passions of the personages concerned are identical with those which might readily present themselves upon a European stage, but which directly and indirectly are influenced by striking natural surroundings and conditions of being in separable from the youth of a vigorous and impulsive nation,' and she has sought to fulfil this aim in most of her Australian novels. Notable amongst her works—in which a pessimistic tone is noticeable—are *Policy and Passion*, *Nadine*, *Miss Jacobsen's Chance*, *The Romance of a Station*, and *The Insane Root* (1902). She married Mr Mackworth Pried in 1872, and in 1902 she published *My Australian Girlhood*, autobiographical reminiscences.

**Tasma**, born in London about 1860, came with her father, Mr Huybers, to Hobart in infancy, and when little more than a girl was writing stories, sketches, and reviews in colonial journals. In 1879 she went to live in France, where she wrote for the reviews and lectured, and in 1885 she married M Auguste Courreur, a Belgian publicist. Her first and best-known novel, *Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill*, published in 1889, deals with types of the Australian plutocracy, and has been compared with the *Silas Lapham* of Mr Howells. In *Her Earliest Youth, Not Counting the Cost*, and *The Penance of Portia Janes* deal also with Australian character.

**George Egerton** is the pen name of Mrs Golding Bright, bred an artist, but a novelist by profession. Born in Melbourne about 1870 (her maiden name Dunne), she has been thrice married,

and has lived in Ireland, the United States, South America, London, and elsewhere, and her works include *Keynotes*, *Discords*, *Symphonies*, *Fantasias*, *The Wheel of God*, *Rosa Amorosa*.

### English Literature in South Africa



CAPE COLONY, destined to be the nucleus of a vaster British South Africa, did not become permanently a British possession till 1814. What has been written by Dutch colonists in Dutch or in the Cape *taal* is not of literary value, and lies outside the scope of the present work. The earlier literature in English connected with South Africa is rather about it than of it, and, as has been already said, consists mainly of books that are no books, such as government reports, or of the experiences of missionaries, hunters, explorers, or shipwrecked sailors, all of them English born and European in culture and outlook. The Rev. John Campbell's *Travels in South Africa* was in 1814 a notable contribution to a series that included Dr Livingstone's first volume of *Missionary Travels* (1857), and later records of exploration, travel, and adventure, and books on South Africa were multiplied prodigiously by the troubles that led to the Boer War of 1899-1901. To another category belong the letters sent from Africa in 1797-1801 by the lady ever dear to Scotsmen as the author of *Auld Robin Gray*, Lady Anne Barnard, who as wife of the Colonial Secretary had exceptional advantages—and disadvantages—for studying life at the Cape (see Vol. II p. 804).

Thomas Pringle, also Scottish, was not much longer—hardly six years—in Africa, but in his verses written there struck an actually African note, and by his *African Sketches* awakened interest in the small and troubled colony, which already in vision he saw extending northward to, and even 'peradventure, in after days,' beyond the equator (Vol. II p. 791). The autobiography (1901) of Sir Harry Smith, the governor commemorated in the names of Harrismith and Ladysmith, gives a vivid picture of colonial conditions in the middle of the nineteenth century. Bishop Colenso's famous book on the Pentitouch was not merely written in South Africa, but originated in problems raised by a Zulu anxious inquirer, as the controversy mainly concerned theology in Britain. Colenso has been treated above (Vol. II p. 452). Some of Mr Rider Haggard's novels reproduce very successfully the local colour and atmosphere of South Africa, and in so far may distinctly rank as African.

**George McCall Theal**, born in 1837 at St John, New Brunswick, went in youth to South Africa, was active as a journalist, and by 1877 was recognised as an authority on all that concerns Bantu history, customs, and folklore. On behalf of the Cape Government he successfully carried

out a mission to keep a Kaffir tribe from taking part in the war which had just broken out, in the Basuto War of 1867-68 he fulfilled a like mission with singular tact and insight into native character. For fourteen years he was chief clerk in the Department of Native Affairs, and having for a time been Keeper of the Archives of the Colony, he was ultimately made Colonial Historiographer. His *History of South Africa*, which for comprehensiveness and conscientious research takes rank with our greater European histories, has been in progress for over thirty years, and suffers somewhat from the piecemeal publication corresponding with the course of his researches; thus, while *The History of South Africa from 1486 to 1691* appeared in 1888, *The Beginning of South African History*, incorporating much newly discovered matter bearing on parts of the same period, saw the light only in 1902. He has striven to attain impartiality, and only by the hasty has been reproached for Dutch or 'pro Boer' prepossessions. LL.D. of Queen's University, Kingston, and D.Lit. of the University of the Cape, he has published fifteen volumes of *South African Records* in Portuguese, Dutch, and English, *Genealogical Registers* of colonial families, shorter books on the history of the colony, and a volume on Kaffir folk-lore.

**Mrs Cronwright Schreiner** is doubtless the most original author to whom South Africa has given birth. Daughter of a missionary of German family in the service of the London Missionary Society (her mother a Londoner), she was born in Basutoland about 1865, and while yet in her teens startled the conventional English world of letters by her *Story of an African Farm*, a powerful series of imperfectly finished pictures of life on a Boer farm, and of the spiritual problems and struggles that rend an inquiring soul. It was professedly by 'Ralph Iron,' but when it was known to be the first work of Miss Olive Schreiner, a brilliant literary future was prophesied for her. *Dreams* (1890), a group of spiritual allegories, hardly increased her reputation, and when, after her marriage (1894) to Mr S. C. Cronwright, the controversial note became dominant, her work lost in charm and interest as well as in power. *Trooper Peter Halket* (1897) was practically an anti-Rhodesian pamphlet. More explicitly polemical were (jointly with her husband) *The Political Situation* (1895) and *An English South African's View of the Situation* (1899), on the problems that issued in the Boer War, her view being strongly in sympathy with the Cape Dutch.

## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

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HE 'slender beginnings' of American literature (see Vol I p 832), in the main written by authors of English birth and published in the mother-country, yielded little of even antiquarian memory beyond Roger Williams's *The Bloody Tenant of Persecution*, Anne Bradstreet's poems, and the *Bay Psalm Book*. Life in the colonies was, indeed, further illustrated by sermons, diaries, letters, and other records either then issued or collected since and made accessible by historical societies, but their importance is rather social than literary, and the same is true also of the most popular poem of the New England colonies, Michael Wigglesworth's *The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment* (1662), which for more than a century was in the place of a church classic for the Puritan Commonwealths. There was plenty of scholarly learning of the ecclesiastical sort then flourishing among the English Nonconformists, intellectual activity was vigorous among the leaders, the people at large enjoyed a mental and spiritual life, but nothing of literary permanence was produced.

The writers of the first generations born upon the soil, whose books characterise the scattered communities then conglomerating into groups of colonies along the seaboard in the later seventeenth and earlier eighteenth centuries, departed but slightly from the pattern set by their fathers. The north eastern colonies, and, in particular, those of New England, were the chief, and, in fact, almost the exclusive sources of such literature as there was. Sermons and writings of a cognate kind made up its bulk, annals and personal narratives of all sorts gave way to books of a more formal historical nature dealing with the colonial past and the relations of the people with the Indians and the home Government, meagre scientific observations were recorded, but of polite literature there was at best only a small product, and that consisted of the most feeble, awkward, and tame imitation of the reigning English schools. Touches of originality have been sought for in the way of looking at things disclosed by observers of manners, but such traces of a rising American spirit are practically imperceptible, or if a subtle analysis seems to find them, they are unimportant

in the general mass. Tradition governed the form and substance of all that was written, the matter and method of the Puritan mind constituted the main stream, originality—a new life—stirred only in the secular and political fields, and there did not at once find literary expression. Men rather than books are the landmarks of the time to the eye of memory, titles are but the shadows of personalities, and these are memorable rather as high-water marks of certain Puritan forces in the region of character than for the value of what they bequeathed by their pens.

In the earlier part of the period under review, during which the ecclesiastical mind remained dominant, two names only definitely survive—Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. Mather, the third of the name, represents the consummation of the elder conservative Puritan clergy, and his great work, *Magualia Christi Americana* (1702), is the chief monument of the seventeenth-century New England which it records, as well as the most important literary achievement of the New World up to that time. Its author was prepared for this and his other labours by heredity. His grandfather, Richard Mather, was a joint-author, with Thomas Welde and John Eliot, the translator of the Indian Bible, of the *Bay Psalm Book*. His father, Increase Mather, a graduate of Harvard and of Trinity College, Dublin, and President of Harvard, is credited with one hundred and thirty six titles, of which the major part was, of course, sermons, but he is historically remembered as the forerunner of Franklin in representing the colonies at London, where he secured the new charter, and also as the head, though not without strenuous and successful opposition, of the clerical hierarchy of New England. In succession to him Cotton Mather took the post of the conservator of the old ways, but in his time the power of the clergy was already weakened, and he was less powerful in the State than his father had been, though he was more highly distinguished as a writer and also as an ascetic and visionary saint of his caste. Jonathan Edwards in the next generation shows the onward course of time by the fact that he dealt not at all with affairs, but retiring into the intellectual sphere of dogmatic theology, won lasting fame as a metaphysical schoolman applying the logic of the reason with marvellous efficiency to the matter of Calvinism,

and carrying that particular theory of God's nature and ways to the final stage of its development His reputation for intellectual force has never failed to be recognised, and is now widespread, but it is the faculty, and not its fruits in thought, that is admired

Apart from these two celebrated men, one the example of the contents and the other of the power of the Puritan mind in the colonies, the literary works of the early eighteenth century have no more than pirochial value, and they are without interest except for the antiquarian reader A very human picture of life in the community about Massachusetts Bay is contained in Samuel Sewall's *Diary* (published only in 1878-82), of especial importance for the time of the witchcraft delusion at Salem, in which he bore a prominent part, he is also historically remembered as the author of the first anti-slavery tract, *The Selling of Joseph* (1700) He was Chief-Judge of Massachusetts, and of the highest human type of character, with curious foibles of human nature about him, and a touch of poetic susceptibility to the beauty of nature rarely to be found in that age. A document hardly inferior to *The Day of Doom* in its revelation of the everyday religious state of mind of the Puritan people is *The New England Primer*, which from about the year 1690 was for a century and a half current in New England households, and for the greater part of that time dominant in the teaching of the young Its contents varied in successive editions, but its substance remained unimpured through all changes It was known among its readers as the 'Little Bible' The natural democracy of New England, which was so inbred that it was lodged even in the heart of the autocratic clergy, found its most significant expression in the writings of John Wise, a neighbour of Sewall's, the pastor of Chebacco, an opponent of the *Mathers* His *Vindication of the Government of New England Churches* (1717), together with other works, contained principles and declarations in which the political thought of the Revolution could be heard labouring up the horizon, he was perhaps the chief precursor of the students of government History, to which the founders, Bradford and Winthrop, had given just attention, was cultivated for Massachusetts Bay by William Hubbard, and more conspicuously by Thomas Prince, and later by the last of the royal governors, Thomas Hutchinson, and in Virginia by Robert Beverly and William Stith Virginia also produced a gentleman of broad culture in William Byrd, a fellow of the Royal Society, whose writings, illustrative of life and affairs in that colony, have been recently collected, but, like Daniel Denton's *Brief Description of New York* (1670) and George Alsop's *Character of the Province of Maryland* (1666), they appeal only to students of colonial life. In New England similar books were produced in plenty A vein of satire, as thin as that of *belles-lettres*, both so insignificant as to leave neither

author nor title worthy of mention, is no nor, indeed, had satire ever been wholly sile the theocracy from the time of Morton mount. These various intellectual activities regions of observation, chronicle, political and illustration of times and manners, and minor history of the literature of the up to the time when secular interests & theology and the religious life as the elements of society, a change coincident emergence of the name of Benjamin Franklin the typical American of the age

Franklin, the foremost man of his people first American to obtain international fame born in Boston, but on his early removal to Philadelphia he found an environment better suited to his own temperament, and also a bent characteristic of the growing common life colonies The power of the clergy in New England had become relaxed, but it was still the life for which they stood survived personal status and privilege The high moralities, which, originally planted there, had been so fostered, became a permanent trait of the communities, but in the middle colonies, and to the south also, the human characteristics would naturally flourish most abundantly in response to the opportunities of a vigorous new country had a freer course of development Commercialism and the worldly spirit, the realism of a burgher class, the vanities and riches, were all rampant about Massachusetts and went to the making of the Tories as but the temper of the things of this world lovers of them were much held in check in those days were the things of the spirit & servants The neighbourhood of Harvard operated, together with its tradition, as a magnet on the new worldliness, and as a refuge and meeting-place of the older types, the New England communities would be slowly secularised, always bearing traces of their origin as plantations for conscience' sake in the wilderness middle colonies were without this pest, & flourished and were prosperous, life in them more frankly an enjoyment of the present and though Quakerism was at the root of Philadelphia, it has never disclosed any incompatibility with commercialism in any of its forms acquisition of wealth by prudence. Franklin was one well within the limits of the life, his wisdom was thirst, an eye to the chance, a yielding to the will of social circuit and human nature, a compromise with the abandonment of those ideal rigours of which in the earlier New England were as the first necessities The centre of life had definitely swung back into the world with its prizes and pleasures Common-sense the law and the prophets, and his intelligence so enlightened, so broad, so quick in apprehension and catholic in sympathy, so superb in ex-

that in him the whole eighteenth-century spirit seemed to come at a birth in a form of marvellous mental freedom and practical material efficiency. Being all this by native genius, he found in his environment just the world in which such qualities would shine with most illumination. He was fed from the beginning on books and printed matter, and his main business was producing more of the same sort and disseminating it. The list of his own imprints is a principal index to the reading of his compatriots, like the catalogue of the library he founded, whose exemplary influence has been so great in providing public reading for a whole nation. He fertilised the community with reading matter and the spirit of reading, he was a vast promoter of book-power, if one may use the phrase, in the new country. The sort of reading that he made prevail, too, was of the prudent, matter-of-fact, scientific, encyclopædic kind information for the mind, maxims for the conduct. In the two books by which he is remembered in his own right, the *Autobiography* (1817) and *Poor Richard's Almanack* (1733), the character of the man and of his counsel for life are plainly set forth. His position and labours, however, are something more and other than his books. His is one of the illustrious names of the world, and his place in American literature is only a small incident of his fame. The coincidence of such a supreme intelligence with that moment when the worldly interests of a young nation first came to the fore in its own consciousness, and became the goal of its intense effort, makes Franklin's American greatness, and his long life enabled him to foster the play of those consolidating forces of which at their climax of danger he was to be so great a servant in the eye of the world.

The secular spirit of the colonies, of which Franklin was the conspicuous representative, belonged to all of them in a greater or less degree, and was developed out of their material interests, rapidly increasing, it prepared the diverse settlements for the federating impulses preceding the Revolution, and facilitated the imperfect union of the first stage of independence. It left slight traces in literature. Only when the struggle had fairly begun, and principles and policies were necessarily declared and the cause pleaded in the public forum of church and newspaper and pamphlet, did the colonial power of literary expression again become vigorously alive. Sermons on the topics of the Revolution were innumerable everywhere, and the secular press was busily employed by the pens of laymen. Lawyers naturally took a leading part in the discussion. The spring of the Revolution has been found in the maintenance of old English rights, in the absorption of French philosophical generalisations, and in the habit of the transplanted law to resort to broad principles in establishing the new customs of the country. Whether or not these were all co-operating causes, in any aspect of the matter legal

thinkers would have the first place in the literature of the Revolution. A brief and distinguished era of political writing resulted. Its most shining name is Thomas Jefferson. The *Declaration of Independence* is its great State-paper. But, just as in Franklin's case, Jefferson's place in literature is an incident only in a much larger career that belonged to him as a man of affairs, whose utilitarian social services were various and important over and above his work as a lifelong statesman. Jefferson's writings, apart from the *Declaration*, have no element of literary greatness. The Constitution gave birth to the one book of power in the same field, *The Federalist* (1788), the work of Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, a treatise in which the essentials of free government are memorably handled. It is customary for the American mind, at least, to add to these prized and celebrated documents Washington's *Inaugurals* (1789-93) and *Farewell Address* (1796). The political writings of the period also include speeches and pamphlets of the patriots James Otis, Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, John Adams, and Thomas Paine (Vol II p 559). The period was one of great distinction for oratory, rhetoric, and thought, as well as for the remarkable persons who were engaged in the conduct of its affairs.

The titles of polite literature that survive by courtesy from the eighteenth century are certainly more substantial than those that illustrate the sterility of the ecclesiastical era in New England. The first place is held by Philip Freneau, a patriot in whose verse revolutionary sentiment and incident are embalmed in his *British Prison-ship* (1781), and in several brief pieces which, together with poems of a more conventional inspiration, appeared in two volumes (1786-88), forming the most considerable poetic work then done in America. The abundant source of the verse of the period, however, was Yale College, from whose young graduates issued John Trumbull's *M'Fingal* (1782), a revolutionary satire in imitation of *Hudibras*, Timothy Dwight's *Conquest of Canaan* (1785), an artificial epic, and Joel Barlow's *Vision of Columbus* (1787), afterwards elaborated into *The Columbiad*. These aspirants for the large honours of the poetic art are known as the Hartford wits, though the name more properly belongs to the young men of still inferior literary talent who drew about them. These were the beginnings of American verse, in them the presence of the national spirit is plain, whose most striking manifestation, however, was the popular song, 'Hail, Columbia!' (1798), the work of Joseph Hopkinson. In prose, John Woolman's *Journal* (1774) stands alone.

The foregoing sketch of the fortune of literature in the American colonies, though brief, is abundant for its meagre material. Literature in a true sense did not exist in the first two centuries of life there. A few sporadic books cannot assume that title, and the interest of these, the *Magnolia*,

Franklin's *Autobiography*, Woolman's *Journal*, is not literary. The printed word was used as a social instrument with great power, but not for literary ends; it was in the service of theology, history, government, the practical or pious life; it was primarily speculative, religious, legal, employed for discussion and record. There was no literary class, nor any room for one, in the scheme of life; there was no market for their works. Yet the community, especially in the north, was a lettered one; it read much, it had school and college and a learned class, it maintained and continued high respect for the intellectual and scholarly life and the power of the mind. Its leaders had the classics of learning, which they knew thoroughly, and the urban literature of England, and later of France, for their leisure, its people had, in New England especially, the Bible, their one great book. The rise of a literature of high, if not the first, rank in the next century is not surprising, but such a literature was impossible in the preceding conditions of the colonies, north or south. The intellectual history of the colonies, ecclesiastical and governmental, is summed up in a few notable figures.

For the whole period of colonial literature Stedman's *Literary History of American Literature* (11 vols. 1888-99) is invaluable because of the variety and fullness of the illustrations there contained, and the excellent judgment shown in the selection. Trent's *Colonial Prose and Poetry* (3 vols. 1901) is a handy small cyclopædia, and in his *American Literature* (1903) the authors and their works are treated with thoroughness and justice. Tyler's *History of American Literature 1607-1705* (2 vols. 1875), and *Literary History of the American Revolution* (2 vols. 1897) are still the best authorities on the whole subject matter.

G E WOODBERRY

**Cotton Mather** (1663-1728), born at Boston, son of Increase Mather and grandson of the celebrated Puritan minister, John Cotton, was the most distinguished clerical writer of his time, and the head of the conservative party in the Church. He was precocious as a child, a graduate of Harvard at the age of fifteen, and co-pastor with his father at the North Church, where he remained through life. He had extraordinary capacity for mental labour, was indefatigably industrious, and acquired immense erudition. He was gifted also with extraordinary curiosity, and is found exerting himself in unusual fields. His range is indicated by the contrasted facts that he was a chief persecutor of the witches and also an early advocate of the practice of inoculation for the smallpox. In private life he was an ascetic, gave himself to fasting and similar exercises of the religious rule, and saw visions. He appears to have spent no inconsiderable fraction of his time prostrated upon the floor of his study. His fruitfulness was prodigious even for those days, and nigh four hundred titles are credited to him. Of these the *Magnalia Christi Americana, or the Ecclesiastical History of New England from its First Planting, in the Year 1620, unto the Year of our Lord 1698*, is the chief. It is an immense work of many hundred pages, and contains the history of the settlement, the lives of the governors, the lives of sixty famous divines, the

history of Harvard College, creeds, disciplines, remarkable providences, wars with the devil in many forms of sectarianism, and much other like multifarious matter. The work, with all its necessary defects, is an invaluable illustration of colonial life and thought. Other important works are *Late Memorable Providences relating to Witchcraft and Possession* (1689), *The Wonders of the Invisible World* (1693), *Parentator* (1724), and the *Manuductio ad Ministerium* (1726). The traits of his writing are described by Tyler as 'the expulsion of the beautiful from thought, from sentiment, from language, a lawless and a merciless fury for the odd, the disorderly, the grotesque, the violent, strained analogies, unexpected images, pedantries, indelicacies, freaks of allusion, monstrosities of phrase.' The same authority describes him as in character 'a person whose intellectual endowments were quite remarkable, but inflated and perverted by egotism, himself imposed upon by his own moral inflections, completely surrendered to spiritual artifice, stretched, every instant of his life, on the rail of ostentatious exertion, intellectual and religious, and all this partly for vanity's sake, partly for conscience' sake.' He, nevertheless, filled a great place in the world that knew him, he was in correspondence with many persons of distinction abroad, and was a Fellow of the Royal Society. He failed of the presidency of Harvard College, and the fact showed that he belonged to the dying past which he embodied in both his own spirit and his works.

#### The Design of the 'Magnalia'

I write the wonders of the Christian religion, flying from the deprivations of Europe to the American strand and, assisted by the Holy Author of that religion, I do, with all conscience of truth required therein by Him, who is the truth itself, report the wonderful displays of His infinite power, wisdom, goodness, and faithfulness, wherewith His Divine Providence hath irradiated an Indian wilderness.

I relate the considerable matters that produced and attended the first settlement of colonies which have been renowned for the degree of reformation professed and attained by evangelical churches erected in those ends of the earth and a field being thus prepared, I proceed unto a relation of the considerable matters which have been acted thereupon.

I first introduce the actors that have, in a more exemplary manner, served those colonies, and give remarkable occurrences in the exemplary lives of many magistrates, and of more ministers, who so lived as to leave unto posterity examples worthy of everlasting remembrance.

I add hereunto the notables of the only Protestant University that ever shone in that hemisphere of the New World, with particular instances of Criolians, in our biography, provoking the whole world with virtuous objects of emulation.

I introduce, then, the actions of a more eminent importance that have signalized those colonies whether the establishments, directed by their synods, with a rich variety of synodical and ecclesiastical determinations, or,

the disturbances with which they have been from all sorts of temptations and enemies tempestuated, and the methods by which they have still weathered out each horrible tempest

And into the midst of these actions I interpose an entire book, wherein there is, with all possible veracity, a collection made of memorable occurrences and amazing judgments and mercies befalling many particular persons among the people of New England

Let my readers expect all that I have promised them in this bill of fare, and it may be that they will find themselves entertained with yet many other passages, above and beyond their expectations, deserving likewise a room in history, in all which there will be nothing but the author's too mean way of preparing so great entertainments, to reproach the invitation

(From *Magnalia Christi Americana*, 1702.)

#### His Father's Manner of Life

The Dr still had many opportunities for special service continued unto him, and he approved himself a prudent and faithful steward of his talents. He grew in the exercises of repentance and of patience, and of all piety and communion with God, and in the painful discharge of his ministry, and watchfully laid hold on all opportunities to bear testimonies for the cause of God, and of his people, as the matter might require. But if I cut the chapter into little sections, it may add something to the relish of it.

His purpose and manner of life is exactly described in a book about holiness which was written by him twenty years before he died. In that book he offers admirable rules for growth towards a perfection of holiness, in the fear of God. Which he introduces with saying, *I shall not set before you directions impossible to be followed, or heavy burdens which I would be loth myself to touch.* No, we saw his rules lively exemplified. But his daily course may be inquired after. Besides his patient continuance in that stroke of well doing which lay in his course of setting apart whole days for the religion of the closet, and which he continued until the last year of his life was coming on, his daily course was this. And what a grateful spectacle to angels in it!

In the morning repairing to his study (where his custom was to sit up very late, even until midnight and perhaps after it), he deliberately read a chapter, and made a prayer and then plied what of reading and writing he had before him. At nine o'clock he came down, and read a chapter and made a prayer, with his family. He then returned unto the work of the study. Coming down to dinner, he quickly went up again, and began the afternoon with another prayer. There he went on with the work of the study till the evening. Then with another prayer he again went unto his Father, after which he did more at the work of the study. At nine o'clock he came down to his family sacrifices. Then he went up again to the work of the study, which anon he concluded with another prayer. And so he betook himself unto his repose.

In the prayers of the day, what there fell short of the number in the hundred and sixty fourth verse of the hundred and nineteenth psalm was doubtless made up with numberless ejaculations—Of such ejaculatory prayers, no doubt, is to be understood, what antiquity reports of the apostle Bartholomew, That he prayed one hundred times in a day, and of one Paulus, That he

did it three hundred times. I can't say, That this our Eusebius had so many ejaculatory prayers as these come to, But he was the happy man, that had his quiver full of them'

He commonly spent sixteen hours of the four and twenty in his laborious hive! Being very much of Thomas a Kempis his mind, *Nusquam regnum in emone nisi in libro et in claustrō.* He was there, some thought, even to a fault. More of his pastoral visits were wished for

(From *Memoirs of Remarkable in the Life and the Death of the ever memorable Dr Increase Mather*, 1724.)

See Tyler's *History of American Literature* (1878) and A P Marvin's *Life and Times of Cotton Mather* (1892). The most sympathetic and able study of him is Barrett Wendell's *Cotton Mather the Puritan Priest* (1891). The *Magnalia* can be found in modern reprints.

G E W

**Jonathan Edwards** (1702-58) was born at East Windsor, Connecticut. His boyhood was remarkable for precocity, shown not only in metaphysical interest but in physical research, and the mind which so announced itself has been deemed capable of greatness in any intellectual career he might have chosen. He was a graduate of Yale College, and then a tutor there, but spent his life as pastor of the church at Northampton from 1727 to 1750, and for eight years thereafter as missionary to the Indians near Stockbridge, after which he held for a few weeks the presidency of Princeton, in which office he died of the smallpox. His moral and spiritual character was on a plane equal to his mental endowments, though he was not an orator, he was an impressive speaker, and succeeded by the intensity of his nature perhaps as much as by the terror of his subject. His power of logical thought, however, surpassed his talent for description, minute and imaginative as the latter was, and the works on which his great reputation as the ablest American theologian rests are distinguished by reasoning only. His three important works are *Treatise concerning the Religious Affections* (1746), *On the Freedom of the Will* (1754), *Treatise on Original Sin* (1758). His most famous sermon is *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God* (1741). The first extract illustrates the vivid directness of his sermons, the second his metaphysical style

#### The Wrath of the Almighty

Thus it will be with you that are in an unconverted state, if you continue in it, the infinite might, and majesty, and terribleness of the Omnipotent God shall be magnified upon you in the ineffable strength of your torments you shall be tormented in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb, and when you shall be in this state of suffering, the glorious inhabitants of heaven shall go forth and look on the awful spectacle, that they may see what the wrath and fierceness of the Almighty is, and when they have seen it, they will fall down and adore that great power and majesty. 'And it shall come to pass, that from one moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord. And they shall go forth and look upon the carcasses of

the men that have transgressed against me, for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched, and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh'

It is everlasting wrath. It would be dreadful to suffer this fierceness and wrath of Almighty God one moment, but you must suffer it to all eternity. There will be no end to this exquisite, horrible misery when you look forward you shall see a long forever, a boundless duration before you, which will swallow up your thoughts and amaze your soul, and you will absolutely despair of ever having any deliverance, any end, any mitigation, any rest at all, you will know certainly that you must wear out long ages, millions and millions of ages, in wrestling and conflicting with this Almighty merciless vengeance, and then, when you have so done, when so many ages have actually been spent by you in this manner, you will know that all is but a point to what remains. So that your punishment will indeed be infinite. Oh, who can express what the state of a soul in such circumstances is! All that we can possibly say about it gives but a very feeble, faint representation of it, it is inexpressible and inconceivable for 'who knows the power of God's anger'?

How dreadful is the state of those that are daily and hourly in danger of this great wrath and infinite misery! But this is the dismal case of every soul in this congregation that has not been born again, however moral and strict, sober and religious, they may otherwise be. Oh that you would consider it, whether you be young or old! There is reason to think that there are many in this congregation, now hearing this discourse, that will actually be the subjects of this very misery to all eternity. We know not who they are, or in what seats they sit, or what thoughts they now have. It may be they are now at ease, and hear all these things without much disturbance, and are now flattering themselves that they are not the persons, promising themselves that they shall escape. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation, that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing it would be to think of! If we knew who it was, what an awful sight would it be to see such a person! How might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter cry over him! But alas! Instead of one, how many is it likely will remember this discourse in hell! And it would be a wonder if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, before this year is out. And it would be no wonder if some persons that now sit here in some seats of this meeting house in health, and quiet and secure, should be there before to-morrow morning.

#### From 'The Freedom of the Will.'

The plain and obvious meaning of the words *Freedom* and *Liberty*, in common speech, is power, opportunity, or advantage that any one has, to do as he pleases. Or, in other words, his being free from hindrance or impediment in the way of doing, or conducting in any respect, as he wills. (I say not only doing, but conducting, because a voluntary forbearing to do, sitting still, keeping silence, &c., are instances of persons' conduct about which Liberty is exercised, though they are not so properly called doing.) And the contrary to Liberty, whatever name we call that by, is a person's being hindered or unable to conduct as he will, or being necessitated to do otherwise.

If this which I have mentioned be the meaning of the

word Liberty, in the ordinary use of language, as I trust that none that has ever learned to talk, and is unprejudiced, will deny then it will follow that in propriety of speech neither Liberty nor its contrary can properly be ascribed to any being or thing but that which has such a faculty, power, or property as is called will. For that which is possessed of no such thing as will cannot have any power or opportunity of doing according to its will, nor be necessitated to act contrary to its will, nor be restrained from acting agreeably to it. And therefore to talk of Liberty, or the contrary, as belonging to the very will itself is not to speak good sense, if we judge of sense and nonsense by the original and proper signification of words. For the will itself is not an agent that has a will—the power of choosing itself has not a power of choosing. That which has the power of volition or choice is the man or the soul, and not the power of volition itself. And he that has the Liberty of doing according to his will is the agent or doer who is possessed of the will, and not the will which he is possessed of. We say with propriety that a bird let loose has power and liberty to fly, but not that the bird's power of flying has a power and Liberty of flying. To be free is the property of an agent who is possessed of powers and faculties, as much as to be cunning, valiant, bountiful, or zealous. But these qualities are the properties of men or persons and not the properties of properties.

There are two things that are contrary to this which is called Liberty in common speech. One is constraint, the same is otherwise called force, compulsion, and coaction, which is a person's being necessitated to do a thing contrary to his will. The other is restraint, which is his being hindered, and not having power to do according to his will. But that which has no will cannot be the subject of these things. I need say the less on this head, Mr. Locke having set the same thing forth with so great clearness in his *Essay on the Human Understanding*.

But one thing more I would observe concerning what is vulgarly called Liberty, namely, that power and opportunity for one to do and conduct as he will, or according to his choice, is all that is meant by it, without taking into the meaning of the word anything of the cause or original of that choice, or at all considering how the person came to have such a volition, whether it was caused by some external motive or internal habitual bias, whether it was determined by some internal antecedent volition, or whether it happened without a cause, whether it was necessarily connected with something foregoing, or not connected. Let the person come by his volition or choice how he will, yet, if he is able, and there is nothing in the way to hinder his pursuing and executing his will, the man is fully and perfectly free, according to the primary and common notion of freedom.

Edwards's works are found in Bohm's edition. See for his biography A. V. G. Allen's *Jonathan Edwards* (1889), and the admirable paper by Sir Leslie Stephen in *Hours in a Library*, second series.

G. E. W.

**Benjamin Franklin** (1706-90) was born at Boston, but his life is rather associated with Philadelphia, to which city he early migrated. He followed the printer's trade, and became a publisher of newspapers and books. He had a political

career from 1736, and his public activities grew more diversified and more important till he had become the most useful citizen of the State, and the most profitable servant of the colonies abroad as their agent at London and, during the Revolution, at Paris. He was illustrious in science from the time of his discoveries in electricity. The reputation his name still enjoys is that of one of the great citizens of the world. He was primarily a citizen, not a writer, and the list of his inventions, foundations, and organisations is a long one. In the formative period of American society he was the principal suggester of new methods and ends and the chief organiser of new activities (see above at page 732). Most of his writings have consequently to do with practical affairs, but the *Autobiography* stands apart from the others, and is the work by which he is universally known. The style he used is one of the best of that day of excellent prose.

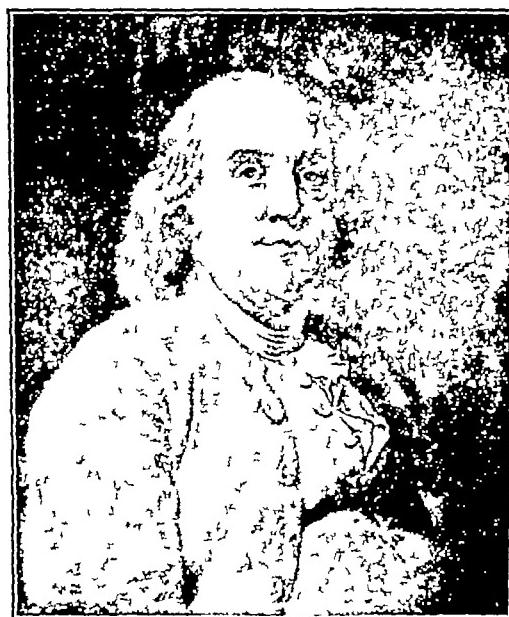
#### His Religious Views

I had been religiously educated as a Presbyterian, and, though I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect, Sunday being my studying day, I never was without some religious principles. I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity, that He made the world, and governed it by His providence, that the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man, that our souls are immortal, and that all crime will be punished and virtue rewarded either here or hereafter. These I esteemed the essentials of every religion, and being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all, though with different degrees of respect as I found them more or less mixed with other articles which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, served principally to divide us and make us unfriendly to one another. This respect to all, with an opinion that the worst had some good effects, induced me to avoid all discourse that might tend to lessen the good opinion another might have of his own religion, and as our province increased in people, and new places of worship were continually wanted, and generally erected by voluntary contribution, my mite for such purpose, whatever might be the sect, was never refused.

Though I seldom attended any public worship, I had still an opinion of its propriety and of its utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia. He used to visit me sometimes as a friend, and admonish me to attend his administrations, and I was now and then prevailed on to do so, once for five Sundays successively. Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sunday's leisure in my course of study, but his discourses were chiefly either polemic arguments or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced, their aim seeming to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens.

At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians 'Finally, brethren, whatsoever

things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any pruse, think on these things,' and I imagined, in a sermon on such a text, we could not miss of having some morality. But he confined himself to five points only, as meant by the apostle 1 Keeping holy the Sabbath day 2 Being diligent in reading the holy Scriptures 3 Attending duly the public worship 4 Partaking of the sacrament 5 Paying a due respect to God's ministers. These might be all good things but, as they were not the kind of good things that I expected from that text, I despised of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more. I had



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery painted by F. Bartolo after a Portrait by J. S. Duplessis.

some years before composed a little liturgy, or form of prayer, for my own private use [in 1728], entitled 'Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion.' I returned to the use of this, and went no more to the public assemblies. My conduct might be blamable, but I leave it without attempting further to excuse it, my present purpose being to relate facts, and not to make apologies for them.

#### The Way to Wealth.

Courteous Reader I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed, for, though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author (of almanacs) annually, now a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses and no other author has taken the least notice of me, so that, did not my writings produce me some solid piddling, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the people were the best

judges of my merit, for they buy my works, and, besides, in my rambles where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated with 'As Poor Richard says' at the end of it. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority, and I own that, to encourage the practice of remembering and reading those wise sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times, and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, 'Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?' Father Abraham stood up and replied, 'If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short, for A word to the wise is enough, as Poor Richard says.' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

'Friends,' said he, 'the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them, but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us, God helps them that help themselves, as Poor Richard says.'

'It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more, sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while The used key is always bright, as Poor Richard says. But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave, as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality, since, as he elsewhere tells us, Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us, then, be up and be doing, and doing to the purpose, so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry, all easy, and, He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee, and, Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, as Poor Richard says.'

(From *Poor Richard Improved*)

Franklin's Works are edited by John Bigelow in ten volumes (1887-89) the Autobiography in three volumes (1869). Excellent Lives of him are J. B. M. Morse's (1887) and J. T. Morse's (1889).

G E W

**John Woolman** (1720-72) was born at Northampton in New Jersey, and after a humble beginning, he began to teach poor children and to preach as an itinerant among the Quakers. For a quarter of a century he travelled extensively in the Atlantic States, and was from the start an abhorner of slavery. His *Journal* tells the story of his journeys, and in the narrative discloses a pious soul simply and sincerely. It owes some thing of its vogue to Charles Lamb's love of it, and to Whittier's eulogy. A brief extract shows its quality.

#### An Angelic Vision

In a time of sickness with the pleuris, a little upward of two years and a half ago, I was brought so near the gates of death that I forgot my name. Being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull, gloomy colour, between the south and the east, and was informed that this mass was human beings in great misery as they could be and live, and that I was mixed in with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft, melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any I had heard with my ears before, I believed it was the voice of an angel, who spake to the other angels. The words were 'John Woolman is dead.' I soon remembered that I once was John Woolman, and being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean. I believed beyond doubting that it was the voice of an holy angel, but as yet it was a mystery to me.

I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor, oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians, and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved, for His name to me was precious. Then I was informed that these heathen were told that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ, and they said amongst themselves, if Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant.

All this time the song of the angel remained a mystery, and in the morning my dear wife and some others coming to my bedside, I asked them if they knew who I was, and they telling me I was John Woolman, thought I was light headed, for I told them not what the angel said, nor was I disposed to talk much to any one, but was very desirous to get so deep that I might understand this mystery. My tongue was often so dry that I could not speak till I had moved it about and gathered some moisture, and as I lay still for a time, at length I felt divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and then I said, 'I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Then the mystery was opened, and I perceived there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented, and that that language, 'John Woolman is dead,' meant no more than the death of my own will. Soon after this I coughed and raised much bloody matter, which I had not done during this vision, and now my natural understanding returned as before.

Here I saw that people getting silver vessels to set off their tables at entertainments were often stained with

worldly glory, and that in the present state of things I should take heed how I fed myself from out of silver vessels. Soon after my recovery, I, going to our monthly meeting, dined at a Friend's house where drink was brought in silver vessels, and not in any other, and I, wanting some drink, told him my case with weeping, and he ordered some drink for me in another vessel. The like I afterward went through in several Friends' houses in America, and have also in England, since I came here, and have cause, with humble reverence, to acknowledge the loving kindness of my heavenly Father who hath preserved me in such a tender frame of mind that none, I believe, have ever been offended at what I have said on that occasion

G E W

**George Washington** (1732-99) has been referred to above (page 713) as a conspicuous representative of the political literature of this period. The writings of Jefferson and Washington were incidental to their public life, and though the style of one is censured as rhetorical and that of the other as cold, the inspiration is felt in the first and dignity in the second with a fire and weight that make their sentences imperishable. The language of the *Declaration* is well known. His *Farewell Address* is a noble example of Washington's power to utter character in words, putting himself into his wisdom, veneration for the man is a part of the impressiveness of what he says

#### From Washington's 'Farewell Address'

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say that I have with good intentions contributed towards the organisation and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to disidence of myself, and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honours it has conferred upon me, still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me, and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes

of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unclosing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence, that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual, that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained, that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue, that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me on an occasion like the present to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all important to the permanency of your felicity as a People. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of Government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very Liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth, as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness, that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety, discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your

affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together, the Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes. But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the Union of the whole.

G E W

**Lindley Murray** (1745–1826), the grammarian, was born of Quaker parentage, the eldest of twelve children, at Swatara, Pennsylvania, and was educated at Philadelphia, New York, and Burlington, having at fourteen run away to school from his father's counting house. He studied law at New York, and was called to the Bar in 1763. At twenty two he married, and in 1770–71 first visited England, where from 1785 he made his home at Holgate, York, for the last sixteen years never leaving the house. In 1787 he published his *Power of Religion on the Mind*, and his *English Grammar* (1795), long a standard on both sides of the Atlantic, was followed by *A Compendium of Faith and Practice*, *The Duty of a Daily Perusal of the Scriptures*, and *Memoirs*, written in a series of six letters by himself, and concluded by Elizabeth Frank (1826). Spite of his proverbial credit as an authority, his own style was by no means a model of excellence, it was not impeccable even on grammatical grounds, the 'misallied participle' being only too frequent.

**Joel Barlow** (1754–1812), born at Redding in Connecticut, studied at Dartmouth and Yale Colleges, and served as a military chaplain during the war of independence. In 1788 he came to France as agent for a land company, in 1792 published in London a poem entitled *The Conspiracy of Kings*, spent some years on the Continent in political, literary, and mercantile pursuits, in which he made a fortune, served as American consul at Algiers, and was appointed ambassador to France in 1811. He died near Cracow when on his way to a conference with Napoleon. His *Columbiad* (1807) is a historical review of events from the time of Columbus to the French Revolution. Other works are his intemperate *Advice to the Privileged Orders* (1791–95) and the would be humorous poem, *Hasty Pudding*. See Todd's *Life and Letters of Joel Barlow* (1886).

**Charles Brockden Brown** (1771–1810) was born of Quaker stock in the Quaker city of Philadelphia, yet, bred for law, deliberately chose literature as a profession, and ranks as the first American to make this choice. The French

Revolution and Godwin's influence, political and literary, drew him wholly away from Quaker sympathies, and it was in New York that he wrote *Alewyn* (1797) on the rights of women. His first novel, *Wieland, or Transformation* (1798), turned on ventriloquism. In the next three years he produced four more novels—*Arthur Mervyn*, *Ormond*, *Edgar Huntley*, and *Clara Howard*—and secured the proud position he maintained for twenty years as first of American novelists, until his star paled before Fenimore Cooper's. Much of his early work consisted of tales of terror and horror, morbid and improbable enough, and showing Godwin's influence all too plainly, but with passages of real intensity and power, and characteristic touches all his own. He anticipated Cooper in exploiting the forest life of the continent, and patriotic critics have discovered in him suggestions of Poe, of Hawthorne, and even of later Americanism. His first magazine ran only a year, his second *Literary Magazine* lived from 1803 till 1805, and the half-yearly *American Register* was thriving at his death, when he was engaged on a system of geography and a treatise on Rome under the Antonine emperors. His last novel, *Jane Talbot*, had appeared in 1801, and he had written in defence of the *Justice of Restrictions on Foreign Commerce*. His *Life* by Dunlop (2 vols 1815) was reissued with the seven-volume edition of his novels (1827), there were reprints of his works in 1857 and 1887, and on his life and work, see Prescott's *Biographical and Critical Miscellanies* (1867).

**James Kirke Paulding** (1779–1860) was born in Dutchess county, New York, and, though strongly drawn to literature, was mainly self-educated. A friend of Washington Irving, he wrote part of the wonderfully popular *Salmagundi*. During the war of 1812 he published the *Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*, an effective satire, and in 1814 a more serious work, *The United States and England*, which gained him an appointment on the Board of Naval Commissioners. A continuation of *Salmagundi* by his own pen was a failure. But he produced a very successful romance of old New York, *The Dutchman's Fireside* (1831), and a Kentuckian story, *Westward Ho!* (1832)—not to speak of a good deal of poetry, a *Life of Washington* (1835), and a defence of *Slavery in the United States* (1836). In 1837 he became Secretary of the Navy. Even at his best he had been overshadowed by Irving and Cooper, and he is now but little read. See his *Literary Life* by his son (1867), and Grant Wilson's *Bryant and his Friends* (1886).

**William Ellery Channing** (1780–1842), preacher and writer, was born at Newport in Rhode Island, graduated at Harvard in 1798, and in 1803 was ordained minister of a Congregational church in Boston, where his sermons were famous

for their 'fervour, solemnity, and beauty.' He was somewhat of a mystic, held Christ to be more than man, but was ultimately the leader of the Unitarians, though to the end he shrank from dogmatic definitions and one-sided apprehension of Christian truth. In 1821 he was made D.D. of Harvard for his works on the Christian evidences, his address on war, and his sermons, and next year he visited Europe, and made the acquaintance of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Among his Works (6 vols. 1841-46) are treatises on national literature, on Milton, on Fénelon, on slavery, and on self-culture. It was of him that Coleridge said, 'He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love.' His character was as attractive as his eloquence, and almost as influential as the vigour, pure taste, and infectious earnestness of his literary work. He laboured zealously in all good causes, social and philanthropic, and pled for peace, charity, temperance, and the cause of the slaves (though never an extreme abolitionist), and a higher tone in political life. In virtue of his personal influence as well as through his published works, he ranks almost along with Emerson as one of the intellectual leaders of New England in the early nineteenth century. There are Lives of him by his nephew, W.H. Channing (3 vols. 1848, new ed. 1880), by Frothingham (1887), and by the Rev. J. White Chadwick (1903).

**Daniel Webster** (1782-1852) was the son of a farmer at Salisbury in New Hampshire, studied at Dartmouth, Salisbury, and Boston, and after eight years at the Bar, was sent to Congress in 1813. From 1816 he was eminent as an advocate in Boston, and as orator became famous by his oration at the Pilgrim Fathers' bicentenary. Massachusetts representative in Congress from 1823, he found few rivals there, in 1827 he was transferred to the Senate. He had favoured free trade, but in 1828 he vigorously defended the new protective tariff. He was called into Harrison's Cabinet as Secretary of State, and under Tyler negotiated the Ashburton treaty with Great Britain. In the Senate in 1845 he helped to avert a war with England over the north west boundary, he opposed the war with Mexico, but though he said that he abhorred slavery, he refused on that score to risk breaking up the Union. Careless in money matters, he accepted pecuniary assistance from political friends, but easily repelled a charge of corruption (1866). Under Fillmore he was called to his former post as Secretary of State to settle differences with England, and he was deeply disappointed at not receiving the Whig nomination for the presidency in 1852, the year of his death. At all times he showed too great deference to established institutions, and on the slavery question his conscience but very imperfectly matched his intellect. And though he thus fell short of the first rank amongst American statesmen, he was unquestionably foremost of American orators. His speeches were

published in 1851, his *Private Correspondence* 1857. There are Lives of him by G.T. Curtis (1869), H.C. Lodge (1884), N. Brooks (1891), N. Hapgood (1899), and S.W. McCall (1900).

#### The British Drum-Beat

The question is, therefore, whether, upon the principles of the Constitution, this exercise of power by the President can be justified. Whether the consequence be prejudicial or not, if there be an illegal exercise of power, it is to be resisted in the proper manner. Even if no harm or inconvenience result from transgressing the boundary, the intrusion is not to be suffered to pass unnoticed. Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention.



DANIEL WEBSTER  
After a Portrait by A.H. Ritchie.

of those who are entrusted with the preservation of constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the Colonies in all cases whatsoever, and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling; but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty, and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest against an assertion which those less sagacious and less well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology or mere parades of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjus-

power, they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it, nor did it elude either their steady eye or their well directed blow till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared, a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

(From a Speech in the Senate in May 1834.)

### Washington Irving

was born in the city of New York on 3rd April 1783, the son of a Presbyterian Scotsman from Shapinsay in Orkney, who claimed descent from William de Irwyn, armour bearer of Robert Bruce, his mother, from Falmouth in Cornwall, a woman of a sunny, loving temper, was attached to the Episcopal Church. His education was scanty and desultory. His brothers were sent to college, but he showed no inclination to study, being 'a dreamer and a saunterer'—owing doubtless to a hereditary tendency to pulmonary disease. He was named after the father of the country, from whom as a child he received a personal blessing. Whilst at four schools he versified a bit and wrote a play, at sixteen he entered a law-office, at nine teen contributed humorous articles to a paper as 'Jonathan Oldstyle.' Threatened with consumption, he sailed for Europe, landed at Bordeaux in 1804, and went by Marseilles to Italy, escaping with difficulty from Bonaparte's police, who persisted in regarding him as an English spy. At Rome he was intoxicated by Italian art, and having met Allston the American painter, was tempted to become an artist. He visited Paris and the Netherlands, and at London saw John Kemble and Mrs Siddons. In 1806 he returned to New York in improved health, and was admitted to the Bar. Those were 'Corinthian days,' and he led a rather idle life, much in society, and greatly admired

His first writing was in the *Salmagundi*, a semi-monthly sheet in imitation of the *Spectator*, conducted jointly by himself, his brother William, and J. K. Paulding. It ran for twenty numbers, and then stopped without explanation in the fullness of success. There was considerable merit of a superficial sort in those early attempts, but there was no evidence of serious literary purpose, the papers were apparently written with a view only to social distinction. His first characteristic work, that by which he will be best remembered, was *A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, published in 1809. Everybody knows the little man in knee breeches and cocked hat as one of the permanent figures in the gallery of literary portraits. The *History* has a substratum of truth,

but is openly a good natured burlesque upon the old Dutch settlers of Manhattan Island. The humour and the gravity which mask it are alike irresistible, it may be doubted if there is in the language a more delightful or more perfectly sustained piece of drollery. Readers of Scott will remember his warm praise of the book, written while 'his sides were sore with laughing.' In the United States it was universally read, and even now it is to the American people as real in its way as the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

For eight years after this Irving was in partnership with his two elder brothers in a business that had relations on both sides of the Atlantic, but in the end was unsuccessful, and when later he had won his place among authors and was receiving a good income, he supported two of his brothers and five nieces with unselfish devotion. In May 1815 he went to Europe for the second time, and did not return for seventeen years, in August 1818 he visited Scott at Abbotsford. It was in 1818 that the misfortunes of his firm culminated in bankruptcy, and thereafter he turned his whole attention to literature. He declined liberal offers for magazine work, and would undertake nothing that was to interfere with his plans. The *Sketch Book*, of which the first number appeared in New York in 1819, and the last in 1820, was received in the United States with universal delight, its early success in Great Britain was largely due to the powerful support of Scott. All the pieces in this miscellany have a certain charm—if for nothing more, for their felicitous touch and purity of style. But the chief interest centres in 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' and 'Westminster Abbey.' The last is one of the most finished descriptive essays of the century, though perhaps a little lacking in simplicity. The two legendary tales are in a way related to the *History of New York*, and have had a currency and an influence difficult to measure. 'Rip Van Winkle' is a distinct creation of genius, and with its fellow has made the lower reach of the Hudson classic ground, for the first time there had been produced in the United States a literary work on the highest level of contemporary excellence. *Bracebridge Hall* (1822) fared muntained but did not raise the author's reputation—'Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.' was already at the summit of favour. After a few years passed on the Continent he published (1824) *Tales of a Traveller*, a work he thought his best in regard to style, but which some critics think over-refined.

In 1826 he went to Spain and began the long and arduous studies which were the foundation of his more important serious works. These were *The Life of Columbus* (1828), *The Conquest of Granada* (1829), *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus* (1831), *The Alhambra* (1832), *Legends of the Conquest of Spain* (1835), *Mahomet and his Successors* (1850), but the two or three works last named were only sketched or partly written

before his return to the United States in 1832 It was Irving who first revealed to English readers the rich stores of Spanish history and romance, and whatever may have been done to correct or expand his narratives, to him must be given the praise of having produced some of the most fascinating books in existence He had intended to write the history of the conquest of Mexico, for which he had collected materials, but generously, and to his own loss, relinquished his design to Prescott when he learned that the latter proposed to undertake it. The sums obtained by Irving for his copyrights in England form an interesting item in literary history Mr Murry gave £200 for the *Sketch Book*, but afterwards doubled the sum, for *Braebridge Hall* he gave 1000 guineas, for *Columbus*, 3000 guineas, and for the *Conquest of Granada*, £2000 At the end of this sojourn in Spain, Irving was for a short time secretary to the United States Legation in London On his return to his native city (1832) he was received with great enthusiasm, but he declined political honours, and continued his literary work After an excursion in the then Far West, he published (1835) *A Tour on the Prairies* In the same year he issued *Recollections of Abbotsford and Newcastle Abbeys*, he was also at work upon the list of the books in the Spanish series In writing *Astoria* (1836) he was assisted by his nephew, his future biographer *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville* (in the Rocky Mountains) appeared in 1837 His biography of Goldsmith was mainly written about this time, though not published until 1849 He remodelled for his home an old Dutch house in Tarrytown, New York, near his 'Sleepy Hollow', but his intended retirement to 'Sunnyside' was postponed by his appointment in 1842 as United States minister to Spain He returned in 1846, and once more set himself to work *Goldsmith* and *Mohomet* appeared as already mentioned, then, in 1855, *Wolfert's Roost*, a miscellany His last work was the *Life of George Washington* (5 vols 1855–1859), he died at Sunnyside, 28th November 1859, and in Sleepy Hollow at Tarrytown he lies buried

Irving was never married In his youth he was betrothed to Miss Hoffman, a beautiful girl of eighteen, daughter of the lawyer with whom he pursued his studies, and separated from her by her untimely death, he remained till his life faithful to her memory In all his works there is chivalrous deference and tenderness towards women, he was exceedingly fond of children, and was always beloved by them In his youth he was well made and handsome, and then as afterwards, was courted by the best society Tender feeling and abundant humor mark his writings he had a quite exceptional power to seize the attention of cultivated readers by his keen observation, his graphic touches of description, and his limpid and musical style The early books which first won him fame and those which came from his studies in Spain are his best claim to permanent remem-

brance; his later works would not have given him the high rank he deservedly holds His was a fortunate and honourable life, and, on the whole, though inferior in genius to more than one American author, he must be accounted the most successful writer of the New World

### The American in England.

England is as classic ground to an American as Italy is to an Englishman, and old London teems with as much historical association as nuptial Rome

But what more especially attracts his notice are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country and an old state of society from a new one I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation, where everything in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than the past, where, in short, the works of man give no ideas but those of young existence and prospective improvement—there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity and sinking to decay I cannot describe the mute but deep felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself, or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow yet threatening phantom of departed power They spread a grand and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual, charm over the landscape I for the first time beheld signs of national old age and empire's decay, and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever springing and reviving fertility of nature

But, in fact, to me everything was full of matter, the footsteps of history were everywhere to be traced, and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land I experienced the delightful feeling of freshness of a child to whom everything is new I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw, from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and cherished woodbine I thought I never could be tired with the sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure where every air breathed of the balmy pasture and the honeysuckles hedge I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the muse The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations than by the melody of its notes and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky

(From *The American Note-Book*)

### A Rainy Sunday in an Inn

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November I had been deposed in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition from which I was recovering but I was still feverish, and free of sleepless



seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

(From *Bracebridge Hall*.)

### Rip Van Winkle's Return.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator hustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired ‘on which side he voted?’ Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, ‘whether he was a Federal or Democrat?’ Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eye and sharp hit penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, ‘what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?’ ‘Alas! gentlemen,’ said Rip, somewhat dismayed, ‘I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!’

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—‘A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! Hustle him! away with him!’ It was with great difficulty that the self important man in the cocked hat restored order, and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

‘Well, who are they?—name them’

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, ‘Where’s Nicholas Vedder?’

There was a silence for a while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, ‘Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years. There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard, that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone too.’

‘Where’s Brom Dutcher?’

‘Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war, some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony’s Nose. I don’t know—he never came back again.’

‘Where’s Van Brummel, the schoolmaster?’

‘He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.’

Rip’s heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world.

Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such

enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand—war—Congress—Stony Point,—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, ‘Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?’

‘Oh, Rip Van Winkle!’ exclaimed two or three ‘Oh, to be sure! That’s Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.’

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name?

‘God knows,’ exclaimed he, at his wits’ end, ‘I’m not myself—I’m somebody else—that’s me yonder—no—that’s somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they’ve changed my gun, and everything’s changed, and I’m changed, and I can’t tell what’s my name or who I am!’

The bystanders now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray headed man.

She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. ‘Hush, Rip,’ cried she, ‘hush, you little fool, the old man won’t hurt you.’ The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

‘What is your name, my good woman?’ asked he.

‘Judith Gardenier’

‘And your father’s name?’

‘Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it’s twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him, but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.’

Rip had but one more question to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice.

‘Where’s your mother?’

‘Oh, she too had died but a short time since, she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.’

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. ‘I am your father!’ cried he—‘young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?’

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, ‘Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?’

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks, and



**James Fenimore Cooper** (1789-1851) was born at Burlington, New Jersey, son of a Federalist member of Congress, of Quaker descent, but in 1790 the family removed to a property near Otsego Lake, on what was afterwards to be known as Cooperstown, New York, then in a wild frontier region of great natural beauty. Cooper was much influenced in his second home by forest surroundings, red men, traders, and Indian traditions, his sense of mystery and his imagination being strongly stimulated. He entered Yale College in 1802, a boy of thirteen, and after remaining there three years, he was dismissed for neglect of his studies and defiance of academic discipline. In 1806 he shipped as a common sailor in the merchant service, and in 1808 entered the navy as a midshipman. He rose to the rank of a lieutenant, but in 1811 resigned his commission, and married a sister of Bishop De Lancey of New York, a high Tory. For ten years he devoted himself to farming and family life, and plunged into authorship somewhat suddenly. His first novel, *Precaution* (1819), was a failure, and the thirty two tales which followed it were of extremely unequal quality. Among those which had exceptional merit and signal success may be named *The Spy* (1821), *The Pilot* (1823), *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826), *The Prairie* (1826), *The Red Rover* (1831), *The Bravo* (1831), *The Pathfinder* (1840), *The Deerslayer* (1841), *The Two Admirals* (1842), *Wing-and-Wing* (1842), and *Satanstoe* (1845). His other writings include a meritorious *Naval History of the United States* (1839, abridged edition, 1841), and *Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers* (1846). His novels, upon the whole, and in spite of conspicuous faults, well deserve all the favour they received, the sea-tales and stories of frontier life being out of sight his best. His descriptive talent was as yet unequalled in America, and some of his characters, such as 'Natty Bumppo,' 'Long Tom Coffin,' 'Hawkeye,' 'Uncas,' 'Chingachgook,' and especially 'Leather-Stocking,' are drawn with extraordinary vigour and vividness. From the beginning of his literary career he was greeted as proving that an American had done work which might almost be compared with that of 'the author of *Waverley*.' The peace of mind of the later years of his life was much disturbed by literary and newspaper controversies and actions for libel—usually against Horace Greeley and other Whig editors, for he was often denounced as a spy and traitor, and in nearly all of them he was successful. He conducted his own lawsuits, and usually pleaded his cases with admirable tact and ability. One good result of these suits was to impress upon the newspaper press of America some degree of restraint from the scandalously coarse and virulent freedom of speech which had till then prevailed. On either side of the Atlantic Cooper's own severity of language won him no small amount of personal unpopularity, yet no man loved his country better than he, and his

high regard for the nobler side of the English character, and his appreciation of the grand achievements of British history, found frequent expression in his writings. These writings, other than the best of his novels, contained much to excite opposition, and they brought upon him, not altogether undeservedly, the reputation of being a proud, contentious, and somewhat wrong-headed man, yet there was in his real character much sweetness, great strength and dignity, and unqualified honesty. He was excessively proud, no doubt, but his pride was without vanity, his faults were those of temper and judgment rather than of character.

When Cooper is treated—as he still often is, even in America—mainly as a writer of boys' books, he has an injustice done him. He wrote too much, many of his men are as conventional as his women usually are, his conversations are stilted, his style is careless, and his prejudices are constantly aired. But he had a very true and very great gift as a story-teller, he was the first to take the virgin forest and the prairie into the domain of fiction, and he wrote the prose epic of the planting of his country. Modern ethnologists do not sneer, as it was once the fashion to do, at his Indians as mere creations of the fancy. Some of his characters are permanent additions to literature, and his power is best felt when he is compared with his predecessor, Brockden Brown. 'He belongs emphatically to the American nation,' says Washington Irving said, and his painting of nature under new aspects gave him a name that will never die.

#### By Lake Otsego

On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest that scarce an opening could be seen, the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain top to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried line of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out towards the light and there were miles along its eastern shore where a boat might have passed beneath the branches of old hemlocks looking hemlocks, quivering aspens, and melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest grandeur, sustained by the brilliancy of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so broad an expanse of water.

#### Death of Long Tom Coffin.

aising his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest. 'God's will be done with me,' he cried. 'I saw the first timber of the land, and it'll all live just long enough to see it turn out of her life, after which I wish to live no longer.' Part of his speeches were far beyond the power of his voice before these were half uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the sailors I contrived, as well as the racing of the surf, as it ran on the white crest of a wave, so I saw his beloved bulk drift for a

last time It fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjoining rocks. The coxswain [Tom] still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves, some making powerful and well directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed, in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable [the commander, whom Tom had forced into the boat] issue from the surf, where one by one several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places

'Do you still think there is much danger?' asked Dillon.

'To them that have reason to fear death Listen! Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?'

'Tis the wind driving by the vessel'

'Tis the poor thing herself,' said the affected coxswain, 'giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks, and in a few minutes more, the hand somest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fall from her in fraying.'

'Why, then, did you remain here?' cried Dillon wildly.

'To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God,' returned Tom. 'These waves are to me what the land is to you, I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave.'

'But I—I,' shrieked Dillon—'I am not ready to die!—I cannot die!—I will not die!'

'Poor wretch!' muttered his companion, 'you must go like the rest of us when the death watch is called, none can shirk from the muster.'

I can swim,' Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. 'Is there no bullet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?'

'None, everything has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If we are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God.'

'God!' echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy, 'I know no God! there is no God that knows me!'

'Peace' said the deep tones of the coxswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements, 'blasphemer, peace!'

The heavy groaning produced by the water in the timbers of the *trial*, at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea. The water thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places favourable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the 'under tow,' Dillon had unknowingly thrown his person, and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance, and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands. 'Sheer to port, and clear the under tow! Sheer to the southward!'

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object, he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction until his face was once more turned towards the vessel. Tom looked around him for a rope, but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

After the Portrait by Madame de Mirbel

of safety, though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the coxswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene, but as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly to his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another.

'When the tide falls,' he said in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, 'we shall be able to walk to land.'

'There was One, and only One, to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck,' returned the coxswain, 'and none but such as have His power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands.' The old seaman paused, and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added with reverence 'Had you thought more of Him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest.'

of despair he encountered, and when, a moment afterwards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation. 'He will soon meet his God, and learn that his God knows him!' murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the *Ariel* yielded to an overwhelming sea, and after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins.

(From *The Pilot*)

Loinsbury's Life of Fenimore Cooper (1832) is the standard one, and contains a full bibliography; there is also a book on him by Clymer (1901).

**William Gilmore Simms** (1806-70), the first notable man of letters in the Southern States, was born at Charleston in South Carolina, and had been both druggist and law-student when in 1828 he became editor of the *City Gazette*. His first poetic venture, *Lyrical and other Poems* (1827), was followed by *The Vision of Cortes* (1829), *The Tricolour* (1830), and *Atalantis* (1832), but his poetry is almost uniformly mediocre, though *Southern Passages and Pictures* (1839) contains some good verse. His essays, dramas, histories, and biographies are unimportant, he was a vigorous and successful journalist. But it is as novelist, the most capable of Fenimore Cooper's successors and imitators, that he has earned his place in literary history. *Martin Faber* (1833), somewhat on Brockden Brown's lines, attracted notice. *Guy Rivers* (1834) was a tale of life in the Georgia goldfields. *The Yemassee* (1835), dealing with Indians in colonial days, is in advance on these, and though it too plainly shows Cooper's influence, is usually accounted Simms's greatest work. *The Partisan* (1835), *The Scout*, *Woodraft*, and *Eutaw* (1856) are the most notable of a series dealing with adventure and warfare in the South during the revolutionary wars. *Richard Hurds, Border Beagles, Helen Halsey*, and *Charlemont* continued the Border series begun by *Guy Rivers*. *Pelajo, Count Julian, The Damsel of Darien, Vasconselos*, are too ambitious historical novels on times and regions to which Simms could not do justice. *Carl Werner, Castle Dismal*, and *Marie de Berniere* are domestic novels. *The Wigwam and the Cabin* is a collection of short tales. *The Cassique of Kiawah* (1860) would have been one of his triumphs but for the excitements of the Civil War, on which Simms wrote zealously as a servid Southerner. During the war he was ruined and his library was burnt, he never retrieved his losses or regained his eminence in the public view—for 'at the North' his vehement partisanship had made him unpopular. In his life he had founded or conducted some half-dozen literary serials, and to them and other periodicals he contributed largely, he did much hack-work on a vast variety of subjects, and he was highly thought of as lecturer and orator. The illustrated edition of his

works (1882-86) fills seventeen volumes. See Lives by Cable (1888) and Professor Trent (1892).

**Richard Henry Dana** (1787-1879) was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, educated at Harvard, and admitted to the Bar at Boston in 1811. In 1818 he became associate editor of the *North American Review*, to which he contributed largely. His *Dying Raven* (1821), *The Buccaneer* (1827), and some others of his poems were warmly praised by critics, but his best work was in criticism.

His son, **Richard Henry Dana** (1815-82), graduated at Harvard in 1837, but during a break in his college career, occasioned in part by an affection of the eyes, he had shipped as a common



RICHARD HENRY DANA.  
From an Etching by S. A. Schott

sailor, and made a voyage round Cape Horn to California and back. This voyage he described in *Two Years before the Mast* (1840), on the whole, perhaps, the best book of its kind, in 1840 he was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, and was especially distinguished in maritime law. Among his works are *The Seaman's Friend* (1841) and *To Cuba and Back* (1859). He also edited Wheaton's *International Law*, and was a prominent Free-soiler and Republican. There is a Life of him by Adams (2 vols. 1890).

**Joseph Rodman Drake** (1795-1820), associated with Fitz Greene Halleck in *The Croaker Papers*, was born in New York city, and bred to medicine, but died of consumption in his twenty-sixth year. His most considerable poem, 'The Culprit Fay,' was written to show that American rivers also had just claims to the glories of fancy and romance. 'The American Flag' is even better known. The volume containing *The Culprit Fay, and other Poems* was first published in 1835, and has been repeatedly reprinted.

**William Cullen Bryant** (1794-1878), long the patriarch of American poets, was born of good New England stock at Cummington in Massachusetts, his father being a distinguished medical practitioner, who sat in the State legislature, and his name commemorates the doctor's reverence for the great Edinburgh physician, William Cullen, then recently dead. The precocious boy, keenly interested in literature, was trained to admire the poetry of Pope, and early encouraged to imitate him, the most noted fruit of these attempts being a satire, *The Lmbanga, or Sketches of the Times* (1807)—a singular production for a youth of thirteen. In 1810 he entered Williams College, but, the family finances being straitened, he after two sessions resumed his studies at home, and formed himself by loving study of his favourite poets (amongst them Blair and Kirke White, Cowper and Campbell), while watching with a keen eye the quiet life of nature as he rambled among the woods. His quickened imagination found expression in the sonorous blank verse of *Thanatopsis*, which, published in the *North American Review* for September 1817 (though partly written as early as 1811), was unanimously greeted as having in it more of real poetry than anything hitherto written by an American. It has been described as the culmination of the poetry of the churchyard school. Meantime Bryant had studied law, had been admitted to the Bar, and had settled at Great Barrington. Invited to contribute further to the *Review*, he sent both verse and prose, among the former 'Lines to a Water fowl,' and among the latter a criticism on American poetry. In 1821 he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard a patriotic poem on 'The Ages' in Spenserian verse. In the same year he was married to Miss Frances Furness, who inspired his poem 'O Fairest of the Rural Maids.' In this year, too, he lost his father, to whom he paid a tribute in his 'Hymn to Death.' Other noted poems of this time are 'The Rivulet,' 'The West Wind,' 'Green River,' 'The Forest Hymn,' and 'June,' which were published in Boston periodicals. In 1825 the poet was induced by his friends to remove to New York to become editor of the *New York Review*, and when it failed a year later, he was made assistant editor of the *Evening Post*. In 1829 he had become editor-in-chief, and by his various gifts of mind and character, by his dignity and high principle, did much to raise the tone of the daily press. A collection of his poems was published in 1832, and, on its republication in England through Washington Irving, and with his warm commendation, received favourable notice from *Blackwood's Magazine*. Bryant was now, however, absorbed in journalism. His paper was democratic in politics, but when the slavery question became prominent it inclined to the anti-slavery side, and in 1856 it assisted in forming the Republican party. He was often called upon to make public addresses,

and of these a volume was published in 1873. His visits to Europe, the West Indies, and many parts of the United States give occasion for several series of letters to his paper (republished in three volumes). Meantime his poems had taken possession of the hearts of his countrymen, and several editions were issued, some of them finely illustrated. In his old age, when editorial duties were less absorbing, he again found time and temper for poetry. His later verse is strikingly similar in tone and manner to that of his youth, sometimes, as in 'Robert of Lincoln' and 'The Planting of an Apple tree,' he seemed to reach a higher level than of old. At seventy-two he commenced translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in English blank verse, which proved as inadequate as those of many greater men before him. Almost his last poem was *The Flood of Years*, a worthy counterpart to *Tharatosis*. In May 1878 Bryant delivered an eloquent address at the unveiling of a bust of Mazzini in the Central Park of New York, and as he was afterwards entering a house he fell on the doorstep, receiving injuries of which he died a fortnight later.

Historically the earliest of the true poets of America, Bryant justly ranks amongst the great writers of his country. His poetry, though lacking in fire and power and the essentially lyrical note, has in it a true vein of tenderness and sympathy, and much restrained dignity, reflectiveness, and patriotic love of liberty, upon the whole more closely akin in temper to the work of Gray and Cowper than of contemporary English poets; it too often tends to be commonplace. The secret of its popularity was perhaps more its moral than its poetic attractiveness. Bryant deals kindly with the nobler side of the Red Indian, and he is hardly equalled in his descriptions of the larger aspects of American scenery. Most of his poems are short, and his verse forms are not very varied—he is most at home in blank verse. 'The Death of the Flowers,' 'The Fringed Gentian,' 'The Crowded Street,' 'Oh, Mother of a Mighty Race,' 'Our Country's Call,' and 'The Battlefield' are others of his most memorable poems. He had little more than a nominal share in Bryant and Guy's *Popular History of the United States* (1876-1880), and his books of travel, addresses and essays are little read.

#### An Indian at the Burying-place of his Fathers.

It is the spot I came to seek—

My fathers' ancient burial place,  
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak

Withdrew our wretched race

It is the spot—I know it well—  
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out

A ridge toward the river side,  
I know the shaggy hills about,  
The meadows smooth and wide,  
The plums that, toward the eastern sky,  
Fenced east and west by mountains lie

A white man, gazing on the scene,  
Would say a lovely spot was here,  
And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,  
Between the hills so sheer  
I like it not—I would the plain  
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,  
The cattle in the meadows feed,  
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,  
Or drop the yellow seed,  
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,  
Whirl the bright chanot o'er the way

Methinks it were a nobler sight  
To see these viles in woods arrayed,  
Their summits in the golden light,  
Their trunks in grateful shade,  
And herds of deer, that bounding go  
O'er rills and prostrate trees below

And then to mark the lord of all,  
The forest hero, trained to wars,  
Quivered and plumed, and lute and tall,  
And seamed with glorious scars,  
Went forth, amid his train, to dare  
The wolf, and grapple with the bear

This bank, in which the dead were laid,  
Was sacred when its soil was ours,  
Hither the artless Indian maid  
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,  
And the gray chief and gifted seer  
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high  
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,  
And scattered in the furrows lie  
The weapons of his rest,  
And there, in the loo-e sand, is thrown  
Of his large arm the mouldering bone

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,  
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,  
Or the young wife that weeping gave  
Her first born to the earth,  
That the pale race, who waste us now,  
Among their bones should guide the plough !

They waste us—ay, like April snow  
In the warm noon, we shrink away,  
And fast they follow, as we go  
Toward the setting day—  
Till they shall fill the land, and we  
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,  
To which the white men's eyes are blind,  
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,  
And leave no trace behind,  
Save ruins o'er the region spread,  
And the white stones above the dead

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,  
Full to the brim our rivers flowed,  
The melody of waters filled  
The fresh and boundless wood,  
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,  
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more  
The springs are silent in the sun,  
The rivers, by the blackened shore,  
With lessening current run,  
The realm our tribes are crushed to get,  
May be a barren desert yet !

#### From 'Thanatopsis'

Yet not to thy eternal resting place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre The hills  
Rock ribbed and ancient is the sun—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between,  
The venerable woods, rivers that move  
In mystery, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green, and, poured round all  
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Bircan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there,  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living and no friend  
Take note of thy departure ! All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favourite phantom, yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,  
And the sweet babe, and the gray headed man—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them  
So live that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

#### From 'The Death of the Flowers'

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
brown and sere  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves,  
lie dead,  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread,

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs  
the jay,  
And from the wood top calls the crow through all the  
gloomy day

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that  
lately sprang and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of  
flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the sun and good of  
ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold Novem-  
ber rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones  
again



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT  
From an Engraving in the British Museum

From 'The Battlefield'

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
And fiery hearts and armed hands  
Encountered in the battle cloud

Ah! never shall the land forget  
How gushed the life blood of her brave—  
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,  
Upon the soil they fought to save

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,  
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,  
And talk of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trudging by  
The black mouthed gun and staggering wain,  
Men start not at the battle cry,  
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought, but thou  
Who minglest in the harder strife  
For truths which men receive not now,  
Thy warfare only ends with life.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,  
Th' eternal years of God are hers,  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

His son in law Parke Godwin, published Bryant's *Life and Works* in six volumes in 1883-84 the short *Life* in the 'American Men of Letters Series' (1890) is by John Bigelow, and see also Wilson's *Bryant and his Friends* (1883) and Stedman's *Poets of America*

**George Bancroft** (1800-91), born in Worcester, Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard with high honours in 1817, and studied for two years at Göttingen in Germany. He lived for a time in Berlin, visited Weimar, and went home tinctured with the new spirit of the world he had moved in—for he had seen and read, talked to or corresponded, with Goethe and Humboldt, Hegel and Schleiermacher, Heeren and Niebuhr. For a year he was Greek tutor in Harvard, and in 1823 he and a fellow-tutor established the Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts, with which he was associated until 1830. During these years he published a volume of poems, and made translations from the German of the minor poems of Goethe, Schiller, and others, and of some of the historico political works of Heeren. In 1834 appeared the first volume of his *History of the United States from the Discovery of the Continent*, followed by the second and third volumes in 1837 and 1840. Between 1852 and 1860 came the five volumes narrating the history of the colonial period to the Declaration of Independence, and in 1866 and 1874 respectively the two concluding volumes, bringing the history to the treaty of peace with the mother-country in 1783. *The History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States* (2 vols 1882) afterwards formed a constituent part of the revised edition of the complete *History of the United States* (6 vols 1882-84).

Bancroft in early life was a Democrat. He served as collector of the port of Boston (1838-41), under President Van Buren, and was an unsuccessful candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts in 1844. He accepted a seat in the Cabinet of President Polk as Secretary of the Navy in 1845, and the following year was appointed minister to the court of St James, a position he filled with credit until 1849. Oxford made him D C L, and he was J U D of Bonn. In the Civil War he was heartily in accord with the national Government, and in 1867 he was appointed by President Johnson minister to Berlin, serving with distinguished ability until recalled in 1874 at his own request. In his later years he lived at Washington, contributing occa-

sional articles to magazines. His history, it has been said, is not a history of the United States—it ends just where the history of the States as a nation begins, and it was calculated that to complete the history on the same scale would require seventy or eighty volumes. Besides his *opus magnum*, he had written on the progress of the human race, addresses on Jackson and Lincoln, and a book on Van Buren. The solidity of his work as historian, his acumen, insight, and common-sense, are more remarkable than his method of presentation—his style is laboured and often heavy, his rhetoric crude and tedious, and his generalisations somewhat too ‘philosophical’ and too discursive. But he faithfully followed a high ideal of the historian’s responsibility, and in his day of popularity—now past—did much to cherish in America an ennobling conception of the national destiny.

#### Boston in 1770

The king set himself, and his ministry, and parliament, and all Great Britain, to subdue to his will one stubborn little town on the sterile coast of the Massachusetts Bay. The odds against it were fearful, but it showed a life inextinguishable, and had been chosen to keep guard over the liberties of mankind.

The Old World had not its parallel. It counted about sixteen thousand inhabitants of European origin, all of whom learned to read and write. Good public schools were the foundation of its political system, and Benjamin Franklin, one of their grateful pupils, in his youth apprenticed to the art which makes knowledge the common property of mankind, had gone forth from them to stand before the nations as the representative of the modern plebeian class.

As its schools were for all its children, so the great body of its male inhabitants of twenty-one years of age, when assembled in a hall which Faneuil, of Huguenot ancestry, had built for them, was the source of all municipal authority. In the meeting of the town, its taxes were voted, its affairs discussed and settled, its agents and public servants annually elected by ballot, and abstract political principles freely debated. A small property qualification was attached to the right of suffrage, but did not exclude enough to change the character of the institution. There had never existed a considerable municipality approaching so nearly to a pure democracy, and, for so populous a place, it was undoubtedly the most orderly and best governed in the world.

Its ecclesiastical polity was in like manner republican. The great mass were Congregationalists, each church was an assembly formed by voluntary agreement, self constituted, self supported, and independent. They were clear that no person or church had power over another church. There was not a Roman Catholic altar in the place, the usages of ‘papists’ were looked upon as worn out superstitions, fit only for the ignorant. But the people were not merely the fiercest enemies of ‘popery and slavery,’ they were Protestants even against Protestantism, and though the English Church was tolerated, Boston kept up its exasperation against prelacy. Its ministers were still its prophets and its guides, its pulpit, in which, now that Muyhlen was no more, Cooper was admired above all others for eloquence and patriotism, by weekly appeals inflamed

like the fervour of piety and of liberty. In the *Boston Gazette*, it enjoyed a free press, which gave currency to its conclusions on the natural right of man to self-government.

Its citizens were inquisitive, seeking to know the causes of things, and to search for the reason of existing institutions in the laws of nature. Yet they controlled their speculative turn by practical judgment, exhibiting the seeming contradiction of susceptibility to enthusiasm and calculating shrewdness. They were fond of gain, and adventurous, penetrating, and keen in their pursuit of it, yet their vivacity was tempered by a well considered and continuing liberality. Nearly every man was struggling to make his own way in the world and



GEORGE BANCROFT

From the Sketch from Life by C J Becker

his own fortune, and yet individually, and as a body, they were public spirited.

(From *History of the United States*)

There are books on Bancroft and his historical work by Rives (1867), Green (1891), Wallis (1896) and West (1920). Professor Trent in his *American Literature* (1903) is perhaps somewhat too severe on his defects as a historical writer.

**AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT** (1799–1888) was the son of a farmer at Wolcott in Connecticut, and began life for himself as a pedlar in the southern states. In 1828 he established a school in Boston on highly reformed methods, which, laudable and psychologically sound as many of them were, provoked so much opposition that ere long the school had to be dropped, and the transcendental (and somewhat nebulous) philosopher sought to propagate his original views on education, theology, social economics, and vegetarianism by lectures, for which his attractive personality secured attention if not much pecuniary success. A scheme to establish a community on an estate bought by a friend of his near Boston failed utterly, and he spent his later years largely as a peripatetic philosopher. He contributed to the *Transcendental Dial*, and published *Tablets* (from his diary), *Concord Days*, a collection of sonnets and cinzonets, and an essay on Emerson.

His daughter, **Louisa May Alcott** (1832-88), born at Germantown in Pennsylvania, became a teacher somewhat on her father's lines, but wrote for the magazines, and published in 1855 *Flower Fables*. During the Civil War she served as nurse, and sent to a newspaper what were afterwards made into a book as *Hospital Sketches*. But it was her *Little Women* (1868-69), for children, that made her famous, and this, her *chef d'œuvre*, she never equalled either in her *Old-fashioned Girl*, *Little Men*, and *Jo's Boys* (all 'juveniles'), or in her novels, *Moods* (1863) and *Work* (1873). Yet in all her writings (nearly thirty publications) there is an attractive strain of optimistic hope and faith in human nature and democratic freedom.

See the father's *Life and Philosophy*, by Sanborn and Harris (1893) and Lowell's *Table for Critics* and Louisa's *Life, Letters, and Journals*, by Cheney (1869).

**Lydia Huntley Sigourney** (1791-1865), the daughter of Ezekiel Huntley, a soldier of the revolutionary war, was born at Norwich in Connecticut, was well educated there and at Hartford, and, under her maiden name of Lydia Huntley, for five years taught a class of ladies in Hartford. In 1815 she published a volume of eminently *Moral Pictures in Prose and Verse*, and in 1819 she married Charles Sigourney, a Hartford merchant. Her descriptive poem in blank verse on the *Traits of the Aborigines of America* (1822), and her *Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years Since* (1824), were followed by *Pocahontas and other Poems*, *Lays of the Heart*, *Tales in Prose and Verse*, and *Letters to Young Ladies and to Mothers*. In 1840 she visited Europe, and on her return wrote her *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands*. A pure-minded and lovable woman, an appallingly copious and oppressively sentimental writer of verse, she was a constant contributor of ballads, descriptive poems, epithalamiums, elegies, and occasional verses to magazines and periodicals. But her English prototype is hardly flattered when Mrs Sigourney is called 'the American Hemans'. See her autobiographical—and not a little significant—*Letters of Life* (New York, 1866).

**Lydia Maria Child** (1802-80), born in Medford, Massachusetts, published her first novel, *Hobomok*, under her maiden name of Lydia Maria Francis, in 1821, and her second, *The Rebels*, a story of Boston before the Revolution, in 1822. In 1828 she married David Lee Child (1794-1874), a journalist, with whom she edited the *Anti Slavery Standard* in New York in 1843-44. Her works, nearly thirty in number, include novels, the best of them relating to early New England history, stories for children, a biography or two, and an ambitious but rather inaccurate work on the history of religion (1855). *Philothea* (1836), sometimes described as her masterpiece, is an ambitious tale of the days of Pericles. Her popularity died before her. See her *Letters* (1882) and Higginson's *Contemporaries* (1899).

**Sarah Margaret Fuller** (1810-50), for the last three years of her life the Marchesa Ossoli, was the daughter of a Massachusetts lawyer and politician living at Cambridgeport, and by her father and other preceptors was injudiciously encouraged so to labour in all the branches of a liberal education that before she was well in her teens her health was permanently injured by the continued strain. After her father's death in 1835 she supported her seven brothers and sisters (she was the eldest child) both by private teaching and by school work in Boston and Providence. Ere this she was familiar with what was best not merely in English but in French, Spanish, and Italian literature, and under the influence of Korner and Novalis, Goethe and Schiller, was one of the pioneers of New England Transcendentalism—that vigorous reaction as well against time honoured Puritan prejudices and humdrum orthodoxy as against eighteenth century philistinism and materialistic utilitarianism. Sarah Fuller shone to the full in the vague idealism, pantheism, mysticism, of the new movement, whose most conspicuous representatives were George Ripley and Theodore Parker, as also in its peditric, paradoxical, and extravagant elements. But though she was a frequent and welcome guest at Brook Farm, she did not cherish its communistic enthusiasms. Emerson, Hawthorne, and Channing were her most intimate friends, and it was she who conducted the Transcendental organ *The Dial* (1840-42). She translated Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe* and other notable German books, and she conducted a novel kind of conversation classes for ladies, comprising discussions of social and philosophical problems, in which some have sought the origin of the New England woman's rights movement. She was not prepossessing in face, figure, or manner, was somewhat obviously self conscious, though perfectly lady-like, but was gifted with a quiet exceptional power of conciliating sympathy, and in her talk and writing was rather clever and eccentric than really original or profound. In 1844 she published her first volume, *Summer on the Lakes*, a record of a season's travel. In the same year she went to New York as literary critic of the *Tribune*, and to that paper contributed a series of miscellaneous articles, republished as *Papers on Literature and Art* (1846). Having gone to Europe in 1846, at Rome she met the Marquis Giovanni Angelo Ossoli, a friend of Mazzini's, to whom she was married at the end of 1847. In 1849, during the siege of Rome, she, at Mazzini's request, took charge of a hospital, while her husband fought on the walls, and after the capture of the city by the French she and her husband took refuge in the mountains of the Abruzzi, and then in Florence, till in May 1850 they could sail with their infant for America. From the beginning the voyage was tragically disastrous. The captain of the ship died of smallpox, and the Ossolis' child fell ill of the same disease. Finally, when the

miserable voyage was all but over, on the 16th of July, the vessel was wrecked on Fire Island near New York, the child's body was washed ashore, but nothing was ever seen of mother or father. Her Autobiography, with additional memoirs by Emerson, Clarke, and Channing, appeared in 1852 (new ed. 1884); there are also Lives by her brother A. B. Fuller (1855), by Julia Ward Howe (1883), who also edited her love letters in 1903, and by T. W. Higginson (1884).

### Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The most original and influential writer that America has yet produced, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 25th of May 1803. The centennial commemorations which in 1903 were celebrated throughout the United States, and in Great Britain as well, testify to the depth and extent of the influence which has been exerted by this free thinking idealist and seer. Contemporaneous with Carlyle, who accepted very much as a matter of course the homage which the distant New Englander paid to his genius, Emerson was from the first not less independent and self centred than the iconoclastic Scotsman whom, expecting to find a master, he visited at Craigenputtock in 1833, and with whom, from that time, he maintained an affectionate, lifelong friendship. This friendship was never disturbed either by opposition of views or by contrariety of character, for beneath their diversities, great as they were, each undoubtedly recognised in the other a fundamental love of truth, justice, and righteousness.

Emerson came of a family distinguished by a long succession of clergymen and college graduates. His father, the Rev. William Emerson, graduated at Harvard College in 1789, and at the time of Ralph Waldo's birth he was minister of the First Church in Boston. He died in 1811, leaving a widow and six children, all under ten years of age, with but scanty means of support. But Mrs. Emerson was courageous and capable, and she eked out her resources by taking boarders, her sons helping her with the house work. It was the mother's ambition to have her boys educated, and her fond hope to see at least some of them ministers. They were accordingly sent regularly to school, and at home, in the spare time which remained after doing the household chores, they were encouraged to read standard works of poetry, history, and oratory. In this educational work and stimulus the mother was greatly aided by her sister-in-law, Miss Mary Emerson, for whom Ralph Waldo entertained the greatest affection and veneration. 'She must always occupy a saint's place,' he wrote long afterwards, 'in my household, and I have no hour of poetry or philosophy since I knew these things, into which she does not enter as a genius.' This early life of poverty, tempered with the delights of Plato and Plutarch, Shakespeare and Milton, Addison and Pope, Rollin and Robertson, left an ineffaceable impress upon Ralph Waldo

Emerson, and some of the descriptive passages of his essay on 'Domestic Life' are a reminiscence and biography of those days, though the form is strictly impersonal and objective.

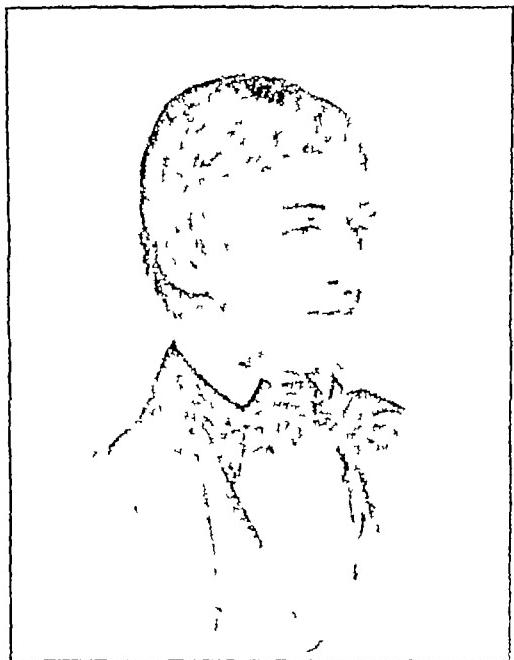
The boy was at a private school before he was three years of age, and at eleven he entered the Latin School. He was soon turning Virgil into readable English verse, he liked Greek and history, and he developed a considerable facility for rhyming. In 1817 he entered Harvard College, which, considering both the age of the students and the subjects of the curriculum, was then little more than a boys' school. Emerson did not in any way distinguish himself in college, and in mathematics he utterly failed, but to the more serious members of his class he was known as a studious reader and lover of the best literature.

After graduation he taught school for a few years, but that profession was exceedingly irksome to him, and nothing but the compensation it afforded would have kept him at the work. Already, too, he had looked forward to the ministry as the natural field for his life work, though now with less enthusiasm than when in boisterous days he dreamt of drawing men to religion by the spell of his oratory. Yet speculative difficulties (which, indeed, he always quietly shelved) did not bar his way to the pulpit, as happened with his elder brother, William, who turned to law. In 1823 Emerson began studying for the ministry, attending some lectures at the Divinity School at Cambridge, but on account of poor health not enrolling in the regular course. In 1826 he was 'approved to preach' by the Middlesex Association of Ministers, and, after a winter in the South in search of health, he was in March 1829 ordained as colleague of the Rev. Henry Ware, minister of the Second Church in Boston. On the resignation of Mr. Ware shortly afterwards, Emerson became sole pastor of this important church. But he was not destined to remain a clergyman. In the summer of 1832 he resigned his pastorate and, as it turned out, terminated his career as a settled minister, though he continued to exercise the function of preaching as late as 1847.

The immediate occasion of this action was the maturing in Emerson's mind of a conviction that the Lord's Supper was never intended to be a perpetual rite, and that its sacramental observance was prejudicial to religion by emphasising forms instead of spirit, and by transferring the worship of God to Christ. Otherwise he had no hostility to the institution. He simply lacked sympathy with it, as indeed he did with public prayers. But his Unitarian brethren had not yet travelled so far from traditional orthodoxy, and with friendly feelings on both sides they parted. In the sermon he preached to them on the Lord's Supper—the only sermon to be found in his published works—Emerson had declared that 'the day of formal religion is past.' This was, indeed, a wider departure from current Unitarianism than a mere difference

of opinion on the nature and perpetuity of the Lord's Supper. It meant that the source of authority in religion was within, and not without, and that forms were matters of absolute indifference. And to be an official minister of such an inward religion seemed almost a desecration of it. Thus Emerson wrote in his journal, under date of 10th January 1832: 'It is the best part of the man, I sometimes think, that revolts most against his being a minister. His good revolts from official goodness.'

His fair worldly prospects gone, Emerson was struggling under a heavy burden of affliction. His wife—a bright revelation to me of the best nature of woman—died of consumption in 1832 at the



RALPH WALDO EMERSON  
After the Portrait by S. W. Rowse

early age of twenty-one. His younger brother Edward, a prodigy of talent and power, whom some of their contemporaries thought the most promising of the family, had broken down, and sought restoration of health in Porto Rico, where he died in 1834. Charles, another younger brother, who had been an inmate of Waldo's house and his friend and companion for many years, was already a victim of disease, from which he died in 1836. Now Waldo's own health gave way, and, sick in body and depressed in spirits, he sought relief in a trip to Europe. He sailed from Boston on Christmas Day 1832, in a little trading brig bound for the Mediterranean. The sea voyage, the close quarters, the rations of pork and beans, the complete physical and moral change, proved a most effective tonic to his health and spirits.

A brief account of Emerson's European trip is prefixed to his *English Traits*. He visited Sicily, Italy, France, and Great Britain. He saw

Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, and Carlyle—the latter, says Emerson, 'so unlike that I love him.' He observes that all three soar 'in ascent, though in different degrees, in insight into religious truth.' Yet to see them had been the prime motive of his trip to Europe. If he had suffered disillusionment from personal intercourse with these great men, of whom his imagination had drawn idealised portraits, he had nevertheless been comforted and confirmed in his convictions, and he would 'judge more justly, less timidly of wise men forevermore.' And in the friendship then formed with Carlyle we owe the correspondence since given to the world by Mr Norton—which began with Emerson's first letter in 1834, and closed with Carlyle's last letter in 1872.

On his return from Europe, Emerson began to appear before the public as a lecturer. 'My platform is the vacuum platform,' he once said, 'and for the rest of his days he was known as a peripatetic lecturer, with Boston as headquarters. He settled near it by 1833, in the quiet village of Concord, the home of his forefathers. The subjects of his lecture, took a wide range—biograph, literature, history, art, morals, philosophy, politics, &c. &c.—some of them. But in the choice of subjects Emerson betrayed his affinity. Thus, of the lectures given in 1832 two were afterwards published—one on Michel Angelo, the immortal prophet of beauty in nature—beauty which is one with truth and virtue, and the other on Milton, who stood foremost 'of all men in the power to inspire' and who 'better than any other has discharged the office of every great man—namely, to raise the idea of man.' Both presentations embodied Emerson's own loftiest aspirations.

But the first clear proof of Emerson's genius was afforded by the publication in 1836 of his little book entitled *Nature*, which may also be regarded as the apocalypse of New England Transcendentalism. It had, however, almost as hard a fate as Hume's Treatise, for it took twelve years to sell five hundred copies. But nothing quite so mystical and incomprehensible had ever been presented to American readers, and why should it fare better than Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* in England? It is an attempt to see God, and nature, and man face to face, and not merely through the eyes of tradition and history. Its themes are nature's ministry to and discipline of man; the world is a divine appearance to a human mind; spirit is the all-inclusive reality, of which man thinking is also participant, and intuition is the receptiveness of the human mind to communications from the Divine. If the book was caviare to the general, it gave 'true satisfaction' to Carlyle, who in a letter to Emerson described it as 'the foundation and ground plan on which you may build whatsoever of great and true has been given you to build.'

In a more exoteric form Emerson's leading ideas

found expression in his noble discourse on 'The American Scholar,' delivered at Cambridge on 31st August 1837. The first part deals with the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action, the last with the scholar's duties, which 'may all be comprised in self-trust.' It is another Fichte on American soil, absolutely original and independent, glorifying the vocation of the scholar as 'the world's eye' and 'the world's heart.' With thought as profound as Aristotle's and as solid as Darwin's, the orator flashes out his central idea 'The main enterprise of the world for splendour, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man.'

Another address, delivered in the following year at the Divinity College, Cambridge, set forth Emerson's religious philosophy. As Dr Holmes truly says, it 'was a plea for the individual consciousness as against all historical creeds, bibles, churches, for the soul as the supreme judge in spiritual matters.' It made a great sensation, occasioning much discussion and controversy, in which, however, Emerson took no part. And it was, indeed, thoroughly revolutionary, even in the high places of Unitarianism. Thus, after declaring that Jesus Christ 'alone in all history estimated the greatness of man' and was 'true to what is in you and me,' Emerson goes on to say that 'churches are not built on his principles, but on his tropes,' and that they dwell 'with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus.' The great reform needed is that men shall become acquainted at first hand, each for himself, with Deity. Faith, indeed, is an intuition, and cannot be received at second hand. The prophets and divine bards are a provocation and stimulus. 'And thus, by his holy thoughts, Jesus serves us, and thus only.'

Emerson was now thirty-five years of age. He had won recognition as a man of letters and as a profound philosophical thinker, with deep moral and religious interests. In lecturing he had found the means of an assured livelihood, in addition to some property left him by his wife. He had bought for thirty-five hundred dollars a house at Concord, which the seller alleged had cost him seventy-eight hundred. To this house in 1835 he had brought his second wife, Miss Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth. And here he passed the rest of his life—a life devoted to meditation, reading, writing, lecturing, conversation with friends and visitors, and occasional public speaking.

It was a life singularly uneventful, of which the best record are the titles of his successive works. But it was a beautiful, peaceful, and happy existence. Children were born, to whose training Emerson gave much attention, and the death of the eldest in 1842 was a heavy sorrow to him. In 1847 Emerson sailed for Europe on his second visit. He spent a week with Carlyle at Chelsea, and then began a series of lectures in England and Scotland, some of which were afterwards published under the title of *Representative Men*.

The volume on *English Traits*, published in 1856, is a reminiscence of the same visit. In 1857 *The Atlantic Monthly* was established under the editorship of James Russell Lowell, and Emerson, like many other old contributors to *The Dial* (which from 1840 to 1844 had been the organ of the Transcendental movement), wrote for the new magazine, his contributions including some of his best-known poems. About the same time the 'Saturday Club' was founded in Boston, and to it Emerson went regularly till 1875, meeting for talk at informal dinners such distinguished contemporaries as Longfellow, Hawthorne, Motley, Lowell, Governor Andrew, and others of scarcely less renown. In 1866 Harvard conferred upon her illustrious son the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1874 Emerson was nominated for the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and he received five hundred votes against seven hundred for Disraeli, who was elected. 'I count that vote,' he wrote to Dr Hutchison Stirling, 'as quite the fairest laurel that has ever fallen on me.'

Such things, with a visit to California in 1871 and a third visit to the Old World in 1872, are the most noticeable external events in the later life of this meditative and home-loving thinker and teacher. But the inward life he lived is reflected in his writings and addresses. The variety of the contents of the dozen volumes that make up his collected works is very inadequately indicated by the general titles. These are (1) *Nature, Addresses, Lectures*, (2) *Essays*, (4) *Representative Men*, (5) *English Traits*, (6) *Conduct of Life*, (7) *Letters and Social Aims*, (8) *Society and Solitude*, (9) *Poems*, (10) *Lectures, Biographical Sketches*, (11) *Miscellaneous*, (12) *Natural History of Intellect*.

Emerson's working life, according to Dr Holmes, did not extend much beyond the year 1867. There was a long but not unhappy twilight, and on the 27th of April 1882 he passed quietly away. The form of Emerson's writings was determined by his vocation. As Shakespeare the actor wrote dramas, Emerson the lecturer wrote discourses and essays. There is, indeed, a volume of poems, but though short passages of his poetry seem destined to immortality, and such poems as 'Each and All,' 'The Humble Bee,' 'The Snow-Storm,' 'Wood-Notes,' 'The World Soul,' and 'The Problem' will long have appreciative readers, Emerson, with all his poetical feeling, insight, imagination and soaring thought, did not, any more than Carlyle, find in poetry a natural medium of expression. His fame rests on those essays and discourses, covering a wide variety of subject and originating mostly in the lectures out of which he made his living. That constitute the other eleven volumes of his collected works. Emerson's style is as unique as the man—clear, concise, beautiful, not infrequently poetic, abounding in quotation and allusion and often disconnected like a string of pearls. The

language, however apt and striking, is only a medium of expression, and it is the thought that arrests the reader's attention. Emerson's greatest gift as a writer is the power of inspiration and stimulus. The independence and inviolability of every human soul is for him a cardinal doctrine, from which it follows that even the best teachers can only incite and provoke it to self development, and his writings possess in an extraordinary degree this stimulative potency. It would be difficult to find a better intellectual or moral tonic. And as they embrace such a variety of range, every reader is likely to find something to meet his peculiar needs. 'Hitch your wagon to a star' was one of his inspired precepts, and his writings tend to lift the soul from earth to heaven.

It is best to think of Emerson as an inspired and inspiring seer. He was not an inductive investigator or a deductive reasoner. His special gift was insight. As early as 1838 he formulated his life's function 'Seeing whatever I can, and telling what I see.' He never wove the results into a connected system. He never sought to be consistent, indeed, he denounced consistency as the bane of little minds. He believed that God spoke through the mind of every man, and that it was incumbent on each to report what he saw to day, without regard to what he had reported at any other time. The world begins afresh with each generation and each individual, the present is not the prisoner of the past. And so Emerson looked straight into the deepest things—into the mind of man, nature, and God—and proclaimed what he saw as the everlasting, yet ever new and fresh, gospel of truth. In the best sense, therefore, he is a seer and prophet—inspiring because inspired by the spirit of truth. Emerson had no 'system'. He was, of course, an idealist, but he made no original contributions to philosophy. For him as for others the world of nature is merely a symbol of the Universal Spirit. God is all and all. Nor does Emerson shrink at the conclusion that human personality is a passing phase of the Infinite. This pantheistic view, however, is not consistently presented, and, of course, it does not altogether square with his doctrine of the greatness of man, or harmonise with his strenuous insistence on the ethics of self-realisation. But this is a conflict between the demands of the Speculative and the Practical Reason which, as Kant pointed out, is unavoidable. It may be said that Emerson overcame the speculative difficulty by his life. For this free-thinking American was one of the purest and saintliest of men.

#### From 'Nature'

A noble doubt perpetually suggests itself—whether this end be not the Final Cause of the Universe, and whether nature outwardly exists. It is a sufficient account of that Appearance we call the World, that God will teach a human mind, and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations,

which we call sun and moon, man and woman, house and trade. In my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses, to know whether the impressions they make on me correspond with outlying objects, what difference does it make whether Orion is up there in heaven, or some god paints the image in the firmament of the soul? The relations of parts and the end of the whole remaining the same, what is the difference whether land and sea interact, and worlds revolve and intermingle without number or end,—deep yawning under deep, and galaxy balancing galaxy, throughout absolute space,—or whether, without relations of time and space, the same appearances are inscribed in the constant faith of man? Whether nature enjoys a substantial existence without, or is only in the apocalypse of the mind, it is alike useful and alike venerable to me. Be it what it may, it is ideal to me so long as I cannot try the accuracy of my senses.

#### From 'The American Scholar'

The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be universit of knowledge. If there be one lesson more than another which should pierce his ear, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all, in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends, in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason, it is for you to know all, it is for you to dare all. Mr President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thin and fit. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself.

#### From 'Self-Reliance'

I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instil is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense, for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set it naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognise our own rejected thoughts, they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side.

Else to morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another

From 'The Over-Soul'

Ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God, yet for ever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable. It inspires awe and astonishment. How dear, how soothing to man, arises the idea of God, peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments! When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence. It is the doubling of the heart itself—nay, the infinite enlargement of the heart with a power of growth to a new infinity on every side. It inspires in man an infallible trust. He has not the conviction, but the sight, that the best is the true, and may in that thought easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time the solution of his private riddles. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being. In the presence of law to his mind he is overflowed with a reliance so universal that it sweeps away all cherished hopes and the most stable projects of mortal condition in its flood.

From 'Politics'

Hence the less government we have the better,—the fewer laws, and the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal Government is, the influence of private character, the growth of the Individual, the appearance of the principal to supersede the proxy, the appearance of the wise man, of whom the existing government is, it must be owned, but a shabby imitation. That which all things tend to educate, which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and deliver, is character, that is the end of Nature, to reach unto this coronation of her King. To educate the wise man the State exists, and with the appearance of the wise man the State expires. The appearance of character makes the State unnecessary. The wise man is the State. He needs no army, fort, or navy,—he loves men too well, no bribe, or feast, or palace, to draw friends to him, no vantage-ground, no favourable circumstance. He needs no library, for he has not done thinking, no church, for he is a prophet, no statute book, for he has the lawgiver, no money, for he is value, no road, for he is at home where he is, no experience, for the life of the creator shoots through him, and looks from his eyes. He has no personal friends, for he who has the spell to draw the prayer and piety of all men unto him needs not husband and educate a few to share with him a select and poetic life. His relation to men is angelic, his memory is myrrh to them, his presence, frankincense and flowers.

From 'English Traits.'

The Anglican Church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms, by the manly grace of its clergy. The gospel it preaches is 'By taste are ye saved.' It keeps the old structures in repair, spends a world of money in music and building, and in buying Pugin and architectural literature. It has a general good name for amiability and mildness. It is not in ordinary a persecuting Church, it is not inquisitorial, not even inquisitive, is perfectly

well bred, and can shut its eyes on all proper occasions. If you let it alone, it will let you alone. But its instinct is hostile to all change in politics, literature, or social arts. The Church has not been the founder of the London University, of the Mechanics' Institutes, of the Free School, of whatever aims at diffusion of knowledge. The Platonists of Oxford are as bitter against this heresy as Thomas Taylor

Plato

Plato apprehended the cardinal facts. He could prostate himself on the earth, and cover his eyes, whilst he adored that which cannot be numbered, or gauged, or known, or named—that of which everything can be affirmed and denied that 'which is entity and nonentity.' He called it super essential. He even stood ready, as in the Parmenides, to demonstrate that it was so—that this being exceeded the limits of intellect. No man ever more fully acknowledged the Ineffable. Having paid his homage, as for the human race, to the Illimitable, he then stood erect, and for the human race affirmed, 'And yet things are knowable!'—that is, the Asia in his mind was first heartily honoured—the ocean of love and power, before form, before will, before knowledge, the Same, the Good, the One, and now, refreshed and empowered by this worship, the instinct of Europe, namely, culture, returns, and he cries, Yet things are knowable! They are knowable because, being from one, things correspond

(From *Representative Men*)

Napoleon.

I call Napoleon the agent or attorney of the middle class of modern society, of the throng who fill the markets, shops, counting houses, manufactories, ships, of the modern world, aiming to be rich. He was the agitator, the destroyer of prescription, the internal improver, the liberal, the radical, the inventor of means, the opener of doors and markets, the subverter of monopoly and abuse. Of course the rich and aristocratic did not like him. England, the centre of capital, and Rome and Austria, centres of tradition and genealogy, opposed him. The consternation of the dull and conservative classes, the terror of the foolish old men and old women of the Roman conclave—who in their despair took hold of anything, and would cling to red hot iron—the vain attempts of statists to amuse and deceive him, of the Emperor of Austria to bribe him, and the instinct of the young, ardent, and active men, everywhere, which pointed him out as the great of the middle class, make his history bright and commanding. He had the virtues of the masses of his constituents—he had also their vices. I am sorry that the brilliant picture has its reverse. But that is the fatal quality which we discover in our pursuit of wealth, that it is treacherous, and is bought by the breaking or weakening of the sentiments, and it is inevitable that we should find the same fact in the history of this champion, who proposed to himself simply a brilliant career, without any stipulation or scruple concerning the means.

(From *Representative Men*)

From 'Abraham Lincoln.'

His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind, and of the public conscience. This middle class country had got a middle class President, at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the

problem of the day, and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, labouring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no State secrets, the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door wasajar, and we know all that befell.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was place for no hasty magistrate, no sur weather sailor, the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he will ed before them, slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent, an entirely public man, father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

**The Rhodora** on being asked, Whence is the flower?

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its fearless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay,  
Here might the red bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
I never thought to ask, I never knew  
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The self same Power that brought me there brought you.

[The *Rhodora Canadensis* or *Rhododendron Rhodora*, a low deciduous shrub growing in damp woody places from Pennsylvania northward, produces its delicate rosy flowers before the leaves. The standard edition of Emerson's works, the 'Riverside Edition' (12 vols., Boston 1883-84), has also been reprinted in England. The authoritative Life is that by J. E. Cibot (1887) and there are others by G. W. Cooke (1888), Alexander Ireland (1888), O. W. Holmes ('American Men of Letters,' 1888) and Dr Garnett (1888). See also his son's *Emerson in Concord* (1888), the Carlyle Emerson correspondence edited by Professor Norton (1883), Matthew Arnold's *Discourses in America* (1885), Mr John Morley's *Critical Miscellanies* (vol. 1 1893), and Mr W. D. Howells in his *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* (1900).]

J. G. SCHURMAN

**George Ripley** (1802-80), born at Greenfield in Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard, and until 1841 was pastor in Boston. In 1836, with Emerson and Alcott, he was one of the founders of the Transcendental Club, which Theodore Parker and Margaret Fuller joined in the following year. He was perhaps more closely identified than any of

the rest with the Transcendental 'movement,' and it was he who, leaving the pulpit, started the Brook Farm experiment. This came to an end in 1847, and Ripley from 1849 engaged in literary work at New York, to Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune* he contributed a long series of incisive and scholarly reviews which made their mark on contemporary American thought, and helped to raise the literary standard for such work throughout the country. He was joint editor of Appleton's *New American Cyclopaedia*, his own writings are practically forgotten. There is a Life of him by Frothingham (1882).

**Theodore Parker** (1810-60) was born at Lexington in Massachusetts, graduated at Harvard in 1836, and settled as Unitarian minister at West Roxbury, now in Boston. As a boy and as a student he had been an industrious and omnivorous reader, biblical criticism and German theological speculation specially attracted him, he translated De Wette's 'introduction' to the Old Testament, and was not unaffected by Strauss's *Leben Jesu*. He gradually came to disbelieve in the infallibility of the Bible, the truth of miracles, the exclusive claim of Christianity, the perfection of the revelation in Christ. The permanent element in Christianity was absolute morality, pure religion, the love of God and the love of man, and the fundamental articles in his creed were God the moral law, and immortality. The rationalistic views which separated him from conservative Unitarians were expounded in *A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion* (1841), followed by *Ten Sermons of Religion* (1852), and *Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology* (1853). As the orthodox Unitarians cast him off, he was warmly taken up by the educated lay, the most ardent and modern spirits of the time, and was easily able to stand outside of sects. From 1844 he preached to a congregation of three thousand, besides incessantly writing on social and theological questions. He lectured also throughout the States, and took a large and influential share in the anti-slavery cause. His contributions were perhaps the weightiest published in the *Transcendental Dial*, he was an industrious writer of reviews and critical articles. His strenuous labours broke his health prematurely, and he died in Florence. Parker was rather a powerful orator than an accomplished writer, and moved by the wealth of his knowledge, the strength of his conviction, and the warmth of his feeling, rather than by the logic of his system, the consistency or clearness of his views. He had no grace of expression, and was not seldom defective in good taste, but was always vigorous, and often picturesque. The collected English edition of his works was edited by Miss F. P. Cobbe (14 vols. 1863-71). There are Lives by Weiss (1864), Frothingham (1874), Dean (1877), Cooke (1889), and White Chadwick (1900), see also Dr Martineau's *Essays* (1890).

### William Hickling Prescott.

born in Salem, Massachusetts, 4th May 1796, was sixth in descent from John Prescott, who came to Massachusetts from Leicestershire about 1640. Successive generations of Prescotts and of Hicklings, the historians' maternal ancestors, bore influence that in public issues during the development of the colony into the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. At William's birth his father was practising law in Salem, whence he removed to Boston in 1808, and at fifteen Prescott entered the Sophomore or second year class at Harvard University. Possessing exceptional good looks and much personal charm, with a fund of high spirits which stood him in good stead throughout his life, he was very popular, but showed no special proficiency in his studies, and was even decidedly backward in mathematics. In the second year of his college experience occurred the painful accident which afflicted his whole life. As he was leaving the dining hall, where a group of undergraduates were amusing themselves with rather rough play, he turned suddenly at some sound, and was struck full in the open eye by a piece of hard bread, thrown at random by a careless hand. The immediate effect upon him was like concussion of the brain. He recovered quickly from the general shock, but the injured eye had lost its sight for ever. But after a few weeks he resumed his studies, and did better work with one eye than he had ever done with two.

After leaving college he entered his father's office, and was beginning legal studies when acute rheumatism in his uninjured eye cut short his legal career (1817), and by medical advice he went to the Azores, where his maternal grandfather Hickling was consul for the United States. When next year he came to London the medical experts agreed that one eye was completely paralyzed. In the autumn he went south in company with a friend, and the travellers paid their respects to Lafayette, as was then the bounden duty of every American who passed through France. Patriot and chivalry were in truth beyond his physical powers, and Prescott was glad to return home in mid winter 1817.

In the following years he learned to live closely in solitude, very afraid to have and to expose him self to anyone on a pretext, such as writing home for the blind about the size of a large slate which he had fastened over his eyes over a piece of white paper. It was, however, with great difficulty and with the upper edge of the slate against the skin, that he could see the world outside. During the first few years he had many difficulties, and was aware of his life前途 as hopeless. But he was at no loss for a wife, as his aged marriage considered it a duty to provide wives. Meanwhile he was the object of

authorship as the one career open to him. He set himself to the systematic study of French literature, and had been working at French and Italian when the return of his friend George Ticknor from Spain to be Professor of Spanish Literature at Harvard University interested Prescott in the language, literature, and history of the Peninsula, and his interest remained prominent until the end of his life. One author read to him at this period was destined to leave a lasting impression. He found *Moby-Sir l'Islade d'Hispanie*, 'full of admirable reflections and hints.' Then, for some time he thought of writing on Spanish literature; he ultimately resolved to take up the history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and his first step was to ask his friend Alexander Everett, United States minister to Spain, to procure the books. It required no small exertion to get these books. Luckily for him his orders for books, &c., were well transcribed, and transcripts were unobstructed by the necessity for economy.

On 25th June 1826 the author, then in his fortieth year, finished the concluding note of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, the result of ten years' close work. This proved groundless, the book was a brilliant and immediate success. Only five hundred copies were printed at first, and they were all gone in two weeks. The reviews were numerous and almost uniformly favourable. One notice in the *L'Ami de la Reine* by Don Paulin de Givengos, a learned Spaniard, and also her somewhat surprised notice in the *Quarterly* by Richard Ford gave Prescott much satisfaction, as did a series of articles in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève* by Count Adolphic de Circuit. One American review done in the *Watson's Monthly*, 1849, showed a lack of disapproval. The article terminates by writing by Theodore Parker as cited that Prescott's well-redded philosophy to a degree exceeded, but of "that he seemed to know nothing of the philosophy of history and little of political economy." Having more of the spirit of charity than of harshness, it is impossible that he should write in the interests of mankind or not remain in that deplorable notice by the same editor for the *Universal*. It is not that Prescott was ignorant of plain history. He was a really a curious story teller—a wit, however, was not his forte. The value of the man who composed *The Empire of Ferdinand and Isabella* lies in the way in which he has selected each chapter and made of what the best and most interesting parts of his previous history. The *Universal* criticizes him as being too fond of a certain style of writing, and of course of a certain style of history. But the critics of the *Watson's* do not seem to be so exacting. They say that the book is well written, and that it is a good book. The critics of the *Watson's* do not seem to be so exacting. They say that the book is well written, and that it is a good book.

embarked on the new book on 'The Conquest of Mexico and the anterior civilisation of the Mexicans, a beautiful prose epic, for which rich, virgin materials teem in Simancas and Madrid, and probably Mexico' The Spanish historian Navarrete placed at his disposal all his MS material gathered for his *Colección de Viajes y Descubrimientos*, but there came at a later date a moment when this choice was almost abandoned, Prescott having heard that Washington Irving had turned his attention to Mexico as a natural sequence to his *Columbus*. Happily, the great courtesy of the elder author encouraged the younger to proceed. Irving had already made a rough draft of his



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

After a Photograph

story of the Mexican conquest when he learned accidentally of Prescott's plan, whereupon he immediately relinquished his own project, though, as he confessed later, at a great personal sacrifice. Letters from Sismondi, Thierry, and Patrick Fraser Tytler encouraged Prescott in his new enterprise, and in addition to splendid supplies sent to him from Spain, Don Pascual de Gayangos examined the British Museum and the State Paper Office on his behalf, and had transcripts made of all matter bearing on his subject which could not be purchased.

In August 1843 the *History of the Conquest of Mexico* was completed, and was published in December 1843, six years after 'Ferdinand and Isabella made their bow to the public.' The second work was greeted with a chorus of applause, five thousand copies were sold in about four months. In England the first edition was speedily exhausted, and on the Continent also the book was exceedingly well received. The

brilliant story of Hernando Cortes' expedition appealed to the public, and opened up a new field of research to scholars. Prescott gathered his materials from the accounts of Cortes and of his contemporaries, of Spanish historians and of Mexicans like Fernando de Alva Ixtlilochitl, who wrote at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and out of them wove a new web. From these all but unknown and inaccessible writings a spirited narrative sprang into life, which reads like a historical romance with Hernando Cortes as hero. In one sense it is a historical romance and nothing more. Descriptions of scenery called up vivid pictures in the writer's mind, which, sketched upon his pages, are often far from accurate. The Aztec civilisation as described by Cortes 'caught the imagination and overcame the critical judgment of Prescott, our most charming writer,' wrote Morgan, the first scientific American ethnologist.

The preparation for the story of the first Spanish incursion into the American continent covered much of the ground of the second, *The Conquest of Peru*. The author's zest in his new work was checked and saddened by the sudden death of his father (8th December 1844), always a close sympathiser in all his work, but Prescott soon roused himself to activity, cheered by an appreciative letter from Alexander von Humboldt about the *Conquest of Mexico*. A few months later he was honoured in Paris and in Berlin by election as corresponding member of the French Institute and of the Royal Society of Berlin. This foreign encouragement was a great refreshment to his spirits, for, in addition to mental depression, he suffered greatly from an access of inflammation in his eye. March 1847 saw the *Conquest of Peru* finished, two years and nine months after the author put pen to paper. Success was great and immediate on both sides of the Atlantic. Reviews were laudatory, and private letters from scholars and friends—Thierry, Gayangos, and others—full of warm appreciation. The adventures of the Pizarros are related with somewhat less dash than those of Cortes. The sources are perhaps less ample. Francesco Pizarro, unable to write his own story, could not vaunt his exploits as did Cortes. As in the *Conquest of Mexico*, here also ethnological and historic research has taught us to read a different interpretation into many of the facts seen by Spanish eyes with sixteenth century spectacles.

Even while busied with Peru, Prescott began to prepare for his *Philip II*, and Motley was almost discouraged from his *Rise of the Dutch Republic* by learning that Prescott had gone back from the Spanish colonies to the mother-country. In his turn Prescott encouraged the younger man to go on with his book. But in 1850 Prescott's health moved him to make his second voyage to England, more than thirty years after the first. Most cordial was the welcome extended to him, every door was opened to him, and he greatly enjoyed his social

experiences. His letters to his wife give us a picture of his society in 1850, from the Queen, to whom he is privately received, to minor authors delighted to claim him as a colleague from across the sea.

In October 1<sup>st</sup> 50 he returned home and began again to 'Philippine,' as he called it. Two volumes were published in November 1855, and not only were large sales made immediately, but interest was revived in Prescott's earlier books. Work on the third volume was interrupted by Prescott's addition to Robertson's *Clariss I.*, published in 1856.

"My poor wife! I am so sorry this has come upon you so soon," was his first precious sentence on recovering from a sudden stroke of apoplexy in February 1858, but health & rest more of comparative health enabled him to publish the third volume of *Philip* (April 1858), leaving his story at 1580. The succeeding months were given to revision of *Warrio*. It is in the midst of this labour that a second attack dealt him his death blow, from which he died in a few hours, 26th January 1859. A man without enemies, he had commanded the attention and interest of his contemporaries at large, and been the life and soul of every circle, great and small, of which he formed a part. I writers here lived a life so uniform, happy, and serene is that of Prescott, save for the one overwhelming misfortune of blind blindness. He kept wholly apart from the social and political questions agitating America and Europe.

His last work was received with warm commen-  
dation, and cannot even now be ignored, but it  
has a somewhat timid quality, and is distinctly lack-  
ing in charm. In its arrangement the material  
is disproportioned, thus more space is given to  
the Moors and less to the Netherlands, than seems  
justified. G. M. strongly commended the presen-  
tation (*Antwerp Review*, 1867), but thought the  
author's too impartial and yielding, in favor of  
Prestwich belongs distinctly to the school of literar-  
y history, a school for which the new Regius Pro-  
fessor at Cambridge ('Inaugural Address' Jan. 1863) thinks there is no place. He is not a physi-  
cal historian, nor scientist in the modern  
sense, but he easily surpasses the older and  
less learned son of research, and he is much more  
useful in every kind of work. He is a man of  
many, though not considerable, talents, but it is  
not certain that he will ever be a great  
man; his services are of great value, but they  
are not of such a high class as to render him  
a man of the first rank. His talents are of  
two kinds, one of which is the ability to do

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It was with much regret therefore that he had received the proposition for his return to his native country to which no man but the collector of pilot laws looks forward, & I often jealousy, & sometimes, well have induced him to accept. We are also attached the collector here, & we wish that the larger nest had hatched, that we might be more fortunate in our efforts to collect a large number of specimens.

17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30.

sheets swept down the broad bay of Campeachy, fringed with the rich dye woods which have since furnished so important an article of commerce to Europe. He passed Potonchan, where Cordova had experienced a rough reception from the natives, and soon after reached the mouth of the Rio de Tabasco, or Grijalva, in which that navigator had carried on so lucrative a traffic. Though mindful of the great object of his voyage—the visit to the Aztec territories—he was desirous of acquainting himself with the resources of this country, and determined to ascend the river and visit the great town on its borders.

The water was so shallow, from the accumulation of sand at the mouth of the stream, that the general was obliged to leave the ships at anchor, and to embark in the boats with a part only of his forces. The banks were thickly studded with mangrove trees, that, with their roots shooting up and interlacing one another, formed a kind of impervious screen or network, behind which the dark forms of the natives were seen glancing to and fro with the most menacing looks and gestures. Cortes, much surprised at these unfriendly demonstrations, so unlike what he had had reason to expect, moved cautiously up the stream. When he had reached an open place, where a large number of Indians were assembled, he asked, through his interpreter, leave to land, explaining at the same time his amicable intentions. But the Indians, brandishing their weapons, answered only with gestures of angry defiance. Though much chagrined, Cortes thought it best not to urge the matter further that evening, but with drew to a neighbouring island, where he disembarked his troops, resolved to effect a landing on the following morning.

When day broke, the Spaniards saw the opposite banks lined with a much more numerous array than on the preceding evening, while the canoes along the shore were filled with bands of armed warriors. Cortes now made his preparations for the attack. He first landed a detachment of a hundred men under Alonso de Avila, at a point somewhat lower down the stream, sheltered by a thick grove of palms, from which a road, as he knew, led to the town of Tabasco, giving orders to his officer to march at once on the place, while he himself advanced to assault it in front.

(From *The Conquest of Mexico*)

#### Atahualpa

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St Peter may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying that 'the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four.' But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, 'I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince, I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters, and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,' he continued, 'I will not change

it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine,' he concluded, pointing to his duty—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—'my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.'

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, 'Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.'

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, 'Do you not see that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you.' Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war cry of 'St Jago and at them!' It was answered by the battle cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whether to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing, while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terror. They made no resistance—they, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly, and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza*! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

(From *The Conquest of Peru*)

In addition to the works mentioned, Prescott wrote a Life of Charles Brodhead Brown (1834) and a series of reviews in the *North American Review* on literary subjects. A collection of his Biographical and Critical Essays was published in 1845. The standard edition of his works is that edited by J. Foster Kirk, long his secretary (15 vols. 1884, new ed. 1889, republished in London 1890) and the standard Life of him was written by his friend George Ticknor (1864).

RUTH PUTNAM

### Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,

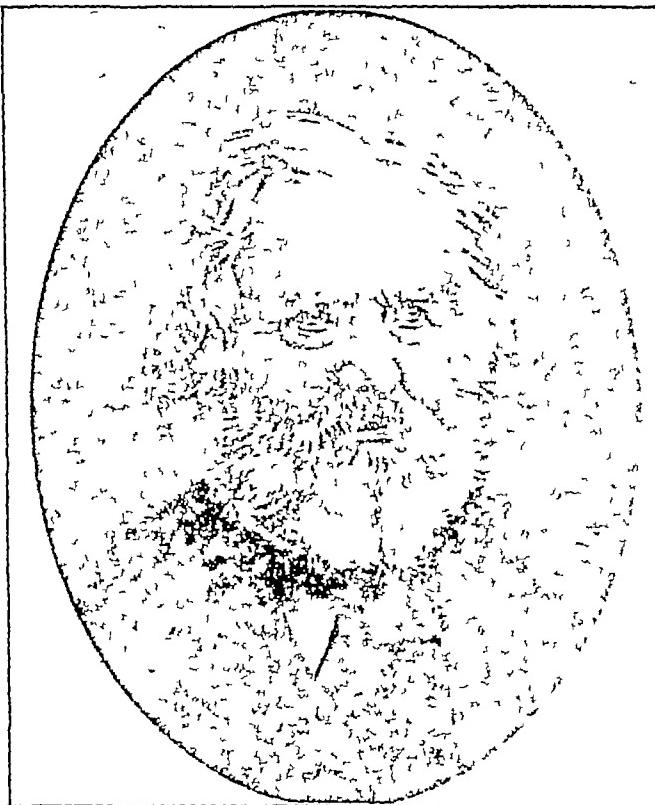
best loved of his country's poets and best known of them abroad, was born in Portland, Maine, 27th February 1807. The English Longfellows were Yorkshire folk. William, the poet's first colonial ancestor, had the contemporary reputation of being 'a little wild' and 'not so much a Puritan as some'. He married a sister of Samuel Sewall, witch judge and famous diarist. On his mother's side the poet was descended from John Alden, the hero of his *Courtship of Miles Standish*, as was also the poet Bryant. His father was a cultivated gentleman, a Harvard classmate of Dr Channing and Judge Story, but to the mother he was indebted for his poetic temperament. The atmosphere of the home was that of the best English books, the local influences are described to perfection in the poem 'My Lost Youth'. He began early to write poetry, and his first published poem, written in his fourteenth year, was 'The Brute of Lovell's Pond,' the subject

an Indian fight of local celebrity. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College, where he had Hawthorne for a classmate, barely making his acquaintance, perhaps because Hawthorne had been in the college a year when Longfellow entered his class. During his college years he wrote many verses if not much poetry, publishing twenty-three pieces in two years, some of them side by side with Bryant's in the *United States Literary Gazette*, as if frankly confessing their imitation, sometimes successful, of the elder poet. Only five of these pieces were tolerated in the collected editions of Longfellow's works. Immediately upon his graduation the college sent him to Europe for three years to fit himself for its new chur of modern languages. The fruits of this travel, beyond its special end, were a series of translations and the book *Outre-Mer*, as imitative of Irving as the early poems had

been of Bryant, but with an individual note. It is a remarkable fact that from 1826 until 1837 he did not publish an original poem, and another, that he could so subordinate his natural gift to the work of translation. His proper hand, when he again found it, was obviously subdued to what he had been working in so long. The wonder is it did not take a deeper dye. His talent for translation has not been surpassed for its uniform excellence. His first translations were from the Spanish,

later he passed to German and other northern originals. To the habit so definitely formed he frequently recurred, its culmination in his later life being his complete translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, a wonder of fidelity, but strangely lacking in the verve of the original, and even in that of his own early experiments with the same material.

Much had happened to Longfellow in the period during which his originality as a poet had been in complete abeyance. For five years he had been a professor of the modern languages in Bowdoin College. In 1835, having been ap-



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

From a Photograph

pointed to a similar chair at Harvard, he went to Europe for a two years' course of study. In 1831 he had married Mary Storer Porter, a lovely and intelligent girl. She died in the first year of his second sojourn in Europe, November 1835, and his spirit was profoundly shaken by the event. It made him a new creature. It reopened the fountain of poetry in his mind. What he had learned in sorrow, he now essayed to teach in song, but not until he had embodied in *Hyperion* the experiences of his second European journey, as he had embodied those of the first in *Outre-Mer*. The manner of the new romance reflected that of Richter as plainly as the former had reflected that of Irving. Its illusions thinly veiled the sorrow of his personal loss, while on its verge arose the shape of a consoler, Frances Elizabeth Appleton, who in 1843 became his second

wife *Hyperion* at once achieved a popular success. Lovers were no longer in doubt what book to give to the beloved, and every melancholy Jaques sucked it to his heart's content. Promising a succession of romances, it proved to be the last except *Kavanagh* (1849), which not Emerson's pruse, nor even that of Hawthorne, hailing it as 'a true work of genius, if ever there was one,' has saved from deep oblivion. The really significant book of 1839 was not *Hyperion* but *Voices of the Night*, a collection of original poems written in quick succession in the year of publication and the preceding. The first written was 'Flowers,' the second was 'A Psalm of Life,' and there were a few more expressions of personal feeling with a didactic purpose that went far to commend them to the New England mind. So intimate seemed the disclosure of 'The Psalm of Life' to its author that for some time he dared not even show it to a friend. A part of the little book's success was doubtless owing to the success of *Hyperion*, but more to its appeal by its simplicity, its tenderness, and its pathos to the common heart. The *Ballads and Other Poems* of 1842 marked a distinct advance, especially in such poems as 'The Village Blacksmith,' 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' and 'The Skeleton in Armour'—only the first of which preserved the didactic quality of the earlier 'Voices.' But he painted little here, or ever, with his eye upon the object. His birds and flowers are mainly such as sang and grew in books. It was inevitable that he should take over from his long practice of translation a great deal of foreign matter, but his *Spanish Student* of 1843 was a distinct reversal to the mood from which he had just tried to free himself. Aiming to be a play, it was rather a dialogue, the interlocutors but feebly individualised, while nevertheless there were along its course many lines and passages of delicate beauty.

Longfellow's relish for his academic work was slight, but he discharged it faithfully, genial with the students in the class room and gravitating slowly but steadily to a right appreciation of his function as that of a sympathetic interpreter of foreign literature to American youth. Passages from *Hyperion* in the making must have been a delightful variation from the habitual college 'recitation.' The year 1842 found him again in Europe, where Dickens's conversation and his *American Notes* quickened in him a sense of the iniquity of negro slavery in America, and on the return voyage he wrote eight *Poems on Slavery*. Of less virile stuff than Whittier's and Lowell's, they committed him to the anti-slavery side. Too much has been made of their omission from a Philadelphia collection of his poems (1845), seeing that the collection did not aim at completeness. Almost simultaneously a New York publisher brought out a complete edition which contained the anti-slavery poems, and thereupon the pro-slavery faction raged and the abolitionists rejoiced. Meantime Longfellow was established in a fine old colonial house in

Cambridge, now, with its double name, a rival of Mount Vernon, Washington having made it his headquarters when he took command of the American forces in 1775. Before the purchase of the house for Longfellow by his wife's father, Longfellow lodged there with Mrs Crugie, a decayed gentlewoman of eccentric character and pathetic history, to which Longfellow was singularly indifferent. Hawthorne could have enjoyed his provocation. On the other hand, Hawthorne was indifferent to the story fundamental to *Launceline*, and made it over to Longfellow, who was attracted by the same simplicity by which Hawthorne was repelled. *Launceline* (1850) is the best loved of Longfellow's major poems. The hexameter measure in which it is written had only gradually improved itself to the poet's taste. In his introduction to Legner's *Children of the Lord's Supper* he had described its movement as 'that of a prisoner dancing in his chains.' That it is not the classic hexameter goes without saying, but that it is not a spontaneous English measure is disproved by the unconscious lipse of the Bible into it in many places, as, 'God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.' It is strange to have Professor Woodberry regretting its 'spondeic flatness' while Poe lamented its lack of spondees, its tendency to didactic weakness. Surely the story of *Launceline* is infinitely pathetic, and it is told in a swift, streaming style. It would have had more local colour if Longfellow had been as well travelled in America as in Europe, he had been neither to Nova Scotia nor to the scene of the story in the Mississippi valley. A contemporary panorama was his best resource after the literature of the Acadian episode, then more favourable to the French settlers than later in the hands of Parkman and others. But there is no lack of the feeling of reality in any part. A poem of heart broken affection, it has appealed to multitudes of happy lovers chastening their joy with sympathy and quickening their gratefulness. For young people and those remembering their youth, it has the promise of perennial delight.

The futile *Kavanaugh* came next, and then (1850) *The Seaside and the Fireside*, a cluster of minor poems in which Longfellow's art in this kind took on its most engaging form, especially in the narrative pieces. The stroke was swift and sure and various, the measure in each case being apparently chosen by the subject and not for it. The didactic note, which frequently recurred, was sharpest in 'The Builders.' In 'The Building of the Ship,' where Longfellow was in full possession of his talent, this note was so inevitable and so pure as fully to justify itself. To hear this poem publicly read by Jenny Kemble was an experience that could never be forgotten. 'Resignation' in this series stands at the head of those 'poems of sorrow and comfort' for which many looked to Longfellow as for no other virtue of his crust. In 'The Fire of

Draft-Wood' we have that vein of pleasing sentiment, infused with tenderness, than which no aspect of his work was more characteristic. *Chrysos* is said to have been the short poem with which he was himself best pleased, sustaining his opinion with that of another poet, Bryant Taylor. It varies the habitual price and flow of his versification with that more subtle rhythm to which he consciously inspired but to which he infrequently attained. Although melodious, he does not often yield that harmony which is the resolution of parts distinct individual into a formal unity. In *The Golden Legend*, obedient to a principle of oscillation between home and foreign subjects to which he furnished several illustrations, he sung back to a dramatic poem embodying his conception of Christianity under the stress of Middle Age conditions. His dramatic talents were not five or two, but one, yet he had no disposition to bury that one in the earth. For dialogue we have a capping of poetic phrases and sallies mildly humorous. He pounced on his own in the Middle Ages, the picturesque, the romantic, the grotesque its actual conditions did not exist for him at all. 'Even his devil and his erring monks are gentle and gracious souls.' Yet his own engagement with this subject was immense. He conceived *The Golden Legend* as part of a trilogy to be called *Christus a Mystery*. The other parts were *The Divine Tragedy* and *The New England Tragedy*. This conception was not an afterthought, as might naturally be inferred from the disconnection of the three dramatic poems. It was present to him in 1849 'as the sublimer song whose broken melodies have for so many years breathed through [his] soul.' *The Golden Legend* was published without my intimation of its partial character. *The New England Tragedy* appeared in 1863, *The Divine Tragedy* in 1871. The former was first written in prose, and something of that form clung to its singing robes. With passages of undeniably beauty touching the New England Quakers, the average course was almost uniquely fit and tame. *The Divine Tragedy* was a very noble paraphrase of the New Testament narratives, as such narrative even while suffering from the contrast with the Gospels that was not to be escaped.

In 1854 he resigned his Harvard professorship, and the first fruit of his leisure was *Hirtaulli*, which was published in 1855. His first poem had celebrated an Indian battle, and he had always been interested in the dying race, some poor remnants of which had survived in Maine until his day. But the Indians of his poem were no those of Pukarana's histories nor even those of Schoolcraft's useful stories in which he could find his material. Their cruelty & & especially & etc for him objects of a joyous prosecution, to 'excite together their bewilful tributaries' was his congenial task. His method here was as selective as was it ever concerned with dredged manna, and even, and without difficulty found the pictures, legends, history,

beauty, & humour that he sought. He had a good model, the Finnish *Kalevala*, the measure of which, trochaic trimeter, he followed, as well as the manner. The form, abounding in melodious repetitions and reverberations, lent itself to rapid composition, and the five thousand lines, begun late in June, were published early in November. The poem pleased everybody except the dryest professorate. To Emerson it seemed 'sweet and a hole some as maize,' and the rising generation reviled it with such zest as if 'Scott, the delight of florid boys,' had come again. If it lacked something of verity as an account of saintly life, it overflowed with the beauty of Longfellow's own nature, the goodness of his heart, those elements in his poetry which have commended it to the general reader, and will hereafter, more than any of us formal beauties or its store of sweet and fair associations with a world remote from our habitual toil and scenes, as he has written,

The tumult of the time was on slate  
To intricate mutinies die away,  
While the eternal ages watch and wait

*The Courtship of Miles Standish* ranks with *Evangelina* and *Hawthorne* as one of the three crowning heights of Longfellow's range of more ambitious things. It is in the measure of *Leaves* line, but the hexameters are better than those of the earlier poem. That it told a bright and happy story in contrast with the tragic sorrow of *Leaves* line was not in advantage with the main body of Longfellow's public but it is with some readers. This quality marked his complete escape from the languors of German romanticism which sickened over the complexion of his early verse and lingered on in its maturer forms. That John Alden and Priscilla the lovers of his story, were his Plymouth ancestors of the Mayflower's company, was a circumstance particularly pleasant for the poet and his friends.

Such landmarks as his minor poems must now be suffered to obscure the general significance of a multitude of minor poems of which no particular mention can be made. Many of these are included in his complete works under the general titles *Tales of a Wayside Inn* and *Books of Longfellow*. In either series there are poems that are rank among his best, such stirring ballads as 'Paul Revere's Ride,' such breezy ones as 'Lady Wentworth,' while on the other hand the habit of product or scissoring at times to have supplanted genuine inspiration. In 1861 he suffered in the death of his wife a terrible calamity. Her light summer dress of silk and lace was suddenly burned. This it left a scar transmitted into one for a woman, 'The Cross of Scroop,' which is still his to this day after his death and prior to the birth of his son, his brother Lionel. In the month of December 1862, he sold the *Wayside Inn* for £10,000, which he used in making a new home. He gave a lot of land in every year at grace,

and his old age had a benignity which William Dean Howells has described to perfection in his article, 'The White Mr Longfellow,' in his *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*. No one in America had more of love or honour or a larger troop of friends. There was much slackening at the last of his creative energy, but not without occasional bursts of his proper melody. He died March 24, 1882. His last poem was finished on the 15th of the same month, and its concluding lines made a good end to a life that was complicit of gentleness and peace.

Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light,  
It is daybreak everywhere

Many will miss in Longfellow the intellectual force which is for them an essential factor in the character of a true poet, many others will conceive it a misfortune that he was so little affected by the religious agitations of his time, but a much greater number will imagine that they cannot be too grateful for so much gentleness and reverence, so much sympathy and kindness, and for a life which was related to its poetical expression as 'perfect music unto noble words.'

#### Resignation.

[Written in 1846 after the death of a little daughter.]

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But his one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead,  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,  
Amid these earthly damps,  
What seem to us but sad, funeral vapors,  
May be heaven's distant lamps

There is no Death! What seems so is transition  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air,  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives

Not as a child shall we again behold her,  
Or when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child,  
But a fair maiden, in her father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her fair

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay  
By silence sanctifying not concealing,  
The grief that must have been

#### Chryseas

Just above yon sandy bar,  
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,  
Lonely and lovely, a single star  
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer

Into the ocean faint and far  
I all the trail of its golden splendour,  
And the gleam of that single star  
Is ever resplendent, soft, and tender

Chryseas, rising out of the sea,  
Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,  
Leaving the arms of Callirhoe,  
I or ever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far  
Trailed the gleam of his falcon brightly  
Is it a God, or is it a star  
That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

#### Holidays

The holiest of all holidays are those  
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart  
The secret anniversaries of the heart,  
When the full river of feeling overflows,—  
The happy days unclouded to their close,  
The sudden joys that out of darkness start  
As flames from ashes, swift desires that dart  
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!  
White as the gleam of a receding sail,  
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,  
White as the whitest lily on the stream,  
These tender memories are,—Fairy Tale  
Of some enchanted land we know not where,  
But lovely as a landscape in a dream

#### Divina Commedia.

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door,  
A labourer pausing in the dust and heat,  
Lay down his burden and with reverent feet  
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor  
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er,  
Far off the noises of the world's retreat,  
The loud vociferations of the street  
Become an undistinguishable roar

So, as I enter here from day to day,  
And leave my burden at this minster gate,  
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,  
The tumult of the time disconsolate  
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,  
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!  
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves  
Birds build their nests, while canopied with leaves  
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,  
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!  
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves  
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,  
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!  
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,  
What exultations trampling on despair,  
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,  
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,  
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,  
This mediæval miracle of song!

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom  
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!  
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine  
The air is filled with some unknown perfume,  
The congregation of the dead make room  
For thee to pass, the votive tapers shine  
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine  
The hooting echoes fly from tomb to tomb  
From the confessional I hear arise  
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,  
And lamentations from the crypts below  
And then a voice celestial, that begins  
With the pathetic words, 'Although your sins  
Are scarlet red,' and ends with 'as the snow.'

With snow white veil and garments as of flame,  
She stands before thee, who so long ago  
I filled thy young heart with passion and the woe  
I rom which thy song and all its splendours come,  
And while with stern rebuke she speaks thy name,  
The ice about thy heart melts as the snow  
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow  
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame  
Thou makest full confession and a gleam  
As if the dawn on some dark forest eve,  
Seems on thy hasted forehead to increase  
Letho and Funoe—the remembered dream  
And the forgotten sorrow—bring it last  
That perfect portion which is perfect peace.

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze  
With forms of saints and holy men who died,  
Here martyred and hereafter glorified  
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays  
Christ's Triumph and the angelic roundelay  
With splendour upon splendour multiplied  
And Beatiere again at Nini's side  
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise  
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choir  
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and joy  
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost  
And the melodious bells among the spires  
Over all the house tops and thro' the belfry bower  
Proclaim the elevation of the Host.

O star of morning and of liberty!  
O bringer of the light, whose splendour shines  
Above the darkness of the Pennines,  
Forerunner of the day that is to be!  
The voices of the east and the sea,  
The voices of the mountains and the pines,  
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines  
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!  
Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,  
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,  
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,  
Strangers of Rome and the new proselyte,  
In their own language hear thyondrous word,  
And many are amazed and many doubt.

### The Cross of Snow

[Found in Longfellow's portfolio after his death.]

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,  
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—I  
Look at me from the wall, where round its head  
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.  
Here in this room she died—and soul more white  
Never through martyrdom of fire was led  
To its repose, nor can in books be read  
The legend of a life more benedight.  
There is a mountain in the distant West  
That, sun defying, in its deep ravines  
Displays a cross of snow up-on its side.  
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast  
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes  
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

### The Old Bridge at Florence

Taddeo Gaddi built me—I am old,  
Five centuries old—I plant my foot of stone  
Upon the Arno as St Michael's own  
Was planted on the dragon—I told by told  
Beneath me as it struggles, I behold  
Its glistening scales—twice hath it o'erthrown  
My kindred and companions—Me alone  
It moveth not—but is by me controlled.  
I can remember when the Medici  
Were driven from Florence, longer still ago  
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelph  
Florence adorns me with her jewell'd  
And when I think that Michael Angelo  
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

### From Evangeline'

Suddenly as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
Still she stood with her colourless, haggard spirit, while a  
shudder  
ran through her frame and forgotten, the flowerets  
dropped from her fingers,  
And from her eyes and cheek the light and bloom of the  
morning.  
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible  
anguish,  
That the dying heard it and started up from their  
pillows.  
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old  
man.  
Long, in the moonlight were the locks that clung to his  
temple.  
But as he lay in the morning light, a fact for me met

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier man  
hood,  
So we went to be changed the faces of those that are  
dying  
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,  
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled  
its portals,  
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over  
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit  
exhausted  
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in  
the darkness,  
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and  
sinking  
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied  
reverberations,  
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that  
succeeded  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint  
like,  
'Gabriel! O my beloved!' and died away into silence  
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his  
childhood,  
Green meadow meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
Village, and mountain, and woodlands, and, walking  
under their shadow,  
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his  
vision  
Tears came into his eyes, and as slowly he lifted his  
eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his  
bedside  
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents  
unuttered  
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his  
tongue would have spoken  
Vainly he strove to rise, and Evangeline, kneeling  
beside him,  
Kissed his dying lip, and laid his head on her bosom  
Sweet was the light of his eyes, but it suddenly sank  
into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a  
casement  
All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the  
sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her  
bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I  
thank Thee!'

**From the Prologue to 'Hiawatha'**

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,  
Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
Love the shadow of the forest,  
Love the wind among the branches,  
And the rain shower and the snow storm,  
And the rushing of great rivers,  
Through their palisades of pine trees,  
And the thunder in the mountains,  
Whose innumerable echoes  
Flap like eagles in their eyries,—  
Listen to these wild traditions,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
Love the ballads of a people,  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain in I child like,  
Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken,—  
Listen to this Indian Legend,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!  
Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
Who have faith in God and Nature,  
Who believe, that in all ye  
Every human heart is human,  
That in even savage bosoms  
There are longing, yearning, striving,  
For the good they comprehend not,  
That the feeble hands and helpless,  
Groping blindly in the darkness,  
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,  
And are lifted up and strengthened,—  
Listen to this simple story,  
To this Song of Hiawatha!  
Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles  
Through the green lanes of the country,  
Where the tangled briberry bushes  
Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
Over stone walls grown with moss,  
Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
For a while to muse, and ponder  
On a half effaced inscription,  
Written with little skill of song craft,  
Homely phrases, but each letter  
Full of hope and yet of heart break,  
Full of all the tender pathos  
Of the Here and the Hereafter —  
Stay and read this rude inscription  
Read this Song of Hiawatha!

Longfellow's works are published in various editions. The best is the *Riverside* in eleven volumes (1856-60), including prose and poetry and the *Life* by Samuel Longfellow. There is an admirable one volume edition, the 'Caribou,' and there have been numerous reprints in Britain. There is a *Life* by Robertson in Great Writers Series (1888) a much better one by T. W. Higginson in 'American Men of Letters' (1902). The best critical article is in F. C. Stedman's *Poets of America*, the best personal article in W. D. Howells' *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

**Sylvester Judd** (1813-55), born at Westhampton in Massachusetts, was from 1840 Unitarian pastor at Augusta in Maine. He wrote against slavery, intemperance, and war, published a religious poem, *Paulo*, and is remembered specially as the author of the transcendental romance *Margaret* (1845), justly claiming to be 'a tale of the real and ideal.' Among the most real elements are charming descriptions of New England scenery and sketches of humble life there, warmly prised by Lowell, and attention is still from time to time drawn to it by American critics, though it is a strangely unequal work. *Richard Edney* was another romance, somewhat less transcendental. *A Rus-Urban Tale* (1850) was a sort of counter part of *Margaret*. He published also discourses and theological works. There is a book on his *Life and Character* by Hall (1882).

### John Greenleaf Whittier,

the New England Quaker poet, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, 17th December 1807, in a house built by his first colonial ancestor in the seventeenth century. One strain of his blood allied him with Daniel Webster, and both are said to have had 'the Bachelor eyes,' but Webster's were blacker and less piercing than Whittier's. What the homestead and home life were can best be read in *Snow-Bound*, while 'The Burefoot Boy' is Whittier's full length portrait of himself in his happy childhood before the firm work pressed too hard upon his strength and planted in his constitution the seeds of that weakness which made the habit of his life valetudinarian. His education was that of the district school of the period, except for a brief course at a local academy. There were books in the small family library that gave direction to his taste, inclining it to legendary reminiscences and tales. There was an uncle in the family who contributed liberally to his stock of these. It was an eventful day which was marked by his first reading of Burns's poems, lent him by one of his teachers. Later there came a 'wandering Willie' from Scotland who could recite Burns's dialect poems in an entrancing manner. Whittier was much impressed, and was soon writing verses, some of them in the Burns dialect, which he managed very well, while to much in the spirit of Burns—his interest in simple joys and cares—he owed a lasting debt. It is sound criticism that describes his *Snow Bound* as the New England *Cotters Saturday Night*. But his first published poem, 'The Exile,' was more in the manner of Moore than of Burns. The paper containing this was thrown over the wall into a field where Whittier was at work one day in June 1826, and his first triumph was enhanced by a ludicrous editorial note. The editor was William Lloyd Garrison, the great anti-slavery reformer, then twenty years of age. His admiration for Whittier's early poems, of which he accepted many for his paper, is hard to understand. They were for the most part feeble reflections of debased literary models, but they made up in abundance what they lacked in quality, nearly one hundred appearing in the years 1827-28. In 1832 Whittier was quite justified in his resolve to give up poetry as something for which he had no gift, and settle to a farmer's life. But in that year he made a fresh start with an apostrophe to Garrison. Nothing before this is worth preserving or has been preserved, except in the appendix to his complete works to show from what weak beginnings he set out. The apostrophe to Garrison marked his definite adhesion to the anti-slavery cause, which for the next ten years was the principal subject and inspiration of his verse. For these twenty years he describes himself as 'shut out from the favor of book-sellers and magazine editors.' 'But I am enabled' he says, 'by rigid economy to live in spite of them, and to'

see the end of the infernal institution which proscribed me.' This diversion of 'a dreamer born' 'from the Muses' haunts' to 'the crane' of an opinion mill,

Making his rustic reed of song  
A weapon in the war with wrong,

has furnished matter for regret to some of Whittier's critics. But there is every reason to believe that this diversion effected at once his moral and political salvation. It saved him from the career of an intriguing politician, to which his proclivity was so marked that, parallel with his anti-slavery course he for many years ran another in partisan politics which might have been straighter than it was. This made it easier for him to ally himself with those abolitionists who, parting company with Garrison as too exclusively moral in his agitation, instituted the Liberty party, which sought to reach the abolition of slavery by political means. But while on with this new party he was not quite off with the old, and in 1844 was barely shut out from a congressional election, with Whig help, by the serious condition of his health. It is an interesting reflection that but for this accidental circumstance we might never have had that body of personal and religious poetry on which Whittier's permanent reputation is a poet rests.

It was principally as a journalist that he was effective on political and anti-slavery lines. He spent the winter of 1828-29 in Boston editing the *American Manufacturer*, the next year he was editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, and the same year he went to Hartford, Connecticut, to edit the *New England Review*. In 1831 he published his first book, *Legends of New England*, for single copies of which he offered eventually as much as five dollars that he might burn them up. In 1833 he attended in Philadelphia the first meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, the most notable anti-slavery meeting ever held in America, with Garrison for its inspiring soul. Whittier was one of the secretaries of the convention, and a member of the committee which drafted the famous Declaration of Principles. He read to Garrison's face that tribute of admiration which he had written in 1832. His standing in the convention was fixed by his *Justice and Expediency*, a noble echo of Garrison's *Sloughs of African Civilization*, which, denouncing negro colonization as friendly to slavery, demanded immediate and unconditional emancipation. Returning to Haverhill in 1832, he again took charge of the *Gazette*. In 1836 the farm was sold and the family removed some eight miles to Amesbury, where, but for summer outings and two years in Philadelphia (1838-40) he henceforth made his home. In Philadelphia he edited the *Friend and Freeman*, an abolitionist paper his most important ever in charge. The office of the paper was in Pennsylvania Hall, which, just built, was haunted by a pro-slavery mob. Whittier, disguisedly himself,

sived some of his effects, and published his paper the next day with a defiant note. He had had previous experience with mobs in New England, where he went about holding abolition meetings in company with George Thompson, an English agitator who was peculiarly obnoxious to the pro-slavery mind. Some specimens of his journalism are preserved in the three volumes of prose writings included in his complete works. These are probably inferior to his editorials that dealt with the shifting aspects of the anti-slavery struggle, for his prose was always best when he wrote from inward heat, and worst when he was consciously endeavouring to write attractively.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER  
After a Photograph

From his apostrophe to Garrison in 1832 to his *Laud Deo!* which hailed the constitutional end of slavery in 1865, he had a poem for every striking incident of the anti-slavery conflict—one here applauding some heroic word or deed, one there denouncing some new recreancy or perfidy. The most famous, at the time, was his ‘Ichabod’ which denounced the defection of Webster from the anti-slavery side in 1850, in his ‘Seventh of March Speech.’ The politician gaining on the reformer in Whittier’s double consciousness, he passed by easy stages from the Liberty to the Free Soil, and thence to the Republican party, each new stage less consistently abolitionist than the last. A man of peace in virtue of his Quakerism, he beat his songs into swords and muskets in the time of the great Civil War.

His literary life hardly began in any proper sense until 1857, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was launched, and he was at once taken on board, having a poem,

‘The Gift of Tritemius,’ in the first number, and one oftener than not in the succeeding numbers for a score of years. Before this door was opened, the *National Era* had since 1847 furnished him with a semi-literary vehicle for ballads and poems of a religious character, apart from the main anti-slavery stress. As early as 1843 there were enough of these to constitute a little book, *Lays of my Home, and other Poems*, which brought in a few dollars, as did not the anti-slavery collections of 1837 and 1849. Other poems indicative of his widening scope were gathered up in *Songs of Labour* (1850) and in *The Panorama, and other Poems* (1856), notably in this last the popular favourites ‘Maud Muller’ and ‘The Barefoot Boy.’ But the *Atlantic* offered more encouragement to his less strenuous disposition than it had before enjoyed, and besides, as the great war drew to its close, the energy generated by the long anti-slavery struggle sought and found new avenues of expression. The most of Whittier’s best remembered things were written in the decade 1857-67, ballads so different as ‘Skipper Ireson’s Ride’ and ‘Ann Wentworth,’ and poems of the inner life in which the personal note was clear and sweet. Such were ‘My Psalm,’ ‘My Birthday,’ ‘My Triumph’ ‘My Soul and I,’ ‘The Master,’ and ‘The Eternal Goodness,’ in which this direction of his talent reached its highest goal. All these were poems of the Quaker’s ‘inner light,’ and made for the softening of the traditional New England creed and for inter-sectarian amity. *Snow-Bound* appeared in 1866, and took the New England heart by storm. With much that was intimately specialised after the forms of Whittier’s personal experience, there was much that was representative of the New England farmer’s life, so vividly presented that the dullest could not but respond to the reality of its characters and scenes. Besides, the tenderness that brooded over a little world that was hopelessly passing was a beguiling note. *The Tent on the Beach* (1867), following, far off, the lead of Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*, grouped ingeniously some of his most effective ballads with poems of a more subjective character. He never married, but a considerable number of his poems hint the romance of his affections in a fashion that has piqued and baffled much tender curiosity. ‘Memories’ and ‘My Plymrite’ are among the best of these. With much sensibility to the loveliness of women, he had such appreciation of their spiritual gifts and graces as assured them a pre-ponderance in the order of those friendships which were his life’s best satisfactions and delights. Many tributes paid to these in his too facile verse! Whittier suddenly woke up to find himself famous, and now his anti-slavery record could not too boldly leap to light. What had long retarded now increased his fame, and *The Tent on the Beach* sold at a rate which Whittier could only with difficulty reconcile to his sense of the right relation of the poet’s work to his reward. Similar

volumes followed *The Tent on the Beach*, but inferior in distinct degrees, and leaving *Snow Bound* solitary in its homely charm. For all the delicacy of his health, he lived, an object of increasing reverence and affection, till 7th September 1892, when he was nearly eighty five years old.

Of contemporary American poets he owed least to culture and formal education. Hence the defects of his poetry—its lack of compression, its contracted metrical range, its faulty rhymes and ungrammatical forms. He was more poet than artist, spontaneous to the verge of improvisation, with no self restraint, spinning too long a thread. Of verbal felicity he had little, save in his effective use of sonorous proper names. His poetry was eloquence, as if he had caught the accent of the anti-slavery heralds and champions. He was pre-eminently the singer of the anti-slavery crusade, proudly saluting its living heroes and its honoured dead, the most representative of New England's poets, affectionately reminiscent of her lore of superstition and romance, and, most significantly, the poet of religious sympathy and hope and trust. Though he wrote few hymns, many have been detriched from his poems and sung in churches of all Protestant denominations, to the great enhancement of his fame. With less general following than Longfellow, he has had a much more cordial welcome among 'the plain people' and those who subordinate all other interests to those of the religious life.

From 'Massachusetts to Virginia.'

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words and high,  
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along  
our sky,  
Yet, not one brown, hard hand forgoes its honest labour  
here,—  
No bower of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in  
fear.  
Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St  
George's bank,—  
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies, white and  
dank,  
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are  
the hearts which man  
The fishing smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape  
Ann.

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful  
hell,—  
Our voices, at your bidding take up the bloodhound's  
yell,—  
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves  
From Freedom's holy altar horns to tear your wretched  
elves!

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and  
daughters,—  
Deep calling unto deep aloud,—the sound of many  
waters'  
Again the burden of that voice what tyran' power shall  
stand?  
*No feller in the Bay State! No stronger nor fairer!*

Loo! to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have  
borne,  
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your  
scorn  
You've spurned our kindest counsels,—you've hunted  
for our lives,—  
And shaken round our hearths and homes your maces  
and givies'

We wage no war,—we lift no arm,—we fling no torch  
within  
The fire damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil  
of sin  
We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while ye  
can,  
With the strong upward tendencies and godlike soul of  
man'

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have  
given  
For freedom and humanity is registered in Heaven,  
*No slave hunt in our borders,—no pirate on our strand!*  
*No fellers in the Bay State,—no slave upon our land!*

Ichabod!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore!  
The glory from his gray hairs gone  
For evermore!

Rebuk him not,—the Tempter hath  
A snare for all,  
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
Beset his fall!

O dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age,  
I all back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark  
A bright soul driven  
Fiend goaded, down the endless dark,  
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him  
Insult him now,  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
Dishonoured brow

But let us humbled sons, instead,  
From sea to lake,  
A long lament as for the dead,  
In sadness male

Of all we loved and honoured, nught  
Save power remains,—  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chairs

All else is gone! from those great eyes  
The soul has fled  
When faith is lost when honour dies,  
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old ages  
To his dead fame  
Walk backward, with averted eye  
As I hide the shame!

**In School-Days**

Still sits the school house by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning,  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official,  
The winking floor, the battered seats,  
The jack knife's curved initial,

The charcoal frescoes on its wall,  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun  
Shone over it at setting,  
Lit up its western window panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favour singled,  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left, he lingered,—  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the tremble of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing

'I'm sorry that I spelt the word  
I hate to go above you,  
Because,'—the brown eyes lower fell,—  
'Because, you see, I love you!'

Still memory to a gray haired man  
That sweet child face is showing,  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her,—because they love him.

**From 'My Birthday'**

Better than self indulgent years  
The outlung heart of youth,  
Than pleasant songs in idle years  
The tumult of the truth

Rest for the weary hands is good,  
And love for hearts that pine,  
But let the manly habitude  
Of upright souls be mine

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,

Dear Lord, the languid vir,  
And let the weakness of the flesh  
Thy strength of spirit share

And, if the eye must fail of light,  
The ear forget to hear,  
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,  
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need  
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,  
And down these slopes of sunset lead  
As up the hills of morn!

**From 'My Psalm'**

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track,—  
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back,—

That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good,—

That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight,—

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through Memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fur,—

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angels of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west winds play,  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day

**From 'Snow-Bound.'**

Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north-wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost line brick with tropic heat,  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed  
The house dog on its paws outspread  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall,  
And, for the winter fireside meet,  
Between the andirons straddling feet,

The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples spattered in a row,  
And, close at hand, the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter how the north wind rived?  
Blow high, blow low, not 'll its snow  
Could quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow.  
O Time and Change!—with bairn as grav  
As was my sire's that winter day,  
How strange it seems, with so much gone  
Of life and love, to still live on!  
Ah, brother! only I and thou  
Are left of all that circle now,—  
The dear home faces whereupon  
That fitful firelight paled and shone.  
Henceforward, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still,  
I ool where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
Those lighted faces smile no more.  
We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladdèd corn,  
We turn the pages that they read,  
Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious floor!  
Yet I oov will dream, and Truth will trust  
(Since He who knows our need is just),  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must  
Mas for him who never sees.  
The stars shine through his cypress trees;  
Who, hopeless, tries his dead bairn,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!  
Who hath not learned, in hours of truth,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever Lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own!

The complete works of Whittier are published in seven volumes in the 'Riverside Edition' (1883) and the poems complete in a one-volume edition, the 'Cambridge' (1891). The *Life and Letters* by S. T. Lickard (1891) is the official biography, an excellent piece of work. Other biographies are Higginson's in *American Men of Letters* (1892) and Burton's very brief in *Beacon Biographies* (1900). The best critical study is E. C. Stedman's, in the *Poets of America*.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

**Josiah Gilbert Holland** (1819-81), born in Belchertown, Massachusetts, practised medicine for two or three years, but became assistant editor and part proprietor of a paper at Springfield. In 1830 he helped to found *Scribner's Monthly* (afterwards *The Century Magazine*) which he edited, and in it appeared his novels, *At Your Bonniest*, *The Story of Seánoricks*, and *Nicholas Merton*. Other works were *I met in Ticonic's Letters* (1858), *Letters to the Forces* (1863), a history of Western Massachusetts, a life of Lincoln and his popular poems, *Ritter Sir* (1858), *Kathleen* (1867), and *The Mistress of the House* (1874). There is a life of him by Mrs Punnett (1894).

### Nathaniel Hawthorne,

the most distinguished writer of American fiction, was born in Salem, a coast town of Massachusetts, some dozen miles from Boston, on 4th July 1804. His ancestors were American from the time of the first settlements. Nathaniel, a sea captain, father of the novelist, died in 1808. For forty years, of widowhood his mother secluded herself and seldom left her room. Two sisters were only a little less recluse. Here was an influence that nursed a similar habit in the boy. An accident at play sent him for companionship to books, which ranged from Shakespeare through Bunyan to the Newgate Calendar. In tastes and temperament the boy was father of the man. His first teacher was Worcester, the distinguished lexicographer. In 1813 the family removed to Raymond in Maine, which was then a province of Massachusetts. Hunting and skating on the beautiful Sebago Lake, and fishing in its clear waters, with much desultory reading, went far to constitute his Raymond life. In 1819 he was back in Salem, reading *Hawthorne*, preparing for college, and issuing the *Spectator*, which ran through four numbers, its circulation limited to a single copy. In 1820 he already contemplated the profession of authorship. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, then recently founded, and better equipped with courage than with a faculty or funds.

On his way to Brunswick, through New Hampshire, he made the acquaintance of a Bowdoin sophomore, Franklin Pierce, one of his best friends thereafter. With Longfellow the poet, a classmate, he had slight acquaintance, but was remembered by him as 'a handsome, bushy youth, with a low, musical voice.' Longfellow was one of the more studious set, Hawthorne one of the less studious. He was indifferent to sports, but mildly convivial, and his gambling was made a subject of correspondence with his mother by the president of the college. The stakes were fifty cents worth of wine. At the conclusion of his college course we have the reflection of his actual feelings in *Fanshawe*, his first novel, where he says that in the innmost heart of his hero there was a dream of undying fame. In spite of his dissipation, his mother and sisters had returned to Salem, and he joined them there in 1825, and entered at once upon a period of seclusion that dragg'd its slow length along for a full dozen years. He had no intimacy even with his mother and sisters. Often his meals were left outside the door of his room. Most of his walking, except that of his longer excursions was done after dark. There was a good local library, in which he burrowed deep, and, had he not disdained hem, there were intelligence and culture in the fine old town that might have served him well. The colour of his brooding solitude lived in the soul the texture of the fancies that he wove in it, until I hope of making them attractive to his fellow men.

His resolve to live by his pen must have seemed madness to his immediate family and other relatives, but something masterful in his nature prevailed over such opposition as was made. It is a natural incident of the dim, half featured life he led that much doubt attaches to the earliest productions of his pen. *Seven Tales of my Native Land*, written while he was still at college or later, were burned in despair of finding a publisher. That they set the chimney on fire is probably a fanciful suggestion of what they might have done for the popular mind. *Langshawe* was published anonymously in 1828, and was received so coldly that Hawthorne's own regard for it was chilled, and he endeavoured to call in and destroy the purchased copies. If the *Seven Tales* were actually burned, there soon rose from their ashes birds of like feather, certain *Provincial Tales*, several of which were published in *The Token*, one of the many annuals of which there was a prolific growth in the fore part of the nineteenth century. But Goodrich, the publisher of *The Token*, better known as

'Peter Parley,' was for ten years so friendly to Hawthorne that he deserved better thanks than Hawthorne gave him when at length they parted company. Yet Hawthorne might well feel himself ill used when he received \$100 for Peter Parley's *Universal History*, and nothing additional when 100,000 copies had been sold. In 1834 he found another vehicle for his stories, the *New England Magazine*, and further on the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, the *Democratic Review*, and other once flourishing periodicals. If 'he was for a good many years the obscurest man of letters in America,' as he wrote in 1851, it was partly his own fault. Written under several pseudonyms, his sketches made a slighter impression than if they had all gone to the credit of an acknowledged author. The habit of anonymity was so strong with him that he often lapsed into it after

a friendly hand had gently snatched away his mask. The depth of his discouragement at this time was so great that Bridge, his best loved college mate, made a bold push to publish at his own risk a volume of his pieces, and the first volume of *Twice Told Tales* appeared in 1837. The response was not eager, but some of the reviews were favourable, Longfellow's the one most prized. The twenty sketches, selected from a much larger number, represented sufficiently the breadth of Hawthorne's narrow range. More than three times as many were added in subsequent volumes, a second series of *Twice Told Tales* in 1842, *Mosses from an Old Manse* in 1846, and *The Snow Image and other Tales* in 1851. By this time *The Scarlet Letter* was published, and the minor tales acquired from this sympathetic vogue

The short stories reached their term when the first longer one appeared. The whole series is written in a pellucid style which, if not perfect from the start, was, in its most characteristic qualities, the free gift of Heaven. A delicate but sometimes trivial



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

After a Drawing by H. Baker

humour played over the surface of these stories or was inherent in their grain. Cheerful they seldom were. But the idea that their pervasive sadness was subjective is easily discredited. The most gloomy flowers of his invention are those which blossomed on the stem of a most happy period, that of his first married years. The problems of sin and evil on which so many of the stories turn were not the fruits of Hawthorne's moral experience, but of his intellectual curiosity. They were the plaything survivals of the Puritan engagement with the dark side of life. The personal aspect was less disclosed in such painful allegories as 'The Birth-Mark' and 'The Bosom Serpent' than in such pleasant pieces as 'The Old Apple-Dealer' and 'Little Annie's Ramble.' The whole series falls into three kinds those fancifully illuminating some biographical or historical inci-

dent, minute descriptions of things seen and heard, and those of an allegorical character. Many tend to this, and in the best examples, such as 'The Snow Image' and 'The Great Carbuncle,' the story and the moral are perfectly assimilated, in others, such as 'The Bosom Serpent,' the assimilation is less perfect or obviously mechanical. Of the fanciful histories 'The Gray Champion' is a notable example. Hawthorne is nowhere more satisfactory than when he attempts least, as in 'Sights from a Steeple' and 'Footprints on the Sea-Shore.' But he is no realist. Though he was a keen observer, everything observed was subject to the transfiguration of his fancy. It is very instructive to compare a certain walk in the *American Note-Books* with 'Footprints on the Sea-Shore.' The *Note-Books*, American, English, Italian, are eloquent of Hawthorne's objectivity. They were published after his death, in 1868, 1870, 1871, in the above order.

While Hawthorne was musing on these simpler or remoter things, the circumstances of his life had varied much from the monotony of the period preceding his first collective publication. In 1837 he had fallen in love with Sophia Peabody, and they were married in 1842. She was one of three sisters remarkable for their culture and intelligence. She was nothing if not enthusiastic and ecstatic. A hole in her husband's dressing-gown was 'an appalling vacuum,' and her whole life was pitched to the superlative key, but she and Hawthorne loved each other with a great and never diminishing affection, and enjoyed the best things of literature and art together. She worshipped him, and he laid upon himself the lowest duties to make her life less arduous. She was a chronic invalid when Hawthorne met her in her Salem home, but she did not even have to wait, like Mrs. Browning, for marriage to effect her cure. The prospect of it was enough. In 1839 Hawthorne's political friends found a place for him in the Boston Custom House. It was a sharp transition from the imponderables he had been weighing to iron and coal, and salt which was not of the Attic kind. His invention wholly failed, and even at Brook Farm, whither he betook himself when turned out of office by the triumphant Whigs, his literary production was singularly 'barren of new pride,' some children's *Biographical Stories* and *The Grandfather's Chair* being the chief gains. Brook Farm was the most idealistic of the American attempts to establish an economic and ethical community. It attracted Hawthorne because his disposition was social despite his isolating temperament. He justly described his short stories as 'attempts to open an intercourse with the world.' His Brook Farm experiment was another and not more successful one. Pitching manure or milking a recalcitrant cow was little to his mind. The social conditions pleased him no better, and he left the community in disgust, having in his year's residence sunk about \$1000 of his hard-earned money. His marriage

followed soon, and he took his wife to Concord, where they made their home in the 'Old Manse' under whose roof Emerson had written *Nature*, and close by the bridge of revolutionary fame. The life here would have been idyllic but for the difficulty of making both ends meet. For companions he had Emerson, Thoreau, and Ellery Channing, whom he enjoyed as men while indifferent to their intellectual character. It was easier for Hawthorne to meet people on the plane of his lower tastes than on that of his literary vocation. And so it happened that when he was made surveyor of the Salem Custom-House in 1846 he was more at home with his subordinates and the old salts who hung about the place than he had been with the Concord set. His introduction to *The Scarlet Letter* described the men and manners of the Custom House in a fashion little relished by the persons indicated and their friends. When he wrote this he had again been turned out of office, nominally for 'offensive partisanship' a fault of which he was incapable. He was much embittered by the transaction, fancying that, not having been appointed for political reasons, he should not be dropped for such reasons. But his loss proved to be all men's gain. For three years his mind had been as fruitless as during his Boston weighing and gauging. He now wrote *The Scarlet Letter*. That genial publisher, James T. Fields, deserves much credit for its ultimate form. He sought Hawthorne out in his moping solitude and charged him with having a story or stories concealed in a set of drawers which stood in his chamber. Hawthorne at first denied the charge, but as Fields was leaving, hurried after him with a manuscript, which was *The Scarlet Letter* in its original form. It was conceived as a short story, but is the longest one that he had written. Later Fields persuaded him to rewrite it on a larger scale. Published in 1850, it achieved at once a notable success, and soon after Hawthorne, with every expression of contempt, shook off the dust of Salem from his feet for ever.

*The Scarlet Letter* is one of the most powerful and affecting stories ever written. It is unconsciously dark and sad. The only bright spot in it is the scarlet letter upon Hester's breast. Little Pearl, the offspring of Hester's and Arthur Dimmesdale's sinful passion, sheds but a strange, uncomfortable light upon the scene. The Puritan community is but faintly realised. The few leading characters appear against a background of unnatural dark. Nothing is told us of the rise and progress of the guilty passion. The tragedy, which runs its course less in an outward scene than in the breasts of the three principal *dramatis personae*, is the tendency of a secret sin to magnify itself by feeding on the better self, and 'the purifying influence of public confession,' so much insisted on by George Eliot, is the remedial note. If, in some complain, there is no divine forgiveness in the story, there is human pity for the sinful pair. The heart of the reader is more enlisted on their side.

than on that of the Puritan community, and their souls are white compared with that of Roger Chillingworth, the husband of the guilty woman, whose whole being is resolved into a principle of immutable hatred and revenge.

Public approval renewed Hawthorne's spirit, and the years 1850-53 were the most productive of his whole career. For a part of this time he lived in Lenox, Massachusetts, amidst the beauty of the Berkshire hills and streams, of which, strangely enough, he soon tired. But there he wrote *The House of the Seven Gables* and, for his children's joy, *The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, in which the old Greek myths took on the colour of his fancy for the perennial delight of boys and girls. If *The Scarlet Letter* continued the tradition of the short stories by being a longer one of their kind, *The House of the Seven Gables* continued it in being more an aggregation of parts than an organic whole. Hawthorne loved the book because it was his 'Little Annie's Rambles' and such things writ large. Of all his full grown romances it is the pleasantest, made so by Phœbe Pyncheon's comfortable sweetness. The final cause, determining the movement of the story, is the decay of a family under the stress of an inherited curse, inherent in the Pyncheon house. Here the house serves that symbolic purpose for which Hawthorne must always have one concrete object or another. The characters are seen more 'in the round' than those of *The Scarlet Letter*. But Judge Pyncheon is less a character than a malicious portrait of the Salem magnate by whom, in the matter of the Custom-House, Hawthorne considered himself wronged.

If Hawthorne's stay at Brook Farm was immediately fruitless, it left seeds in his mind from which sprang *The Blithedale Romance*, a novel generally relegated to the foot of the series, but one that has staunch friends. It took up into itself much of the scenery and some of the people of the farm, but neither with any aim at verisimilitude. That Zenobia was a faithful portrait of Margaret Fuller, a woman of brilliant and wayward genius, was denied by Hawthorne as flatly as by her friends. There was certainly no portrait of Ripley, the noble founder of the community, in the repulsive character of Hollingsworth, who points the moral of the egotistic reformer who has no human heart by which he lives. One effect of this satire was to mark Hawthorne's divergence in reform matters from the other New England men of letters, and it prepares us to find him simultaneously writing a 'campaign life' of Franklin Pierce, then a candidate for the presidency of the United States in the pro-slavery interest. A more sincere 'campaign life' was never written. It was not written with an eye to the lucrative office which Hawthorne could not but know his friend's election would assure him, but as a token of gratitude for Pierce's unfailing kindness. One of the least of presidents, he was one

of the best of friends. He was elected, and he made Hawthorne consul at Liverpool, one of the best positions in his gift. This was in 1853, and he left Concord, where he had been living in a house called 'The Wayside' for a year, and his native country, and took ship for England, hoping he might never return, so out of tune was he with his anti-slavery friends. In Liverpool he hated his business as before in the Boston and Salem seats of custom, but discharged it faithfully, doing his best to right the wrongs of sailors in distress. In England, as in America, his distaste for literary society was pronounced, and he met none of its leaders. His *English Note-Books* exhibit him as keenly observant of English scenery and life. The best parts of these he condensed in *Our Old Home*, a book which gave much offence in England, though it had not more than Hawthorne's usual predilection for the seamy side, and more in America, because he dedicated it in a simple manly fashion to ex-President Pierce. In 1857 he resigned his office and exchanged his 'black and miserable hole' in Liverpool for a residence in Italy of two years' duration. There, at first, he felt more at home than he had ever been, and lived a social life with the Brownings and others. But his daughter fell dangerously sick with Roman fever, and Rome was cursed for him by this experience. 'I bitterly detest it,' he wrote, 'and shall rejoice to bid farewell to it for ever.' Besides, he felt that he must breathe the fogs of England or the east winds of Massachusetts to be again in working trim. Nevertheless he began *The Marble Faun*, and finished it in England, where it was published in 1860, entitled *Transformation*. This title gives the idea of the story, whereas the American title indicates the symbol to which Hawthorne fastened his ingenious fancy as to Hester Prynne's scarlet letter and Zenobia's flower. It is a story of the development of spiritual character through experience. Donatello, the faun, being made a man by his destruction of Miriam's besetting fiend. The passage describing the murder and what followed is not excelled in the whole range of Hawthorne's work. But there is a slackened grip on the characters from this psychological moment to the end. Miriam, the principal character, is realised only less powerfully than Zenobia and Hester Prynne. Here as everywhere we are permitted to see the characters only from the point of view of Hawthorne's intense preoccupation. Many whom the story alarms and repels enjoy it for its discursive treatment of Roman pictures, ruins, &c., a more curious than final aspect of the book. There was no such assimilation here as in the Salem work, but a difference from that as in George Eliot's *Romola* from her *Adam Bede*.

The interval between his return to America in 1860 and his sudden death, 19th May 1864, was an unhappy time. There was the sense of failing health and failing intellectual power. Four

fragmentary studies—*The Ancestral Footstep*, *Septimus Felton*, *Dr Grimshawe's Secret*, and *The Dolliver Romance*—are all painful gropings on the elusive track of a single idea that could not be firmly caught and held. He had no power to 'see it steadily and see it whole.' Another burden was that of the Civil War and his inability to take either side with heartiness. He went to the front and looked upon the scenes transacted there, wrote of them with a singular detachment, and saw President Lincoln with as little penetration as the dullest in those times. He had lived so long with shadows that he had no vital apprehension of the nation's agony in the birth-throes of a new and better time. There is a striking incongruity between the moonlit or twilight scene and atmosphere of his books and the bright glare of our contemporary life, here so much noise and shouting, there low and whispered tones. But even those who are well pleased with the immediate time should certainly be glad sometimes to draw apart with Hawthorne into a scene so different from that of their habitual life as his mysterious world.

#### From 'The Great Stone Face'

[This allegory was suggested by the Old Man of Profile Mountain, in the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains, a remarkable resemblance in the high cliff to a human face.]

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine. As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

'Mother,' said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, 'I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face I should love him dearly.'

'If an old prophecy should come to pass,' answered his mother, 'we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that.'

'What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?' eagerly inquired Ernest. 'Pray, tell me all about it.'

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her when she herself was younger than little Ernest, a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come, a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance in manhood should bear an exact resemblance to

the Great Stone Face. Not a few old fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardour of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbours, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

'O mother, dear mother!' cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, 'I do hope that I shall live to see him!'

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy, so she only said to him, 'Perhaps you may.'

[The story describes Mr Gathergold and a great general and statesman for whom a resemblance to the Great Stone Face was claimed and finally a poet in whom Ernest himself imagined a likeness. But the poet protested that he did not live the poems that he wrote.]

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, it had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighbouring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts, and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonised with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered, they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace

the world At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft and shouted, 'Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!'

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

### The Minister's Vigil.

Walking in the shadow of a dream, as it were, and perhaps actually under the influence of a species of somnambulism, Mr Dimmesdale reached the spot where, now so long since, Hester Prynne had lived through her first hour of public ignominy. The same platform or scaffold, black and weather stained with the storm or sunshine of seven long years, and footworn, too, with the tread of many culprits who had since ascended it, remained standing beneath the balcony of the meeting house. The minister went up the steps.

It was an obscure night of early May. An unvaried pall of cloud muffled the whole expanse of sky from zenith to horizon. If the same multitude which had stood as eye witnesses while Hester Prynne sustained her punishment could now have been summoned forth, they would have discerned no face above the platform, nor hardly the outline of a human shape, in the dark gray of the midnight. But the town was all asleep. There was no peril of discovery. The minister might stand there, if it so pleased him, until morning should redden in the east, without other risk than that the dank and chill night air would creep into his frame, and stiffen his joints with rheumatism, and clog his throat with catarrh and cough, thereby depriving the expectant audience of to-morrow's prayer and sermon. No eye could see him, save that ever wakeful one which had seen him in his closet wielding the bloody scourge. Why, then, had he come hither? Was it but the mockery of penitence? A mockery, indeed, but in which his soul trifled with itself! A mockery at which angels blushed and wept, while fiends rejoiced with jeering laughter! He had been driven hither by the impulse of that Remorse which dogged him everywhere, and whose own sister and closely linked companion was that Cowardice which invariably drew him back, with her tremulous grip, just when the other impulse had hurried him to the verge of a disclosure. Poor, miserable man! what right had infamy like his to burden itself with crime? Crime is for the iron nerved, who have their choice either to endure it, or, if it press too hard, to exert their fierce and savage strength for a good purpose, and fling it off at once! This feeble and most sensitive of spirits could do neither, yet continually did one thing or another, which inter twined, in the same inextricable knot, the agony of Heaven defying guilt and vain repentance.

And thus, while standing on the scaffold, in this vain show of expiation, Mr Dimmesdale was overcome with a great horror of mind, as if the universe were gazing at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart. On that spot, in very truth, there was, and there had long been, the gnawing and poisonous tooth of bodily

pain. Without any effort of his will, or power to restrain himself, he shrieked aloud, an outcry that went pealing through the night, and was beaten back from one house to another, and reverberated from the hills in the background, as if a company of devils, detecting so much misery and terror in it, had made a plaything of the sound, and were bandying it to and fro.

'It is done!' muttered the minister, covering his face with his hands. 'The whole town will awake, and hurry forth, and find me here!'

But it was not so. The shriek had perhaps sounded with a far greater power to his own startled ears than it actually possessed. The town did not awake, or, if it did, the drowsy slumberers mistook the cry either for something frightful in a dream, or for the noise of witches, whose voices, at that period, were often heard to pass over the settlements or lonely cottages, as they rode with Satan through the air. The clergyman, therefore, hearing no symptoms of disturbance, uncovered his eyes and looked about him.

Shortly afterwards the like grisly sense of the humorous again stole in among the solemn phantoms of his thought. He felt his limbs growing stiff with the unaccustomed chilliness of the night, and doubted whether he should be able to descend the steps of the scaffold. Morning would break, and find him there. The neighbourhood would begin to rouse itself. The earliest riser, coming forth in the dim twilight, would perceive a vaguely defined figure aloft on the place of shame, and, half crazed betwixt alarm and curiosity, would go, knocking from door to door, summoning all the people to behold the ghost—as he needs must think it—of some defunct transgressor. A dusky tumult would flap its wings from one house to another. All people, in a word, would come stumbling over their thresholds, and turning up their amazed and horror stricken visages around the scaffold. Whom would they discern there, with the red eastern light upon his brow? Whom but the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, half frozen to death, overwhelmed with shame, and standing where Hester Prynne had stood!

Carried away by the grotesque horror of this picture, the minister, unawares, and to his own infinite alarm, burst into a great peal of laughter. It was immediately responded to by a light, airy, childish laugh, in which, with a thrill of the heart—but he knew not whether of exquisite pain or pleasure as acute—he recognised the tones of little Pearl.

'Pearl! Little Pearl!' cried he, after a moment's pause, then, suppressing his voice—'Hester! Hester Prynne! Are you there?'

'Yes, it is Hester Prynne!' she replied, in a tone of surprise, and the minister heard her footsteps approaching from the side walk, along which she had been passing. 'It is I, and my little Pearl.'

'Whence come you, Hester?' asked the minister. 'What sent you hither?'

'I have been watching at a death bed,' answered Hester Prynne—at Governor Winthrop's death bed, and have taken his measure for a robe, and am now going homeward to my dwelling.'

'Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl,' said the Reverend Mr Dimmesdale. 'We have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together.'

She silently ascended the steps, and stood on the plat

form, holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister felt for the child's other hand, and took it. The moment that he did so there came what seemed a tumultuous rush of new life, other life than his own, pouring like a torrent into his heart, and hurrying through all his veins, as if the mother and the child were communicating their vital warmth to his half torpid system. The three formed an electric chun

(From *The Scarlet Letter*)

Hawthorne's complete works are published in Boston and New York in several editions. 'Little Classic,' 25 vols., 'Riverside,' 25 vols., 'Standard Library,' 25 vols. The second and third of these editions contain the biography 'Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife,' by his son Julian. Other biographies are Henry James's in 'English Men of Letters' (1882), George Parsons Lathrop's 'Study of Hawthorne' (1876), 'Life by M. D. Conway' in Great Writers series (1890). 'Memories of Hawthorne,' by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop (1897). 'Hawthorne and his Circle' by Julian Hawthorne (1904) and for critical analysis, 'Nathaniel Hawthorne,' by George E. Woodberry in 'American Men of Letters' (1902).

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

**Abraham Lincoln** (1809-65), President of the United States at the crisis of his country's fortunes, rose nobly to the occasion. His other services to the Republic need no comment in this place, but though he was as far as possible removed from what usually constitutes the man of letters, he has earned to all time a place in the literature of his country by his letters, his State papers, his speeches, and especially by his two inaugural addresses and the address, quoted below at the dedication of the Gettysburg National Cemetery in November 1863.

#### The Gettysburg Address

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

**William Wetmore Story** (1819-95), son of an eminent judge, publicist, and law professor, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, and trained for the Bar, but went to Italy (1848) and became a

sculptor, and his writings rank him amongst American litterateurs—besides poems, *Roma di Roma* (1862), *The Tragedy of Nero* (1875), *The Castle of St Angelo* (1877), *He and She* (1883), *Fiammetta* (1885), *Conversations in a Studio*, *Excursions* (1891), and *A Poet's Portfolio* (1894). The Life by Henry James is a masterpiece (1903).

**Charles Godfrey Leland** (1824-1903), destined to be known to fame as 'Hans Breitmann,' was born of Quaker parentage in Philadelphia, graduated at Princeton, and continued his studies at Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris. He was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar in 1851, but turned to journalism, and residing chiefly in England and Italy from 1869 on, made a special study of the Gypsies, the fruits of which appeared between 1873 and 1891 in four important and much discussed works. It was in 1871 that the famous *Hans Breitmann Ballads*, in the grotesque mixture of German and American-English known as Pennsylvania Dutch, first appeared, they were extraordinarily popular in America and Britain, and were constantly quoted, so that scraps of them are permanent parts of conversational English even now. A continuation in 1895, however, fell flat. Other works of Leland's, some of them results of serious research not unmixed with too confident speculation, are *The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams* (1855), *Meister Karl's Sketch-Book* (1855), *Legends of Birds* (1864), *Egyptian Sketch-Book* (1873), *Fu-Sang, or the Chinese Discovery of America* (1875), *Algonquin Legends* (1884), *Etruscan-Roman Remains in Tradition* (1892), a translation in prose and verse of Heine's works, a series of art manuils, *Legends of Florence* (1895), and *Flaxius, or Leaves from the Life of an Immortal*, a humorous melange of Italian folk lore, ancient history, and prophecy, besides his own *Memoirs* (2 vols. 1893).

**George William Curtis** (1824-92), born in Providence, Rhode Island, had a short experience of Brook Farm, and after four years in Europe (1846-50), joined the staff of the *New York Tribune*, and was one of the editors of *Putnam's Monthly* from 1852 to 1869. He commenced the 'Editor's Easy-Chair' papers in *Harper's Monthly* in 1853, and became principal leader-writer for *Harper's Weekly* on its establishment in 1857. His famous story of New York life, *Trump's* (1862), and most of his books appeared first in these journals. *Prue and I* (1856) was of sweet domesticity. His *Nile Notes of a Howadji* (1851) and *The Howadji in Syria* (1852) were bright—and light—impressions of his travels, *Lotus Eating* (1852) was a series of letters from fashionable watering-places. More famous in their day were *The Potiphar Papers* (1853), satires on the pretentious life of New York. He was a strong anti-slavery orator and publicist, and a zealous writer in the cause of Civil Service reform. See Lives of him by Winter (1893), Chadwick (1893), and Cary (1894).

### Edgar Allan Poe,

poet, romancer, and critic, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, 19th January 1809. His grandfather was General David Poe, a distinguished Maryland soldier of the Revolutionary War. His father and mother were actors of a travelling company which, spending three years in Boston, made possible the accident of his birth in a city which the grown man could not, as his dying mother bade him, leave. The mother's talent and character were superior to the father's, poverty and ill health they shared more evenly. The mother died in 1811, the father soon after, probably. Here for the boy was, apparently, singularly good fortune. He was informally adopted by Mr Allan of Richmond, Virginia, a tobacco merchant who had no children of his own. From 1815 to 1820 the Allans lived in England, and the boy, though injured by their indulgence, had good schooling at the Minor House School at Stoke Newington, and in Richmond from 1820 to 1826, when he entered the University of Virginia. The death in 1824 of a lady who had been particularly kind to him, and to whom he was devotedly attached, was the occasion of his first melancholy brooding upon death, the fixed idea of his life. At the university his habits were at once studious and convivial, he excelled in Latin, also in gambling—so much so that his guardian, refusing to pay his 'debts of honour,' took him home and set him at work in his counting room. Thereupon he ran away to Boston, where, in 1827, he published *Tamerlane and other Poems*, a tiny book of forty pages in an edition of forty copies, as if prescient of the narrow chances of future bibliophiles. He concealed his name from his twoscore public and also from his publisher, as he had done a little earlier when enlisting in the United States army, where for two years he did himself no discredit. Mrs Allan dying in 1829, his quarrel with Mr Allan was superficially made up, and he was sent to the West Point Military Academy, on his way visiting Baltimore, and while there publishing *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*. It contained five poems which, in addition to three in the Boston bibelot, grew at length into something lovely under his pruning hand. At West Point, where he entered 1st July 1830, he did well in mathematics and other studies, but was so recklessly neglectful of his military duties that he was expelled from the Academy in March 1831, 'the contriver of his own dishonour.' While he had been roistering the poetic fire had burned, and a parting subscription of the students enabled him to print, if not publish, a new volume of poems. It was not what the students expected—sparks from their burnt-out revelries—but his earlier poems in their first revision, with some new ones, among these the perfect 'Israfel.' This volume, like its two thin-bodied heralds, was long since worth ten times its weight in gold to the collectors of rare books.

The next two years are vaguer for the biographer than Poe's poetical geography. Poe himself filled them with an imaginary journey to Russia. Probably they were spent in Baltimore with his aunt Mrs Clemm, the good angel of his life. In 1833 he entered gaily on that literary career which was to have so many sharp vicissitudes, so much more of disappointment than of encouragement and assured success. Answering an advertisement for a \$100 prize story and poem, he won the former with his *M.S. found in a Bottle*, and would have won the latter with his *Coliseum* could both prizes have been given to one person. The lucid story has now a place among the best of his stories of matter of fact impossible adventure, his lowest rank except the would be humorous.

Meantime by forging Mr Allan's name he had hardened against himself that gentleman's heart, had later forced his way in a drunken passion into Mrs Allan's chamber (Mr Allan had then a second wife), and still later upon Mr Allan's dying hours, and was not so much as mentioned in his benefactor's will. Turning to thoughts of love for consolation, in September 1834 he took out a license of marriage with his cousin Virginia Clemm, a lovely child who had just turned thirteen. For some years his pet, she had come to worship him and he nor responded to her worship with an affection that was without any shadow of turning until her melancholy end. It is doubtful whether there was a formal marriage in 1834, seeing that a new license was taken out in 1836 in Richmond, followed by a marriage ceremony. Poe had returned to Richmond in 1835, and there for a time his prospects as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* were bright. Two volumes of his collected works are filled with his two years' work on the *Messenger*, including some of his most memorable things. His industry must have been remarkable, and now, as always, he had an exciting conscience for his work, in singular contrast with the weakness of his tempted will. His employer was soon warning him of the danger of drinking before breakfast, so that the loss of his position in 1837 was not wholly mysterious. After a brief stay in New York, during which he published the *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, another of his matter of fact impossibilities, he went to Philadelphia, a better literary market, and remained there six years, in the struggle for a living doing such doubtful brick-work as the *Conchologist's First Book*, while still the stream of his creative and critical talent flowed into every channel it could find. Making a good fight with his proclivity to drink, for some four years he lived a more temperate life than ever before or after in his adult years. Of various engagements that with *Graham's Magazine* was the most stable, and did for it what his connection with the Richmond *Messenger* had done for that—bringing it thousands of subscribers and wide popularity. It was mainly as a critic that he made his mark, less but in-

creasingly as a writer of tales, hardly at all as a poet. His early poems, however, were apt to reappear in the tales and to furnish their points of departure, as 'The Haunted Palace' in his most perfect tale, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and 'Ligeia' in the powerful but ghastly tale of the same name. Here was legitimate economy, but no one ever utilised his 'funeral baked meats' more openly. He warmed them over with sublime assurance that, however served, they made a tempting dish. The repetend, his favourite poetical device, was central to the manner of his literary and personal life, which had much that was highly significant and much 'damnable iteration'. In 1840 *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, in two volumes, bound up a full sheaf of his tales, including many of the best but not any of the ratiocinative kind which *The Golden Bug* was soon to usher in. Meantime, proud and ambitious, he fretted in subordination to his inferiors and aspired to have a magazine of his own, the *Penn or Styx*, neither of which ever came to birth. Could he have kept his besetting sin at bay, his success as a journalist, already enviable, would have become one of the proudest of his time, but this he could not do, especially after the beginning, with a broken blood vessel, of his child-wife's fatal illness in 1842. This filled him with a passionate despair. Though he was never an habitual drunkard, his periods of indulgence now became more frequent, each marked by wild excitement, followed by horrible lassitude and depression. The conflicting accounts of his character and behaviour mark the difference between Philip drunk and Philip sober. The latter was gracious, gentle, and refined, the former bitter, sour, contentious, the victim of degenerate will. To drink he added opium, which, if it sometimes touched his page to more ethereal fancy, exacted fearful penalties. Rumours of 'other vices' are without foundation. Even his most sensuous imagination was never sensual.

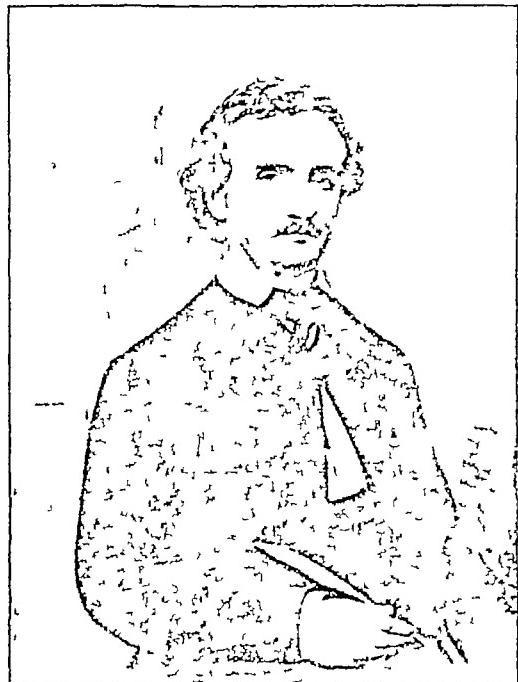
In 1844 he removed to New York, where his principal editorial connection was with the *Broadway Journal*, of which for a short and brilliant period he was the nominal owner. In 1845 he entered with *The Raven* on a second period of poetical production, after a fallow period of fifteen years' duration, except for the refashioning of his early crudities. *The Raven* did more for his reputation than all his reviews and tales. *The Bells* (1847) chimed in, and other poems followed, of less popular character, but of more inwardness and more exquisite beauty. From 1846 his health was utterly broken, and his poverty was made a subject of public notice and relief. Those who wonder at his chronic improvidence and inveterate borrowing should remember the miserable pay he got for his best work. The good aunt kept his home as neat as it was bare, the neatness a necessity of his personal refinement, as was the delicate hand in which he always wrote, as if never putting

pen to paper when fallen from his best estate. He always hid a genius for attracting friends, too frequently disappointing them and wearing out their kindly disposition. In January 1847 the crowning misery befell, the death of poor little Virginia. He had then two years to live. These he so conducted that the most charitable, and probably the truest, explanation is that drink, opium, and sorrow had shaken sovereign reason from her seat. If the long-drawn futility of his pseudo-scientific *Eureka* does not require this construction, what does it? his vain insistence on a first edition of fifty thousand copies and his claim for its worthless and yet powerful lucubrations of a revolutionary importance equal to Newton's theory of gravitation. From his sorrow for his lost Virginia he passed quickly to a series of sentimental consolations, looking here and there to marriage, and a union of sordid convenience had been negotiated in Richmond when a fatal lapse in Baltimore betrayed him into the hands of certain vile politicians who, drugging him for their base uses, induced a brain fever of which he died, 7th October 1849. In the city of his first literary triumph he was followed to his grave by five persons, one of whom was the officiating clergyman.

His mournful death effected his entrance on a posthumous career which has been marked by stranger vicissitudes than those of his life. The details of that life have been contested in many particulars, its general character no less. A host of petty critics, with others of great competency, have endeavoured to assign his rank, with results ranging through wide degrees of difference. The principal line of cleavage is between those who value most his poems and those who value most his tales, but some have set the highest value on his critical writings. These made his widest reputation in their day, but they have little value now except for the literary historian. If they were not the best of their kind in America when written, they were near to that, while marred by envy, favouritism, and a distorting personal equation. He made himself the measure of things. What he could not do must not be done. Hence (*face Homer*) a long poem could not be written, nor (*face Scott*) a long story. Didacticism and plagiarism were the Pavum against whom he tilted with the grimmest joy of battle. Of the former he was wholly innocent, of the latter often guiltier than those whom he assailed, while in his bruyer of recondite learning he was frequently the ingenious chit-chat.

Passing from his criticism to his tales, we pass from transient reputation to enduring fame. Their style commends them ill, while, bettering with time, it is, at its best, far below the level of Hawthorne's more flexible medium. They exhibit the tendency to narrowness of range and iteration, which mark all the products of his mind, far less than the poems. A sentiment of horror is their prevailing trait, engagement with death and ruin.

running parallel thereto, the idea worked out with a concentration that subordinates every detail to the desired effect. In each kind there are various degrees, and the kinds have an ascension of their own. The lowest is the humorous, in which Poe comes near to making us laugh at him rather than with him. Let *Duc de Omelette* witness as a forlorn example. Of biting irony he had enough. Higher up we have the psychology of intensive fear and horror in such things as *Berenice*, *Ligeia*, and the *House of Usher*. He is at his best when he comes nearest, as in the last of these, to working in Hawthorne's spirit. In his great conscience stories, with *William Wilson* at their



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

After a Photograph by Whitehurst

head, his experience of the pangs of conscience does not serve him so well as Hawthorne's impersonal imagination. He was more external than Hawthorne, more mechanical, but such a master of the curiously horrible as Hawthorne never was. On the other hand, he descended into details of physical horror from which Hawthorne's finer spirit spontaneously recdiled, and while Hawthorne's taste was inferior to his fancy and imagination, Poe's was so to a more pronounced degree. With a florid sensuousness of decoration, as in *Lander's Cottage* and *The Domain of Arnheim*, compared with which Hawthorne's scenes were gray and cold, there were lapses into prettiness of word and phrase which for Hawthorne were impossible, as if the fumes of that censor which Poe swung for a swarm of feeble poetasters had dulled his sense of their defects.

But, after all, it is as a poet that Poe enjoys

the highest fame, and that which has the promise of most permanence. The meagreness of his product and the narrowness of his range may challenge this opinion, but it is that to which the tendency of criticism is clear and strong. Hardly more than a dozen of his poems have survived the winnowing of time, and these, with two or three exceptions, are variations of a single theme, the death of a beautiful and beloved woman. Poe formally announced this subject as the highest subject of the poet's art, seeking, perhaps unconsciously, a justification of his contracted range. That he was more artist than poet is suggested by the carefulness with which, for lack of novel germs, he matured his early fruit. Reverent of his gift, he did not force his mood, however sorely he needed the money that his poorest verses would have brought. His work, then, was at once the product of a sacred spontaneity and an exgent elaboration. The poet gave the impulse and the artist gave the form. *Israfel* stands quite alone among his early poems as from the first so perfect as to require little change. The others in their first crudity gave meagre promise of their ultimate perfection. Even their musical quality, commonly thought inevitable, was carefully wrought out, and it now appears that Poe's ear was defective, and that his lines were made musical only by many revisions. That he was bent on making them so at all hazards is plain. He sacrificed sense to sound, secured by meaningless alliterations. There is little thought in his poems, but there is what he intended, a sentiment, an emotion, to which everything is subordinate—a sentiment of mystery, an emotion of infinite loss and horror and regret. The resurgence of his lyrical gift in 1845, after long silence, was one of the strangest incidents of his unhappy life. Five notable poems were its fruit. *The Raven*, *The Bells*, *Ulalume*, *To Annie*, *Annabel Lee*. They represent fuller if less exquisite moments than the early group. We are not to believe that *The Raven* was written in the wilful and mechanical fashion described in *The Philosophy of Composition* any more than in his actual 'descent into the maelstrom'. Inferior to *Israfel* and others, it stands alone in the quaint persistence of its pressure on the note of irremediable woe. *The Bells* has, perhaps naturally, a metallic ring which contrasts strangely with *Ulalume*, in which we seem to have the very step and moan of long-drawn misery. *To Annie* gives us the recurrent theme of life in death in its most poignant manner, while *Annabel Lee*, published almost simultaneously with his death, sounds his most human note, as if 'the fever called living' were 'over at last,' and he were entering on a saner and a sweeter life. But it is one more regret for the lost delight of peerless womanhood. It was Poe's belief that beauty was a soothing influence. But the beauty of his monodies disturbs and lacerates our minds. Their haunting melodies are not to be escaped, but they sound no note of health or joy. We

admire the brilliant power, the skilful art, but we are never comforted and cheered. Fruits of a sombre genius and a sad experience, his works make their appeal especially to those who can hardly find symbols too melancholy for their mental gloom, and to those who are so overstocked with happiness that they like to play with misery and to consort with ghosts and ghouls.

To appreciate Poe's power and range as a romancer, one should read four of his best stories in four kinds intensive horror, *Fall of the House of Usher*, outraged and retributive conscience, *William Wilson*, ingenious ratiocination, *Murders in the Rue Morgue* or *Mystery of Marie Roget*, pseudo scientific adventure, *The Descent into the Maelstrom*. These cannot be effectively abridged, but nothing better renders the habitual spirit of his prose work than the 'Overture' called 'Silence,' quoted below. *The Raven* is Poe's best-known poem, his masterpiece of intensive iteration, but its present use would be exclusive of all other specimens, and consequently it has seemed best to renounce it in order that a more general view may be obtained.

#### From 'Silence a Fable'

'Listen to me,' said the Demon, as he placed his hand upon my head. 'The region of which I speak is a dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the river Zaïre. And there is no quiet there, nor silence.'

'It was night, and the rain fell, and, falling, it was rain, but, having fallen, it was blood. And I stood in the morass among the tall lilies, and the rain fell upon my head—and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation. And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in colour. And mine eyes fell upon a huge gray rock which stood by the shore of the river, and was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was gray, and ghastly, and tall,—and the rock was gray. Upon its front were characters engraven in the stone, and I walked through the morass of water lilies, until I came close unto the shore, that I might read the characters upon the stone. But I could not decipher them. And I was going back into the morass, when the moon shone with a fuller red, and I turned and looked again upon the rock, and upon the characters,—and the characters were DESOLATION. And I looked upwards, and there stood a man upon the summit of the rock, and I hid myself among the water lilies that I might discover the actions of the man. And the man was tall and stately in form, and was wrapped up from his shoulders to his feet in the toga of old Rome. And the outlines of his figure were indistinct—but his features were the features of a deity, for the mantle of the night, and of the mist, and of the moon, and of the dew, had left uncovered the features of his face. And his brow was lost in thought, and his eye wild with care, and, in the few furrows upon his cheek, I read the fables of sorrow, and weariness, and disgust with mankind, and a longing after solitude. And the man sat upon the rock, and leaned his head upon his hand, and looked out upon the desolation. He looked down into the low unquiet shrubbery, and up into the tall primeval trees, and up higher at the rustling heaven, and into the crimson

moon. And I lay close within shelter of the lilies, and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude,—but the night waned, and he sat upon the rock.

'Then I grew angry and cursed, with the curse of silence, the river, and the lilies, and the wind, and the forest, and the heaven, and the thunder, and the sighs of the water lilies. And they became accursed, and were still. And the moon ceased to totter up its pathway to heaven—and the thunder died away—and the lightning did not flash—and the clouds hung motionless—and the waters sank to their level and remained—and the trees ceased to rock—and the water lilies sighed no more—and the murmur was heard no longer from among them, nor any shadow of sound throughout the vast immeasurable desert. And I looked upon the characters of the rock, and they were changed,—and the characters were SILENCE. And mine eyes fell upon the countenance of the man, and his countenance was wan with terror. And, hurriedly, he raised his head from his hand, and stood forth upon the rock and listened. But there was no voice throughout the vast immeasurable desert, and the characters upon the rock were SILENCE. And the man shuddered, and turned his face away, and fled afar off, in haste, so that I beheld him no more.'

#### To Helen

[Written in Poe's boyhood to the beautiful friend whose death profoundly affected Poe's imagination.]

Helen, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nican barks of yore  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary w<sup>i</sup>y worn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naad vns have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agte lamp within thy hand,  
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
Are holy land!

#### Israfel.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell  
'Whose heart strings are a lute,'  
None sing so wildly well  
As the angel Israfel,

And the giddy stars (so legends tell)  
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell  
Of his voice all mute

#### Tottering above

In her highest noon,  
The enamoured moon  
Blushes with love,  
While, to listen, the red levin  
(With the rapid Pleiades, even,  
Which were seven),  
Pauses in Heaven

And they say (the starry choir  
And the other listening things)  
That Israfel's fire  
Is owing to that lyre

By which he sits and sings—  
 The trembling living wire  
 Of those unusual strings  
 But the skies that angel trod,  
   Where deep thoughts are a duty—  
 Where Love's a grown up God—  
   Where the Houri glances are  
 Imbued with all the beauty  
   Which we worship in a star  
 Therefore, thou art not wrong,  
   Israfel, who despisest  
 An unimpassioned song,  
 To thee the laurels belong,  
   Best bard, because the wisest!  
 Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above  
 With thy burning measures suit—  
 Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,  
   With the fervour of thy lute—  
 Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine, but this  
 Is a world of sweets and sours,  
 Our flowers are merely—flowers,  
 And the shadow of thy perfect bliss  
 Is the sunshine of ours

If I could dwell  
 Where Israfel  
   Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
 He might not sing so wildly well  
   A mortal melody,  
 While a bolder note than this might swell  
   From my lyre within the sky

#### The Haunted Palace

In the greenest of our valleys  
 By good angels tenanted,  
 Once a fair and stately palace—  
 Radiant prince—reared its head  
 In the monarch Thought's dominion—  
 It stood there!

Never seraph spread a pinion  
 Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
 On its roof did float and flow  
 (This—all this—was in the olden  
 Time long ago),  
 And every gentle air that dallied,  
 In that sweet day,  
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
 A winged odour went away

Wanderers in that happy valley,  
 Through two luminous windows, saw  
 Spirits moving musically,  
 To a lute's well tuned law,  
 Round about a throne where, sitting  
 (Porphyrogenic!)

In state his glory well befitting,  
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
 Was the fair palace door,  
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
 And sparkling evermore,

A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
 Was but to sing,  
 In voices of surpassing beauty,  
   The wit and wisdom of their king  
 But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
   Assailed the monarch's high estate.  
 (Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow  
   Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
 And round about his home, the glory  
   That blushed and bloomed  
 Is but a dim remembered story  
   Of the old time entombed  
 And travellers now, within that valley,  
   Through the red hitten windows see  
 Vast forms, that move fantastically  
   To a discordant melody,  
 While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
   Through the pale door  
 A hideous throng rush out for ever  
   And laugh—but smile no more

#### Annabel Lee

It was many and many a year ago,  
 In a kingdom by the sea,  
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
   By the name of Annabel Lee.  
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
   Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child  
   In this kingdom by the sea  
 But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
   I and my Annabel Lee,  
 With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
   Coveted her and me

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
   In this kingdom by the sea,  
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
   My beautiful Annabel Lee  
 So that her high born kinsman came  
   And bore her away from me,  
 To shut her up in a sepulchre  
   In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven  
   Went envying her and me—  
 Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,  
   In this kingdom by the sea)  
 That the wind came out of the cloud one night,  
   Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
   Of those who were older than we—  
   Of many far wiser than we—  
 And neither the angels in heaven above,  
   Nor the demons down under the sea,  
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
   Of the beautiful Annabel Lee

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
   Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,  
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
   Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,  
 And so, all the night tide, I lie down by the side  
   Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
   In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
   In her tomb by the sounding sea

**To One in Paradise.**

Thou wast that all to me, love,  
For which my soul did pine—  
A green isle in the sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine,  
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,  
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!  
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise  
But to be overcast!  
A voice from out the Future cries,  
'On! on!'—but o'er the Past  
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies  
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me  
The light of Life is o'er!  
'No more—no more—no more—'  
(Such language holds the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore)  
Shall bloom the thunder blasted tree,  
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,  
And all myightly dreams  
Are where thy dark eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams—  
In what ethereal dances,  
By what eternal streams.

There are three excellent editions of Poe's works, one (10 vols.) edited by G. E. Woodberry and E. C. Stedman, another (10 vols.) by C. F. Richardson, a third, by J. A. Harrison, in seventeen volumes, to which are added a *Life* and *Letters* in two volumes. The Woodberry Stedman edition has a good biographical introduction and special introductions to the poetry, criticism, and tales. Professor Richardson makes large claims for Poe as a 'world-author'. A thoroughly good *Life* is that of G. E. Woodberry in 'American Men of Letters' and E. C. Stedman's study in his *Poets of America* is most admirable. An English *Life* by J. H. Ingram is a generous apology and glowing eulogy, disfigured by much inaccuracy in its biographical details. See also 'The Poe Chivers Papers,' edited by Professor Woodberry in the *Century Magazine* for 1903.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

**Oliver Wendell Holmes,**

humourist, essayist, novelist, and poet, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, 29th August 1809, a year of splendid births. The lines of his descent from Dutch Wendells and Massachusetts governors, Dudley and Bradstreet, and the good Quincy stock ('Dorothy Q' his proudest boast), were a matter of real pride to him, embroidered with some humorous affectation. His father was the minister of the First Parish Church in Cambridge, the seat of Harvard College, and his fine old house was well furnished with historical associations. Here General Ward had made his headquarters before Washington took charge of the Revolutionary army in 1775. Here the defence of Bunker Hill was planned, and here Joseph Warren, pre-eminently the hero of that defence, spent the night before the battle. The boy's favourite reading was Pope's *Homer*, and for Pope's pentameters he had ever a good word. Not even *Pilgrim's Progress* could make Calvinism attractive to his mind—the theology went far to spoil the story. He might, he thought, have been

a clergyman but for one who looked and talked like an undertaker. Entering Harvard in 1825, he graduated in 'the famous class of '29,' doing much to justify its fame as time went on, both by his reputation and by the brilliant succession of his poems for the class's annual gatherings. The year of his graduation was marked by one of the best known of all his poems, *Old Ironsides*, as the frigate *Constitution*, which had made a splendid record in the war of 1812, was popularly called. It was proposed to break her up, and Holmes's stirring lyric averted her impending doom. For a year he studied law, then turned to medicine, and some further narrowing of the *res angusta domi* made it possible for him to go to Paris and study for two years with Louis and other great teachers. Here was a great advantage. Seeing much of Europe, and especially of Paris, he wore down his Puritan angles and his natural vivacity acquired a keener edge. Returning to Cambridge in 1835 with a good stock of knowledge, some experience, and two skeletons, one for himself, 'the more showy one' for a friend, he presently began the practice of medicine in Boston. This was never burdensome, his reputation as humourist and poet standing in the way, and the story goes that, being advised to divide his practice, he replied that he couldn't very well, as he had only one patient. The more welcome, therefore, was a chair of Anatomy in Dartmouth College, the 'little college' of Daniel Webster's love, which Holmes held for two years. He had already published his first volume of poetry (1836), which included the long string of pentameters he had just read to the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, and 'The Last Leaf,' fluttering with tender gaiety in the jocund company of such 'heights of the ridiculous' as 'The Spectre Pig' and 'The September Gale,' absurdities in which generations of schoolboys have had peculiar joy. He soon distinguished himself by a series of medical prize essays, one of which, on the contagiousness of puerperal fever, excited violent opposition, and in 1847 he was appointed Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Harvard Medical School. He described his chair as a settee, so various were the duties of his professorship until 1871, when anatomy, always his chief delight, was assigned to him exclusively. The poet and the humourist were bound to glide into his lecturing, and to be welcomed by the students with unfeigned delight. His manner as a lecturer was subject to sudden changes from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe.' In the dissecting-room his reverence for the poor body on the table was that of the man who wrote 'The Human Temple,' and who always stood awe-struck upon the threshold of that temple's mystery.

The anti-slavery struggle, which engaged so deeply the sympathies of Whittier, Lowell, and Emerson (Longfellow in a degree less positive), left Holmes only less indifferent than Hawthorne, though his aristocratic temper made him politically a Whig. Over against Whittier's 'Ichabod,'

denouncing Webster's defection from the righteous cause, Holmes set a glowing tribute to the great statesman's worth. His rank as a Lyceum lecturer, for all his promise of more popular qualities, was not with Emerson, and was far below that of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and Henry Ward Beecher. But the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857, which was so encouraging to all the New England poets and writers, was for Holmes the beginning of a new career, outshining far the course already run. But for that, his purely literary reputation might now be that of a poet of one poem, 'The Last Leaf'. Lowell divined his uncultivated powers, and made it a condition of his own editorship of the *Atlantic* that Holmes should be taken on as a principal contributor. He was, and with *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* for his spring-board, vaulted at once into a reputation which for some years was the most brilliant among those of the Boston galaxy. In 1831 he had attempted something similar, and had published two numbers, and harking back to these across twenty six years, he now began, 'I was just going to say, when I was interrupted'— *The Autocrat* was followed by *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, and this by *The Poet*. They were all good, but a descending series, Holmes himself comparing the *Professor* and *Poet* to the squeezing of the grapes after the first spontaneous running of their juice. Holmes in this series has been compared to so many writers that we are permitted to believe that it was as much his own as the work of a well-read man can ever be his own. The essays were as frank in their self-disclosure as Montaigne's *Essays* or the *Confessions* of Rousseau, but, Holmes being what he was, without the slightest taint of their lubricity. The series was as compact of New England sympathies and traditions as the poetry of Whittier and Lowell, while at the same time it had a more intensive local note than Lowell or Whittier ever struck. It was Dr Holmes who gave Boston its most popular name—'the Hub,' and the city had to his table-talk the centrality suggested by that designation. He loved Boston as much as Charles Lamb loved London, its good blood and breeding best of all. The great war of 1861–65 widened his sympathies, but as some old city is widened without the destruction of its original walls. He had not been a good reformer, but the occasionalism of his verse had been good training for the songs required by the stern exigencies of rebellion and national defence. Such were 'A Voice of the Loyal North' and 'Voyage of the Good Ship Union'. A boy at the front deepened the current of his verse, and when the boy was wounded he hastened to the front to look him up, and then wrote 'My Hunt for the Captain' with all a father's natural pride. But Holmes became more national without becoming less Bostonian, and the future antiquarian will find more of the essence of Boston in the *Autocrat* and its companion volumes than anywhere else. The social Holmes was like

a flitting bird, and as the 'Autocrat' he hovered restlessly from theme to theme, his knowledge of medicine, of books, of men, affording him a thousand happy turns and illustrations. Everywhere, or often, there was that infusion of the tear into the smile which makes humour possible and justifies its name, and through all the gaiety there ran a thread of serious purpose. He must be some thing of a Puritan even in his tilt against the Puritans. There was so much of this in the *Autocrat* and its sequels that not a little umbrage was taken, and it began to look as if Holmes would not prove such a good asset to the *Atlantic* as Lowell had surmised. He liked to run the parallel of his life with Dr Johnson's, who was born a century before him, and like Dr Johnson he was 'a good hater,' hating with a perfect hatred the Calvinistic theology, and more, if possible, the temper which he found associated with it in New England life. Like Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, and Lowell, he was connected with 'the unsectarian sect called Unitarians,' but they all sat less tightly to it than he, were all less dogmatic than he in their opposition to the dogmas of the traditional theology. The *Autocrat*, *Professor*, and *Poet* did not give sufficient scope for the anti Calvinistic passion of the little doctor's heart. Some of it he expressed directly in an article on Jonathan Edwards, stern in its reprehension of that mighty theologian's words and works, one of three biographical ventures, the second a Life of his friend John Lothrop Motley the historian, the third, *Ralph Waldo Emerson* in the 'American Men of Letters,' wherein the habit of his mind, so foreign to Emerson's, gave piquancy to his delineation. He called Emerson 'an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship.' In 1861 he published a novel, *Elsie Venner*, which his principal biographer has called, 'with the exception of the story of Eve, *par excellence* the snake-story of literature.' His purpose was, under the cover of a suggestion of prenatal poisoning, 'to stir the mighty question of automatic agency in its relation to self-determination.' He wrote to Mrs Stowe that it was 'conceived in the fear of God and the love of man.' But it was not conceived in the spirit of pure literature or pure science, and had, with some attractive aspects, others that were repellent, and these the more dominant. It was in his second novel, *The Guardian Angel* (1867), that his antipathetic relation to Calvinism took on its boldest shape. His father's Calvinism had been liberal for its day, but in 1829 he was yoked with a colleague whose theology was made of sterner stuff. A good son doesn't like to have his father hustled by a Mr Slope without sense or sensibility, and in the *Guardian Angel* he pilloried his father's persecutor for the contempt of a new generation. But the virtue of the book was more in those discursive elements which allied it with the *Autocrat* than in its theological assault.

Those elements were marked by an immense vivacity, a sparkle like the multitudinous laughter of the sea. A third novel, *A Mortal Antipathy*, appeared in 1885, but it added nothing to the author's better things.

Meantime his lyric muse had not disdained his cordial invitation. For many readers the value of the *Autocrat* and the *Professor*, in a less degree the *Poet*, consisted less in the rambling humour of the prose lucubrations than in the poems which were embedded in their fertile soil. Here and there a malignant compared them to precious stones shaming the spangles of a courtly fool. The poems so introduced took a wide range, 'The Chambered Nautilus' their top and crown for high nobility, 'The One-Hoss Shay' for rollicking humour, the 'Old Horse that won the Bet' not far behind. Of 'The Chambered Nautilus' he said, 'When I wrote that, I did better than I could.' It is commonly accounted his best achievement, but its didactic ending would have spoiled it for Edgar Allan Poe, and Holmes's official biographer is disposed to give to 'The Last Leaf,' which Abraham Lincoln loved, the highest place. Not many others approximate to the height of these, but one's heart must be dull indeed not to leap up to such poems as 'Avis,' 'Iris,' 'Under the Violets,' 'Homesick in Heaven,' 'The Crooked Footpath,' 'The Voiceless,' 'The Silent Melody.' Moreover, in the table-talk and elsewhere there are good ringing ballads such as 'Grandmother's Story' and

Come hither God be glorified,  
And sit upon my knee.

And what a picture is that of Captain Miles Standish of the Plymouth colony stirring a noble posset with his sword!—

He poured the fiery hollands in,—the man that never feared,— [yellow beard]  
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought  
and prayed— [afraid] All drink as 'twere their mother's milk and not a man

There was a fine antique flavour about much of Holmes's verse. He loved the Queen Anne men, their metres, their manners, the epigrammatic brilliancy of Pope, Sterne's slow meandering. It would have been pardonable in him if he had fancied himself bringing back not only 'the stretched metre of an antique song,' but much beside, like the good woman who wore her venerable bonnet till its style came in again, and fancied all were copying her mode. Holmes's was her luck without her vanity. He was a survival, not a pioneer. He welcomed the return of 'the kneebuckle men,' but did not dream that he had brought them back. But is it certain that Locker and Dobson and others owed nothing to his inspiration? It is likelier that they owed him much. It is certain that he knew their art before they came, that interpenetration of gaiety with tenderness which is the open secret of all good *vers de société*. In

general he was distinctly the artist among the New England poets, at the farthest remove in this respect from Whittier, filing his lines more consciously than Longfellow, and, as compared with Lowell, perhaps more the artist because having so much less of that poetical exuberance which is impatient of the delays of perfect form.

In one field Dr Holmes was chief without a second among American poets—the poetry of festival and compliment. Who could so graciously welcome a coming, speed a parting guest? Who hide so tenderly with laurel the whitening temples of his friends? For poetry of this kind he had a wonderful facility, and what was so largely impromptu might well lack something of abiding charm. It was enough that it touched some memorable occasion with a momentary gleam of tenderness and beauty. It was at the annual meetings of his college class that he exercised this gift with the most daring playfulness. He was ready with a poem every year from 1851 to 1889, when 'After the Curfew' was the last. Sometimes he sang his poem. It might begin with laughter, a sob was audible before it made an end. 'The Boys' is one of the best of these for fun and tenderness, 'The Old Man Dreams' perhaps the best of all. He died 7th October 1894, the last leaf on the tree of Boston's goodly brotherhood of lettered men. In 1890 there was a meeting of the class, three present, but 'no poem—very quiet—something very like tears.' There were two or three more meetings, but no more poems. Three or four of his class survived him. He should have survived them all, and have read his last class poem to his own silent heart. It was a good work that he wrought for New England and America, and for a wider range. With his joyous laughter he shook to its foundation the traditional distrust of the New England conscience in the undisguised enjoyment of life's various good. He heartily believed in human happiness, and he did much to make it more abound.

#### The Chambered Nautilus

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair  
Its webs of living gauze no more unsurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed,—  
Its rinsed ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed'  
Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil,  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door, [more  
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn !  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn !  
While on mine ear it rings, [sings —  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

#### The Deacon's Masterpiece or, The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay'

Have you heard of the wonderful one hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It run a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits,—  
Have you ever heard of that, I say ?

Seventeen hundred and fifty five  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive,—  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown  
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finished the one hoss shay

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always somewhere a weakest spot,—  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will,—  
Above or below, or within or without,—  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
That a chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out  
But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,  
With an 'I dew yum,' or an 'I tell you,')  
He would build one shay to beat the taoun  
'n' the leounty 'n' all the kentry raoun',  
It should be so built that it couldn't break daown  
—'Fur,' said the Deacon, 't's mighty plain  
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain,  
'n' the way I fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest

T' make that place uz strong uz the rest'

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—  
That was for spokes and floor and sills,  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills,  
The crossbars were ash, from the strughtest trees,  
The panels of white wood, that cuts like cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these,

The hubs of logs from the 'Settler's ellum,'—  
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,  
Never an axe had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips,  
Step and prop iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue,  
Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide,  
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died  
That was the way he 'put her through'  
'There !' said the Deacon, 'naow she 'll dew !'

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less !  
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren—where were they ?  
But there stood the stout old one hoss shay  
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED,—it came and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound  
Eighteen hundred increased by ten,  
'Hahnsum kerridge' they called it then  
Eighteen hundred and twenty came,—  
Running as usual, much the same  
Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
And then came fifty, and FIFTY FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer  
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
So far as I now, but a tree and truth.  
(This is a moral that runs at large,  
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake day—  
There are traces of age in the one hoss shay,  
A general flavour of mild decay,  
But nothing local, as one may say  
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art  
Had made it so like in every part  
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.  
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whipple tree neither less nor more,  
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,  
And spring and axle and hub encore  
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be worn out !

First of November, 'Fifty five !  
This morning the parson takes a drive  
Now, small boys, get out of the way !  
Here comes the wonderful one hoss shay,  
Drawn by a rat tailed, ewe necked bay  
'Huddup !' said the parson —Off went they  
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—  
He had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed  
At what the—Moses—was coming next  
All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet'n' house on the hill.  
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill,—

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half past nine by the meet'n' house clock,—  
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!  
—What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground!  
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once,—  
All at once, and nothing first,—  
Just as bubbles do when they burst  
End of the wonderful one hoss shay  
Logic is logic That's all I say

#### The Last Leaf.

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
    And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
    With his cane  
  
They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning knife of Time  
    Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
    Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
    Sad and wan  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
    'They are gone'

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
    In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
    On the tomb

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
    Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
    In the snow

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
    Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
    In his laugh

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
    At him here,  
But the old three cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
    Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
    In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
    Where I cling

#### The Long Path

I can't say just how many walks she and I had taken together before this one I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favourable on her health Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good morning to me from the schoolhouse steps. I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle hint from my friends the publishers that a separate volume, at my own risk and expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public.

Books we talked about, and education It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers, the woman goes to work softly with a cloth She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it,—but she goes into all the corners, and attends to the leaves as much as the covers—Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced A woman (of the right kind), reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat But it was in talking of Life that we came most nearly together I thought I knew something about that,—that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water,—to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan pit,—to have winnowed every waste of it as a mill wheel works up the stream that runs through the flume upon its float boards,—to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing sickness, which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years,—to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium,—and then, just at the point when the white hot passions have cooled down to cherry red, plunge our experience into the ice cold stream of some human language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it All this I thought my power and province

The schoolmistress had tried life, too Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all that this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands This was one of them Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptised her, the routine of labour and the loneliness of almost friendless city life were before her Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and every shifting lineament were made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces

which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion

—I never spoke one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding house. In fact, I considered myself the master at the breakfast table, but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon,—with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet. It was on the Common that we were walking. The mall, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Bowdoin Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, —Will you take the long path with me?—Certainly, —said the schoolmistress, —with much pleasure.—Think, —I said, —before you answer, if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!—The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her. One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by, —the one you may still see close by the Gingko tree.—Pray, sit down, —I said.—No, no,—she answered, softly,—I will walk the *long path* with you!

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly, —Good morning, my dears!

(From *The Autocrat*)

The 'Riverside' is an excellent edition of Dr Holmes's writings in fifteen volumes (Boston, 1892), including the official biography by J. T. Morse, jun. It does not include his *Life of Emerson* (1885), which is one of the 'American Men of Letters,' nor his *Life of Motley* (1875). The 'Standard Library' edition includes these. There are complete single volume editions of his poems, the Cambridge and 'Household,' and there have been numerous English reprints. Morse's *Biography and Letters* is full of matter and admirable in tone. The best criticism is that of E. C. Stedman in his *Poets of America*.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

**Susan Warner** (1819–85), born at New York, published under the pen-name of 'Elizabeth Wetherell' *The Wide, Wide World* (1851), in its own day next to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* the most successful American story, not in virtue of literary style, originality, romantic interest, or profound insight into character. But its sympathetic presentation of an exemplary heroine and her rather commonplace fortunes, its sentimental piety and didactic emotionalism, charmed for a time a large and admiring public. There followed *Quincy* (1852), *The Hills of the Shatenuac* (1856), *The Old Helmet* (1863), *Melbourne House* (1864), *Daisy* (1868), and *A Story of Small Beginnings* (1872). Her other works were mostly religious

### Henry David Thoreau,

naturalist, writer in several kinds, and poet, was born in Concord, Massachusetts, 12th July 1817. No other town in the United States is so rich as Concord in literary associations, and to these Thoreau has contributed more than Hawthorne, and only in less degree than Emerson. He took up more of the town than either of these into his mind and work. Its broad meadows, its 'sluggish artery,' the Musketaquid, its swift Assabet, its woods and pastures with their plants and creatures—these were the books and teachers that assured him a more liberal education than the Concord schools and Harvard College. On his father's side he was descended from Jerseymen of French extraction, but those who found French traits in him were obliged to reckon with the fact that his Saxon mother, Cynthia Dunbar, obviously supplied these traits. She was vivacious, sprightly, talkative, the father stolid and taciturn, if not quite morose—a maker of good lead-pencils. Henry at one time learned his father's art, but soon resolved that there were better things than pencils with which to make his mark. In 1833 he entered Harvard College, and took the four years' course, a severe strain on his parents' means, and disappointing to their hopes, his graduation being without distinction, because he anticipated the elective system long in advance of its formal adoption. In the event he was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, his classical reading far beyond any college requirements, while for knowledge of the older English poets he was not easily matched. As naturalist he found his books mainly in the running brooks and along their banks, but knew well the printed kind. He was, moreover, a diligent Orientalist, an English friend, Lord Cholmondeley, making him the rich possessor of a splendid set of Hindu books, original and translated. The North-American Indians had for him a profounder fascination. The literature of their manners and history he read exhaustively, digging deep in the *Jesuit Relations*, when the translator had not made access to them the easy thing it is now.

No profession or form of business life attracting him, for ten years after leaving college he made himself an idler, to men's view, that he might better nurse his secret growth. 'Never idle or indulgent,' says Emerson, 'he preferred, when he wanted money, earning it by some piece of manual labour agreeable to him, as building a boat or a fence, planting, grafting, surveying, or other short work, to any long engagements. With his hardy habits and few wants, his skill in wood-craft, and his powerful arithmetic, he was very competent to live in any part of the world.' Meantime he was carrying on a business that had no lack of continuity or serious purpose—the business of his literary life. It is likely that he was inspired by Emerson's example to make the production of good literature his secondary purpose, the first,

like Emerson's, the living of a simple, natural life after a fashion of his own. In 1837 he began that series of diaries which covered six hundred pages in three years, and in the course of ten years (1850-60) filled thirty manuscript volumes. Here were no mere jottings of his observations, but the deliberate attempt to say what he had seen as exactly and as felicitously as possible. His inclination to verse was also strong, but (the pity of it!) discouraged by Emerson, so that, when thirty, he destroyed much, and afterward wrote little. In 1839 he made that excursion which is reported in his *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, to write which was the main purpose of his retirement to a hut upon the shores of Walden Pond. His brother John was the companion of his voyage, but he is not mentioned in the book. The silent organ chants his requiem. John died a tragic death (from lock-jaw) in 1842, and Henry, passionately attached to him, was deeply affected by his loss and by the horror of his death. Loving a girl whom he found John also loved, he had silently sacrificed his own upon the altar of his brother's hope. He wrote nothing more exquisitely beautiful than his poem of fraternal loss. In 1841 he became an inmate of Emerson's household, remaining for two years. Thoreau's originality was much threatened by this intimacy, and that it triumphed over it is proof how deep it was ingrained. But for a time he took on so much of Emerson that some noted an Emersonian note in his voice, while the less genial declared that he was 'growing an Emerson nose.' He had traits which Emerson disliked, while his own more sensitive nature was wounded by Emerson's occasional retirement into his deeper self. During his stay with Emerson he was writing for the *Dial* and helping Emerson to edit that organ of the Transcendentalists, which counted many sun-bright and some moonshine hours. Other Concord friends were Alcott, Hawthorne, and Ellery Channing, a poet of real but uncertain power, and personally the most difficult of the Concord set—his *Thoreau the Poet-Naturalist* is a standing proof of his unique appreciation. Hardly less was that of F. B. Sanborn, another of Thoreau's numerous biographers. Much less was that of Margaret Fuller, one of the brilliant Concord women, but Elizabeth Hoar, who went near to realise Emerson's ideal of womanhood, said that Concord was Thoreau's monument, covered all over with inscriptions of his genius and his work.

In 1843 Thoreau did some teaching in New York, and in the second year after his return to Concord he engaged (1845) in that enterprise which has excited more vulgar curiosity than any other action of his life—his retirement (for two years and two months) to the solitude of Walden Pond. Its character has been misconceived, but its importance has not been exaggerated. It enabled him to write the *Week* in peace and quietness, and to gather material for his more

popular, but hardly more precious, *Walden*. It was a successful experiment in plain living, and a manly protest against the general opinion that a man's life *does* consist in the abundance of things that he possesses. The motive was not anti-social, much less misanthropic. At Walden, Thoreau kept in close connection with his Concord friends, much visiting and visited. There was no attempt to demonstrate the independence of the individual. He began by borrowing an axe, and he took with him much of 'the seasoned life of men' which is compacted in good books.

After leaving Walden, his next business was to publish the book which he had written there. One thousand copies of the *Week* were published, and in 1853 seven hundred of these were returned to him as unsalable, an experience on which his humour battened and which he seriously accounted valuable. Long since every copy of that edition was a collector's prize. In 1846 he had been to the Maine woods, and in 1853 and 1857 he went to them again, and his accounts of these excursions, partly published in his lifetime, made a posthumous volume, *The Maine Woods*, in 1864. In 1849 he made an excursion to Cape Cod, that sandy peninsula which, like a curled finger, beckoned the Pilgrim Fathers to their first landing-place on the New England coast. This excursion also flowered into a series of articles, brought to completion in the posthumous *Cape Cod* of 1865. *A Yankee in Canada* had a similar history. *Walden* appeared in 1854, and met with more favour than the *Week*, a small edition selling before Thoreau's death. An occasional lecture added something to his income, if little to his reputation. Emerson wrote of his lecturing manner that his appearance of contempt for his audience only varied to express a more absolute scorn. In 1841 he refused to pay taxes in support of a Government implicated in war and slavery, and was put in jail for a few hours. Emerson came to see him, and asked, 'Henry, why are you here?' 'Why are you *not* here?' said the prisoner. The theory of this practice was expanded in 1849 in 'Resistance to Civil Government.' His whole heart and soul were in the anti-slavery reform. When Emerson gave his first anti-slavery address in Concord, Thoreau rang the church-bell to summon the villagers to a new Concord fight. His Walden hut is rumoured to have been 'a station on the underground railroad'—a hiding-place for fugitive slaves. In 1854 he made a vigorous and vigorous address to an abolitionist convention. Meeting John Brown the revolutionist, he was fascinated by his character and spirit, and a fortnight after Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry, when the old hero had a month to live, Thoreau summoned his fellow-townsmen to hear his 'Plea for John Brown,' two days later giving the same address in Boston, and not even Emerson's good word for Brown was so entirely frank and bold. The

*Atlantic Monthly*, which made so many new openings for New England writers, was promising some enlargement for Thoreau with the rest, when some rash exposure brought on a sickness which was to have no favourable turn. Besides, he was, as he said, 'sick for his country,' protesting that he should not be better while the war went on. It had yet three years to lengthen out its misery when he died, 6th May 1862.

Thoreau was never better named than by his friend and biographer Channing, who called him the Poet Naturalist. Even his methods of observation were poetic rather than scientific. He thought a bird in the bush worth two in the hand. He liked to study living things as undisturbed as possible by knife or glass. It is probably true that he made few fresh discoveries. But he saw things with his own eyes, discovered for himself what others read and heard, and 'he was yet in some sort,' says Grant Allen, 'a vague and mystical anticipatory precursor of the modern school of functional biologists.' 'His power of observation,' says Emerson, 'seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard.' It was when he came to tell what he had seen and heard that the poet side of the naturalist was most plainly visible. Few are his descriptions that do not flower into some metaphor or simile, confounding to the merely scientific. Paley was not more teleological. 'What is man,' he says, 'is all in all, nature nothing but as she draws him out and reflects him.' He thought the most important part of a description of any creature 'to tell what it is to man.' He held a mirror up to human nature in animal and vegetable forms—in the strutting turkey and the malodorous skunk fancying familiar aspects of humanity.

This humanity of his nature-worship ill agrees with the opinion that he was misanthropic and lacked interest in men. 'What is nature,' he said, 'if there be not an eventful human life passing within her? Many joys and many sorrows are the lights in which she shows most beautiful.' He conceived himself as passionately devoted to the welfare of his fellow men. He could not imagine any possible service that he would not cheerfully render them, only stipulating that it should appeal to him as real. His instincts were literary through and through. Good books for him were nature's fairest flowers and birds of sweetest song. To write one or more was the thing nearest to his heart, so to say what he had seen, so to help other men to live. To talk of his indifference to style is gross absurdity. He would build sentences, he said, as durable as a Roman aqueduct. And Lowell, one of his harshest critics, testifies that 'there are sentences of his as perfect as anything in the language, and thoughts as clearly crystallised.' It is true that, with the beauty, there was much disfigurement. Hyperbole and paradox

were the rhetorical forms into which his humour ran too easily. 'I trust that you realise,' he said, 'what an exaggerator I am—pile Pelion upon Ossa to reach heaven so.' But sometimes he got a fall. His fondness for resemblances led him too far afield, as where in low-roofed houses he saw low-browed monkeys, and his conceits were often madly fanciful, as where the June morning was for him 'the bursting bead on the surface of the uncorked day.' On the other hand, there is often a marvellous felicity of phrase, and there are extended passages of unfaltering charm. With much roughness in his verses, he was often master of an exquisite music. It was for other qualities that Emerson declared his 'Smoke' to be better than any poem of Simonides. His influence has been great and wide. He has raised up a host of literary naturalists, and a much greater one of people for whom all natural things are different and better since he passed this way, while still his best service is that which has made for the simplification of life. If here his followers have been too few, there is promise of a multitude in the conditions of a society whose intolerable noise and hurry must bring some sane reaction before long.

#### Building the Chimney

When I came to build my chimney I studied masonry. My bricks, being second-hand ones, required to be cleaned with a trowel, so that I learned more than usual of the qualities of bricks and trowels. The mortar on them was fifty years old, and was said to be still growing harder, but this is one of those sayings which men love to repeat whether they are true or not. Such sayings themselves grow harder and adhere more firmly with age, and it would take many blows with a trowel to clean an old wisecrake of them. Many of the villages of Mesopotamia are built of second hand bricks of a very good quality, obtained from the ruins of Babylon, and the cement on them is older and probably harder still. However that may be, I was struck by the peculiar toughness of the steel which bore so many violent blows without being worn out. As my bricks had been in a chimney before, though I did not read the name of Nebuchadnezzar on them, I picked out as many fireplace bricks as I could find, to save work and waste, and I filled the spaces between the bricks about the fireplace with stones from the pond shore, and also made my mortar with the white sand from the same place. I lingered most about the fireplace, as the most vital part of the house. Indeed, I worked so deliberately that though I commenced at the ground in the morning, a course of bricks raised a few inches above the floor served for my pillow at night, yet I did not get a stiff neck for it that I remember, my stiff neck is of older date. I took a poet to board for a fortnight about those times, which caused me to be put to it for room. He brought his own knife, though I had two, and we used to scour them by thrusting them into the earth. He shared with me the labours of cooking. I was pleased to see my work rising so square and solid by degrees, and reflected that, if it proceeded slowly, it was calculated to endure a long time. The chimney is to some extent an independent structure, standing on the

ground and rising through the house to the heavens, even after the house is burned it still stands sometimes, and its importance and independence are apparent. This was towards the end of summer. It was now November.

(From *Hansen*)

## What he Lived for

We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavour. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful, but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. If we refused, or rather used up, such paltry information as we get, the oracles would distinctly inform us how this might be done.

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear, nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world, or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have *somew<sup>l</sup> at last* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to 'glorify God and enjoy Him forever.'

Still we live meanly, like ants, though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men, like pygmies we fight with cranes, it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue lies for its occasion a superstitious and evitable wretchedness Our life is fruited away by detail An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand, instead of a million Count half a dozen and keep your accounts on your thumb nail In the midst of this chopping sea of civilised life, such are the clouds and storms and quick-sands; and thousand and one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds Simplify, simplify Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one instead of a hundred dishes, five and

Why should we have such large and costly forces?

life? We are determined to be starved before we die hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to dry to give nine to morrow. As for work, we haven't any of any consequence. We have the 'Saint Vitus' dance, and cannot possibly keep our herds still. If I should only give a few pulls at the parish bell rope, as for a fire, that is, without ringing the bell, there is hardly a man on his farm in the outskirts of Concord, notwithstanding the press of engagements which was his excuse so many times this morning, nor a boy, nor a woman, I might almost say, but would forsake all and follow that sound, not mainly to save property from the flames, but, if we will confess the truth, much more to see it burn, since burn it must, and we, be it known, did not set it on fire,—or to see it put out, and have a hand in it, if that is done as handsomely, yes, even if it were the parish church itself. Hardly a man takes a half hour's nap after dinner, but when he wakes he holds up his head and asks, 'What's the news?' as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels. Some give directions to be waked every half hour, doubtless for no other purpose, and then, to pry for it, they tell what they have dreamed. After a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as the breakfast. 'Pray tell me anything new that has happened to a man anywhere on this globe,'—and he reads it over his coffee and rolls, till at a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River, never dreaming the while that he lives in the dark unsathomed mammoth cave of this world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself.

(From *Hansen*)

## Rumours from an Aeolian Harp

There is a vale which none hath seen,  
Where foot of man has never been,  
Such as here lives with toil and strife,  
An anxious and a sinful life.

There every virtue has its birth,  
Lc it descends upon the earth,  
And thither every deed returns,  
Which in the generous bosom burns.

There love is warm, and youth is young,  
And poetry is yet unyoung  
For Virtue still adventures there,  
And freshly breathes her native air  
  
And ever, if you hearken well  
You still may hear its vesper bell  
And tread of high souled men go by  
Their thoughts concurring with the

Bozec

## My Prayer

Great God, I ask Thee for no meaner self  
Than that I may not disappoint myself,  
That in my action I may soar as high  
As I can now discern with this clear eye

And next in value, which Thy kindness lends,  
That I may greatly disappoint my friends,  
How'er they think or hope that it may be,  
They may not dream how Thou'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,  
And my life practise more than my tongue saith,  
That my low conduct may not show, nor my relenting  
lines,  
That I Thy purpose did not know, or overrated Thy  
designs

## Nature

O Nature! I do not aspire  
To be the highest in thy quire,—  
To be a meteor in the sky,  
Or comet that may range on high,  
Only a zephyr that may blow  
Among the reeds by the river low,  
Give me thy most privy place  
Where to run my airy race.

In some withdrawn, unpublic mead  
Let me sigh upon a reed,  
Or in the woods, with leafy din,  
Whisper the still evening in  
Some still work give me to do,—  
Only—be it near to you!

For I'd rather be thy child  
And pupil, in the forest wild,  
Than be the king of men elsewhere,  
And most sovereign slave of care  
To have one moment of thy dawn,  
Than share the city's year forlorn

## The Fisher's Boy

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,  
As near the ocean's edge as I can go,  
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'reach,  
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow

My sole employment 'tis, and scrupulous care,  
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,  
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,  
Which Ocean kindly to my hand confides

I have but few companions on the shore  
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea,  
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er  
Is deeper known upon the strand to me

The middle sea contains no crimson dulce,  
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view,  
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,  
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew

There is a complete 'Riverside Edition of Thoreau's writings in eleven volumes (1893). His letters edited by Emerson were better edited with additions by F. B. Sanborn (1894) giving a less stoical impression. For the Poems see Sanborn's collection. A great body of literature biographical and critical has grown up about Thoreau's name and is augmenting steadily. Channing's *Thoreau the Poet Naturalist* (1873) is the best quarry. Sanborn's *Henry D. Thoreau*, in 'American Men of Letters' (1883), gives the Concord setting and his Personality of Thoreau is an admirable study and

recollection. There are good English Lives by H. A. Page (1877) and H. S. Salt (1890 and 1896). There are many side lights in Lives of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, and in E. W. Emerson's *Emerson in Concord* which best shows Thoreau as the children's friend. The critical essays are innumerable. Lowell's, in *My Study Windows*, the best known and least just, John Burroughs, *In Literary Valleys* and elsewhere sounds a truer note.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

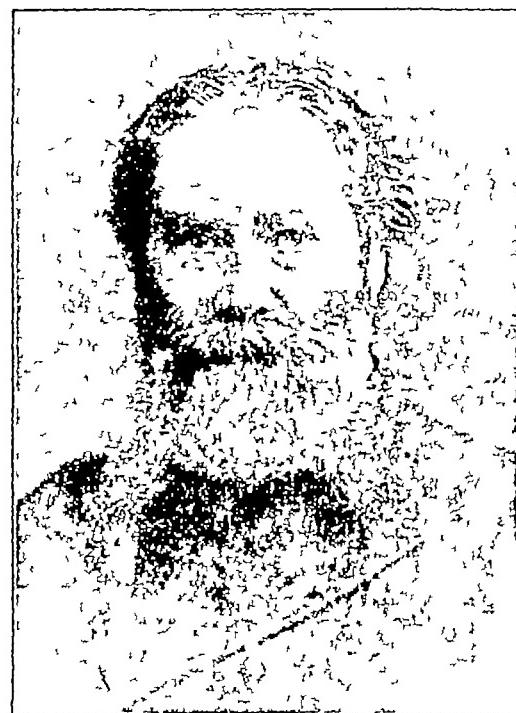
## James Russell Lowell,

poet, essayist, publicist, humourist, scholar, and diplomatist, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, 22nd February 1819, fated, as it were, by his birthday (Washington's) to that lofty patriotism which was the most distinguishing feature of his life. Elmwood, his birthplace, was one of several spacious houses built before the Revolutionary War, and together constituting 'Tory Room'. The builder and occupant in the troublous times before the Revolution was Thomas Oliver, then tenant governor of the colony and President of the Council, who was forced to resign his office by a visitation of four thousand citizens. Oliver joined the loyalists that swarmed to Halifax, and his house being seized and sold, it was bought and occupied by Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, for two years Governor of Massachusetts, and at the time of his death (1814) Vice President of the United States. Thus the house had a variety of political associations to please the fancy of the growing boy and the grown man, and something better in the noble woods surrounding it, with their leafy 'choirs in which the sweet birds sang,' never when Lowell was at home to inattentive ears. Harvard College was a little way off across the open fields, and, just as Lowell was entering on his studies there, Longfellow came to live in the Cragie house, a few rods from Elmwood, his early laurels no doubt disturbing Lowell's sleep. His father, Rev. Charles Lowell, was a Unitarian clergyman, minister of the West Church in Boston, a man so sweet and gracious, and of so much simplicity, that his likeness to the Vicar of Wakefield did not escape the filial eye, so quick to mark resemblances and differences of any kind. Dr. Lowell's theological education was carried on in Edinburgh under Sir David Brewster and Dugald Stewart, but the son had forebears on his mother's side that gave him a much closer Scotch alliance. The blood of Orkney, Trails and Highland (or north country) Spences flowed in his veins, and it pleased him to imagine that Sir Patrick Spens and Minna Troll contributed some of its redder drops. It is certain that his mother had an hereditary passion for the Scotch ballad poetry, and her recitation of 'Annie of Lochroyan' and other pieces was one of the influences that mixed his clay with heavenly fire. A local school fitted him for Harvard College, which he entered in 1834. He profited less by the regular course of study than by his miscellaneous reading, which tended, at first fitfully and then steadily, to the

best English literature. A tendency to waywardness was aggravated by his parents' departure for a long European journey. The father's pecuniary bribes, nicely proportioned to degrees of possible distinction, seemed base compared with the allurements of frolicsome escapades which subjected him to private and public admonition. The worst offence was on the eve of his election by his class to be its poet, when for his excessive gaiety he was banished from Cambridge to Concord for some weeks on the eve of his graduation. In Concord he made Emerson's acquaintance, and was invited to walk with him, but he was not prevented by so much graciousness from lashing out at him in his Class-Day Poem, debarred from reading which, he printed it with additions. Emerson suffered in good company, that of Carlyle and Garrison and the advocates of total abstinence and Women's Rights. As touching Emerson and the abolitionists, and in general, the satire was an inverted prophecy of the enthusiasms of the full-grown man.

The last year of Lowell's college life and that succeeding had much deeper troubles than those following on neglected recitations and undue hilarity. They coincided with a period of eager and joyous and then hopeless passion, its object a girl possessing every intellectual and personal attraction. When he was separated from her by some untoward chance, there was no measure to the bitterness of Lowell's grief and rage. We have his miserable confession that he put a loaded pistol to his head, but was too cowardly to fire. The fate that seemed so cruel was the friendliest possible, for without his love for and marriage with Maria White, the comfortress who helped him to forget the past and set a happy future in his eyes, it is conceivable that he would have achieved no honourable fame. She was the good genius of his life, leading him to quick repentance of his reactionary tendencies, enlisting him among the Transcendentalists and in the anti-slavery cause, making Lowell the reformer possible. Lowell met her in 1839, and they were married on Christmas Eve, 1844. In the meantime he had chosen a profession, law, and abandoned it after taking his degree and entering a lawyer's office in Boston. The turmoil of his affections added to the perturbation of his mind. In 1841 he published *A Year's Life*, a small collection of poems, its motto, *Ich habe gelebt und geliebet*, a frank confession of its autobiographical character. Here, equally plain, was the inspiration of his new-found happiness and of Keats and Tennyson. Of its sixty-eight poems and sonnets, his 'after-approbation' admitted nine to his collected works, where a less exultant taste would have spared more of the innocents. If not so wide and deep as it might have been, it was enough to commit him to literature as the profession of his final choice, and the next step was the projection and publica-

tion of the *Pioneer*, of which three numbers were published. It was the best American magazine of the period, a prophecy fulfilled in the *Atlantic Monthly*. But Lowell's eyes gave out, so did the credit of the publishers, leaving them deep in debt for printing and contributions. Besides, at this time Lowell's mind was too intent on poetry for him to think or care for anything beside. All his life long the making of poems was his supreme delight. Scratch the publicist or diplomatist and you come at once upon the poet. In 1843 he published a second volume, which marked a sure advance in his powers of poetical conception and expression. It had, too, intimations of the coming



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

From a Photograph by Elliott &amp; Fry

humourist, and it gave bonds of that allegiance to the anti-slavery cause which had its most distinct expression in the years from 1845 to 1849. Even those poems whose subject and treatment were remotest from the reformer's zeal could not escape it altogether. Lowell's official biographer, H E Scudder, presses on us his opinion that Lowell's engagement with the anti-slavery reform was a misfortune to him as poet, distracting him from the main haunt of his peculiar power. That he was poet in the first, reformer only in the second degree, there is no doubt. But for his high souled wife he might not have been the reformer in any manner or degree. Failing of her pure chrisom he might have carried far the type of poetry of which his 'Legend of Brittany' (as sweet as Keats's *Endymion*, but far less exquisitely sweet) was typical, but in missing the anti-slavery

poems we should have missed much of his best work, not only the splendid tributes to Wendell Phillips and Garrison, the 'Vision of Miles Standish,' and the ringing stanzas of 'The Present Crisis,' but the *Biglow Papers*, the first series and the second, for if Lowell had not played the part he did in opposing the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War (a sequence of pro-slavery turpitude), he never could have risen to the height of his great argument in 1861-64, either in verse or prose. His contributions to the *Anti-Slavery Standard* were neither first-rate literary nor anti-slavery work, but they helped to train the 'prentice hand which later worked so efficiently in his political articles in the *Atlantic* and *North American Review*, and in such crowning glories of his prose as his 'Democracy' of 1851 and his 'Independent in Politics' of 1868. But it is not at all as if Lowell's literary energy was exhausted by his work on anti-slavery lines. Studying the bibliography of his writings for the years 1845-50, we discover that these years were remarkably prolific of poetry of the less strenuous kind. The writers troubled by the reform spirit did more than strengthen him for his anti-slavery work. They touched his poetic genius in its most ethereal part to finer issues. The slackening of the anti-slavery impulse (1850-60) coincided with the minimum of his poetical production.

To one reading Lowell's *Biog. phys.*, or *Letters*, or his *Writings* in the order of their production, the period 1845-49 is the most engaging which his life presents. Then he was poor, then he was happy, then he was tingling with the consciousness of various power. Sorrow came to him (the death of his first child, 1847), but it could not depress him long. The *Broadway Journal* might offer him a dollar a page for his best thoughts, and refuse them as smacking too much of reform, Edgar A. Poe and Margaret Fuller might touch sore spots, but none of these things could move him (if at all, for long) from the jocund temper of his habitual life. Never again is he so interesting, so lovable. His letters of this period lend themselves to the contention that letter writing was his rarest gift, but only those can be convinced of this who did not know the boundless influence and effervescence of his talk. These years, all vivid and abundant, had their degrees, and 1848 was Lowell's *annus mirabilis*. The bibliography furnishes abundant proof of this. From the multitude of the year's publications there stand out *Poems*, a third collection bettering the second but not shamming it, *A Fable for Critics*, *The Biglow Papers*, and *The Vis on of Sir Launfal*. The *Fable*, on one side witty and excellent criticism of Lowell's literary contemporaries, the caricatures better than poor likenesses, on the other side fell away into execrable puns and fantastic tricks in rhyming that would make the most perverse of Browning's weep, finding themselves outdone. In the *Visor* he was the re-

former, wearing a disguise as thin as Victoria's smite robe, 'so high more express than hid her.' Its best parts were the introductions to the first and second sections of the poem, one a inter-piece, the other a chyron, of June. Of Lowell's many virgins of this theme, the best is the preclusive part of *Under the W. Woods*. It was his joy in the world out of doors, and excellent his gift for naming and for naming every singular aspect of the earth and sky. His beloved Keats was not more sensitive to the touch of natural beauty. The *Biglow Papers*, now collected, had for two years been adding wit to wit, satire to satire, scorn to scorn. Nowhere else did Lowell strike a note at once so powerful and unique. They printed the Mexican War just as it was, a sordid crime. Poetry was the best vehicle of his pothuc. The Yankee dialect of the *Papers* is not an invention nor an irquisition, but a reminiscence of that 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago' of which he wrote so well. Fears have been expressed that the ripeness of the *Papers* to their time would be fatal to their persistency. But the most recent history has found them quotable to a remarkable degree, and, so long as history repeats the follies of the meanness of mankind, here are buttons to impale the one and swords to strike the other down ('The Courtin,' first published with the *Biglow Papers* is 'an extract from a supposed ballad by Mr. Biglow,' was originally written to fill a blank page, but was ultimately rounded off so as to make a connected and charming ditty or pastoral in twenty-four verses.)

Coincident with the mid century there was a great divide in Lowell's life where it had been eager, joyous, and productive, it became weary sorrowful, spontaneous and enthusiasm vanished and invention failed. He had good reason to be sad. The 'reaper whose name is death' had been very busy in his field. Within a few years he had lost three children and his mother and in 1853 the gentle wife, impregnated and impregnating, died also a little property had come to them, and they had gone abroad, but their son Walter died in Rome, and after that the wife's decline went on with swifter pace. Bordering on her death there was for Lowell a region of thick darkness, a boding horror of intellectual ruin, in part excited by the spectacle of his father's miserable decay. Fortunately a plodding task made his life more endurable. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as Smith Professor of Belles Lettres in Harvard College. A course of *Lectures on English Poetry* marked him infallibly as the right man for this succession. It also marked the gun that he had made upon his early *Conversations with some of the Old Poets* (1845). Lowell's confession of indolence meant that he had his 'drowsy days,' alternating with seasons of furious activity. But with all the loss of the first Lowell, there was with the second a gain of steady effort. With less force—to use his own distinction—there was more power

To say that Lowell the scholar was born of those mid century pains would be no gross mistake. The strength of his professorial work went pre-eminently into studies of Dante and Shakespeare. Much of it enjoyed a second birth in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*, and is preserved in *Among my Books*, first series 1870, and second series 1876. The year 1857 was marked for Lowell by two notable events—his second marriage and his engagement as editor of the newly established *Atlantic*. From the completeness of his second marriage there was one serious deduction: his wife did not like his humour and detested his *Biglow Papers*. A new series of these was a dangerous venture, the first had set the mark so high, but the poet proved himself equal to it. With less spontaneity than the first series, they have more intellectual substance. Lowell's temperament was not more sensitive to private sorrow than to public spirit, and the Civil War drew from him not only the lightning of the new *Biglow Papers*, shattering every fallacy and blasting every baseness of the time, but also a series of great political essays, the earlier in the *Atlantic*, the later in the *North American Review*, of which he became joint editor with Professor C. E. Norton in 1863. The war inspired poems besides those of the *Papers*, and, at its close, the Harvard *Commemoration Ode* (1865), the most significant product of his poetic faculty from a national point of view. The joy of its swift shaping (523 lines in six hours) made him feel young again. A great ode, it is not one of the most perfect in its form, having the defects of its improvisation. The splendid characterisation of Lincoln was not originally a part of it. Its reputation selected Lowell as the writer of three other odes, celebrating great national anniversaries in 1875, 1876, but, while *Under the Great Elm* contained a tribute to Washington which was only less splendid than the earlier tribute to Lincoln, in general these were far below the height of the *Ode* of 1865. The years following the war were as prodigal of poems as a battlefield of flowers, and these, with earlier ones, were gathered up in *Under the Willows* (1869). In 1870 appeared *The Cathedral*, Lowell's brilliant poetic comment on the interrelations of science and religion, marred here and there by spurts of irrepressible jocosity. A final volume, *Hearts ease and Rue* (1888), was variously rich, not least in poems that were stern reflections on the political turpitude into which the country fell away too soon from the impassioned ardours of its most fearful hour. Giving great offence to the political Bourbons, these poems endeared him to reformers and independents in politics, and because of them, or in spite of them, he was made minister to Spain by President Hayes (1877), and to England in 1880, remaining in this position till 1885. The diplomatic situation was not exigent, but his social opportunities were great, and his success with them did much to command

his country to the British mind. For one who had so long skirted the coasts of Bohemia, his skill in steering along those of Philistia was certainly immense. His Birmingham address, 'Democracy,' was distinctly a bearding of the British lion in his den, but its noble frankness won him the respect which he would have forfeited by a less manly course. The address was as impromptu as the Harvard ode, but by this time Lowell's prose was pruned of all its earlier excess, if with some loss for things in lighter vein, with distinct gain for such addresses as the 'Democracy,' and the later (1888) 'Independent in Politics.' In the former he had glorified American principles abroad, in the latter the defects of American practice at home invited the genial satire of his ripest power. His increasing sense that 'there is something magnificent in having a country to love' was on the reverse side a growing scorn of those who did political iniquity. His own conception of patriotism was never better indicated than in his 'Epistle to his high minded friend George William Curtis,' where he wrote

I loved my country so as only they  
Who love a mother fit to die for may,  
I loved her old renown, her stainless fame,—  
What better proof than that I loathed her shame?

Lowell wished that he might die at Elmwood, and he had his wish, after much suffering, on the 12th of August 1891. He was a brilliant wit and a delightful humourist, a discursive essayist of unfailing charm, the best American critic of his time, a scholar of wide learning, deep also where his interest was most engaged, a powerful writer on great public questions, a patriot 'passionately pure,' but first, last, and always he was a poet, never so happy as when he was looking at the world from the poet's mount of vision and seeking for fit words and musical to tell what he had seen. But his emotion was not sufficiently 'recollected in tranquillity.' Had he been more an artist he would have been a better poet, for he would then have challenged the invasions of his literary memory, his humour, his animal spirits, within limits where they had no right of way. If his humour was his rarest, it was his most dangerous, gift, so often did it tempt him to laugh out in some holy place. Accused of literary inspiration, for first-hand acquaintance with Nature he had no superior, nor did Thoreau rejoice in her companionship with more unaffected joy. What is most subjective in his verse, its keenest notes of joy and sorrow, draws us by a yet stronger cord. Less charming than Longfellow, less homely than Whittier, less artistic than Holmes, less grave than Bryant, less vivid than Emerson, less unique than Poe, his qualities, intellectual, moral, and æsthetic, in their assemblage and co-ordination assign him to a place among American men of letters which is only a little lower than that which is Emerson's, and his alone.

## From 'A Fable for Critics'

'There's Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb  
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,  
 He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,  
 But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders,  
 The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching  
 Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching,  
 His lyre has some chords that woud ring pretty well,  
 But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,  
 And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,  
 At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem'

## Massachusetts

Massachusetts, God forgive her,  
 She's akneelin' with the rest,  
 She, that ough' to ha' clung fer ever  
 In her grand old eagle nest,  
 She that ough' to stand so fearless  
 Wile the wracks are round her hurled,  
 Holdin' up a beacon peerless  
 To the oppressed of all the world !  
  
 Haunt they sold your colored seamen?  
 Haunt they made your env'y's wiz?  
*Wut*'ll make ye act like freemen?  
*Wut*'ll gt your dander riz?  
 Come, I'll tell ye *wut* I'm thinkin'  
 Is our dooty in this fix,  
 They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'  
 In the days o' seventy six  
  
 Clang the bells in every steeple,  
 Call all true men to disown  
 The tradocers of our people,  
 The enslavers o' their own,  
 Let our dear old Bay State proudly  
 Put the trumpet to her mouth,  
 Let her ring this messidge loudly  
 In the ears of all the South —  
  
 'I'll return ye good fer evil  
 Much ez we frail mortils can,  
 But I wun't go help the Devil  
 Makin' man the cus o' man,  
 Call me coward, call me traiter,  
 Jest ez suits your mean idees,—  
 Here I stand a tyrant hater,  
 An' the friend o' God an' Peace !'  
  
 If I'd *my* way I hed ruther  
 We should go to work an' part,—  
 They take one way, we take t' other,—  
 Guess it wouldn't break my heart,  
 Man had ough' to put asunder  
 Them that God has noways jined,  
 An' I shouldn't gretly wonder  
 Ef there's thousands o' my mind  
 (From *Biglow Papers*, 1st Series, No. 1.)

## The Pious Editor's Creed.

I du believe in Freedom's cause,  
 Ez fur away ez Payris is,  
 I love to see her stick her claws  
 In them infarnal Phayrisees,  
 It's wal enough agin a king  
 To dror resolves an' triggers—  
 But libbaty's a kind o' thing  
 Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe thet I should give  
 Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,  
 Fer it's by him I move an' live,  
 Frum him my bread an' cheese air,  
 I du believe thet 'll o' me  
 Doth bear his superscription,—  
 Will, conscience, honor, honesty,  
 An' things o' thet description

I du believe thet holdin' slaves  
 Comes nat'r'l tu a President,  
 Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves  
 To hev a wal broke precedunt,  
 Fer any office, small or gret,  
 I couldn't ax with no face,  
 Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,  
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface

I du believe wntever trash  
 'll keep the people in blindness,—  
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash  
 Right inter brotherly kindness,  
 Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball  
 Air good will's strongest magnets,  
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,  
 Must be drivn in with bignets

In short, I firnly du believe  
 In Humbug generally,  
 Fer it's a thing thet I perceive  
 To hev a solid villy,  
 This heth my futhful shepherd ben,  
 In pasturs sweet heth led me  
 An' this 'll I eep the people green  
 To feed ez they hev fed me.

(From *Biglow Papers*, 1st Series, No. viii.)

## Jonathan to John.

It don't seem hardly right, John,  
 When both my hands wts full,  
 To stump me to a fight, John,—  
 Your cousin, tu, John Bull  
 Ole Uncle S sez he, 'I guess  
 We know it now,' sez he,  
 'The lion's paw is all the law,  
 Accordin' to J. B.,  
 Thet's fit for you an' me !'

We own the ocean, tu, John  
 You mus'n't tke it hard,  
 Ef we can't think with you, John,  
 It's just your own back yrd!  
 Ole Uncle S sez he, 'I guess,  
 Ef *that*'s his claim,' sez he,  
 'The fencin' stuff 'll cost enough  
 To bust up friend J. B.,  
 Ez wal ez you an' me !'

We know we've gut a cause, John,  
 Thet's honest, just, an' true,  
 We thought 't woud win applause, John,  
 Ef nowheres else, from you  
 Ole Uncle S sez he, 'I guess  
 His love of right,' sez he,  
 'Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton  
 There's natur' in J. B.,  
 Ez wal ez you an' me !'

The South says, 'Poor folks down!' John,  
An' 'All men up!' say we—  
White, yaller, black, 'n' brown, John  
Now which is your idee?  
Ole Uncle S sez he, 'I guess,  
John preaches wal,' sez he,  
'But, sermon thru, an' come to du,  
Why, there's the old J B  
A crowdin' you an' me!'

Shall it be love, or hate, John?  
It's you thet's to decide,  
Ain't your bonds held by Fate, John,  
Like all the world's beside?

Ole Uncle S sez he, 'I gues,  
Wise men forgive,' sez he,  
'But not forget, an' some time yet  
Thet truth may strike J B,  
Lz wal ez you 'n' me!'

God means to make this land, John,  
Clear thru, from sea to sea,  
Believe an' understand, John,  
The truth o' bein' free.

Ole Uncle S sez he, 'I guess,  
God's price is high,' sez he,  
'But nothin' else than wut He sells  
Wears long, an' that J B  
May learn like you an' me!'

(From *Biglow Papers* 2nd Series, No. 11.)

#### From The Vision of Sir Launfal

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days,  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or ee it glisten,  
Every clo'd feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers,  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys,  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace.  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives,  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings,  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbed away  
Comes flooding back with a rippy cheer,  
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay,  
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God wills it,  
No mitter how barren the past may have been,  
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green,  
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell,

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That skies are clear and grass is growing,  
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,  
That dandelions are blossoming near,  
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house hard by,  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
For other couriers we should not lack,  
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—  
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

#### Under the Willows

Frank hearted hostess of the field and wood,  
Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading tree,  
June is the pearl of our New England year  
Still a surprisal, though expected long,  
Her coming startles Long she lies in wait,  
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, drives coyly back,  
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,  
With one great gush of blossom storms the world  
A week ago the sparrow was divine,  
The bluebird, shifting his light load of song  
From post to post along the cheerless fence,  
Was as a rhymer ere the poet come,  
But now, O rapture! sunshine winged and voiced,  
Pipe blown through by the warm wild breath of the West  
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,  
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,  
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul  
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,  
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what  
Save June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June

#### Abraham Lincoln

Nature, they say, doth dote,  
And cannot make a man  
Save on some worn out plan,  
Repeating us by rote

From him her Old World moulds aside she threw,  
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.  
How beautiful to see  
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,  
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead,  
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,  
Not lured by any cheat of birth,  
But by his clear-grained human worth,  
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!  
They knew that outward grace is dust,  
They could not choose but trust  
In that sure footed mind's unsaltering skill,  
And supple tempered will

That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.  
His was no lonely mountan peak of mind,  
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,  
A sea mark now, now lost in vapours blind,  
Broad prairie rather, genial, level lined,  
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,  
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars  
Nothing of Europe here,

Whitman with 'a clear and unmistaken conviction to disobey all and go his own way.' This edition had some sale. In 1862 Whitman went to Washington, and for two years did patient and efficient service as a volunteer nurse in the soldiers' hospitals. Of these years there is ample and affecting record in his *Drum Taps* and in *The Wound Dresser* (a series of letters to his mother) and the prose *Specimen Days*. Appointed to a clerkship in the national Department of the Interior, he was dismissed by the Secretary as 'the author of an indecent book.' From this incident came W. D. O'Connor's splendid vindication, 'The Good Gray Poet,' and Whitman got another

or some years of his homesitting his engagement with the thought of death was steady and profound, and embodied itself in much beautiful expression. He died as he had sung, with quiet confidence, 26th March 1892.

Carlyle found his earliest clear response in America, contrariwise Whitman, another 'hairy man,' his in England. But it is too often forgotten or concealed that it was in expurgated edition that made for Whitman his first English friends. Yet it is perhaps true that, like Poe, he has his most enthusiastic following abroad. Again, like Poe, his theories of versification seem afterthoughts. We may as easily doubt that his irregular dithyrambs were deliberately adopted as the form best suited to his thought as that 'The Raven' was as mechanically set up and stuffed as Poe averred. Whitman wrote as he did because he could write in this way and could not write in the more formal rhythms. The method was not a defect. It was the inevitable expression of his character, which he described as 'disorderly, fleshly, and sensual.' It fitted him much better than his clothes—never a strong point with him. It was not by any means, mere formlessness. With less melody than some other forms, it had more of harmony. Such poems as 'The Mystic Trumpeter,' 'Out of the Cradle,' 'Passage to India,' have the genesis and exodus of great musical compositions. It was no mere fancy on Whitman's part that he and Wagner made one music. There are too, if not 'countless' particular felicities, as J. A. Symonds wrote, more than few. Many of the titles are short poems, many initial lines as musical as the conventional Apollo's lute. Many phrases are as picture making as Carlyle, as vivid as Emerson's, while others are particularly bad, as where the grass is called 'the uncult hair of graves' and God's perfumed handkerchief which he has dropped with his name in the corner. Both of these phrases have been admired, but the first would be as bad as possible were it not for the second. There are other defects which qualify but do not neutralise the better parts. The diction is often prosaic, but a worse fault is its inventions of mongrel French and Spanish words, the monstrous phrenological terminology, the paste-jewels of Whitman's own manufacture, and the lapses into mere prettiness. With many noble evidences, he has cacophonies that he might easily have smoothed away. His catalogues of things innumerable, patch worked together without order or congruity, have grieved his more judicious friends and inspired amusing parodies, but without them the total impression would be less powerful than it is now. He carries us away as with a flood, and they are the scouring of its banks, swirled on its tossing breast. A splendid anthology could be culled from Whitman's poems, but it would give us no idea of his pruril 'leagues of sun illumined corn,' bowed by a rushing wind. The multitudes of his particulars is necessary to his main effect. He prevails in virtue of the volume and momentum of



WALT WHITMAN  
From a Photograph by Notman

government appointment, which he held till he was stricken with paralysis in 1873. Apparently the emotional strain of the hospital service had sapped the foundations of his health. The remainder of his life was spent in Camden, New Jersey, an unlovely extension of Philadelphia, where he had noble visitors and faithful friends, with some whose flatteries would have sickened him had his appetite for such meat been less robust. New editions of his poems appeared from time to time, seed for the collector's harvest further on, a significant one in 1876, so broad the stamp on it of his individuality, and one in 1882, nearly complete, which his Boston publishers abandoned when threatened with prosecution by the Massachusetts Attorney-General. They begged Whitman to make some concessions to the official censor, but he stubbornly refused. Luther at Worms was not more intracable. Here he stood—he could no otherwise

his stream At his best he gives us a sense of elevation and expansion which is to the spirit what the height and air of mountains is to the bodily sense

The audacity of Whitman's treatment of sex relations has given pause not only to his detractors *a outrance*, but to his admirers here and there. It is permitted us to doubt his taste and wisdom, but not his brave sincerity Despising the 'snickering pruriency' and innuendo which are the warp and woof of men's habitual regard for sexual things, he would redeem them by an absolute frankness But, pleading for their sacredness, he makes them so repulsive that his poems are discouragements of the normal relationships of sex, and he raises the question whether certain instinctive silences are not as sacred as the functions of the sexual man Moreover, there is no recognition of romantic love in his poems The procreative aspect swallows up every other

The section of the *Leaves* called 'Calamus' has troubled some of Whitman's friends for whom his blessing on things sexual in 'Children of Adam' is not too frank and bold. It celebrates the mutual friendship of man with man in terms that are too sweet and soft for the more manly sort A manly man likes not to be caressed by one of his own sex Such a prophecy as this ought not to be of any private interpretation, yet J. A. Symonds had to wait for Whitman's private assurance of his intention before he could read without misunderstanding It is at this point that we feel that Whitman, whose virility is so much vaunted by himself and others, has an invirile strain, a predilection for certain mushy words and sentiments and traits His feeling for nature is involved in this, and there is in his natural descriptions a surplusage of such words as 'luscious,' 'voluptuous,' 'delicious' It should, however, be said of 'Calamus' that it is highly representative of that passion for comradeship which was ever one of the master-passions of Whitman's mind.

If Whitman were in 'art for art's sake' decadent, these considerations would be irrelevant, but his friends claim for him, as he for himself, that his work was one of moral elevation Hence a difficulty, much greater than that inherent in 'Children of Adam,' obtruded by such poems as 'Native Moments,' and passages of similar import which seem to teach a doctrine of moral indifference.

What blurt is this about virtue and vice?  
Evil propels me and reform of evil propels me—  
I stand indifferent

And when he cries

O to be relieved of distinctions! to make as much of vices as virtues,

we wonder at his dissatisfaction with his achieved success Here, we are told, is the high-water mark of Whitman's sympathy he is Terence's man to whom nothing human is foreign But even though, 'if all were known, all would be forgiven,' it does

not follow that it would be cordially assumed and re-enacted, as Whitman seems to say

Before the face of Whitman's message, as this appeals to those who know him best and love him most, every defect of his manner, every exaggeration of his doctrine, hides a diminished head Let the character of his admirers plead for him, barring some foolishness, and in the court of fame he will be gloriously crowned No admiration did him more honour than that of Anne Gilchrist, and it was typical of a wide range It fed upon his confidence in God and man, the universe and the immortal life This confidence is not so much Whitman's as Whitman It might be written of the *Leaves* as of the *Koran*, 'There is no doubt in this book' This dauntless optimism attracts as does nothing else in Whitman's range. But that range is wide, and several points are salient in majestic rivalry One that emerges conspicuously is the importance of the individual, the worth of every individual soul Not Edwards nor Channing was more sure of this, and Emerson's 'First soul, and second soul, and evermore soul' might be a leaf of Whitman's grass It is as the soul's organ and minister that the body is so much to him It is as nourishing the soul that the universe is most wonderful, while still the soul is ever more than it Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,

*At Nature and its Wonders, Time and Space and Death,*  
But that I, turning, call to thee, O Soul, thou actual Me,  
And lo thou gently musterest the orbs,  
Thou matest Time, smitest content at Death,  
And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space.

It is as the arena of individuality, as the soul's opportunity, that Democracy is so important and its 'vistas' so encouraging (It should be said, however, that in his prose *Democratic Vistas* (1871) there was much less brag than in the earlier poems, and a sure finger on some ullaing spots) It is because every individual is so precious that Whitman in his representative capacity—which qualifies at many points his towering egotism, or what appears to be such—disdains companionship with no fellow-being, even the most vile The note of universal sympathy continually recurs and it is so eloquently written because it is so genuinely felt. And, finally, it is because the individual soul is so great a being, the pride and darling of the universe, all things subordinate to it, that it is secure of endless life God is not surer, and of Him the meanest thing in nature is a proof that 'sextillions of infidels' cannot confute.

The tragedy of Whitman's life and art is that, while he was so proudly and joyously the poet of the people in every respect of their swarming life, they did not care for him They preferred the cultivated Longfellow, the 'snow-bound' Whittier And Whitman is still the poet of a literary class, and there is little sign of his approaching recognition and adoption by the Democracy with which he identified himself so heartily So heartily, and

yet not perfectly, so indifferent was he to those attractions of material wealth which are so powerful for his countrymen. Here, possibly, we have the secret of his failure to engage their interest.

#### Hours for the Soul.

*July 22nd, 1878*—Living down in the country again. A wonderful conjunction of all that goes to make those sometime miracle hours after sunset—so near and yet so far. Perfect, or nearly perfect days, I notice, are not so very uncommon, but the combinations that make perfect nights are few, even in a lifetime. We have one of those perfections to night. Sunset left things pretty clear, the larger stars were visible soon as the shades allowed. A while after eight, three or four great black clouds suddenly rose, seemingly from different points, and sweeping with broad swirls of wind but no thunder, underspread the orbs from view everywhere, and indicated a violent heat storm. But without storm, clouds, blackness and all, sped and vanish'd as suddenly as they had risen, and from a little after nine till eleven the atmosphere and the whole show above were in that state of exceptional clearness and glory just alluded to. In the north west turned the Great Dipper with its pointers round the Cynosure. A little south of east the constellation of the Scorpion was fully up, with red Antares glowing in its neck, while dominating, majestic Jupiter swam, an hour and a half risen, in the east—(no moon till after eleven). A large part of the sky seem'd just laid in great splashes of phosphorus. You could look deeper in, farther through, than usual, the orbs thic as heeds of wheat in a field. Not that there was any special brilliancy either—nothing near as sharp as I have seen of keen winter nights, but a curious general luminousness throughout to sight, sense, and soul. The latter had much to do with it (I am convinced there are hours of Nature, especially of the atmosphere, mornings and evenings, address'd to the soul. Night transcends, for that purpose, what the proudest day can do). Now, indeed, if never before, the heavens declared the glory of God. It was to the full the sky of the Bible, of Arabia, of the prophets, and of the oldest poems. There, in abstraction and stillness (I had gone off by myself to absorb the scene, to have the spell unbroken), the copiousness, the removedness, vitality, loose clear crowdedness, of that stellar concave spreading overhead, softly absorbd into me, rising so free, interminably high, stretching east, west, north, south—and I, though but a point in the centre below, embodying all.

As if for the first time, indeed, creation noiselessly sank into and through me its placid and untellable lesson, beyond—O, so infinitely beyond!—anything from art, books, sermons, or from science, old or new. The spirit's hour—religion's hour—the visible suggestion of God in space and time—now once definitely indicated, if never again. The untold pointed it—the heavens all pived with it. The Milky Way, as if some superhuman symphony, some ode of universal vagueness, disdaining syllable and sound—a flashing glance of Deity, address'd to the soul. All silently—the indescribable night and stars—far off and silently.

(From *Sixty Days*)

#### Boston Common—More of Emerson

*Oct 10-13*—I spend a good deal of time on the Common, these delicious days and nights—every mid day from 11 30 to about 1—and almost every sunset

another hour. I know all the big trees, especially the old elms along Tremont and Beacon Street, and have come to a sociable silent understanding with most of them in the sunlit air (yet crisp cool enough), as I saunter along the wide unpaved walls. Up and down this breadth by Beacon Street, between these same old elms, I walk'd for two hours, of a bright sharp October midafternoon twenty one years ago, with Emerson, then in his prime, lean, physically and morally magnetic, and at every point, and when he chose, yielding the emotional just as well as the intellectual. During those two hours he was the taller and I the his equal. It was an argumentative statement, reconnoitring, review, attack, and pressing home (like an army corps in order, artillery, cavalry, infantry) of all that could be said against that part (and a main part) in the construction of my poems, 'Children of Adam'. More precious than gold to me that dissertation—it afforded me, ever after, this strange and paradoxical lesson, each point of L's statement was unanswerable, no judge's charge ever more complete or convincing I could never hear the points better put—and then I fell down in my soul the clear and unmistakable conviction to disobey all, and pursue my own way. 'What have you to say then to such things?' said I, pausing in conclusion. 'Only that, while I can't answer them at all, I feel more settled than ever to adhere to my own theory, and exemplify it,' was my candid response. Whereupon we went and had a good dinner at the American House. And thenceforward I never waver'd or was touch'd with qualms (as I confess I had been two or three times before).

(From *Sixty Days*)

#### From 'Song of Myself'

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey work  
of the years,  
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand,  
and the egg of the wren,  
And the tree toad is a chef d'œuvre for the highest,  
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlours of  
heaven,  
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all  
machinery,  
And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses  
any statue,  
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of  
infidels

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so  
placid and self contain'd  
I stand and look at them long and long

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their  
sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to  
God,  
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the  
mania of owning things,  
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived  
thousands of years ago,  
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth

So they show their relations to me and I accept  
them,  
They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly  
in their possession.

**The City Dead-House**

By the city dead house by the gate,  
 As idly sauntering wending my way from the clangour,  
 I curious pause, for lo, an outcast form, a poor dead  
 prostitute brought,  
 Her corpse they deposit unclaim'd, it lies on the damp  
 brick pavement,  
 The divine woman, her body, I see the body, I look on  
 it alone,  
 That house once full of passion and beauty, all else I  
 notice not,  
 Nor stillness so cold, nor running water from faucet, nor  
 odours morbid impress me,  
 But the house alone—that wondrous house—that delicate  
 fair house—that ruin !  
 That immortal house more than all the rows of dwellings  
 ever built !  
 Or white domed capitol with majestic figure surmounted,  
 or all the old high spired cathedrals,  
 That little house alone more than them all—poor, des-  
 perate house !  
 Fair, fearful wreck—tenement of a soul—itself a soul,  
 Unclaim'd, avoided house—take one breath from my  
 tremulous lips,  
 Take one tear dropt aside as I go for thought of you,  
 Dead house of love—house of madness and sin, crumbled,  
 crush'd,  
 House of life, erewhile talking and laughing—but ah,  
 poor house, dead even then,  
 Months, years, an echoing, garnish'd house—but dead,  
 dead, dead

**To the Man-of-War-Bird.**

Thou born to match the gale, (thou art all wings,)  
 To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane  
 Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,  
 Days, even weeks untired and onward, through spaces,  
 realms gyrating,  
 At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America,  
 That sport'st amid the lightning flash and thunder cloud,  
 In them, in thy experiences, hadst thou my soul,  
 What joys ! what joys were thine !

**Prayer of Columbus**

A batter'd, wreck'd old man,  
 Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,  
 Bent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve dreary  
 months,  
 Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd and nigh to death,  
 I take my way along the island's edge,  
 Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe !

Haply I may not live another day,  
 I cannot rest O God, I cannot eat or drink or sleep,  
 Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,  
 Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune  
 with Thee,  
 Report myself once more to Thee.

One effort more, my altar thus bleak sand ,  
 That Thou O God my life hast lighted,  
 With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,  
 I light rare untellable, lighting the very light,  
 Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages ,  
 For that O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,  
 Old, poor, and paralysed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,  
 The clouds already closing in upon me,  
 The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,  
 I yield my ships to Thee.

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,  
 My brain feels rack'd, bewilder'd,  
 Let the old timbers part, I will not part,  
 I will cling fast to Thee, O Goa, though the waves  
 buffet me,  
 Thee, Thee at least I know

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving ?  
 What do I know of life? what of myself?  
 I know not even my own work past or present,  
 Dim ever shifting guesses of it spread before me,  
 Of newer better worlds, their mighty perturbation,  
 Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly, what mean they ?  
 As if some miracle, some hand divine unseal'd my eyes,  
 Shadowy vast shapes smile through the air and sky,  
 And on the distant waves sail countless ships,  
 And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me

**The Death of Lincoln**

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,  
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought  
 is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and  
 daring ,

But O heart ! heart ! heart !  
 O the bleeding drops of red,  
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
 Fallen cold and dead

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ,  
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle  
 trills,  
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the  
 shores a crowding,  
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces  
 turning ,

Here Captain ! dear father !  
 This arm beneath your head !  
 It is some dream that on the deck,  
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;  
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed  
 and done,  
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object  
 won ,

Exult O shores, and ring O bells !  
 But I with mournful tread,  
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
 Fallen cold and dead

**From 'Passage to India.'**

Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,  
 At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,  
 But that I, turning, call to thee O soul, thou actual Me,  
 And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,  
 Thou mest Time, smilest content at Death,  
 And fillest, swellst full the vastnesses of Space



### Harriet Beecher Stowe.

the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, 14th June 1811. Her father was Lyman Beecher, a powerful preacher of New England orthodoxy with some personal variations, who in 1826 was called to Boston to check the rising flood of Unitarianism there, and met with some success. Harriet was the sixth of eight children by Roxanna Foote, after whose death Dr Beecher went on marrying and increasing his family. The seventh child of the first marriage was Henry Ward Beecher, the most popular preacher America has produced, mingling much poetry and humour with a profound spirituality, and carrying much farther his father's tentative reforms of the traditional theology. It was a remarkable family, not only for its ultimate size, but for the ability of its members. Harriet and Henry were its most shining lights, and their two hearts had but one beat as children and lifelong, especially in the anti-slavery struggle. The mother, a bright and beautiful spirit, contributed their finer parts. The father found her reading *Sir Charles Grandison* when he went to woo, and *Evelina* was another of her early joys. She died when Harriet was hardly four years old. When twelve the poor child wrote an essay on Immortality, and about the same time was as deeply affected by Lord Byron's death as young Tennyson by the same event, but his was grief for the dead poet, hers for the lost soul. During her father's Boston ministry he became aware of her as an individual and not merely one of his many children, and when in 1832 he removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, she joined his caravan. His object was to found the Lane Theological Seminary, hers to assist her sister Catherine in a female academy. She remained in Cincinnati eighteen years, a period of chronic illness and low spirits, poverty, anxiety, and domestic drudgery. Marrying Calvin E. Stowe, a teacher in her father's school, in 1836, she bore six children in swift succession, her husband, meantime, less the supporting oak than the dependent vine. His most brilliant moment was in 1842, when he advised his wife to drop her original middle name (Elizabeth) and go in for literary fame. The next year a volume of her stories was published, but they were not much. For her tract of this period, *Earthly Care a Heavenly Discipline*, she had but to look into her own heart and write.

The year 1850 was signalised by her removal to Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College, where Hawthorne and Longfellow had been classmates at an earlier date, and where now her husband was to occupy a professor's chair. The labour of moving and getting settled fell largely to her share, so that she was 'really glad of an excuse to lie in bed'—the birth of her seventh child, with whom in arms, and full of household care, she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in 1851–52,

publishing it in the *National Era*, a semi-literary and anti-slavery paper issuing from Washington, District of Columbia. She had no clear idea at the start how she was going on or coming out. She expected to finish it in twelve numbers, and it ran through forty-three. The first part written was 'The Death of Uncle Tom,' which came to her as a kind of vision while she was in church. In the course of its appearance in the *Era* it excited little attention. Nevertheless, a Boston publisher thought there was something in it, and offered to publish it, giving her a half share of the profits. She declined the offer because her husband was 'altogether too poor to assume the risk.' The



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

After a Photograph

publisher assumed this and gave her 10 per cent. royalty, which brought her \$20,000 in the course of six months. The *Era* had given her \$300. The wonderful fortunes of the book are related by Mrs Stowe in the 'Illustrated Edition' of 1879, when there were forty-three English editions in the British Museum and nineteen translations. A literature of imitation, criticism, and counterblast sprang up around the book, above which it easily towered. A little later a circulation of 1,500,000 was reckoned in Great Britain alone, and still it multiplies its readers and editions. More than two hundred copies are (1903) in constant demand in the New York Public Library.

Even more remarkable than the external fortunes of the book is the author's lack of intellectual and moral preparation for it and pre-engagement with it. Her first knowledge of slavery on its own ground was in 1833, when she visited a Kentucky

plantation, which became Colonel Shelby's in the book. She saw something of pro-slavery riots in Cincinnati, and something of runaway slaves, only the Ohio's width intervening between Cincinnati and slave territory. Once she had a slave-girl as a servant in her house, and when the man-hounds were on the girl's track Mrs Stowe's husband and brother spirited her away towards Canada, so furnishing Mrs Stowe with one of her strong incidents. Had her own scent upon the trail of slavery been keen, her opportunities for intimate knowledge of it would have been adequate to her demands. But living for eighteen years next door to slavery, and, as it were, in the first station of the 'underground railroad,' she does not appear to have had any deep interest in the matter during those years. She probably sympathised with her father when, at the dictation of the slaveholding interests, he silenced the discussion of slavery in his school and forced the withdrawal of the anti-slavery students. She disliked the abolitionists and was still a 'colonisationist' when she wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Apparently she waited, as did many others, for the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law (1850) to wake her sleeping heart, and it was first through another's eyes that she saw the horror of the situation. Her brother Edward's wife in Boston had a close view of the slave captures and renditions, and she wrote to Mrs Stowe commanding her to 'write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is.' Mrs Stowe read the letter in her little Brunswick parlour, and then crushing it in her hand, as if it were the monster, said, erecting her tired body, 'I will write something I will, if I live.' No vow was ever kept more sacredly. Once launched upon the tide of her story, she was swept along with passionate sympathy. Much of it was written in the small hours of the night, after the baking, mending, child-nursing, house-painting, and other drudgery of the day. The book written in this fashion had the defects of its qualities. The plot was loose and rambling, the style had ailing spots, the knowledge of Southern life and character and situation had its defective side. But the author had the divine gift of imagination, and her book was all alive. Every character had reality, so had the scenery of the book, so had its main effect. It did not exaggerate the horrors of slavery. It confessed the better side. But that its general truth was not too harsh the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, published in 1853, furnished irrefragable proof. It is difficult to estimate the effect of the book on the anti-slavery cause. It has generally been accounted its most powerful instrument. Lincoln said to Mrs Stowe in 1862, 'Are you the little woman that made this great war?' On the other hand, we have to reckon with the fact that the anti-slavery vote fell off nearly one-half in the presidential election of 1852. Shortly the book had 'great allies'—the repeal of the Missouri

compromise in 1854 and the Kansas conflict following. But, however modified or enhanced, its effect on the great struggle, now rapidly approaching its climax, must have been deep and wide.

It helped to liberate the slave, it entirely liberated Mrs Stowe's own genius and in part her spirit. After 1852 she seemed a different woman. In her letters the dignity of great events supplanted her domestic miseries. Her book made her an abolitionist. The grind of poverty was over, while still she must somehow be always scraping her brains for money as if there were still a wolf at the door. In England she was the object of an ovation which would have spoiled a nature less entirely simple than her own. In *Dred* (1856), a second anti-slavery novel, and in *The Minister's Wooing*, and especially in *Old Town Folks*, she attained an artistic excellence denied to her great improvisation. Had *Uncle Tom's Cabin* rendered Southern life as perfectly as *Old Town Folks* rendered New England life and character, without loss of lyrical passion, it would have been a greater book. In *Dred* there was some wakening to the perception of the ex-slaveholder, James G. Birney, that the American churches were 'the bulwark of slavery.' In the *Minister's Wooing* Mrs Stowe's moral nature was more deeply engaged than in *Uncle Tom*, for slavery never shook her soul with its enormity as did the doctrine of endless future punishment. *Agnes of Sorrento* and *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, agreeable stories, suffered from the exigencies of simultaneous production. To drive her spontaneous soul in publisher's harness was always difficult. She anticipated no permanent reputation for her writings subsequent to *Old Town Folks*. The closing period of her life crowned her with great reverence and affection, while burdening her with domestic sorrow, a fierce attack upon her brother's character, the painful episode of her own attack upon Lord Byron's, and the slow but sure breaking down of her mind some years before her death, which occurred 1st July 1896.

Mrs Stowe's works, as published in the 'Riverside Edition' in seventeen volumes, include a Life written by her friend Annie Fields in one volume. This, an excellent book, is also published separately (1898). There is another Life, 'compiled from her journal and letters,' by her son Charles Edward Stowe (1890). It is not well done but is fuller than Mrs Fields's.

JOHN WHITL CHADWICK.

**Henry Ward Beecher** (1813-87), Mrs Beecher Stowe's brother (see page 809), graduated at Amherst College, preached for eight years at Indianapolis, and in 1847 became pastor of Plymouth (Congregational) Church in Brooklyn, where, practically ignoring formal creeds, he preached what he held to be the gospel of Christ, contended for temperance, and denounced slavery to an immense congregation. He was a strenuous politician, at the close of the war in 1865 he became an earnest advocate of recon-

ciliation. He long wrote for the *Independent*, and after 1870 edited the *Christian Union*. A charge of adultery (1874) was not proved. Of his writings, many of them first published in journals, the principal are *Star Papers* (1855), *Summer in the Soul* (1858), *Eyes and Ears* (1864), *Lectures to Young Men* (1844, revised ed. 1850), *Aids to Prayer* (1864), *Norwood* (1867), *Lecture-Room Talks* (1870), *Yale Lectures on Preaching* (1872-1874), *Evolution and Religion* (1885), and *A Life of Christ* (1891). Many collections of his sermons, lectures, and speeches were published, two volumes of sermons selected by Lyman Abbot in 1868 are of his best. Other volumes were called *Life Thoughts* and *Comforting Thoughts*. He was a most eloquent and effective orator in pulpit and on platform, and wrote largely for journals, his sermons and prayers were phonographically reported. Besides his *Autobiographical Reminiscences* (1898), there are more than half a dozen independent Lives of him, that by Scoville and others (1888) is the most authoritative.

### John Lothrop Motley,

New Englander to the backbone though he was, did not trace his paternal line of ancestry to the Puritan settlers. His great-grandfather, John Motley, who emigrated from Ireland to Maine in the early eighteenth century, may have contributed a new element to the original Massachusetts stock. Still, the typical blood of the American Boston also ran in the historian's veins, his mother was descended from John Lothrop, a Nonconformist minister, who fled to Massachusetts in the seventeenth century to escape imprisonment in England. It was Anna Lothrop who gave his distinguished apprenticeship to her son (one of her eight children), who was born 15th April 1814, at Dorchester, now part of the city of Boston. From a preliminary school, Lothrop went to a school where George Bancroft, one of the head masters, moved him to acquire German. In 1831 he graduated at Harvard University, where one of his college friends was Oliver Wendell Holmes, later his biographer. From Harvard the eighteen-year-old student passed to Göttingen, where he began an intimacy with Bismarck which continued unbroken to his death; at Berlin the two were fellow-lodgers. Two years of German university life were followed by law studies in Boston. During this period Motley met and married (1837) Mary Benjamin, who for thirty-seven years was an inspiration to him. Two years later (1839) was launched anonymously his first literary venture, a crude and youthful romance called *Morton's Hope*, into which were worked in modified form many of the author's experiences.

At the age of twenty seven Motley was sent to St Petersburg as Secretary of Legation, but he disliked the place, and resigned after a very brief experience. By the summer of 1842 he was again in America, and took part in the unsuccessful presidential campaign of Henry Clay (1844). For the

*North American Review* he wrote in 1845 and 1847 two papers, one on Peter the Great, the other on the Puritans, which surprised the critics. In 1849 he served one term in the Massachusetts legislature, and in the same year he published his second novel, *Merry-Mount*, artistically an improvement on *Morton's Hope*, in Holmes's opinion it is less suggestive of *Pelham* and *Vivian Grey*, and has more in common with *Woodstock* and *Kembleworth*. By the time *Merry-Mount* saw the light Motley was well embarked on his preliminary exploration of the sources of Dutch history. When Motley heard that Prescott was preparing to follow up his *Conquest of Peru* with his *Philip II*, he went to him at once to tell him of his own plan, which covered so much of the same ground, and Prescott not only assured the young man that there was room for both enterprises, but offered him all the printed matter he had at so much pains and cost collected. Ere long Motley felt he could not do justice to his subject in America, and in 1851 he went to Europe with his family to continue his preparations.

Over four years were spent in researches at Dresden, the Hague, and at Brussels, and in 1856 *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, the fruit of ten years' work, appeared. In the *Westminster Review* Froude wrote 'A history is complete as industry and genius can make it now lies before me of the first twenty years of the Revolt of the United Provinces. It has been the result of many years of silent, thoughtful, unobtrusive labour, and unless we are strangely mistaken, unless we are ourselves altogether unfit for this office of criticising which we have here undertaken, the book is one which will take its place among the finest histories in this or any language.' All essentials of a great writer Mr Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except perhaps Mr Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct. Prescott wrote with warm appreciation, his only criticism being, 'You have laid it on Philip rather hard. Indeed, you have whittled him down to such an imperceptible point that there is hardly enough of him left to hang a newspaper paragraph on, much less five or six volumes of solid history, as I propose to do. But then you make it up with your own hero, William of Orange, and I comfort myself that you are looking through a pair of Dutch spectacles often.' The criticism was doubtless just. Orange was seen by Motley through a rose coloured medium, and was the hero of the story as true as if he had been created for a more successful role than the two earlier efforts. Dutch and French versions of the book were made by Bikkembergen den Brink, archivist of Holland, and by M. Guizot. Balzac recommended Motley's work as an excellent basis for the history of the rise of the republic, and other scholars in the

Netherlands bore testimony to the thoroughness with which the American had examined the sources of their national history.

In London, in Rome, and in Boston Motley continued his researches and wrote industriously, and the second harvest of his labours appeared in 1860 in the form of the first two volumes of *The United Netherlands*. The period treated was only five years (1584-89), but the area dealt with was vast. So closely did the new state come into touch with France and England, its poise as a balance of power was so delicate, that in discussing its history an understanding of conditions in adjacent lands was essential. And even at the time



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY  
By permission of Mr John Murray

it was fully recognised that Motley had availed himself of many sources of information not used by any earlier writer.

In 1860-61 Motley was busied in the State Paper Office and the British Museum, and lived with his family in London. His letters give delightful pictures of the social recognition his reputation had won for him. Oxford honoured him with an honorary degree. Meanwhile he was watching events in his own country closely. Absentee though he was, he was keenly and intelligently patriotic, a firm believer in Republican government, and in order to correct the misconceptions of American affairs which he heard constantly expressed, he wrote two long letters to the *Times*, reprinted later under the title of *The Causes of the Civil War*.

In the spring of 1861 he returned to America, intending to remain there, but he accepted Lincoln's appointment to represent the United States at the Court of Austria, and the autumn found him established in Vienna at a time when compli-

cations in Europe roused many difficult problems, irrespective of events at home, from the early stages of the war to the assassination of Lincoln. While Motley was straining every nerve to maintain the honour of the Union, a Southern writer (John B. Adger in the *Southern Presbyterian Review*, July 1862) used his *Rise of the Dutch Republic* as a text to urge the righteousness of the Confederate cause, drawing a close parallel between the condition of the seceding states and the revolting Netherlands. Motley's comments on European affairs in his personal letters are spirited and charming, though sometimes oddly colloquial in phrase. The correspondence between him and Bismarck often sounds as if the grave statesman and the scholarly diplomat were still undergraduates without responsibilities to the world. Motley's long and pleasant official residence in Vienna came to an abrupt close in 1866. The malicious attacks of an unknown person, noticed by Secretary Seward, caused Motley to resign the post that he had filled with dignity and honour, and President Johnson accepted his resignation.

Fortunately for him, his historical work demanded continuous attention. He went on steadily with the concluding volumes of the *United Netherlands*, published in 1868, in which the narrative is brought down to 1609. As a whole the second work is less interesting than the story of the revolt against Spain—it is looser in construction, and has not the special advantage of presenting two contrasting characters like Philip II and William of Orange. Furthermore, the author was too much affected by the Civil War in America, and drew his parallels between the situations in the United Netherlands and the United States more closely than was warrantable. During a brief residence in America that same year he delivered two noteworthy addresses, one at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on 'Our Questions for the People at the Presidential Election,' and the other before the New York Historical Society on 'Historic Progress and American Democracy.'

One of the first acts of the administration of President Grant was Motley's appointment as minister to the Court of St James's (1869). His unexpected recall in the summer of 1870 was a painful experience to the man whose disinterested devotion to his country was patent in every word he thought and uttered. The question as to whether, in his preliminary conversation with Lord Clarendon on the question of the settlement of the Alabama claims, Motley overstepped his definite instructions is beyond the scope of a brief summary of his historical work. The sympathy of his contemporaries was with the minister, but in more recent treatment of the history of Grant's administration there is some tendency to hold that, from a diplomatic point of view, Motley was possibly indiscreet.

The remaining seven years of the historian's life were devoted to the continuance of his Netherland

history, which he hoped to bring through the Thirty Years' War. From the central figure he called his next two volumes *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld*. They covered the period of the Truce in the Netherlands (1609-21), were published in 1874, and proved the conclusion of their author's life work. If *Morton's Hope* is autobiographical in suggesting some of Motley's youthful aspirations, if the *United Netherlands* reflects the crisis through which the writer lived as he wrote, his last work must also be regarded as coloured by his personal experience. President Grant, like Maurice, was a military man in civil affairs. Motley's sympathy with Barneveld is pronounced. More than his other works this aroused Dutch writers to dissent, they hastened to defend Maurice, whom they think the American failed to understand, too obviously he had no liking for him.

The last seven years of Motley's life were passed between England and the Hague, with one visit to America. His stay in Holland was peculiarly pleasant. His services to Dutch history were recognised by the King and Queen of Holland as well as by the people. But his hopes of carrying his work through the Thirty Years' War were frustrated by ill-health. Mrs Motley's death in 1874 gave her husband a shock from which he never recovered, and he followed her in 1877. He died (29th May) at Kingston Russell in Dorsetshire, in the house of his daughter, Lady Vernon Harcourt, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery near his wife.

Motley's character is plainly to be traced in his work. His laborious researches and his vivifying imagination enabled him to make the past live again, and, within certain limits, he was wonderfully true to his materials. But his keen and eager temperament made it impossible for him to attain to the historian's virtue of judicial impartiality, he hardly conceals the fact that he is a partisan. His picturesque and eloquent style sometimes attains real splendour, but is apt to fatigue, perhaps his work is best where it is least adorned with rhetorical ornament.

#### The Beggars

The board glittered with silver and gold. The wine circulated with more than its usual rapidity among the band of noble Bacchans, who were never weary of drinking the healths of Brederode, of Orange, and Egmont. It was thought that the occasion imperiously demanded an extraordinary carouse, and the political events of the past three days lent an additional excitement to the wine. There was an earnest discussion as to an appropriate name to be given to their confederacy. Should they call themselves the 'Society of Concord,' the restorers of lost liberty, or by what other attractive title should the league be baptised? Brederode was, however, already prepared to settle the question. He knew the value of a popular and original name, he possessed the instinct by which adroit partisans in every age have been accustomed to convert the reproachful epithets of their opponents into watchwords of honour,

and he had already made his preparations for a startling theatrical effect. Suddenly, amid the din of voices, he arose, with all his rhetorical powers at command. He recounted to the company the observations which the Seigneur de Berlaymont was reported to have made to the Duchess upon the presentation of the request, and the name which he had thought fit to apply to them collectively. Most of the gentlemen then heard the memorable sarcasm for the first time. Great was the indignation of all, that the state councillor should have dared to stigmatise as beggars a band of gentlemen with the best blood of the land in their veins. Brederode, on the contrary, smoothing their anger, assured them with good humour that nothing could be more fortunate. 'They call us beggars,' said he, 'let us accept the name. We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack.'

He then beckoned to one of his pages, who brought him a leathern wallet such as was worn at that day by professional mendicants, together with a large wooden bowl, which also formed part of their regular appurtenances. Brederode immediately hung the wallet around his neck, filled the bowl with wine, lifted it with both hands, and drained it at a draught. 'Long live the beggars!' he cried, as he wiped his beard and set the bowl down. '*Vivent les gueux!*' Then for the first time, from the lips of those reckless nobles rose the famous cry which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field.

(From *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*.)

#### The Siege of Antwerp

With Sante Aldegonde came the unlucky Koppen Loppen, and all that could be spared of the English and Scotch troops in Antwerp, under Balfour and Morgan. With Hohenlo and Justinus de Nassau came Reinier Kant, who had just succeeded Paul Buys as Advocate of Holland. Besides these came two other men, side by side, perhaps in the same boat, of whom the world was like to hear much from that time forward, and whose names are to be most solemnly linked together so long as Netherland history shall endure, one a fair faced, flaxen haired boy of eighteen, the other a square visaged, heavy browed man of forty—Prince Maurice and John of Olden Barneveldt. The statesman had been foremost to urge the claim of William the Silent's son upon the stadholderate of Holland and Zeeland, and had been, as it were, the youth's political guardian. He had himself borne arms more than once before, having shouldered his matchlock under Batenburg, and marched on that officer's spirited but disastrous expedition for the relief of Haarlem. But this was the life of those Dutch rebels. Quill driving, law expounding, speech making, diplomatic missions, were intermingled with very practical business in besieged towns or open fields, with Italian musketeers and Spanish pikemen. And here, too, young Maurice was taking his first solid lesson in the art of which he was one day to be so distinguished a professor. It was a sharp beginning. Upon this ribband of earth, scarce six paces in breadth, with miles of deep water on both sides—a position recently fortified by the first general of the age, and held by the famous infantry of Spain and Italy—there was likely to be no prentice work. To assault such a position was in truth, as

Alexander had declared it to be, a most daring and desperate resolution on the part of the States. 'Soldiers, citizens, and all,' said Parma, 'they are obstinate as dogs to try their fortune.'

With wool sacks, sand bags, hurdles, planks, and other materials brought with them, the patriots now rapidly entrenched themselves in the position so brilliantly gained, while, without desisting for an instant the great purpose which they had come to effect, the sappers and miners fastened upon the iron bound soil of the dyke, tearing it with pick, mattock, and shovel, digging, delving, and throwing up the earth around them, busily as human beavers, instinctively engaged in a most congenial task.

But the beavers did not toil unmolested. The large and determined force of Antwerpers and English, Hollanders and Zealanders, guarded the fortifications as they were rapidly rising, and the pioneers as they were so manfully delving, but the enemy was not idle. From Fort Saint James, next beyond Saint George, Camillo del Monte led a strong party to the rescue. There was a tremendous action, foot to foot, breast to breast, with pike and pistol, sword and dagger. Never since the beginning of the war had there been harder fighting than now upon that narrow isthmus. 'Twas an affair of most brave obstinacy on both sides,' said Parma, who rarely used strong language. 'Soldiers, citizens, and all—they were like mad bulldogs.' Hollander, Italians, Scotchmen, Spaniards, Englishmen, fell thick and fast. The contest was about the entrenchments before they were completed, and especially around the sappers and miners, in whose picks and shovels lay the whole fate of Antwerp. Many of the dyke breakers were digging their own graves, and rolled, one after another, into the breach which they were so obstinately creating. Upon that slender thread of land the hopes of many thousands were hanging. To tear it asunder, to roll the ocean waves up to Antwerp, and thus to snitch the great city triumphantly from the grasp of Philip—to accomplish this the three thousand had come forth that May morning. To prevent it, to hold firmly the great treasure entrusted to them, was the determination of the Spaniards. And so, closely pent and packed, discharging their carbines into each other's faces, rolling, coiled together, down the slimy sides of the dyke into the black waters, struggling to and fro, while the cannon from the rebel fleet and from the royal forts mingled their roar with the sharp crack of the musketry, Catholics and patriots contended for an hour, while still, through all the confusion and uproar, the miners dug and delved.

At last the patriots were victorious. They made good their entrenchments, drove the Spaniards, after much slaughter, back to the fort of Saint George on the one side, and of the Palisade on the other, and cleared the whole space between the two points. The centre of the dyke was theirs, the great Kowenstyn, the only key by which the gates of Antwerp could be unlocked, was in the deliverers' hands. They pursued their victory, and attacked the Palisade Fort. Gamboa, its commandant, was severely wounded, many other officers dead or dying, the outworks were in the hands of the Hollanders, the slender piles on which the fortress rested in the water were rudely shaken, the victory was almost complete.

(From *The United Netherlands*)

The library edition of Motley's works in seventeen volumes (1900) does not include the novels but it contains the *Correspondence*,

originally edited in two volumes by G. W. Curtis in 1889 (and translated into German the same year). Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a *Memoir* of him in 1879 (new ed. 1889). There is also a short Life of him by Professor Jameson (1897), and to an edition of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* in 1896 Mr Moncure Conway prefixed a biographical introduction. See also E. P. Whipple's paper on Motley in *Recollections of Eminent Men* (1878).

RUTH PUTNAM

### Francis Parkman

belongs to the 'picturesque school' of American writers of history, of which Prescott and Motley and, in so far as he was a historian, Irving also, are conspicuous representatives. He was born 16th September 1823, the eldest son of the Rev. Francis Parkman, minister of the New North Church (Unitarian) in Boston, and died there on the 8th of November 1893. frail in youth, he was allowed by his parents to roam at will in the splendid woods of the Middlesex Fells, then standing near his maternal grandfather's home at Medford, and there he learned to love the forest. In 1844 he graduated from Harvard College. To gratify his father, who disapproved of his literary and historical projects, he proceeded to a degree in the Harvard Law School, but without intending to practise at the Bar. While a student he had notably increased his physical strength by systematic exercise in the open air, and it was partly for the purpose of further improving his uncertain health that he joined a young kinsman in an adventurous trip beyond the Rocky Mountains. As a tonic the expedition proved a failure. The hardships to which Parkman recklessly exposed himself in hope of building up his constitution in fact broke it down, putting an end for ever to his 'boyish fancy of a life of action and a death in battle.' But the account of his adventures, first printed in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1847, and published two years later in the book now known as *The Oregon Trail*, shows that the journey had also another purpose. It was, in part, a conscious preparation for historical work already planned. In an autobiographical sketch, written in 1886, he says 'Before the end of the sophomore [second undergraduate] year my various schemes had been crystallised into a plan of writing a story of what was then known as the "Old French War"—that is, the war that ended in the conquest of Canada—for here, as it seemed to me, the forest drama was more stirring and the forest stage more thronged with appropriate actors than in any other passage of our history. It was not till some years later that I enlarged the plan to include the whole course of the American conflict between France and England, or, in other words, the history of the American forest, for this was the light in which I regarded it. My theme fascinated me, and I was haunted with wilderness images day and night.' The precise degree in which the formation of these plans may be traced to the influence of Cooper's tales and of Irving's *Astoria*, or their development to the appearance,

in 1843 and 1847, of Prescott's histories of the Spanish conquest of America, is still a matter of doubt. But there can be no doubt that Parkman's fitness to execute them was vastly increased by his summer on the prairies. The frontier changes its longitude far more readily than its life. For the young historian, the trip to the Medicine Bow was also a journey backward in time. The St Louis of 1846 revealed to him much that was not unlike the Montreal of a century before. Fort Laramie was in some respects the counterpart of Etherington's Michillimackinac. The Oregon pioneers helped him to understand the Scotch-Irish backwoodsmen of the Alleghenies, the fur-trader and the French half-breed trapper were still the same, and, above all, life in a Sioux village gave him insight into the character of the American Indian. His experience was unique. No student can now repeat it. It has impressed upon Parkman's histories certain characteristics which give them, in some measure, the quality of sources.

The first of Parkman's historical works, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851), is in reality an appendix to the main story which he was to tell. He chose the period (1763-69) 'as affording better opportunities than any other for portraying the forest life and the Indian character,' and he never saw reason to change that opinion. *Pontiac* was written under conditions which would have discouraged a less resolute man. In the preface Parkman says—and none of the later histories makes such explicit allusion to his lifelong infirmities—that 'for about three years the light of day was unsupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred.' Under these circumstances the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from my dictation. The process, though extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages, and I am well convinced that the authorities have been even more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested than they would have been under ordinary circumstances. Although he burned to continue work, ten of the next fourteen years were passed in absolute separation from his historical labours, and there were long periods when even the slightest intellectual effort was possible only at the risk of most serious mental disturbance. During his stronger hours he produced a romantic novel, *Vassal Morton* (1856), now forgotten, and devoted himself with much success to gardening. The experience thus gained he afterwards embodied in his *Book of Roses* (1866). Meanwhile, his health having slightly improved, he was able to issue in 1865 *The Pioneers of France in the New World*, which announced the matured design of a history of 'France and England in America.' The first part of the *Pioneers* narrated the history of the Huguenot settlement in Florida and its destruction

by the Spanish, the second described the beginnings of the French dominion in the north—the settlement of Acadia and the labours of Champlain and his companions. In 1867 came *The Jesuits in North America*, carrying the narrative on from 1635 to 1652. Two years later appeared *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*, treating an episode which had promised consequences of vast importance to New France. In *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874) the history of the transitional period from 1652 to 1672 was told, and there followed an elaborate survey of the political, social, and ecclesiastical organisation of the colony. *Count Frontenac and New France* (1877) continued the narrative to 1701, and then, turning to the dream of his youth, Parkman told in *Montcalm and Wolfe* (2 vols. 1884) the dramatic story of the great contest (1748-63) which brought French power in America to a close. The confused period from 1700 to 1748 remained. In 1892 that gap was bridged by *A Half-Century of Conflict* (2 vols.), and Parkman's work was done.

Parkman was fortunate in choosing a subject at once fresh and congenial. Famous historians had, indeed, touched incidentally upon it, but their accounts, generally fragmentary, were invariably lifeless. They felt perhaps that happenings in the American forest must be somehow beneath the dignity of history. In any event, the types of man and the sorts of conflict which the forest knew lay outside the range of their experience and needed still to be made real to the world. To that task Parkman devoted his life. He performed it with ever-increasing thoroughness. From the outset he had studied with care the more accessible sources. He soon began to search diligently, and with much success, for unpublished materials which might illustrate his theme. A faint clue to the whereabouts of Montcalm's confidential letters to Bourlamaque was pursued for fifteen years before they were unearthed. In the case of the La Salle papers, improperly withheld from use by a jealous archivist, obstacles even more serious were at length overcome. Fortunately Parkman's means were ample to procure copies of all needed papers, and the Massachusetts Historical Society now possesses nearly two hundred folio volumes of the manuscripts from which he drew the details that crowd his pages. Still, his was by no means 'that pallid and emasculate scholarship of which New England has had too many examples.' For him life out-of-doors was a necessary condition of work within. From Louisburg to Sault Ste Marie he examined the scene of every important event. He knew the Indian and the frontiersman at first hand. By the synthesis of a sympathetic imagination he fused the results of his studies, his observations, and his experience into a narrative of such realism as proceeds more frequently from the novelist than the historian.

Parkman's style of writing changed with the ripening of the man. From the outset his observa-

tion was fresh and vivid. But otherwise his early style, influenced perhaps by the prevailing standards of the time, was often florid, the images formal, and the illustrations commonplace. His power of more spontaneous expression developed slowly, in part, it may be, because of his illness. He was seldom able to read more than five minutes without rest, or to listen to reading more than twenty, and the limitations of safety which his nervous condition placed upon his efforts at composition were not less cramping. Still, there is no sign of physical weakness in his manner of writing not even the tenseness which intermittent dictation might be expected to produce. His style seems rather to reflect the increasing moral strength with which he adhered to the purpose of his youth. Losing nothing of its vividness, it becomes fluent and direct, an adequate medium for the expression of his strong narrative impulse.

But Parkman was more than a mere narrative historian, a picturesque teller of romantic tales. The boy, it may be, had conceived the obscure struggles of the wilderness as presenting matter of romantic interest only. The man soon realised that, unlike merely romantic events, they were the product of potent historical forces determining the destiny of a continent. European civilisation implacably overpowering aboriginal barbarism, the rooted liberty of the common law unconsciously supplanting the absolutism of the Bourbons. The evidence of this realisation is not to be sought in elaborate reflective passages. Parkman did not preach. He had the skill to make his narrative carry its own moral. From the superficial reader that moral may be concealed by profusion of incident. But the more thoughtful will find implicit in his pages a political philosophy not unworthy of his theme.

He was, moreover, a lover of truth for whom no pains were too great that might establish a fact. But he made no parade of his efforts. In the introduction to the *Pioneers of France in the New World* he describes his ideal method, and his work reached in fact a close approximation to his ideal. 'In this, and still more must it be the case in succeeding volumes, the amount of reading applied to their composition is far greater than the citations represent, much of it being of a collateral and illustrative nature. This was essential to a plan whose aim it was, while scrupulously and rigorously adhering to the truth of facts, to animate them with the life of the past, and, so far as might be, clothe the skeleton with flesh. If at times it may seem that range has been allowed to fancy, it is so in appearance only, since the minutest details of narrative or description rest on authentic documents or on personal observation. Fidelity to the truth of history involves far more than a research, however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. Such facts may be detailed with the most minute exactness, and yet the narrative, taken as a whole, may be unmeaning or untrue.'

The narrator must seek to imbue himself with the life and spirit of the time. He must study events in their bearings near and remote, in the character, habits, and manners of those who took part in them. He must himself be, as it were, a share or a spectator of the action he describes.'

Not only was he ever on the watch against the temptations offered by the picturesqueness of his theme and by his own love of striking effects, his sincerity rose above this primary need of accuracy, and reached, in spite of his strong prejudices in contemporary affairs, to a high degree of historical impartiality. Dealing at large, as he did, with a subject into whose recesses many antiquarians and not a few zealots, Canadian and American, had peered, a subject embittered by a century of American conflict, and involving at almost every turn the imported prejudices of English and French, and the inherited animosities of Puritan and Catholic, it was inevitable that his work should be assailed by extremists in both camps. But these attacks have only served, in general, to reveal the thoroughness of his research and the sincerity of his judgments. He has gained appreciation, both at home and abroad, more slowly than some of his contemporaries. But his present reputation as a writer of history is, probably, not inferior to that of any other American. Professor Bourne, of Yale, suggestively says 'In his conception of the great drama of two rival and diverse civilisations contending for the mastery of the New World, in his nearness to the action and his personal exploration of the scene, and not least in the varied charm of his story, Parkman is the Herodotus of our Western World.'

#### The Heights of Abraham

Meanwhile a deep cloud fell on the English. Since the siege began, Wolfe had passed with ceaseless energy from camp to camp, animating the troops, observing everything and directing everything, but now the pale face and tall lean form were seen no more, and the rumour spread that the General was dangerously ill. He had in fact been seized by an access of the disease that had tortured him for some time past, and fever had followed. His illness, which began before the twentieth of August, had so far subsided on the twenty-fifth that Knox wrote in his Diary of that day 'His Excellency General Wolfe is on the recovery, to the inconceivable joy of the whole army'. On the twenty-ninth he was able to write or dictate a letter to the three brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray. 'That the public service may not suffer by the General's indisposition, he begs the brigadiers will meet and consult together for the public utility and advantage, and consider of the best method to attack the enemy.' The letter then proposes three plans, all bold to audacity.

The brigadiers met in consultation, rejected the three plans proposed in the letter, and advised that an attempt should be made to gain a footing on the north shore above the town, place the army between Montcalm and his base of supply, and so force him to fight or surrender. The scheme seemed desperate, but so did all the rest, and if by chance it should succeed, the gain was far

greater than could follow any success below the town Wolfe embraced it at once

Admiral Saunders lay with the main fleet in the Basin of Quebec. This excellent officer, whatever may have been his views as to the necessity of a speedy departure, aided Wolfe to the last with unsailing energy and zeal. It was agreed between them that while the General made the real attack, the Admiral should engage Montcalm's attention by a pretended one. As night approached, the fleet ranged itself along the Beauport shore, the boats were lowered and filled with sailors, marines, and the few troops that had been left behind, while ship signalled to ship, cannon flashed and thundered, and shot ploughed the beach, as if to clear a way for assailants to land. In the gloom of the evening the effect was imposing. Montcalm, who thought that the movements of the English above the town were only a feint, that their main force was still below it, and that their real attack would be made there, was completely deceived, and missed his troops in front of Beauport to repel the expected landing. But while in the fleet of Saunders all was uproar and ostentatious menace, the danger was ten miles away, where the squadron of Holmes lay tranquil and silent at its anchorage off Cap Rouge.

The day had been fortunate for Wolfe. Two deserters came from the camp of Bougainville with intelligence that, at ebb tide on the next night, he was to send down a convoy of provisions to Montcalm. The necessities of the camp at Beauport, and the difficulties of transportation by land, had before compelled the French to resort to this perilous means of conveying supplies, and their boats, drifting in darkness under the shadows of the northern shore, had commonly passed in safety. Wolfe saw at once that, if his own boats went down in advance of the convoy, he could turn the intelligence to good account.

Towards two o'clock the tide began to ebb, and a fresh wind blew down the river. Two lanterns were raised in the maintop shrouds of the *Sutherland*. It was the appointed signal, the boats cast off and fell down with the current, those of the light infantry leading the way. The vessels with the rest of the troops had orders to follow a little later.

For full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate—

'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

'Gentlemen,' he said as his recital ended, 'I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec.' None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp '*Qui — et?*' of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. '*I'm — !*'

answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

'*quel régiment?*'

'*De la Reine*,' replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol shot. In answer to his questions the same officer replied, in French: 'Provision boats. Don't make a noise, the English will hear us.' In fact, the sloop of war *Hunter* was anchored in the stream not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Fouron. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body.

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe—the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Fouron, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods, then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was almost said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon shot. Another volley followed and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned in a frantic mob, shouting cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps, pushing forward with the bayonet, some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on like mad bloodhounds. At the English right though the attacking column was broken to pieces a line was still kept up, though it seemed by sharpshooter fire the

bushes and corn fields, where they had run for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. 'There's no need,' he answered, 'it's all over with me.' A moment after, one of them cried out, 'They run, see how they run!' 'Who run?' Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. 'The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way every where!' 'Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton,' returned the dying man, 'tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge.' Then, turning on his side, he murmured, 'Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!' and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat, two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognised him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, 'O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! le Marquis est tué!' 'It's nothing, it's nothing,' replied the death stricken man, 'don't be troubled for me, my good friends' ('Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien, ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies').

(From *Montcalm and Wolfe*)

All Parkman's historical books appeared in numerous editions during his life. Since his death collected editions have been published in twelve, in thirteen in seventeen and in twenty volumes. *The Iroquois* and *The Jesuits* and *The Ancient Regime* have been translated into German. *The Pioneers* and *The Jesuits* translated (much garbled) into French. See *A Life of Francis Parkman* by C. H. Farmham (1901) with bibliography of Parkman and of his works also J. F. Jameson's *History of Historical Writing in America* (1891) and E. G. Bourne's *Essays in Historical Criticism* (1901).

CHARLES H. HULL

**Heinrich Melville** (1819-91) was born in New York city, and, irresistibly drawn to a sailor's life, shipped at eighteen as cabin boy on a ship bound for Liverpool. He took a spell at home as a teacher, but went to sea again in 1842, this time on a South Sea whaler. At Nukahiva in the Marquesas he and a comrade, the 'Toby' of his story, deserted the ship, owing to the captain's harsh treatment. On the island he was kept four months as the prisoner of the not unkindly cannibals of the Teppe Valley, whence he was rescued by an Australian whaler, in which he took service. Returning to the United States in 1846, he published *Typee*, a spirited account of his residence in the Marquesas, and in 1847 *Omoo*, a continuation of his adventures in Oceania. *Mardi* (1848), in another manner, was a much less happy effort. *White-Jacket, or the World in a Man of War* (1850), was in his better vein, and *Moby-Dick* or

*the White Whale* (1852), though not without flaws of style and construction, is a really great sea story, full of power and the incommunicable charm of the ocean. Melville was a most unequal writer, and many of his stories, especially his later ones, were odd, chaotic, and unworthy of his earlier reputation, though *Israel Potter* (1855) was commended by Hawthorne for its portraits of Franklin and Paul Jones. His poetry, such as that of the volume *Battle-Pieces and Aspects of War* (1866), is wholly forgotten. For a time he held a post in the Custom-House, but for many years lived in seclusion, his mental faculties having given way. R. L. Stevenson's praise revived the vogue of *Typee* and *Omoo*.

**Donald Grant Mitchell**, who became known under the pen-name of 'Ik Marvel,' was born in Norwich, Connecticut, 12th April 1822, graduated at Yale, studied law, and was in 1853 appointed U.S. consul at Venice. He edited the *Atlantic Monthly* 1868-69, and from 1855 lived on his farm of Edgewood near New Haven, with which several of his books deal (*Wet Days at Edgewood, &c.*). Best known of his works, combining humour and a graceful element of sentiment and domesticity, were his *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life* (1850-51, new eds. 1889). Among the rest are a novel, *Dr Johns* (1866), *English Lands, Letters, and Kings* (2 vols. 1889-95), *American Lands and Letters* (1897).

**Bayard Taylor** (1825-78) was born of Quaker and German ancestry at Kennett Square in Chester county, Pennsylvania, and was educated at a common school, and for five years at a high school. He acquired a familiar knowledge of Latin, French, Spanish, and, later, German, and from his twelfth year he wrote essays, stories, and poems, and two years after he had become an apprentice in a printing office he published *Ximena*, a volume of poems, sold by subscription. Disliking his trade, he bought himself off from his apprenticeship, arranged with the editors of several papers to write a series of letters from abroad, and with a hundred and forty dollars paid in advance for these contributions, he sailed for Liverpool on a pedestrian tour of Europe in 1844, and carried his knapsack through Scotland, England, Belgium, the Rhine countries, Austria, and Italy. His letters, for which he received in all five hundred dollars, were his sole means of support, and were in 1846 published as *Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff*. After his return he edited a country newspaper, then went to New York, and obtained a post on the *Tribune*. As its correspondent he made extensive travels in California and Mexico, recorded in *El Dorado* (1850), and up the Nile, and in Asia Minor, Syria, across Asia to India, China, and Japan—recorded in his *Journey to Central Africa, The Land of the Saracen* (1854), and *A Visit to India, China, and Japan* (1855). Later explorations are recorded in

*Northern Travel* (1858) and *Travels in Greece and Russia* (1859). He was a very successful lecturer on his travelling experiences, and on the outbreak of the Civil War warmly advocated the national cause. This led to his being sent in 1862-63 as secretary of legation to St Petersburg. Much of his time after 1863 was spent in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In 1870 he lectured on German literature at Cornell University. In 1876 he was again at work on the *Tribune* (of which he was a part-proprietor), in 1877 he was nominated United States ambassador in Berlin, but entering on his duties in May 1878, only lived to fulfil them till towards the end of the same year. Over and above his own books of travel, he edited a library of travels, and with Ripley a handbook of literature and fine arts, and he did much miscellaneous literary work, editing and translating from German and other tongues. His ambitions were to be remembered as a poet, and he ranks well to the front in the second rank of American poets. His early models were Byron and Shelley, Tennyson's influence is obvious in some of his work, and Goethe's is still more marked. His *Oriental Poems* are perhaps his most spontaneous and characteristic work, but some of his Pennsylvania ballads also show him at his best, tender and simple rather than sonorous and rhetorical as much of his work is. His *Faust* is the book by which he is best known in England, and is one of the most successful of all the attempts yet made to approach an adequate English rendering of Goethe's masterpiece. His poetic works included *Rhythms of Travel* (1848), *Book of Romances, Lyrics and Songs* (1851), *Poems of the Orient* (1854), *Poems of Home and Travel* (1855), *The Poet's Journal* (1862), *Poems* (1865), *The Masque of the Gods* (1872), *Lars* (1873), a Tennysonian narrative poem, *The Prophet, a Tragedy* (1874), *Home Pastorals* (1875), *The National Ode*, which he was chosen to deliver at the Centennial Exhibition (1876), *Prince Deukalion*, a lyrical drama (1878), perhaps too directly modelled after *Faust*, and his exceptionally admirable translation of *Faust* (1870-71). He also wrote several novels, the best *Hannah Thurston* (1863) and *The Story of Kennett* (1866). His *Life and Letters* were edited by his (second) wife, daughter of an Erfurt astronomer, and Horace E. Scudder.

#### A Bedouin Love-Song

From the desert I come to thee  
On a stallion shod with fire  
And the winds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire  
Under thy window I stand,  
And the midnight hears my cry  
I love thee, I love but thee,  
With a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see  
My passion and my pain,  
I lie on the sands below,  
And I fawn in thy disdain  
Let the night winds touch thy brow  
With the heat of my burning sigh,  
And melt thee to hear the vow  
Of a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!



BAYARD TAYLOR.

My steps are nightly driven,  
By the fever in my breast,  
To hear from thy lattice breathed  
The word that shall give me rest  
Open the door of thy heart,  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
The love that shall fade no more  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

#### From 'The Pines'

##### Ancient Pines,

Ye bear no record of the years of man  
Spring is your sole historian,—Spring that paints  
These savage shores with hues of Paradise,  
That decks your branches with a fresher green,  
And through your lonely fir canopies pours  
Her floods of bloom, rivers of opal dye  
That wander down to lakes and widening seas  
Of blossom and of fragrance,—laughing Spring,  
That with her wanton blood refills her veins,

And weds ye to your juicy youth again  
 With a new ring, the while your risted bark  
 Drops odorous tears Your knotty fibres yield  
 To the light touch of her unfling pen,  
 As freely as the lupin's violet cup  
 Ye keep, close locked, the memories of her stay,  
 As in their shells the avelones sleep  
 Morn's rosy flush and moonlight's pearly glow  
 The wild north west that from Alaska sweeps  
 To drown Point Lobos with the ice scud  
 And white sea foam may rend your boughs and leave  
 Their blasted antlers tossing in the gale,  
 Your steadiest hearts are mailed against the shock,  
 And on their annual tablets naught inscribe  
 Of such rude visitation Ye are still  
 The simple children of a guiltless soil,  
 And in your natures show the sturdy grun  
 That passion cannot jar, nor force relax,  
 Nor rough but sweet and kindly airs compel  
 To gentler mood No disappointed heart  
 Has sighed its bitterness beneath your shade,  
 No angry spirit ever came to mal e  
 Your silence its confessional no voice,  
 Grown harsh in Crime's great market place, the world,  
 Tainted with blasphemy your evening hush,  
 And romantic air The deer alone,—  
 The unbushed hunter that brings down the deer,  
 The fisher wandering on the misty shore  
 To watch sea lions wallow in the flood,—  
 The shout, the sound of hoofs that chase and fly,  
 When swift vaqueros, dashing through the herds,  
 Ride down the angry bull,—perchance, the song  
 Some Indian heard of long forgotten sires,—  
 Disturb your solemn chorus

**Stephen Collins Foster** (1826–64), author of many of the most popular American songs, was born in Pittsburgh, and was for some time a merchant's clerk or shop assistant in Cincinnati. He had a natural but untrained gift for writing ditties and composing tunes, found time for systematic musical study, and in 1842 published 'Open thy lattice, love,' which was at once taken up by negro minstrels. The popularity of his next ventures encouraged him to give up business and devote himself to music and song. He lived mostly in New York and Pittsburgh, and in New York he died. He is credited with no less than a hundred and twenty-five pieces, words and music being alike of his own composition, of these nearly a fourth are negro melodies. Among the best known are 'The Old Folks at Home,' 'Nelly Bly,' 'Uncle Ned,' 'Old Dog Tray,' 'Gentle Annie,' 'Old Kentucky Home,' 'Willie, we have missed you,' 'Camptown Races' (which Mr Gladstone used to intone with such powerful effect), 'Massa's in de cold, cold ground,' 'Poor Old Joe,' and 'Come where my Love lies dreaming.' It may safely be said that no other eleven songs by any one poet or composer are equally familiar in all English speaking countries. How far the success of the songs depends on the taking tunes it might be hard to say. 'The Old Folks at Home' otherwise 'Way down upon the Swannee River,' is perhaps as acceptable to some when performed on a

street-piano or barrel organ as when sung. Some of the songs are mere doggerel, others are only sentimental jingles, the best of them hardly satisfy the usual poetic standards. But if to secure world wide popularity and to touch the heart of the people in two continents be proof of poetic power, S C Foster has safely passed the test. Musically, 'Come where my Love lies dreaming' is his highest effort.

**Theodore Winthrop** (1828–61) was the representative of a family that had been very distinguished in New England since colonial days, having produced governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut, a Harvard professor of physics, and a senator, orator, and publicist. Born at New Haven, Theodore studied at Yale, travelled in Europe and the Far West, did surveying for the railway across the Isthmus of Panama, was admitted to the Bar (1855), and had prepared a large mass of—mostly unpublished—literary materials, when, having volunteered in the Civil War, he fell in battle at Great Bethel. His novels—for which he had failed to find a publisher—were issued posthumously, and include *Cecil Dreeme* (1861), a (somewhat crude) romance of New York, *John Brent* (1861), instinct with the spirit of the Wild West, and *Edwin Brothertoft* (1862), a story of the Revolution. His tales were somewhat too spasmodic and unconventional in style. *The Canoe and Saddle* and *Life in the Open Air* were sketches still later published, and in the eighties his *Life and Poems* appeared under his sister's supervision.

**Lewis Wallace**, born in 1827 at Brookville, Indiana, served in the Mexican War gained distinction in the Civil War, and was governor of Utah (1878–81) and minister to Turkey (1881). General Lew Wallace became famous in popular literature by his remarkably successful religious novel *Ben Hur* (1880), and this was followed by *The Fair God*, *The Prince of India*, and *The Wearing of the Gold*, his next best-known stories, as well as by a book on *The Boyhood of Christ* and a Life of Benjamin Harrison.

**Richard Henry Stoddard** (1825–1903) was born at Hingham in Massachusetts, the son of a ship's captain who was lost at sea, and the boy, after an education at the public schools in New York, worked in an iron foundry for some years, meanwhile reading widely in English literature, but especially in poetry. In 1849 he produced a small volume of poems, only to suppress it afterwards, but 1852 saw the birth of a sturdier collection. From 1853 to 1870 he served in the New York custom house, in 1870–73 was clerk to General McClellan, and for a year city librarian, and he did much reviewing and writing for the book sellers. He wrote Lives of Washington Irving and Shelley, produced *A Century After*, picturesque glimpses of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, and edited the 'Bric-a-Brac Series' and the 'Suns'

Souci Series' But it is as a poet that he claims special remembrance His poems include *Songs in Summer* (1857), *The King's Bell*, *The Book of the East*, *Abraham Lincoln, a Horatian Ode*, and *The Lion's Cub and other Verse* (1891) Some of his lyrics are bright and tender, his most characteristic work is rather reflective than original and spontaneous

**Edmund Clarence Stedman** was born in 1833, the son of a merchant at Hartford in Connecticut. He studied at Yale and early took to journalism, was for a time on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, was war correspondent of the *New York World* during the war, held a post under the Attorney-General of the United States, but from 1869 until 1900 was a stockbroker at New York. He contributed actively to the more important magazines, and published his first volume of verse, *Poems, Lyrical and Idyllic*, in 1860. Later poems or collections of verse have been *Alice of Monmouth, an Idyl of the Great War*, *The Blameless Prince*, *Hawthorne and other Poems*, *Lyrus and Idylls*, and a collected edition of his poems appeared in 1884. His critical work on the Victorian Poets, a handbook to the poetic literature of England for two generations, appeared in 1875, is recognised as a work of standard value, and has gone through many editions. *The Poets of America*, published in 1886, hardly took the same rank even in America. He wrote on *The Nature and Elements of Poetry*, and has edited, with or without collaboration, W S Landor, Austin Dobson, and Poe, besides *A Victorian Anthology* and *An American Anthology*. *The Library of American Literature*, edited by him in conjunction with Miss E M Hutchinson, completed in 1890, fills eleven volumes. Some of his lyrics are very fresh and admirable, and most of his poetic work shows careful and artistic finish. As a critic he is less remarkable for profound insight and discrimination than for breadth and sympathy.

**Thomas Bailey Aldrich** was born in 1836 at Portsmouth in New Hampshire. His father's death prevented his going to Harvard, but while engaged in his uncle's New York banking house he began to contribute verse to the newspapers, and soon after the publication of *The Bells, a Collection of Chimes* (1855), adopted literature as a profession. He was associated with N P Willis's *Home Journal*, *Every Saturday*, and other magazines, and from 1881 to 1890 he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Amongst his poems are *The Ballad of Babu Bell*, *Pampinea*, *Cloth of Gold*, *Flower and Thorn*, *Mercurius*, a complete collection appeared in 1882. He has written also stories, romances, and sketches, including *Daisy's Necklace*, *The Course of True Love*, *The Story of a Bad Boy*, *Marjorie Daw*, *Prudence Palfrey*. He is an accomplished lyrist, and his more ambitious poems are at least graceful and well worded. In some of his stories and sketches he shows himself a brilliant humourist.

**Francis Richard Stockton** (1834-1902), born at Philadelphia, was trained as engraver and journalist, and became assistant editor of *St Nicholas*. He attracted notice by his fantastic stories for children, which fill several volumes, but he is best known as author of *Rudder Grange* (1879), the droll and humorous story of a holiday on a house boat, with much human nature and a good deal of burlesque. *The Lady or the Tiger*, a short problem story, made also a great impression. Other humorous or whimsical stories, notably unequal in interest, were *The Late Mrs Null*, *The Casting Away of Miss Leeks and Mrs Aleshire*, and *The Dusantes*, *The Hundredth Man*, *The Schooner Merry Chanter*, *The Squirrel Inn*, *Pomona's Travels*, *The Shadach*, *Captain Chap*, *The Story Teller's Pack*, *The Associate Hermits*, and *A Bicycle of Cathay*. To a different category belonged *The Buccaneers and Pirates of our Coasts* (1898). *The Captain's Toll gate*, finished just before his death, was published with a memorial sketch of him by his wife in 1903.

**Edward Eggleston** (1837-1902), born at Vevia, Indiana, became a Methodist Episcopal clergyman, and had held various pastoral and editorial posts when, about 1880, he withdrew from the ministry and devoted himself to literary work. He wrote many popular books on American history, but is best known for his stories of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, *The Hoosier Schoolboy*, *The Mystery of Metropolisville*, *The Circuit Rider*, *Roxy*, *The Graysons*, and *The Faith Doctor*.

**John Burroughs**, born at Roxbury in New York State on the 3rd April 1837, was brought up on a farm, and after some years of teaching, journalism, clerking in the Treasury department at Washington, and of periodic duties as a bank-examiner, settled down in 1874 on a farm in New York, to divide his time between literature and fruit-culture. His books mostly deal with natural history or country life, and include *Wade Robin* (1871), *Birds and Poets*, *Locusts and Wild Honey*, *Pepacton*, *Signs and Seasons*, and *Riverside*, *Essays on Birds, Trees, Flowers*. *Winter Sunshine* and *Fresh Fields* are European travel sketches, *Squirrels and other Fur bearers* is more specifically zoological, and he published in 1866 a study of Whitman. He is in some respects a continuator of Thoreau's work, but writes for the most part in a lighter vein.

**William Dwight Whitney** (1827-94), a younger brother of the geologist Josiah Dwight Whitney, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, studied at Williams College, at Yale, and in Germany, and was professor at Yale of Sanskrit and of Comparative Philology. He waged war with Max Muller, and wrote *Darwinism and Language*, *The Life and Growth of Language*, and other philological works. He was editor-in-chief of the *Century Dictionary*.

**Charles Eliot Norton**, born the son of a Unitarian minister at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1827, studied at Harvard, was for a while engaged in commerce, but soon devoted himself to literature and aesthetics, becoming known as a fine scholar and an authority on art. From 1875 to 1898 he was Professor of the History of Art at Harvard. His prose translation of Dante is classical, he has written on church building in the Middle Ages and on recent social theories, but he is perhaps most widely known as an accomplished editor, having edited the letters of Lowell and G. W. Curtis, the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, and of Goethe and Carlyle, as well as the standard edition of Carlyle's letters.

**Silas Weir Mitchell**, born in Philadelphia in 1830, studied at the Jefferson Medical College and Edinburgh University, and settling as a practitioner in his native city, became distinguished especially in the treatment of nervous diseases. Besides books on physiology and neurology and serpent poisons, he wrote articles in prose and verse for the magazines, and *Hephzibah Guinness* and other stories in 1880 give him rank as a capable novelist. *In War Time* and *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*, are amongst his best known works. Five several collections of poems (*A Masque and other Poems*, *The Wager*, &c.) have been issued in one volume.

**John William Draper** (1811-82) was born at St Helens near Liverpool, and in 1833 emigrated to Virginia. Having studied physics and chemistry in England and the United States, he taught these two subjects in a Virginian college, but from 1839 was associated with the University of the City of New York, first as Professor of Chemistry, and, after 1850 of Physiology. He wrote handbooks of chemistry, natural philosophy, and physiology, and a series of memoirs on radiant energy, but is chiefly remembered for his *History of the American Civil War* (3 vols. 1867-70), for his *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe* (2 vols. 1863), and, most of all, for his *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science* (1874), in which his attitude was frankly rationalistic.

**Andrew Dickson White**, born at Homer, New York, in 1832, studied at Yale, Paris, and Berlin, and has been Professor of History in the University of Michigan and President of Cornell, United States Minister to Germany and to Russia, and from 1897 ambassador in Germany. His best-known book is *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology* (1876), but he has written studies in general, mediæval, and modern history, on European schools of history, on comets, on currency questions, and on *The New Germany*.

**Horace Howard Furness**, the son of a Unitarian minister in Philadelphia, was born in 1833, studied at Harvard, and was admitted to the Bar, but was early attracted to the studies in virtue

of which he was to become America's greatest Shakespearian scholar. In 1871 he began his great life-work, the Variorum edition of Shakespeare's works, of which in thirty years he had issued thirteen volumes. Latterly his wife and his son were associated with him in his labours.

**Phillips Brooks** (1835-93), born at Boston, Massachusetts, studied at Harvard and elsewhere, and in his cures at Philadelphia and Boston became known as one of the most eloquent and powerful preachers in America. In 1891 he was made Bishop of Massachusetts in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Several volumes of his sermons and lectures show his independence of judgment and catholicity of spirit. There is a Life of him by A. V. G. Allen (1901).

**John Hay**, born of Scottish ancestry at Salem in Indiana, 8th October 1838, educated at Brown University, and admitted to the Illinois Bar in 1861, was assistant private secretary to President Lincoln till his death, and during the war served for some months, attaining the rank of colonel. In 1865-70 he was secretary of legation at Paris and Madrid, and *charge d'affaires* at Vienna (1867-68); in 1870-75 he worked as a journalist on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, and in 1879-81 he was first Assistant-Secretary of State. Thereafter he was for a time mainly engaged in literary work, till in 1897 he was sent by President McKinley as ambassador to Great Britain, where both as man and as diplomat he won golden opinions. As Secretary of State at home from 1898, he showed in a critical time exceptional foresight, strength, and tact. As an author he is known for his command of peculiarly American humour and pathos in pathos, simple verse. His *Pike County Ballads* (1871) include 'Little Breeches' and 'Jim Bludso,' he has also published *Castilian Days* (1871), and, with Nicolay, a Life of Lincoln (1891). He is responsible for another volume of poems issued in 1890, and for an address on Sir Walter Scott. The popular anonymous novel *The Bread-Winners* (1883) was attributed to him, but not acknowledged by him as his.

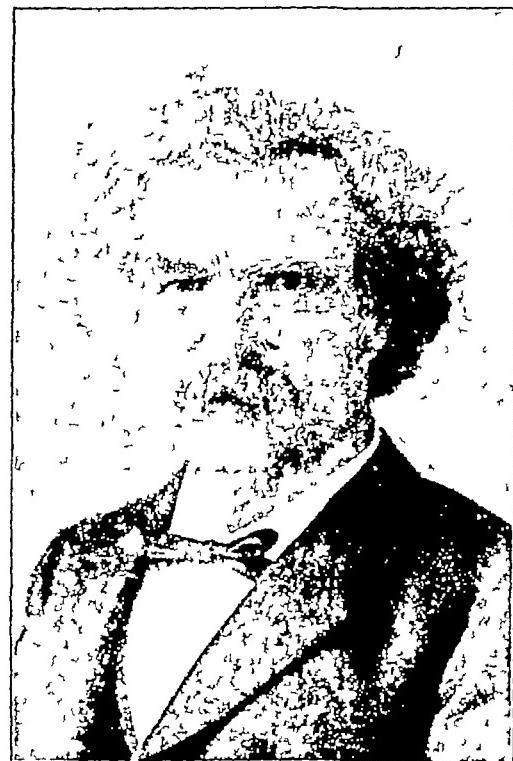
**Edward Payson Roe** (1838-88), born in New Windsor, New York, was chaplain in the volunteer service during the war, and afterwards pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls. The great success of his first novel, *Barry's Burned Away* (1872), encouraged him to make literature his profession, and his fifteen novels include *From Jest to Earnest* (1875), *Acar to Nature's Heart* (1876), *Nature's Serial Story* (1884), and *He Fell in Love with his Wife* (1886). He also wrote on gardening and fruit culture.

**Charles Heber Clark**, a Philadelphia journalist, born in 1841 in Berlin, Maryland, is better known by his pen name of 'Max Adeler,' and as author of the somewhat boisterously humorous *Out of the Hurly Burly* (1874), *Elbow-room, Random Shots*, and *Fortunate Island* (1881).

**Charles Farrar Browne** (1834–67), not so well known by his own name as by that of his creation, 'Artemus Ward,' was born at Waterford in Maine, worked at Boston and elsewhere as a compositor, became a reporter, and in 1858, under the style of 'Artemus Ward, showman,' wrote for the *Cleveland Plaindealer* a description of an imaginary travelling menagerie. This was followed by letters in which the original, characteristic, whimsical humour was enhanced by grotesque spelling and naïve moralising, and was brought to bear on business puffery with keenly satirical and highly entertaining effect. In 1861 'Artemus Ward' entered the lecture field, and started a panorama, whose artistic wretchedness furnished occasion for countless jokes, the success of his humorous lecture, 'The Babes in the Wood,' decided him to abide by lecturing. It satirised the dull twaddle often foisted on the public by pompous bores. When a Californian manager telegraphed to him, 'What will you take for forty nights in California?' his instant reply, 'Brandy and water,' secured him a welcome among the miners. In 1862 he was in California and Utah, gathering materials for comic lectures on the Mormons, 'whose religion is singular but their wives are plural.' In 1864 he was disabled by pulmonary consumption, but in 1866, having rallied somewhat, he went to London, where he contributed to *Punch*, and was very popular as 'the genial showman,' exhibiting his panorama at the Egyptian Hall. After a short sojourn in Jersey, he returned to England, only to die at Southampton. His publications were *Artemus Ward, His Book* (1862), *Artemus Ward, His Panorama* (1865), *Artemus Ward among the Mormons* (1866), *Artemus Ward in England* (1867). M D London prefixed a *Life* to an edition of the *Works* (1875). He was the first American humourist to make a European reputation, for a decade or two he was the most outstanding representative of American humour. His 'goaks' and his 'morril wax-works' had even greater vogue in Britain than at home, and though his books are little read now, some of his jests and phrases have become part of the Anglo Saxon store of proverbial sayings.

**Samuel Langhorne Clemens**, best known to his readers by his pen-name of Mark Twain, was born at Florida, Missouri, on 30th November 1835. After learning the trade of a printer and working as a pilot on the Mississippi, he eventually became a journalist in San Francisco. His *Innocents Abroad* (1869), the result of a foreign tour, had an enormous success, and thenceforward his reputation as a humourist was established. His subsequent books include *Roughing It* (1872), *Tom Sawyer*, *A Tramp Abroad*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *The American Claimant*, *The \$1,000,000 Bank-Note*, *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, and *A Double-Barrelled*

*Detective Story* (1902). His share in an unfortunate publishing house drove him to a lecturing tour round the world (1895–96), which enabled him fully to re-establish his fortunes. Mark Twain's humour has secured him a large audience not only in America and this country, but also in Germany and other Continental countries. It is the dry, incisive humour of a shrewd man of the world who, having gone through life with his eyes wide open, has cheered himself by laughing not merely at the foibles of his fellow men, but, by implication, at his own as well. He is not very reverent in his attitude towards what he considers worn out survivals of old



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

beliefs and superstitions, and sometimes pokes fun without much discrimination, as in *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* and *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, but when his humour is, as it generally is, at its best and freshest the result to his readers is delightful. In *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, perhaps, Mark Twain showed his power at its highest point, his humour and pathos developed with consummate ease and force in a succession of vividly adventurous episodes.

**Julia Ward Howe**, born in 1819 in New York, was the daughter of Samuel Ward, and in 1843 she married Samuel Gridley Howe, reformer and philanthropist, best known as the teacher of the famous deaf mute Laura Bridgeman. Mrs Howe shared many of her husband's labours, not only assisting him in editing an anti-slavery paper,

but lecturing with him on social subjects, and even on occasion preaching in Unitarian pulpits. By far her best-known achievement, however, was her 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' inspired in 1861 by the sight of Northern troops marching to the tune of 'John Brown's body,' but she had before that published two collections of poems, as later, in 1866, she published *Later Lyrics*. Mrs Howe was a conspicuous advocate of prison reform and of woman's suffrage. She published books on sex and society and on education, a Life of Margaret Fuller, a collection of Margaret Fuller's love letters to Mr Nathan (1903), and a volume of her own *Reminiscences* (1899). *From Sunset Ridge* (1898) was a collection of her poems, new and old.

**Alice Cary** (1820-71) and **Phœbe Cary** (1824-71), daughters of a farmer near Cincinnati, published poems jointly in 1851, attained great literary and social success through their gifts, secured the patronage and friendship of Horace Greeley and Whittier, and in their deaths were divided by only three months. Alice was the author of the *Clover-nook Papers* and *Clover-nook Children*, tales of Western life. Besides more than one collection of poems, she published several domestic novels, including *Hagar, Married not Mated*, and *The Bishop's Son*. Phœbe's principal books were *Poems and Parodies* and *Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love*, besides some excellent hymns and occasional pieces. Her best-known hymns are 'Nearer Home' and 'One sweetly solemn thought.' There is a *Memorial* of the two sisters by Mrs Mary C Ames (1873).

**Maria Susanna Cummins** (1827-66), born at Salem, Massachusetts, began to write in 1850 for the *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines. Her *The Lamplighter* (1854)—a rather sentimental and histrionic tale of the fortunes of an orphan girl—had an amazing success, 40,000 copies sold in two months, and it was read and reprinted almost as zealously in Britain as at home. It is still read on both sides of the Atlantic, spite of its old fashioned air. Miss Cummins's later novels, *Mabel Vaughan* (1857), *El Firedis* (1860), and *Haunted Hearts* (1864) did not meet with any such success or add at all to her reputation.

**Alfred Thayer Mahan**, born in 1840 at West Point, the son of one of the professors there, studied at the United States Naval Academy, and from 1856 till 1896 served in the navy, as captain from 1885 on. His writings on naval science and history are luminous and authoritative, and include *The Gulf and Inland Waters* (1883), *The Influence of Sea Power on History* (1890), *The Influence of Sea Power on the French Revolution and the Empire*, *The Interest of the United States in Sea Power*, *The Problem of Asia*, and *Types of Naval Officers* (1902), besides Lives of Admiral Farragut and of Nelson, and books on the war in Cuba and the South African War of 1899-1902.

### Francis Bret Harte

was born in Albany, New York, on 25th August 1839. As a boy of fifteen he went with his mother to California, and became in turn a schoolmaster, a miner, and a compositor, eventually in 1857 obtaining an engagement on the *Golden Era* of San Francisco, to which he contributed his first sketches (*Miss* amongst others) dealing with mining life. From 1864 to 1870 he was Secretary of the United States Mint in San Francisco. In the former year he wrote for the newly founded literary magazine *The Californian*, which also numbered among its contributors C W Stoddard



FRANCIS BRETT HARTE  
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

and S L Clemens ('Mark Twain'). The *Condensed Novels*, parodies of celebrated novelists, which he began in the *Golden Era*, were continued in the *Californian*. In 1868 he had founded the *Overland Monthly*, and to this magazine he contributed many of the stories that made him famous, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, *Miggsles*, *Tennessee's Partner*, and *The Idyll of Red Gulch*, as well as *Plain Language from Truthful James* (better known as *The Heathen Chinee*), a humorous poem that achieved a remarkable popularity throughout the English speaking world. Later he became a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and spent much time in lecturing tours. In 1870 and 1871 he published three volumes of his collected poems. In 1878 he was sent to Cresfield as United States Consul, and two years later in the same capacity to Glasgow. In

1885 he gave up official work and came to London, where he resided until his death.

Bret Harte did many things in literature, and did nearly all of them well. He was a poet, often humorous, sometimes tender, and again nobly patriotic; his *Condensed Novels* show a power of parody unequalled in pungency and aptness by any writer since Thackeray; he could write romances distinguished by gentle and refined feeling. It is, perhaps, as the delineator of the life of California miners in the early days that he will chiefly be remembered. His characters are rough and lawless men, and the language they speak suits their nature. But Bret Harte's magic touch shows the soul of goodness in things evil. In his sketches the gambler, the outcast, the lost woman, even the ruffian with the guilt of blood on his conscience, are capable of noble acts of self-sacrifice and devotion. We are not allowed to forget that they are uncouth human beings, but then essential humanity rather than their uncouthness is insisted on. In Bret Harte's method there is no mawkishness. From this defect he was saved by his abundant humour. This quality of his, rooted as it was in his deeper feelings, cannot be specially defined as American. It is the humour of the great masters of literature all the world over. Bret Harte was a most prolific writer up to the day of his death, but his later work, admirable as much of it is, lacks the freshness of those earlier efforts of which it is, indeed, often a mere repetition. He died on 5th May 1902, and was buried at Frimley in Surrey. His Life has been written by Mr T. Edgar Pemberton (1903, with bibliography).

**Joaquin Miller** is the pen name of CINCINNATUS HEINE MILLER, an American poet, born in Wabash district, Indiana, in 1841. Removing with his parents to Oregon in 1854, he became a miner in California, was with Walker in Nicaragua, and afterwards lived with the Indians till 1860. He then studied law in Oregon, and set up in practice in 1863, after a Democratic paper that he edited had been suppressed for disloyalty. He was a county judge from 1866 to 1870, and then visited Europe, in England his first volume of verse was published. He afterwards settled as a journalist in Washington, and in 1887 in California, ultimately making his home in Oakland. In 1890 he revisited England, and in 1897-98 was correspondent in Klondyke for a New York journal. His pen name he adopted on the publication of his first volume of poetry from the baptismal name of a Mexican brigand in whose defence he had written a pamphlet. His poems include *Songs of the Sierras* (1871), of the Sunlands (1873), of the Desert (1875), of Italy (1878), and of the Mexican Seas (1887), and *Chants for the Boer* (1900), his prose works, *The Danites in the Sierras* (1881), *Shadows of Shasta* (1881), and '49, or the Gold-seekers of the Sierras (1884). He also wrote *The*

*Danites*, *The Silent Man*, '49 (dramatised from his story by himself), *Tally Ho*, and one or two other plays and melodramas, a *Life of Christ*, and *My Life among the Modocs* (1873). A collected edition of his poems first appeared in 1882, and in a long poem called *As it was in the Beginning* (1903) he claims to 'call aloud from his mountain-top as a seer'.

**Sidney Lanier** (1842-81) was born at Macon in Georgia, of Huguenot stock, and graduated at Oglethorpe College before he entered the Confederate army. His health suffered much in hardships endured as a blockade-runner, after the war he was a shopman, a teacher, and a lawyer in succession, and next, in accomplished musician, he earned his livelihood as first flute in the orchestras of Baltimore and New York. A romance, *Tiger Lilies* (1867), had proved a failure, but his literary ability was so manifest that he was asked to write the ode for the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, and in 1879 he was installed as lecturer on English literature in the Johns Hopkins University. A course of lectures on *The Science of English Verse*, original and suggestive, was published as a book (1881), another course on *The English Novel* (1883) was unfinished at his death. *Shakespeare and his Forerunners* was not published till 1902. In spite of his ill health and the distractions of his laborious life, he wrote poems in virtue of which he is by many regarded as the most important American poet of his time, 'Corn,' 'The Song of the Chattahoochee,' 'The Marshes of Glynn,' and the Centennial cantata being amongst the best known. His adaptations of Froissart and of the *Mabinogion* have made him known to several generations of youthful readers, his *Letters* reveal the poet and the musician, and there is a memoir of him by W. H. Ward prefixed to his collected poems as edited by his widow in 1881 (new ed. 1884).

**John Fiske** (1842-1901) was originally called Edmund Fiske Green, but at thirteen adopted the name of his maternal grandfather. Born at Hartford, Connecticut, he studied at Harvard, where afterwards he was lecturer, librarian, and member of the board of overseers. He was admitted to the Bar, but never practised, he wrote much on philosophy and history, contributed to the development of the evolution doctrine, and was well known throughout the Union as a lecturer. His first publication (on tobacco and alcohol) in 1868 was followed in 1872 by his work on *Myths and Myth-makers*. His *Cosmic Philosophy* was mainly an exposition of Herbert Spencer, his *Darwinism and other Essays* was eminently suggestive, he applied the evolution theory to historical problems, and in *Man's Destiny*, *The Idea of God*, *The Origin of Evil*, and *Through Nature to God* (1899) he defended spiritual religion. His *Discovery of America* (1892) was but one of a long series of important works on American history, which

included *Old Virginia and her Neighbours*, *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*, *New France and New England, A Critical Period*, *The American Revolution*, and *The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War* (1900). He wrote a work on Theodore Parker, *A Century of Science*, a history of the United States for schools, and with James Grant Wilson edited Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*.

**William Dean Howells** was born at Martin's Ferry, Belmont County, in the state of Ohio, on 1st March 1837. His father, William Cooper Howells, a busy but not always prosperous printer and journalist, was of Welsh Quaker descent, and



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

From a Photograph by Notman

a Swedenborgian in creed, so that in that form of quasi theological belief the future novelist was brought up. According to his own statement he was 'self taught,' which must mean simply that in boyhood he had no regular schooling, since he appears to have been afterwards a student at Harvard and Yale, and at one or other of these colleges took the M.A. degree. From the age of eleven he had worked under his father as a compositor, and ten years later he developed into a journalist, and wrote in the *Cincinnati Gazette* and the *Columbus State Journal*. A Life of Abraham Lincoln, written as part of the 'literature' of the momentous presidential election of 1860, won him the post of consul at Venice, where he lived from 1861 to 1865, acquiring a knowledge of the Italian language and literature, and receiving impressions which were reproduced for the public in 1866 in two volumes on *Venetian Life*, and were to mould some of his future work. Returning to America

after the expiry of his term of office, he worked as a contributor to the *New York Tribune*, *Times*, and *Nation*, and wrote articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* of which he was editor from 1872 to 1881. The year before this appointment he had appeared as a novelist, at the age of thirty-four. *The Wedding Journey*, his first venture, bid in immediate popularity, well deserved by its brightness and cleverness, and was followed by many other novels, most of them equally successful. *A Chance Acquaintance* (1873) embodies a dexterous handling of a trivial incident in a Canadian excursion. *The Long-gone Conclusion* (1874) is a pathetic tale of an impossible attachment, with its scene in Venice. In succession to *A Counterfeit Presentment* (1877) came *The Lady of the Aroostook*, an amusing variant on the fertile theme of the American girl abroad, which is not quite satisfactorily sustained throughout. *The Undiscovered Country* (1880), *Dr Brum's Practice* (1883), and *A Woman's Reason* (1884) were followed in 1885 by *The Rose of Silas Lapham*, which in its description of the prosperity and fall of a pitiful family in Boston shows some of its author's most effective work. His later novels include *An Indian Summer* (1886), *Annie Kilburn* (1888), *The World of Chance* (1893), *An Open Hand Conspiracy* (1898), *The Ragged Lady*, *The Silver Wedding Journey*, and *The Kentons* (1902). Though not without his faults as an artist in fiction and chargeable with dwelling on trivial details, Mr. Howells has had a wide and well deserved popularity both in his own country and Great Britain through his picturesque and amusing stories of New England life. He has written more than seventy books in all, including travel farces or plays, and many clever essays and criticisms. Notable books were *Fuscan Cities* (1885), *Modern Italian Poets*, *Criticism and Fiction*, *Impressions and Experiences*, *Literary Friends and Acquaintance* (1900), and *Letters Home* (1903).

**George Washington Cable** was born in New Orleans in 1844 of Virginian and New England stock, and is a slenderly educated clerk at nineteen volunteered into the Confederate service. After the war he earned for some time a precarious living, and, laid up with malarial fever caught at survey work on the Atchafalaya River, became an accountant in a cotton agency, and began to write for the New Orleans papers. His Creole sketches in *Scribner* made his reputation, revealing as they did an interesting and as yet unexploited phase of American social life. *Old Creole Days* (1879) was followed by *The Grandissimes* (1880), perhaps his best book, a tender and sympathetic rendering of the American French life of Louisiana, as also, in the same key, by *Madame Delphine* (1881), *Dr Sevier*, *Bonaventure*, and *Strange True Stories of Louisiana* (1889). *The Creoles of Louisiana* (1884), *The Silent South* (1885), *The Negro Question* (1890) are political, social economic disquisitions. Later novels are *John March*, *Southerner* (1895), *The*

*Cavalier* (1901), and *Below Hill* (1902). In 1885 he settled in New England—ultimately at Northampton in Massachusetts.

### Henry James.

at once an American and an English novelist, was born in New York on 15th April 1843. His father was Henry James (1811–82), a well-known original and theological writer and lecturer, whose doctrine is described by the latest historian of American literature as ‘a sort of Ishmaelitish Swedenborgianism,’ which only his two sons—‘inheritors of his style’—the novelist and William James, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, and Gifford Lecturer in 1901 at Edinburgh, are ‘capable of analysing.’ Yet he has expounded his views in a long series of works (*Christianity the Logic of Creation* one of them) which are admittedly acute, profound, suggestive, and sometimes entertaining.

Henry, who until his father’s death in 1882 was known as Henry James, junior, was educated under the paternal eye in a cosmopolitan fashion at New York, Geneva, Paris, and Boulogne. In 1862 he became a student at the Harvard Law-School, but his bent was not to jurisprudence, and after the usual preparation of magazine work, he won public notice as a novelist with his *Roderick Hudson* in 1875. Six years earlier he had gone for good to Europe, where his life has since been spent in England (in the Isle of Wight), with regular periods of sojourn in Italy. His earlier novels dealt mainly with American life and character at home and abroad, and were produced with great fertility and rapidity. In 1878 appeared *The American*, *The Europeans*, and *Daisy Miller*, the last a delightful sketch of the naïveté of the American girl. Even more keen and delicate are some of the shorter stories—*The Pension Beaurepas*, for example, with its contrasted vignettes of the Ruck family and the Churches mother and daughter, and *A Bundle of Letters* (1879), describing the experiences of some American maidens in France. *Washington Square* (1880) has its scene in New York, and its theme in a painful strife between father and daughter over the latter’s love affair, the treatment of which shows the author at a higher and more serious mood than ordinary, handling a strong situation and treating it with relentless and even painful rigour. In the following years appeared *The Portrait of a Lady* (1880), rather spoiled by its prolixity, *The Bostonians* (1886), *The Princess of Casamassima* (1886), a study of English society, *A London Life* (1889), and *The Tragic Muse* (1890).

In his analytical treatment of character and incident, Mr James seems to have been strongly influenced by the examples of Flaubert and his disciples, and of late he has carried that method to a degree of refinement which sometimes approaches to morbidity. This manner was developed in *Terminations* (1896), and even more strikingly in *What Maisie Knew* (1897), a perfectly pitiless

analysis of the thoughts and feelings of an unfortunate child. A dexterous handling of the semi-supernatural gives a greater distinction and a stronger interest to the first story in the volume entitled *Two Magics* (1898). *In the Cage*, published in the same year, carries the art of abstraction to the farthest limit in the withholding of the heroine’s name. In his most recent works, *The Turn of the Screw* (1898), *The Soft Side* (1900), *The Sacred Count* (1901), *The Wing of the Dove* (1902), *The Better Sort* (1903), a volume of short sketches, and *The Ambassadors* (1903), the method has become superlatively subtle, so that, while



HENRY JAMES

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

admiring the extreme cleverness of the performance, one is perplexed and irritated by the studious allusiveness of the narrative and the incessant ripier play of the elliptical dialogue, in which each interlocutor seems to be bent on anticipating the response of the other.

Mr James has also distinguished himself as a critic, although in a less degree than is a novelist. His best achievement in this line is the volume of studies on *French Poets and Novelists* (1878), which displays an exceptional acquaintance and sympathy with modern French literature. *Partial Portraits* (1888) errs by too amply justifying its title, and the monograph on *Hawthorne* (1879) in the ‘English Men of Letters’ series is a dainty piece of work, though perhaps hardly weighty enough for its theme. America has produced many more powerful writers than Henry James, but none perhaps that has attained a greater delicacy of touch or a

more perfect literary finish. In 1903 he published a delightful book on *William Wedmore Story and his Friends*, 'from letters, diaries, and recollections.'

**William James**, son of Henry James, senior, was born in New York in 1843, and, educated at home and in Europe, took the Harvard M.D., and from 1872 he lectured at Harvard on anatomy, physiology, psychology, and philosophy in succession. He became a professor in 1881. He is a keen and pregnant thinker, a luminous and attractive writer, defends what have been thought theological paradoxes on non-theological grounds, maintains orthodox positions in an unorthodox and original manner, and combines empirical method with a strongly idealistic body of thought. As an analytical psychologist he has exercised even more influence in America and in Europe than as a metaphysician. His works comprise *Principles of Psychology* (1900), and a smaller manual (1902), *The Will to Believe*, *Human Immortality*, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*—the last named work being lectures delivered as Gifford lecturer at Edinburgh University in 1899–1901. In 1884 he had with filial piety edited his father's *Literary Remains*.

**Richard Watson Gilder**, born at Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1844, studied law, served in the army, and did journalistic work on various papers in New Jersey before he became editor of *Scribner's Monthly* and then of *The Century Magazine*. He has founded or promoted numerous literary and artistic clubs, leagues, and associations, and he ranks high amongst contemporary American poets in virtue of *The New Day* (1875), *The Celestial Passion*, *The Great Remembrance*, *Five Books of Song* (1894), *In Palestine* (1898), *Poems and Inscriptions* (1901), and other volumes or series of songs and poems.

**Edward Noyes Westcott** (1846–98), born in Syracuse, New York, was a banker in his native town, and died before his first novel was published—*David Harum*, a story in which the interest turned on the shrewd, humorous, eccentric character of a country banker, probably no work of American fiction has had such instantaneous success. An unfinished work by him, *The Teller*, was published in 1901 with a short memoir.

**Julian Hawthorne**, biographer of his famous father (see page 755), was born at Boston in 1846, studied at Harvard and Dresden, and has done much journalistic work, and in addition to his *Saxon Studies*, his 'Confessions and Criticisms,' has written a history of the United States and a book on American literature. He has also published a score of novels and stories, longer and shorter, of which *Garth* (1877), *Sebastian Strome*, *Dust*, *Beatrix Randolph*, *Fortune's Fool*, *Mrs Gainsborough's Diamonds*, *Prince Saron's Wife*, *Archibald Malmaison*, *A Fool of Nature*, *One of those Coincidences* (1899), have been notable.

**Joel Chandler Harris**, born in Eatonton, Georgia, in 1848, was in turn printer, lawyer, and journalist. His *Uncle Remus* (1880), with its thoughts and sayings and doings of 'Brer Rabbit,' as conceived by the negroes of the South, opened a new field in literature, and quickly carried his name to the Old World, at once to children and to students of folklore. Later works are *Nights with Uncle Remus* (1883), *Mingo*, *Daddy Jake*, *The Story of Aaron*, *Tales of the Home Folks*, *Plantation Pageants*, *The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann* (1899).

**James Lane Allen**, born in Kentucky in 1849, taught in Kentucky University and elsewhere, but since 1891 has been famous for his novels, tales, and sketches illustrating various aspects of his native Blue Grass region—*Fiddle and Violin*, *A Kentucky Cardinal* (the cardinal bird), *Aftermath*, *A Summer in Arcady*, *The Choir Invisible*, *The Reign of Law* (1900).

**Eugene Field** (1850–95), born at St Louis, Missouri, was a journalist at twenty-three, and gave much of his best work to the columns of a Chicago paper, his column of 'Shrubs and Flats' being for years a characteristic feature. His work in prose and verse varies from tender pathos and delicate humour to the broadly farcical, he is best known as humourist and as poet of childhood. His best verses for children are those in *With Trumpet and Drum* (1892), *A Little Book of Western Verse* may surely represent another type of work, and his humour is perhaps best illustrated in *The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*.

**Edward Bellamy** (1850–98), born at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, studied at home and in Germany, and was admitted to the Bar, but most of his life was devoted to journalism and authorship. *Looking Backward* (1888), an imaginative *tout de force*, had a prodigious success at home and abroad, and was followed by a less brilliant sequel, *Equality* (1897). Other novels were *Dr Heidenhoff's Process* (1879), *Miss Ludington's Sister* (1884), and *The Duke of Stocbridge* (1898), and he wrote on sociological subjects.

**James Whitcomb Riley**, born at Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853, painted signboards, cobbled plays for a theatrical troupe, and in 1875 began contributing verses to the papers—the verses in the local dialect that secured for him the sobriquet of 'the Hoosier poet.' He is equally well known for his poems for and of children. To the first category belong *The Old Swimm'n Hole* and various other collections, to another, *Old-Fashioned Roses*, *Rhymes of Childhood*, and *A Child World*.

**Francis Marion Crawford**, son of a famous American sculptor (Thomas Crawford, 1814–57) long resident in Rome, was born at Bagni di Lucca in North Italy in 1854, and studied at Concord in New Hampshire, at Trinity College, Cambridge, at Karlsruhe, and at Heidelberg. At Rome he de-

voted himself to the study of Sanskrit, and during 1879-80 was engaged in press work at Allahabad, where he was admitted to the Catholic Church. Of late years his home has been at Sorrento in Italy, though he often spends some part of the year in America. His first novel, *Mr Isaacs* (1882), a story of Indian life, was succeeded by a long series of tales, including *Dr Claudius*, *A Roman Singer*, *Zoroaster*, *Saracinesca*, *Paul Pataff*, *Grecenstein*, *Saint Ilario*, *Marsio's Crucifix*, *A Cigar maker's Romance*, *The Witch of Prague*, *Don Orsino*, *Pietro Ghisleri*, *The Ralstons*, *Casa Braccio*, *Corleone*, *Via Crucis*, *In the Palace of the King*, *Cecilia*, *The Heart of Rome* (1903). Descriptive or historical works are *Constantinople*, *Ave Roma Immortalis*, and *The Rulers of the South* (a history of Sicily), and in *The Novel—What it Is*, a brochure, he expounded the view he cherishes of his art. His earlier novels had more mystery or adventure, his later ones more careful character drawing, and in both series he moves easily to and fro between the sphere of fact and the occult world. His American novels have proved on the whole the least popular, the Italian *Saracinesca* series comprises his most accomplished and artistic work.

**Harold Frederic** (1856-98), born in Utica, New York, was bred a journalist, but before his premature death had proved himself a novelist of exceptional gifts and powers, keen insight, rich humour, satirical strength, and constructive skill. Most of his novels, dealing largely with country life in New York State, were written after he settled in England. *Seth's Brother's Wife* (1887) was his first important story, *The Copperhead* (1894) was a tale of the Civil War, and in *Marsena* (1895) were collected admirably humorous sketches of character. *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (in England called *Illumination*, 1896) was a trenchant analysis of religious life, *Gloria Munari* (1898), strangely unlike, was equally a human document, *In the Market-place* and *The New Exodus*, the latter a realistic study of Russian anti-Semitism, were posthumously published.

**Owen Wister**, born at Philadelphia in 1860, graduated at Harvard, and had been three years at the Philadelphia Bar when *The Dragon of Wantiez*, his *Tail* (1892), attracted notice to his literary gifts. *Red Men and White*, *Jim McLean*, *The Jimmy John Boss* succeeded, and *The Virginian* made his name known in Britain. He wrote a Life of President Grant, besides many contributions to the magazines in prose and verse.

**Richard Harding Davis**, born at Philadelphia in 1864, had made a name for himself as a correspondent of the New York papers ere he became known to another world of readers as an original and vigorous novelist by such stories or collections of stories as *Soldiers of Fortune*, *Gallagher*, *Ian Bibber*, *The Princess Alice*, *In the Fog*, *Captain Macklin* (1902). He has also

published books on his experiences in Cuba, Venezuela, South Africa, and elsewhere.

**Paul Leicester Ford** (1865-1902), born in Brooklyn, edited the works of Jefferson, and wrote on Washington, Franklin, and other subjects in American history. But his fiction was even better known—*The Honorable Peter Sterling* (1894), *The Great K and A Train Robbery*, *The Story of an Untold Love*, *Janice Meredith*, *Wanted a Matchmaker*, *Wanted a Chaperon*. He was editor of *The Bibliographer* (which he founded) at the time of his death—by his own hand.

**Robert William Chambers**, born at Brooklyn in 1865, became a printer, and after studies in Julian's studio in Paris, exhibited in the Salon. His first considerable literary venture, *In the Quarter*, appeared in 1893, *The Red Republic*, a tale of the Commune, in 1894, *Lorraine* (1898) was a romance of the Franco-German War, *Cardigan* (1901) sought its subject in colonial experiences before the War of Independence, besides a plty, *Ellangowan*, he has written a dozen other stories or collections of stories in various styles, and *The Maids of Paradise* was the work of 1903.

**Stephen Crane** (1870-1900), born at Newark, New Jersey, and educated at Lafayette College and Syracuse University, became an active journalist, and showed special gifts as correspondent for a New York paper in the war between Turkey and Greece (1897) and in Cuba. His first essay in fiction was *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets* (1891), but it was *The Red Badge of Courage* (1895), an episode of the Civil War and a marvellously lifelike study of the mind and thought of a soldier in action, that made him known to the English-speaking world. Neither in *The Third Violet*, a story in dialogue and direct, nor in collections such as *The Minister* and *The Little Regiment*, did he attain the same level, and his Irish story, *The O'Ruddy*, was completed by Mr Robert Barr. *Battery Tales*, *Wounds in the Rain*, and *Hulomville Stories* were published from his manuscripts after his death.

**Winston Churchill** born at St Louis in 1871, was educated at the United States Naval Academy. In 1898 he made a success as an author with *The Celebrity*, even more popular was *Richard Carvel* (1899), a stirring story of American revolutionary times.

**Elizabeth Stuart Phelps** born at Andover in 1844, is the daughter of a professor, and began to write for the press at thirteen. Besides lecturing and working for social reforms, she became famous by *The Gates Ajar* (1868), and continued in some what the same vein with *Beyond the Gates* (1883) and *The Gates Between* (1887). Others of some thirty works are *Hedged In* and *The Silent Partner* (1870), *The Story of Avi's* (1877), *Doctor Zay* (1884). In conjunction with her husband, Rev. Herbert D. Ward she wrote *Come Forth* (which to some



# COMPLEMENTARY LIST OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

**Washington Allston** (1779-1843), called 'the American Titian' for his eminence as painter and colourist, wrote the poem *The Sylphs of the Seasons* and an art novel, *Donald*, as well as lectures on painting.

**John Pierpont** (1785-1866), Unitarian pastor and poet, was author of *Airs of Palestine and other Poems*, and is remembered for 'Warren's Address at Bunker's Hill' and his 'Yankee Boy.'

**John Howard Payne** (1792-1852), actor, dramatist, and American Consul at Tunis, produced many plays and adaptations, but is chiefly remembered for the song 'Home, Sweet Home,' from *Clara*, set to music by Sir H. Bishop.

**Henry Charles Carey** (1793-1879), bookseller at Philadelphia and political economist, developed his views in *Principles of Political Economy* (3 vols 1837-40) and *Principles of Social Science* (1858-59).

**James Gates Percival** (1795-1856), chemist and geologist, made a name for himself as a poet by *Prometheus, Clio, and The Dream of a Day*.

**John Pendleton Kennedy** (1795-1870), an ante bellum Southern novelist (who during the war defended the Union), wrote *Swallow Barn*, *Horse Shoe Robinson*, and *Rob of the Boil*, besides political satire and biography.

**John Gorham Palfrey** (1796-1881), Unitarian pastor and professor at Harvard, wrote on Lord Mahon's *History of England*, and published a *History of New England*.

**Robert Montgomery Bird** (1803-54) bred a physician, wrote three tragedies, *The Gladiator*, *Oraloosa*, and *The Broker of Bogota*, the historical novels *Calavar* and *The Infidel*, *The Haiks of Hawk Hollow*, *Sheppard Lee*, *Peter Pilgrim*, and *Robin Das*, but is best remembered for *Nick of the Woods*, the story of a Kentucky backwoodsman in the Revolutionary War.

**Richard Hildreth** (1807-65) wrote on morals, on politics, on despotism in America, and on banking, a history of the United States (6 vols.), and an anti-slavery novel, *The White Slave*.

**Henry Theodore Tuckerman** (1813-71) wrote records of Italian and Sicilian sojourns, books on art and artists in America, *Rambles and Recreations*, *Thoughts on the Poets*, *The Diary of a Dreamer*, and several volumes of poetry, including *A Sheaf of Verse*.

**Jones Very** (1813-80) was in his day highly esteemed as poet and essayist, a complete edition of his prose and verse was published in 1886.

**Christopher Pearse Cranch** (1813-92), Unitarian minister, painter, and poet, wrote for the transcendental *Dial*, and published books for the young (*The Last of the Huggermuggers* and *Kobboldo*), a blank verse translation of the *Iliad*, *The Bird and the Bell*, and *Iriel and Caliban*.

**Henry Norman Hudson** (1814-86), Shakespearean scholar, published his *Lectures on Shakespeare* and an edition of the works in 1856-58, and in 1884 a volume of *Wordsworth Studies*.

**Rufus Wilmot Griswold** (1815-57) edited Poe's works, with a much-criticised memoir, and published

a long series of works on the poets and poetry of America and of England, and a *Life of Napoleon*.

**John Godfrey Saxe** (1816-87) made his name known by his humorous or satirical poems, 'The Rhyme of the Rail,' 'The Briefless Barrister,' and 'The Proud Miss McBride' being famous amongst the humorous series, and 'Jerry the Miller,' 'I'm Growing Old,' 'The Old Church Bell,' and 'Treasures in Heaven' amongst serious poems.

**Edward Percy Whipple** (1819-86) wrote *Essays and Reviews Literature and Life, Wit and Humour, and The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*.

**Richard Grant White** (1821-85) became known from 1852 on as one of the most learned and acute Shakespearians, his publications including the 'Riverside' and other editions of the works, *Memoirs of Shakespeare*, as well as *Mansfield Humphrey*, a novel.

**Thomas Buchanan Read** (1822-72), portrait painter and poet, published a prose romance, *The Pilgrims of the Great St. Bernard*, and some half dozen volumes of poetry, including *The New Pastoral*, *The House by the Sea*, *Sylva*, and *A Summer Story*—the latter containing 'Sheridan's Ride'.

**Edward Everett Hale** (b. 1822) did much to maintain loyalty to the Union by *The Man without a Country* in 1863, has written over fifty books, mostly stories and in 1902 published *Memories of a Hired Years*.

**George Henry Boker** (1823-90), diplomatist, dramatist, and poet, wrote the tragedies *Calanus*, *Alme Boleyn*, *Leonora de Guzman*, *The Betrothed*, *The Widower's Marriage*, and *Francesca da Rimini* the best and most frequently revived. Of his later books of poems, *Street Lyrical*, *Königsmarck*, and *The Book of the Dead* were the most notable.

**Henry Timrod** (1829-67), a Southern poet of German extraction, secured a wide audience by a volume of poems in 1860, and wrote for the South many very popular war songs, but was reduced to destitution by the war.

**Paul Hamilton Hayne** (1831-86), a Southern poet, served and suffered in the Civil War his *Legends and Lyrics* and *The Mountain of the Lovers* are included in his *Poetical Works* (1882).

**Monroe Daniel Conway** (b. 1832), Unitarian minister, journalist, and author, wrote *Idols and Ideals*, *Demonology and Devil Lore*, *The Wandering Jew*, books on *Republican Superstitions*, *Solomon and Salomon*, *Literature*, and *Lives of Washington*, *Paine*, *Carlyle*, and *Hawthorne*.

**James McNeill Whistler** (1834-1903), a great and original painter and etcher, scored some brilliant literary successes against Ruskin and his other critics collected in *The Gentle Art of Miming Enemies* (1890, enlarged 1892).

**Moore Collyer Tyler** (1835-1900), professor successively in Michigan University and at Cornell, published, besides *The Braunsvalle Papers*, a *Life of Patrick Henry*, and a manual of English literature, the standard *History of American Literature* down to

1765 (2 vols 1878), and the *Literary History of the American Revolution* (2 vols 1897)

**John White Chadwick** (b 1840), pastor of a Unitarian church in Brooklyn, has published, besides sermons and theological works, *Lives of Theodore Parker* (1900) and *W E Channing* (1903), and, between 1876 and 1900, four volumes of poetry, and to the present work he has contributed a series of signed articles

**John Habberton** (b 1842), soldier and journalist, scored in 1876 a great success by his witty and kindly *Helen's Babies*, followed by *Other People's Children*, *The Barton Experiment*, *Brueton's Bazaar*, *The Chautauquans*, and many other amusing things, besides a successful play, *Deacon Crankett*

**John Banister Tabb** (b 1845), a Roman Catholic priest, is author since 1889 of five collections of songs, lyrics, and poems, many of which have become extremely popular

**James Ford Rhodes** (b 1848) is author of a great *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, to be completed in eight volumes

**William Milligan Sloane** (b 1850), Professor of History in Columbia College, is known for his history of *The French War and the Revolution* and his *Napoleon Bonaparte*

**William Cray Brownell** (b 1851) has written on *French Traits*, on *French Art*, and on *Victorian Prose Masters*

**Henry Van Dyke** (b 1852), Congregational minister and Professor of English Literature at Princeton, has published, besides theological works, one or two volumes of verse and a well known treatise on *The Poetry of Tennyson* (1889)

**James Brander Matthews** (b 1852), Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University, has written plays, a book on *Americanism and Britishism*, *French Dramatists of To-day*, *An Introduction to American Literature*

**Jacob Gould Schurman** (b 1854), President of Cornell University, has written on Kantian and evolution ethics, on the ethics of Darwinism, on belief in God, on agnosticism and religion, and to the present work has contributed the article on Emerson

**Roland Alexander Wood Seys**, born in Kent in 1854, settled in California as olive grower, and as 'Paul Cushing' made a name by the novels *A Woman with a Secret*, *The Blacksmith of Joe, Bull & the Thorn*, *God's Lad*

**Alfred Henry Lewis** editor of *The Verdict*, a New York humorous weekly, attained eminence as a humourist by his *Wolfville*, *Episodes of Corvoj Life*, and *Sandburrs*

**Henry Chuyler Bunner** (1855-96), journalist in New York, was also a poet and novelist, his most charming verses being collected in *Airs from Arcady* and *Kouen*. *The Midge* and *The Story of a New York House* were novels, there were numerous collections of short stories, and *Made in France* was a series of most skilful adaptations from Maupassant

**Poulteny Bigelow** (b 1855), lecturer on modern history at Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and Chicago, has written on *The German Emperor and his Neighbours*, *The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser*, *The German Struggle for Liberty*, *White Man's Africa*, and *Children of the Nations*

**George Edward Woodberry** (b 1855), Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia College, New York, has written on wood engraving, *Lives of Poe and Hawthorne*, *Studies in Letters and Life*, *Makers of Literature*, and other critical works, *The North Shore Watch and other Poems* (1890). He has also edited Shelley, Poe, Lamb, and Aubrey de Vere, and he has contributed to the present work.

**Finley Peter Dunne** (b 1857), journalist in Chicago, developed a new vein of humour, American rather than Irish, in *Mr Dooley in Peace and War*, *Mr Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen*, and *Mr Dooley's Philosophy* (1898-1900)

**Hamilton Garland** (b 1860), dramatist and novelist, produced *Main Traveled Roads*, a realistic story, in 1890, followed by *A Spoil of Office*, *Prairie Folks*, *Rose of Dutcher's Cooley*, *Wayside Courtships*, *Her Mountain Lover*, and has written criticism (*Crimbling Idols*), *Prairie Songs*, and a Life of President Grant.

**Ernest Seton Thompson** (born in England in 1860), artist and book illustrator, struck a new literary vein in *Wild Animals I have Known*, *The Biography of a Grizzly*, and *Wild Animal Play for Children*

**Irving Bacheller**, one of the editors of the *New York World*, attracted notice by his stories *The Master of Silence* and *The Still House of Darrow* (1890-94), with *Eben Holden* he made a great success in 1900, *Darrel of the Blessed Isles* (1903) was largely a portraiture of a still more eccentric character

**Richard Hovey** (1864-1900) was author of the dramatic series *Launcelot and Guenevere*, of *Talisman*, *A Masque*, and of a volume of verse, *Along the Trail*

**Newton Booth Tarkington** (b 1869) wrote in 1899 *The Gentleman from Indiana*, and in 1900 the novelette *Monsieur Beaucaire*, subsequently dramatised by himself and Mr Sutherland

**Jack London** (b 1876 in San Francisco) made himself known as author of Alaska scenes and stories, and, in 1903, of *The People of the Abyss*, on East End life in London

**Lucy Larcom** (1826-93) published *Ships in the Mist and other Stories* in 1859, and two or three volumes of poems (one of them *Childhood Songs*)

**Louise Chandler Moulton** (born Chandler in 1835) has since 1854 published several volumes of poems *Juno Clifford*, *Bed Time Stories*, *More Bed Time Stories*

**Celia Thaxter** (born Laighton, 1836-94) published *Among the Islands of Shoals*, *Drift-weed*, and other collections of poems, one of them for children

**Edna Dean Proctor** (b 1838) has published *Poems*, *A Russian Journey*, *A Mountain Maid* and other *Poems of New Hampshire*

**Sarah Charney Woolsey** (b 1845) has as 'Susan Coolidge' written *The New Year's Bargain*, *What Katy Did*, *A Guernsey Lily*, *Verses*, *The Barber's Bush* and other Stories, besides a history of the city of Philadelphia.

**Constance Cary Harrison** (born Cary, 1846, by marriage Mrs Burton Harrison) published *Golden Rod* in 1880, *Folk and Fairy Tales* in 1885, and *The Angloamericans* in 1887, and more recently, *A Daughter of the South*, *Good Americans*, *A Triple Entanglement*, *A Princess of the Hills*, besides a play

# INDEX

— o —

- A BECKETT, GILBERT ABBOTT III 460  
 A Man's a Man for a that, by Burns, II 82.  
 Aaron's Rod, by Gillespie, I 821  
 ABBOTT, EVELYN III 714  
 Abd-lazzar, by Aphra Behn II 68.  
 ABERCROMBIE, JOHN III 42.  
 ABERCROMBIE, PATRICK II 30L  
 Aide with me, by H F Lyte III 271  
 Abraham Lincoln, by Lowell, III 891  
 Abdiom and Achitophel, by Dryden, I 708  
 795 796, 798  
 Absentee, by Maria Edgeworth, II 735  
 by T H Bayly III 241  
 Abstract of Melancholy The Authors by Burton, I 440  
 Acharians trans, by Frere II 676 677  
 Acrasia's Bower of Bliss by Spenser I 299  
 Across the Plains, by R L Stevenson, III 699, 704  
 Active Powers Essays on, by Reid, II 688  
 ACTO, LORD III 656  
 Actor, The, by Robert Lloyd II 612  
 Ad Amicos, by Richard West, II 422  
 ADAIR, SIR ROBERT II 670  
 ADAJ, JEAN, II 523.  
 Adam Hede, by George Eliot, III 529 530  
 Adam Blair by J G Lockhart, III 250  
 ADAM, AN, I 17L  
 ADAMS, F W L, III 727  
 ADAMS, G M, III 723  
 ADDISON, JOSEPH II 8 212.  
 Addison Elegy on by T Tickell II 251  
 Addison, Life of, by Lucy Aikin III 178  
 ADELER, MAX See CLARA III 822.  
 Admirable Crichton, by Barrie, III 709.  
 Admiral Guiney, by Henley and Stevenson III 697 701  
 Admirals Lives of, by Dr J Campbell II 287  
 Admonition to the True Lords, by George Buchanan I 224  
 Adonis, by Shelley III 111 115  
 Advancement of Learning, by Bacon, I 381  
 Adventurer, The II 410  
 Adventures of Mr Verdant Green, by Rees Bradley, III 624  
 Adversaries by Porson II 637  
 Advice to a Lady by Lyttelton II 349  
 Advice to an Author, by Shaftesbury, II 167 168-170  
 Advice to Julia, by Henry Luttrell, II 755  
 Advocates Library Edinburgh I 826.  
 ADV. MRS HE. RI III 721  
 A Fond Kiss by Burns, II 827  
 AFFECTED, I 19 82.  
 AFRIC, L 26  
 Aella, by Thomas Chatterton II 515  
 Aeneid trans by Caxton I 98, by Pitt I 29 by Harrington, I 620 by Cowrington III 634 by Morris III 665, by Gavin Douglas into Scots, I 202.  
 Aeolian Harp by Thoreau, III  
 Aeschylus trans by Edward FitzGerald III 425 by J S Blackie, III 490, ed. by T Stanley, I 746  
 Aesop's Fables, trans by L'Estrange I 742  
 Afar in the Desert, by T Pringle II 790  
 Afghanistan, The War in, by Sir J W Kaye III 452  
 Africa, Travels in the Interior of by Mungo Park, II 651  
 African Farm, by Mrs Schreiner, III 730  
 African Sketches, by I Pringle II 789 III 730  
 After Dark, by Wilkie Collins, III 620  
 After Days, by Austin Dobson III 631.  
 After London or Wild England by R Jeffries III 640  
 Age of Dryden by R Garnett, III 663.  
 Age of Queen Anne, II 110  
 Age of Reason by Thomas Paine, II 659  
 Agincourt, by Dryden, I 341 343.  
 Agnostic's Apology, by Sir Leslie Stephen III 662  
 Agreeable Surprise, by O Keefe II 636
- AGUILAR GRACE, III 720  
 ALDÉ, HAMILTON III 713  
 Aids to Reflection, by Coleridge III 62 63  
 ALBIN, LUCI III 178  
 ALGER, ALFRED, III 633.  
 ALKNORTH WILLIAM HARRISON : III 377  
 ALIBD, THOMAS III 312.  
 Ajax and Ulysses by Shirley I 487  
 ALKNESSIDE, MAP, II 372  
 Alastor, by Shelley III 107  
 Albany edited by John Leyden, II 440  
 Alberto Nyanza by Sir S W Baker III 610  
 ALBERT, JAMES III 714  
 Albigenses by Maturin II 753  
 Albion's England by W Warner I 336.  
 Alceus An Ode in Imitation of by Sir W Jones, II 616.  
 Alchemists The by Ben Jonson I 404, 407  
 Alcephon by Berkeley II 266  
 ALCOFF, AMOS BRONSO III 753  
 ALCOFF, LOUISA MAY III 754  
 ALCUI I 19  
 ALDRICH, HENRY II 61.  
 ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY, III 821  
 ALDUN, by C Brockden Brown III 740  
 ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES, III 553  
 ALEXANDER, W (Earl of Stirling) I 509  
 ALEXANDER DR WILLIAM, III 884  
 Alexander the Great by N Lee, II 83.  
 Alexander's Feast by Dryden I 705  
 Alexandre Alixander, I 51, 178  
 ALFORD, HENRY III 396  
 ALFRED See ALFRED  
 Alfred by H J Pye, II 686 by Thomson and Mallet, II 321 328 329  
 Algonquin Legends by Leland III 781.  
 Alice's Adventures in Wonderland by C L Dodgson III 648.  
 ALISON, ARCHIBALD II 633  
 ALISON, SIR ARCHIBALD III 288  
 All Fool by Chapman I 377 378  
 All for Love, by Dryden I 706 807, 808  
 All Sorts and Conditions of Men, by Sir W Beane III 630  
 All the Year Round by Dickens III 465  
 Allan Quatermain by Rider Haggard III 705  
 ALLEN, CHARLES GRANT III 723 724  
 ALLE, JAMES LANE, III 823  
 ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM III 630  
 Alliterative Poems I 58 174 Early English I 173 174 Scottish I 172.  
 Alliterative Romances I 51  
 All Well that End Well by Shakespeare I 365  
 ALLSTO, WASHINGTON III 831  
 Alma by Matthew Prior II 114 118.  
 A LOF III 720  
 Alone in London by R Buchanan, III 666  
 Alonso the Brave and the Fair Imogene by M G Lewis II 751  
 Alphonsus, by Robert Greene I 324 325  
 Alpin Through the by Forbes, III 400  
 Althea To, by Richard Lovelace I 633  
 Altiora Petio by L Oliphant III 676  
 Alton Locke by Charles Kingsley, III 513.  
 Amadis de Gaul trans by Rose II 760  
 Amazing Marriage by Meredith III 658  
 Ambassadors, by Henry James III 827  
 Ambrosia or the Monk, by M G Lewis II 748 749  
 Amelia by Fielding II 341, by Coventry Patmore III 602.  
 America, History of by Robertson II 382, 394 by W Russell II 388 by J Fiske, III 825  
 America, Men and Manners in by Thomas Hamilton III 24.  
 America (North) Travels in, by Basil Hall III 227  
 America (South), Wanderings in by C Waterton, III 173.  
 America Society in by Harriet Martineau, III 388  
 American Civil War by J W Draper, III 822 by Goldwin Smith, III 721
- American Commonwealth, by James Price, III 683.  
 American Conflict The, by Horace Greeley III 808  
 American Girl in London, by Mrs E Cotes, III 725  
 American Humour by Haliburton III 723  
 American Literature III 731  
 American Literature by Julian Hawthorne III 828  
 American Note Books Hawthorne III 777  
 American Notes by Dickens III 46.  
 American Ornithology by Alexander Wilson II 812.  
 American Revolution by G O Trevelyan, III 689  
 American Scholar by Emerson III 758  
 American Taxation, by Burke II 544  
 American Wives and English Husband, by Mrs Atherton III 830  
 Americans, Domestic Manners of the by Frances Trollope III 276  
 Among my Books, by J R Lowell III 709  
 Among the Millet by A Lampman III 725  
 Amoret by Spenser I 298 292  
 Amorous War by J Mayne I 633  
 AMORY, THOMAS Memoirs II 289  
 AMOS BRITON by George Eliot III 520 532.  
 Amwell, by John Scott, II 456  
 Amy Wentworth, by Whittier III 772  
 Amyntha by Sir Gilbert Elliot II 423.  
 American trans by Fawles I 421  
 Anacreontiques, by Cowley I 643 645  
 Anahune or Mexico and the Mexicans by E B Taylor III 663.  
 Anale ta by Robert Wodrow I 830  
 Analogy of Religion, by J Butler II 263  
 Anastasius, by Thomas Hope II 745 746  
 Anatomy of Humors, by Grahame I 815  
 Anatomy of Melancholy by Burton I 456  
 Ancient Inhabitants of Scotland, Critical Essays on the by Thomas Innes II 302.  
 Ancient Mariner by Coleridge III 69 63  
 Ancient Mysteries by W Hone II 709  
 Ancient Sea Margins by Robert Chambers, III 316  
 Ancient Spain & Pallas by J G Lockhart, III 2-9  
 Ancren Riwe I 39  
 ANCRLM EARL OF I 509  
 ANDERSON, ALL, ANDER III 605  
 Andreas, poem in the Vercelli Book, I 14  
 ANDREWES, LANCELOT I 388  
 Aneurin I 3  
 Angel Court by Austin Dobson III 690  
 Angel in the House by Coventry Patmore III 602.  
 Angel of the Dove, by Stephens, III 729  
 American Difficulties by J H Newman III 838  
 Anglo-Saxon Chronicle I 24 26, 29  
 Anglo-Saxon Literature, I 4-29  
 Anglo-Saxons, History of the by Sharon Turner II 639  
 Animula Poem by Coleridge, III 62, 71  
 Annabel Lee by E A Poe III 781 786.  
 Annals, by Archbishop Usher, I 441  
 Annals of Peterborough, I 29  
 Annals of the Parish by John Galt, III 296, 298  
 Annals of Winchester I 29  
 Annals of Worcester I 29  
 Annie Wier, by David Wingate III 608  
 Annual Register II 13, 301 543  
 Annuity The, by George Outram III 411  
 Annus Mirabilis, by Dryden I 702 706  
 Anonymous Early Scottish Pieces, I 203  
 ANSTEY, CHRISTOPHER, II 434  
 ASTRY, F (T Astney Guitie) III 717  
 Atthea To by Robert Herrick I 562.  
 Anthology, by E B Taylor III 622  
 Anti Jacobin II 668 669, 670 672, 673.

- Antient Metaphysics, by Lord Monboddo, II 435  
 Antiquary, The, by Scott, III 34, 39 41  
 Antonio and Mellida by J Marston, I 463  
 Antony and Cleopatra, by Shakespear, I 371  
 Ants, Bees, and Wasps, by Lord Aebury, III 604  
 Aphorisms, Moral and Religious, by Ben Jonson Whichcote I 608  
 Apologia pro Vita Sua, by J H Newman, III 338 339  
 Apologie for Poesie, by Sir Philip Sidney, I 250 291  
 Apology Barclay's, II 53  
 Apology for his Life, by Colley Cibber, II 273  
 Apostolic Age, The, by Bishop Lightfoot, III 625  
 Appius and Virginia by Webster, I 426  
 Apple Dumplings and a King, by Wolcot, II 604  
 Approaching Age, by Crabbe, II 698  
 Arabi, A Year's Journey through, by W C Palgrave, III 609  
 Arabian Nights, trans. by Sir R F Burton, III 610  
 Arabic Lexicon, by Edward William Lane, III 327  
 Ariadne Pentelici by Ruskin, III 571  
 ARKER EDWARD III 715  
 ARTHURNOT JOHN, II 145  
 Arcades, by Milton, I 687  
 Arcadia, by Sir Philip Sidney, I 288, 290, 292 The New, by Madame Duclaux, III 706  
 ARCHER WILLIAM, III 717  
 Arden by Madame Duclaux III 706  
 Arden of Feversham I 334 by George Lillo II 276  
 Areopagitica by Milton, I 688 707, 709  
 Arethusa, by Shelley III 112.  
 Argemis, by John Barclay, I 510 trans. by Clara Reeve II 420  
 ARGYLL, THE DUCHESS OF III 613  
 Ariadne by Ouida III 692  
 Ariadne Florentina, by Ruskin, III 571.  
 Arias of the Fourth Century, by J H Newman, III 237  
 Ariosto, trans. by Sir John Harington, I 391 by W S Rose, II 700  
 Aristocracy and Evolution, by W H Mallock, III 705  
 Aristophanes, trans. by Hookham Frere, II 670.  
 Aristotle's Poetics, trans. by H J Pye, II 685  
 Arms and the Man by G B Shaw, III 708.  
 ARISTRO G JOHN, II 360  
 ARNOLD, MATTHEW, III 10, 691, Book on, by Prof. Saintsbury, III 605  
 ARNOLD SIR EDWIN, III 603  
 ARNOLD THOSIAS III 202, Life of, by Stanley, III 291  
 Arrah na Pogue by D Boucicault, III 655  
 Arraignment of Paris, by Peele, I 240 321  
 Arrows of the Chace, by Ruskin, III 572.  
 Art Journal founded III 281.  
 Art of Dining by A Haywird III 327  
 Art of Politics, by J Brumston, II 209 210  
 Art of Preserving Health, by Armstrong, II 350  
 Arte of English Poesie, by G Puttenham, I 263.  
 Arte of Rhetorique, by Sir Thomas Wilson, I 148  
 Artemus Ward III 823  
 Arthur Bonnicastle by J G Holland, III 775  
 Arthur Coningsby by J Sterling III 270  
 Arthur (Le Morte D Arthur) by Sir Thomas Malory, I 92.  
 Arthurian Legend, I 35 Beginning of, I 3  
 Artists of Spain by Sir W Stirling Maxwell, III 400  
 Arundel, by Richard Cumberland II 562.  
 As I Lay A Th'inkynge, by R H Barham, III 107  
 As Slow our Ship by Moore, III 348.  
 As You Like It by Shakespear, I 367  
 ASCHAM, ROGER I 120, 144, 237  
 ASCILL, JOHN I, II 100  
 ASHMOLE, ELIAS, I 590  
 Ashworth, by A L Gordon III 723.  
 Asiatic Studies, by Lyall, III 638  
 Ask me no more by Tennison, III 546  
 Asolando, by R Browning, III 567 566.  
 Assenby, by Archibald Pitcairn II 103  
 Astraea Redux by Dryden I 702, 705  
 Astrolabe, by Chaucer, I 81.  
 Astrological Prognostication, by Thomas Nash, I 320
- Astrophel, by Spenser, I 297, 303, by A C Swinburne, III 670.  
 Astrophel and Stella, by Sir Philip Sidney, I 287, 292  
 At Last, by Charles Kingsley III 614  
 At the Mid Hour of Night, by Moore III 348.  
 Atlanta in Calydon, by Swinburne, III 672, 674, 678.  
 Atlantis, by Mrs Manley II 98  
 Athiest's Tragedy, by Tourneur, I 430  
 ATHELARD OF BATH, I 34  
 Athelstane by John Brown, II 302.  
 Athene Oxoniensis, by A Wood, I 749  
 Athemus established by J S Buckingham, III 224 edited by C W Dilke, III 259  
 Athenae, by Richard Glover II 351  
 Athenian Captive, by Sir T N Talfourd, III 272.  
 ATHERSTORPE, EDWIN III 140  
 ATHERTON, FRITZTRUDE FRANKLIN, III 839  
 ATLANTIS Monthly, III 772, 788, 794, 798 818 820  
 ATOSA Character of by Pope, II 183  
 Attaché, by T C Haliburton III 723  
 ATTENBURY FRANCIS II 158  
 ATTICUS Character of by Pope, II 170, 183  
 AUBREY, JOHN, I 747  
 Aucassin and Nicolette, trans. by Andrew Lang, III 691  
 Audreys by Mary Johnston III 830  
 August, Stanzas to by Byron III 181  
 Augustan Age of English Literature, II 110  
 Auld Lang Syne by Ramsay, II 315  
 Auld Licht Idylls, by J M Barrie, III 707  
 Auld Reekie by Robert Ferguson III 806  
 Auld Robin Forbes (in Cumbrian), by Susanna Blamire, II 802  
 Auld Robin Gray, by Lady Anne Barnard, II 803, 804  
 Aurengzebe by Dryden I 707, 807  
 Aurora Freyd by Mrs Braddon, III 692  
 Aurora Leigh, by Mrs Browning, III 654, 557, 58, 601.  
 Auspicious Day, by A Webster, III 692.  
 ALSTEAD, JANE, II 774  
 AUSTIN, ALFRED III 689.  
 AUSTIN DR ADA I II 810  
 AUSTIN JOHN, III 373  
 Australasian Literature III 726.  
 Author's Farce, by Fielding II 830  
 Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, by O W Holmes, III 788 789, 791  
 Autumn Ode to by Keats, III 101 10.  
 AUBREY, LORD, III 663  
 Avery, by E S Phelps, III 829  
 Avillion by Mrs Craik, III 6-8  
 Ayenbythe of Invyle, I 49  
 Aymlers, by T H Bayly, III 241  
 Aylwin, by T Watts Dunton III 608  
 Ayrshire Legacies, by Galt III 207, 208  
 AYTON, SIR ROBERT I 503.  
 AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE, III 476  
 Azores by Raleigh, I 305, 311  
 Babe Christabel, The Ballad of, by Gerald Massey, III 603.  
 Babylon by Grant Allen III 724  
 Baby's Début by James Smith, III 101  
 HACHELLER, IRVING III 832.  
 BACON FRANCIS, I 880  
 Bacon, Lord, Personal History of, by Hepworth Dixon, III 578.  
 Bacon Lord Life and Letters, by Speeding, III 307  
 BACON, ROBERT I 84  
 Badginton Peacock The, by G A H Sala III 6-5  
 BEADA—The Venerable Bede, I 18  
 BAKER, ROBERT II 572.  
 HAGEHOT, WALTER III 630  
 BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES III 507  
 BAILLIE, JOANNA, II 729  
 BAILLIE, I ADY GRIZEL, II 311.  
 BAILLIE, ROBERT, I 610.  
 BAIN, ALEXANDER III 497  
 BAKER, SIR R.—his Chronicle I 659  
 BAKER, SIR SAMUEL WHITE, III 610  
 Balade de Charline I 3 Chatterton, II 512  
 Balder by Sydney Dobell, III 603  
 BALE JOHN, I 164  
 BALFOUR, ARTHUR JAMES III 715  
 BALL, SIR ROBERT STAWELL, III 714  
 Ball, by Shirley and Chapman, I 486  
 Ballad by C S Calverley, III 639  
 Ballad of Agincourt, by Drayton, I 341 345  
 Ballad of East and West, by Rudyard Kipling, III 710.  
 Ballad of Good Counsel, by James I, I 183
- Ballad of the Revenge, by Tennison, III 642.  
 Ballad Poetry of Ireland, by Sir C G Duffy, III 579, 583  
 Ballad upon a Wedding, by Sir J Suckling, I 631  
 Ballade of the Scottyshe Kynge, by John Skelton, I 115  
 Ballades in Blue China, by Andrew Lang, III 694  
 Ballades de Boute, by A. Lang, III 694  
 Ballads, Ancient Spanish, by J G Lockhart III 250  
 Ballads by John Davidson, III 708  
 Ballads Dagonet, by G R Sims III 606.  
 Ballads Romantic, Poetry of Wonder in, III 4  
 Ballads and Lyrics of Old France, by A Lang III 614  
 Ballads, Hans Breitman, III 781  
 Ballads and Metrical Sketches, by Lord de Tabley, III 600  
 Ballads and Sonnets, by Alex. Anderson, III 606.  
 Ballads of Ireland, III 670  
 Ballads, The, I 620  
 BALLANTINE, JAMES, III 877  
 BALLANTYNE, ROBERT MICHAEL, III 623.  
 BANCROFT, GEORGE, III 762.  
 Bangorion Controversy, The, II 42 245  
 BANISTER, JOHN, III 353  
 BAIS, MICHAEL, III 353  
 Punishment of Poverty by Semple I 819  
 Baulers Wife, by C G F Gore III 270  
 Lankis of Helicon, by Alexander Montgomerie I 233.  
 Banks o' Doon by Burns, II 825  
 BAZA NATY, RICHARD, I 231  
 Barbara Lidd, by C G D Roberts III 725.  
 Barbarossa, by John Brown, II 392.  
 BARBAULD ANNA LETITIA, III 681  
 BARBOLT JOHN I 166 176  
 Barchester Towers, by A Trollope, III 457  
 BARCLAY, ALEXANDER I 110.  
 PARCLAY, JOHN, I 610  
 BARCLAY, ROBERT II 53  
 Bard by Thomas Gray, II 350, 364  
 Bardomachia, by Alex. Geddes II 790  
 Pard's Epitaph by Burns, II 821  
 Barefoot Boy by Whittier, III 772.  
 BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS, III 166  
 BARING GOOLD SABINE, III 664  
 BARLOW, JAMES, III 721  
 BARLOW JOEL, III 723, 740  
 Barnabæ Itinerarium, or Barnabee's Journal by Brathwaite, I 488  
 Barnaby Rudge by Dickens, III 464  
 BARNARD, LADY ANN, II 803 III 730  
 BARNARD M'S CHARLES III 720  
 BARNES BAR. ABE I 278.  
 BARES, WILLIAM, III 412.  
 Barnet, Life of, by Motte, III 813  
 Barney Mahoney, by C. Croker, III 412.  
 BARFIELD, RICHARD, I 309  
 Baron Munchausen, by Rudolf Erich Raspe, II 714.  
 BARR, ROBERT, III 715  
 Barrack Room Ballads, by Rudyard Kipling, III 710.  
 BARTLETT, JAMES MATTHEW III 707  
 Barriers Turned Away, by Roe, III 822.  
 BARKER, ISAAC, I 767  
 BARKER, SIR JOHN, II 764  
 BAPPE, WILLIAM FRANCIS, III 715  
 Barry Lyndon by Thackeray III 460.  
 Bartholomew Fair, by Ben Jonson, I 404.  
 BARTON, BERNARD III 29.  
 Bas Bleu by Hannah More, II 577 579  
 Basilicon Doron, by James I, I 601.  
 Pastard The by Richard Savage, II 281.  
 Battle Day, The by Ernest Jones, III 505  
 Ward Howe, III 824  
 Battle of Beal an Dinne by Scott III 37.  
 Battle of Blenheim, by Southey, III 82.  
 Battle of Otterburn ballad, I 637.  
 Battle of the Baltic, by Campbell, II 706, 709.  
 Battle of the Books, by Swift, II 123 126, 139.  
 Battle of the Strong, by Sir G Parker, III 726.  
 Battlefield, by Bryant, III 750 752.  
 Bavid, by William Gifford II 607.  
 PAXTER, RICHARD, I 664.  
 Bay Leaves by Goldwin Smith III 724.  
 Bay of Biscay, by Andrew Cherry, II 758.  
 Bay Psalm Book, III 731.  
 BAVLY, ADA ELLEN III 721.  
 BAVLY, THOMAS HANVES III 241.  
 Beachy Head by Charlotte Smith, II 608.  
 BEACONSFIELD, LORD, III 435

- Beating of my Own Heart, by Lord Houghton III 352  
 BEATTIE, JAMES II 525  
 Beau Austin, by Henley and Stevenson, III 697, 701  
 Beauchamp's Career by Meredith III 658  
 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, I 40.  
 PEACHTON, SIR JOHN, I 448  
 Beau Stratagem, by Farquhar II 99  
 BEAZLEY, CHARLES RAYMOND, III 710  
 Bechuan Boy, by Thomas Pringle, II 700  
 BECKE, LOUIS, III 727  
 Becket, by Tennyson III 542  
 BECROFT, WILLIA T., II 630  
 BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL, III 237  
 BEDE, CUTHBERT (Rev Edward Bradley), III 624  
 \*BEDE, THE VENERABLE, I 18  
 Bedouin Love-Song, by Bayard Taylor, III 810  
 Bee, by Goldsmith II 479, 490  
 BECHER, HENRY WARD, III 510  
 BECHING, HENRY CHARLES, III 718  
 BEERS, EDWARD SPENCER, III 713  
 Beggar Man, by Thomas Moss, II 617  
 Beggars All, by Lily Dougall III 725  
 Beggar's Opera, by Gay, II 173, 175  
 BEHRE, APHRA, II 63.  
 Being and Attributes of God, by Samuel Clarke, II 160  
 Belaguered City, by Mrs Oliphant, III 538  
 Belford Regis, by Mary Russell Mitford, III 177  
 Belgium and Western Germany by Frances Trollope, III 276  
 BELL, HENRY GLASSFORD III 415  
 BELL, HENRY THOMAS MACKIE ZIE, III 717  
 BELLAIVY, EDWARD III 523  
 BELLENDE, JOHN, I 21.  
 Lells and Pomegranates, by R Browning, III 663, 662  
 Bells The, by E. A. Poe, III 782, 784  
 Beshazzar, by H. H. Milman, III 208 211  
 Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses I 2-3.  
 Ben Hur, b, Lew Wallace, III 820  
 Bending of the Bough, by G Moore III 709  
 BENNETT, WILLIAM COX, III 549  
 BENSON, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER, III 718  
 BENSON, EDWARD FREDERIC, III 710  
 BETTHAM, JERE II, II 700  
 Benthamiana, by John Hill Burton, III 393.  
 Bentinck, Lord George, Life of, by Lord Beaconsfield, III 435, 440  
 BETTY, RICHARD, II 105  
 BEOWULF, I 4, 5, trans. by William Morris, III 605.  
 BEppo by Lord Byron, III 129, 132.  
 BFFREDFORD, JAMES, II 740  
 BEKESFELD, GEORGE, II 266  
 Bermudas The Emigrants in the, by Maxwell I 712  
 BERNARD DAME JULIA A, I 99  
 BERNERS, LORD, I 103  
 PESANT, MRS ANNIE III 721  
 BESAIT, SIR WALTER, III 650  
 Besom Ben Stories by E. Waugh, III 492.  
 Less, Pell and Mary Gray, by Ramsay, II 315  
 PETI GÉLÉAN by W. R. Spencer, II 740  
 BETINA EDWARDS, MATILDA BARBARA III 720  
 Betsy Lee, by Thos. E. Brown, III 634  
 Lewis of Hampton, I 51  
 Bewick (Thomas) and his Pupils by Austin Dobson, III 610  
 Beyond the Veil by H Vaughan, I 639, 644  
 Bible Brown's S-interpretation, II 646  
 Bible Catholic Thoughts on by Myers, III 693.  
 Bible, Matthew's, I 132 Cranmer's, I 132, Geneva, I 133, 134 'Lishops, I 133, 134, 242, Douay I 133 Tyndale's, I 129, 134, Coverdale's, I 131, 134 Great I 132, 133 of 1611, I 242.  
 Bible, Pictorial by John Kitto, III 374.  
 Little The English I 123.  
 Bible in Spain by Borrow, III 430 432  
 PIC ENTAFFE, ISAAC, II 400  
 BIGELOW POLLIE EV, III 832.  
 Piglow Papers, by J. R. Lowell, III 708 709, 800  
 Pillow and the Rock, The, by Harriet Martineau III 388.  
 Pilly Binks, by Guy Boothby, III 727  
 Bimbi, by Ouid, III 692.  
 BINVOY, LAURENCE, III 710  
 Biographia Britannica Literaria, by Thomas Whittier, III 411  
 Biographia Literaria by Coleridge, III 61, 63, 70  
 BOSWELL, SIR ALEXANDER II 830  
 Botanic Garden, by Erasmus Darwin, II 572, 573.  
 Bothie of Tober na Vuolich, by A H Clough, III 611.  
 Bothwell, by A. C. Swinburne, III 673  
 BOUCICAULT, DION, III 585  
 Bouquet of Dainty Concerts, I 257  
 BOURNET, SIR JOHN GEORGE, III 728, 724  
 BOWER, ARCHIBALD, II 387  
 BOWER, WALTER, I 182  
 BOWDLER, THOMAS, II 763.  
 BOWLES, CAROLINE (Mrs Southey), III 65  
 BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE, II 721.  
 Bow Meeting Songs, by Reginald Heber III 213  
 BOWRING, SIR JOHN, III 271  
 BOYD, ANDREW KEEDY HUTCHISON, III 624  
 BOYD ZACHARY, I 514  
 BOYES, ABEL, II 287  
 BOYLE, ROBERT, I 720  
 BOYLE, ROGER, I 787  
 Boyle Water by Michael and John Banion III 353.  
 Bracebridge Hall by Irving, III 742, 743  
 BRACON, HENRY DE I 34  
 BRADDO, MARY ELIZABETH III 692.  
 BRADLEY, ANDREW CECIL, III 715  
 PRADLEY, FRANCIS HERBERT III 715.  
 BRADLY, REV EDWARD III 624  
 BRADY NICHOLAS II 60  
 Braes o' Lallguither by Fannihill, II 829  
 Braes o' Gleniffer by Tannahill II 829  
 Braes of Yarrow, by W Huntington, II 310, by John Logan, II 532.  
 Braids Cauth, by Robert Ferguson, II 800  
 Bramble Flower to the by Ebenezer Elliott, III 232.  
 BRAMSTON JAMES, II 200  
 BRATHWAITE, RICHARD, I 489  
 Bravo of Venice by Lewis, II 748, 749  
 BRAY, MRS, III 278  
 Bread Winners, The, III 822.  
 Break, break, break, by Tennyson, III 541, 545  
 Breddifield Hall by G. Fitzgerald, III 428.  
 BREITMANN, HANS See LELAND  
 BRETON, NICHOLAS I 275  
 Brewster, Sir David III 242.  
 BRE, à brac, by W. E. Henley, III 697  
 Bridal, The, by Tennyson, III 540 643.  
 Bride of Lammermoor, by Scott, III 39, 31  
 Bride's Tragedy, by T. L. Beddoe, III 257  
 Bridge of Sighs by Hood, III 132  
 BRIDGES, ROBERT, III 635  
 Brief Discourse concerning the Different Wars of Men, by Walter Charleton, I 744  
 Brief History of the Times by L Estrange, I 741, 743  
 Brigadier Gerard by Conan Doyle, III 700  
 BRIGHT, JOHN III 712  
 Bristow Tragedy, by Chatterton, II 513  
 Britannia, by Camden, I 263  
 Britannia's Pastoral, by William Browne, I 489 490  
 British Georgics, by Grahame, II 650, 690  
 British India, History of by James Mill II 767  
 British Painters Lives of, by Allin Cunningham, III 303  
 British Palaeozoic Fossils, by Sedgwick, III 202  
 British Poets Specimens of, by Campbell, II 766  
 British Prison ship, by P. Freneau III 733.  
 British Quarterly founded, III 271  
 Broad Grins, by Colman II 636, 659-661.  
 BROKE, ARTHUR, I 237 293.  
 Broken Heart by John Ford I 481, 482.  
 BROME, RICHARD I 487  
 BROOK, ANNE, III 626  
 BRONTE, CHARLOTTE, III 520.  
 BRONTE, EMILY JANE, III 625  
 BRONTE Charlotte, Life of by Mrs Gaskell III 627  
 BRONTE Emily by Mdme. Duclaux, III 706.  
 Brook farm III 777 778 781  
 BROOKS, CHARLOTTE, II 396  
 BROOKE, HENRY II 396  
 BROOKE STAFFORD AUGUSTUS III 602.  
 BROOKS, C. W. SHIRLEY III 492.  
 BROOKS PHILLIPS, III 822.  
 BROOME, WILLIAM II 199.  
 Brothers, The by Worthworth, III 10.  
 BROUGHA, LORD III 189  
 BROUGHTON, RHODA, III 192.  
 BROWN, CHARLES BROCKDR. III 710  
 BROWNE, DR JOHN, III 449  
 BROWNE, GEORGE DOUGLAS, III 719  
 BROWN, JOHN, II 391.

- BROD JOHN of Haddington, II 646  
 BROWN PETER HUME, III 716  
 BROWN THOMAS II 761  
 BROWN THOIAS EDWARD III 634  
 BROW TO I 11 78  
 Brown Juiz by Francis Fawkes, II 421  
 Brown P. CHAPLINS KARRAR, III 823  
 Brown AC HAWKES II 297  
 Brown T. THOIAS ALEXANDER, III 729  
 Brown Sir Thomas I 690  
 Brown William I 459  
 Brown WILLIAM CRARY III 882  
 Brownie of Blednoch by William Nicholson III 306  
 Brown I G ELIZABETH BARRETT III 540,  
 Brown I G OSCAR, III 713  
 Brown I G ROBERT III 9, 549, 558  
 Bruce JAMES II 649  
 Bruce MICHAEL II 528  
 Bruce by John David-on III 708.  
 Bruce, The by Barbour I 176  
 Branenburg Battle of I 23 20.  
 Braxton, Mary II 772  
 Brut d'Angleterre by Wace, I 3.  
 Brut of Llywelyn I 3 35  
 Brutus Ultor by Michael Field III 706.  
 Brux T JACOB II 301  
 Bryant WILLIAM CULLEN, III 750  
 Bryce, George, III 723  
 Bryce JAMES III 638  
 Bridges Sir JULIUS EGERTON, II 714  
 British Invasion of England, I 2 831  
 Bubbles from the Bunnens of Nassau by  
     Sir Francis Iond Head III 266  
 Bubbles of the Day, by Douglas Jerrold  
     III 325, 329  
 Buccaneer, by Mrs S. C. Hall III 280.  
 Buchan, George, I 106 22.  
 Buchanan Robert III 660  
 Buckley CHARLES DUKE of (George Villiers),  
     I 755  
 Buckley CHARLES DUKE of (John Sheffield)  
     II 106  
 Buckley JAMES SHILL III 224  
 Buckley, FRANCIS TREVELyan, III 590  
 Buckley, HENRY THOAS III 611  
 Budgell, FUSTACE, II 212.  
 Budget of Paradoxes, by A de Morgan III  
     335  
 Buil of Alexander by Barbour (?) I 178  
 Building of the Ship by Longfellow, III  
     766.  
 Bulle of the Howlat by Holland (?) I 174  
 Bull (John), b. Arbutinot, II 145, by  
     Colin II 66.  
 Bullitt ARTHUR HILARY, III 716.  
 Bullitt FRAZER THOMAS, III 717  
 Bulwer EDWARD See Lytton, LORD  
 Bulwer, HENRY LYTTON, III 230  
 Buncle, John by Thomas Amory II 280  
 Bundle of Letters by Henry James III 827  
 Bunster, HEW CUYLER, III 832.  
 Bur JA JOHN I 710, 731  
 Burci HARDT JOHN LEWIS III 266.  
 Burden of Nineveh, by Rose-etti II 648  
 Burger's Lenore trans by Taylor, II 712  
 Burgi, GEORGE B III 717  
 Burgoyne, GENEVIEVE, II 670  
 Burial March of Dundee, by W E Aytoun,  
     III 476  
 Burial of Sir John Moore, by Charles  
     Wolfe, II 783 789  
 Burple, EDWARD II 543 Life of by  
     Morley, III 638.  
 Burrow, EDWARD Cowper, III 600.  
 Burrit, DR THOMAS II 28  
 Bur GILBERT II 20  
 Burritt, FRANCIS HODGSON, III 830  
 Burritt, FAY (Madame D'Arblay) II  
     586 Life of by Austin Dobson, III 600  
 Burning Babe by Southwell, I 337 338  
 Burroughs JOHN III 821  
 Burns POEY II 814 III 6 Life and  
     Works of by Robert Chambers, III 316  
     Life of by J G Lockhart, III 230  
 Burn ed. by Henley and Henderson, III  
     607  
 Burns To the Memory of by Campbell II  
     771 by Sir A Powell II 882.  
 Burns Wordsworth on, III 23  
 Burnt Njal Saga of, trans by Sir G W  
     Dreher, III 420  
 Burton JOHN HILL, III 303.  
 Burton RONALD I 435.  
 Burton Sir RICHARD FRANCIS, III 609  
     Life of by Lady Burton III 610  
 Butt JOHN B, III 718.  
 Burns LADY CHARLOTTE II 772.  
 Burn RICHARD DE I 24  
 Bush aboon Traquair by R. Crawford, II  
     317  
 Bush Ballads, by A L. Gordon, III 728.  
 BUTLER, JOSEPH, II 299  
 BUTLER, SAMUEL, I 731 735  
 BUTLER, SAMUEL, III 624  
 BUTLER, SIR WILLIAM FRANCIS III 714  
 Bylow Hill, by G W Cable, III 827  
 By Order of the Company, by Mary Johnson, III 830  
 By Proxy by James Payn, III 634  
 BYRD, WILLIAM III 732  
 BYRON, JOHN II 278.  
 BYRON, HENRY JAMES III 637  
 BYRON, LORD, III 8 118 Life of, by  
     Moore, III 347 by Henry Lytton  
     Bulwer III 836 Conversations with  
     the Countess of Blessington III 278  
 Byzantin Empire, by G Finlay, III 217  
 Ca the Yowes to the Knowes by Isobel  
     Pagan, II 810  
 CABLE, GEORGE WASHINGTON, III 596  
 Cadmus and Vanessa, by Swift, II 123  
 CAEDMON, I 9 12.  
 Caesar, a Sketch by J A Froude, III 502.  
 Caffey, KATHLEEN MARIA GENEVIEVE III  
     721  
 CAE P THOMAS HEIRON HALL, III 716.  
 CAIRD, EDWARD, III 62.  
 CAIRD, MRS MOLIA III 721  
 CAIRD, JOHN III 62.  
 Calamus by Walt Whitman, III 804  
 CALASAY, EDMUND I 68.  
 CALDERWOOD DAVID I 513  
 Caleb Stukely, by Samuel Phillips, III 482  
 Caleb Williams, by W Godwin II 702, 704  
 Caledonia, by George Chalmers II 636  
 California by Mrs Atherton III 80.  
 Call to the Unconverted, by Baxter I 66.  
 Caller Herrin, by Lady Nunne II 622.  
 Callithroe, by Michael Field III 70.  
 Callistus by John Henry Newman III 337  
 CALVERLEY, CHARLES STUART, III 638.  
 CAEBRIDGE, ADA III 727 729  
 Cambridge Modern History by Lord Acton  
     III 686.  
 坎宁, WILLIAM I 268  
 CAMERON, GEORGE FREDERICK III 723.  
 Cameronian Dream, by J. H. Stoddard III 310  
 Camoens trans by W J Wickle II 522.  
     524 by Sir R F Burton III 610  
 Campaign by the Addison I 216 216  
 Campaspe, by Lyk, I 315  
 CANIBELL, DR JOHN, II 387  
 CAMPBELL, GEORGE II 427  
 CAMPBELL, JAMES DIXON III 714  
 CAMPBELL, JOHN FRANCIS III 555  
 CAMPBELL, LEWIS, III 601  
 CAMPBELL, THOMAS III 101  
 CAMPBELL, THOMAS III 765  
 Campbell WILLIAM WILFRED III 723 724.  
 CAMPTON, THOMAS, I 274 400  
 Canada, English Literature in III 72.  
 Canada, History of by W Kingsford III  
     724  
 Canada, Political Destiny of by Goldwin  
     Smith, III 724  
 Canada, The Old Regime in, by Parkman,  
     III 816  
 Canada, Intellectual Strength and Weak  
     ness, by Bourinot, III 734  
 Canadian Long Song III 293, 722  
 CANNING, GEORGE, II 672.  
 Canoe and Saddle by Winthrop III 820  
 Canterbury, Historical Memorials of, by A  
     P Stanley III 394  
 Canterbury Tales, by Sophy and Harriet  
     Lee II 653, 664.  
 Canterbury Tales, by Chaucer I 62, 64 68  
     70 71-74, 81 fac-simile I 73  
 Canute the Great, by Michael Field, III  
     706  
 Canvas Town Romance by T A. Browne,  
     III 727  
 Cape Cod, by H D Thoreau, III 793  
 CARES, BERNARD III 720  
 CAREY, JOHN I 89  
 Captain Digby Grand by G J Whittle  
     McVille, III 655  
 Captain Macklin by R H Davis, III 820  
 Captain Masters Children, by T Hood,  
     III 653.  
 Captain's Toll gate, by F R Stockton  
     III 821  
 Caractacus by William Mason, II 426 427  
 Cardiphonia, by John Newton II 614  
 Careless Content, by John Byron, II 270  
 Carew, Lady Elizabeth See CAREY, LADY  
     ELIZABETH  
 CAREY, RICHARD, I 252.  
 CAREW, THOMAS, I 563.  
 CAREY, HENRY, II 330.
- CAREY, HENRY CHARLES III 831  
 CAREY, LADY ELIZABETH I 490  
 CAREY, SIR ROBERT, I 296  
 CAREY, SIR ROBERT, by Mrs Harrison, III 707  
 CARLISI, WILLIAM III 362.  
 CARLYLE, ALEXANDER, DFR, II 414, his auto  
     biography, II 414  
 CARLYLE, DR JOHN, III 402.  
 CARLYLE, THOMAS III 401  
 Carlyle Jane Welsh, Letters and Memorials  
     of III 401 40.  
 Carlyle Mrs Letters to, by G F Jewsbury, III 620  
 Carlyle Personally and in his Writings, by  
     Masson III 638  
 Carlyle's Reminiscences by J A Froude,  
     III 502.  
 CARLISI, WILLIAM BLISS, III 723 724.  
 Carmina Volua, by A Dobson III 630  
 Carols from the Coalfields, by Skipsey, III  
     603.  
 CARR, JOSEPH WILLIAMS COMPTON III 716.  
 CARRINGTON, NOEL THOMAS, II 760  
 CARROLL, LEWIS (C. L. Dodgson) III 648.  
 CAPUTHUPHIS, RONBERT, III 315.  
 CARTER, THOMAS II 244.  
 CARTER, MRS ELIZABETH, II 417.  
 CARTO, R. C. (Richard Claude Critchett),  
     III 715.  
 CARTRIGHT, WILLIAM I 631.  
 CART ALICE, III 821.  
 CART, HENRY FRANCIS II 755.  
 CART, PHILIPPE, III 524.  
 CART (CAREY), SIP ROBERT, I 206.  
 CASAUBON, by Mark Pattison, III 450.  
 Cash Crop and Catholics, Odes on, by  
     Moore, III 347, 349.  
 Cashel Byron's Profession, by G B Shaw  
     III 703.  
 Castara by William Habington I 571.  
 Castaway by Cowper, II 602, 609.  
 Caste, by T W Robertson III 637.  
 Castell of Perseverance, Morality Play I  
     111.  
 Cast's Animali Parlanti trans by William  
     Stewart Rose, II 760.  
 CASTLE, EGERTON, III 717.  
 Castle of Indolence by Thomson, II 321  
     326-328.  
 Castle of Otranto, by Walpole II 411 414.  
 Castle Rackrent, by Maria Edgeworth, II  
     735.  
 Castle Spectre by M G Lewis, II 748.  
 Catarina to Camoens, by E B Ironmonger  
     III 557, 560.  
 Catechism, Archbishop Hamilton I 218.  
 Cathedral The by J R Lowell III 709.  
 Catherine by Thackeray, III 450.  
 Catholic Thoughts on the Bible by Myers  
     III 603.  
 Catholicism in England, by J H Newman,  
     III 239.  
 Catholics, The Present Position of, by J H  
     Newman in III 339.  
 Catiline, by Ben Jonson I 402, 405.  
 Cat, by Addison, II 213 217.  
 Catriona, by R L Stevenson, III 701.  
 Claudie's (Mrs) Curtain Lectures, by Douglas  
     Jerrold III 929.  
 CAVE, EDWARD, II 244.  
 CAVERNDISH, GEORGE I 140.  
 CAXTON, WILLIAM I 05.  
 Caxton's Successors, I 101.  
 Caxtons, The, by Lord Lytton, III 332, 335.  
 Cecily, by C. G. F. Gore III 270.  
 Cecilia, by Fanny Burney, II 557.  
 Celestial Passion by R W Gilder, III 823.  
 Celt Roman, and Saxon, by Thomas Wright,  
     III 411.  
 Celtic Influences on English Literature I  
     1 881 III 711.  
 Celtic Languages, Divisions of I 2.  
 Celtic Literature, On the Study of, by M  
     Arnold, III 593, 598.  
 Celtic Scotland, by W F Skene III 393.  
 Celtic Twilight, by W B Yeats, III 711.  
 Cenci, The, by P D Shelley III 109.  
 CENTLIVRE, SUSANNAH, II 96.  
 Central Africa, by Bayard Taylor III 818.  
 Century After, by Stoddard III 890.  
 Century Magazine III 776.  
 Century of Roundels by Swinburne, III 678.  
 Century of Science by Fiske, III 820.  
 Cevennes, Travels Through the by R. L.  
     Stevenson, III 609.  
 Ceylon Eight Years Wandering in, by Sir  
     S. W. Balfe III 610.  
 CHADWICK, JOHN WHITE, III 832.  
 CHAILLU, PAUL BELLOWS DU, III 718.  
 Chaldees MS., III 292.  
 CHALKHILL, JOHN I 443.  
 CHALMERS GEORGE, II 639.

## Index

- CHALMERS, THOMAS, III 187  
 CHALONER, SIR THOMAS I 265  
 Chamber Drift, by O W Holmes III 789  
 CHAMBERLAIN, WILLIAM, I 744  
 CHAMBERS, CHARLES HADDO, III 718  
 727  
 CHAMBERS, ROBERT WILLIAM, III 829  
 CHAMBERS, WILLIAM AND ROBERT III 31.  
 Chambers's Cyclopede of English Literature I preface III 744  
 Chambers's Encyclopedia III 315  
 Chambers's Journal, III 315  
 Chameleon by James Merrick II 420  
 CHAMIER, FREDERIC, III 259  
 Chance Acquaintances by W D Howells, III 828  
 Chancellors Lives of the, by Lord Campbell, III 191  
 Changeling The by T Middleton, I 409  
 CHANNING, WILLIAS, FELLY III 749  
 Channing The, by Mr H Wood, III 290  
 Chansons de Gestes, I 37  
 CHAPMAN, GEORGE, I 447  
 Chapman (George), a Critical Essay, by Swinburne III 676  
 CHAPE, HESTER, II 418  
 Chapter of Accidents, by Sophia Lee, II 653  
 Character of a Trimmer by the Marquis of Halifax, I 756  
 Character of the Happy Warrior, by Wordsworth, III 13, 16 25  
 Characteristics by Shaftesbury II 167, 168  
 Characters, Hall, I 417 Overbys, I 442 Earls I 377  
 Charles I Memoirs of the Court of, by Lucy Aikin, III 178  
 Charles O'Malley, by Lever III 359, 362  
 Charles V History of the Reign of, by William Robertson II 382, 383 387  
 Charles V The Cloister Life of, by Sir W Stirling Maxwell III 499  
 CHARLETON, WALTER, I 743  
 Chartism, by Carlyle III 404  
 Chase, the, by William Somerville II 301  
 Chastelard, by A C Scambray, III 672, 676  
 CHATHAM, THE EARL OF (William Pitt), III 329  
 Chatham Essay on the Earl of by Macaulay, III 371  
 Chattihochee, Song of the by Sidney Lanier III 825  
 CHATTEPTON, THOMAS, II 512, III 6  
 CHAUCER, GEOFFREY, I 59  
 Chaucer Life of by William Godwin II 702  
 Chaucer's Influence on Scottish Literature, I 166 501  
 Chaucer Prose I 81  
 Chaucer Successors I 76  
 Cheer Boys' Cheer by C Mackay III 451  
 Cheerful Yesterday, by T W Higginson, III 809  
 CHAFE, SIR JOHN, I 144  
 Chemical History of a Candle, The, by Faraday III 243  
 Chrome and the Slave, by Alexander Montezemelo, I 223  
 CHEERY A DRAW, II 708  
 Cherry Ripe by Campion I 401, by Herrick I 561 563  
 CHESS BY GEORGE LOUKES, III 712  
 Chess, The Game of, by Caxton, I 90  
 CHESTERFIELD EARL OF, II 291 Johnson's Letters to II 405  
 CHETTLE, HELEN, I 234  
 CHEVIE, THOS LAS KELLY, III 714  
 CHILD, LEDIA MARIA, III 751  
 Child of Nature by R Juchanan, III 656  
 Child of Quality, To a, by Matthew Prior, II 115  
 Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, by Byron, III 12, 121, 122, 126, 135  
 Childe hood by Henry Vaughan I 654  
 Children of Adam, by Whiteman, III 893 895  
 Children of the Ghetto, by I Zangwill, III 709  
 Child's Garden of Verse, by R L Stevenson, III 703  
 CHILLI (G)WORTHY, WILLIAM I 586  
 Chimney Corner by E Wugh, III 492  
 Chimney Sweeper by Blake, II 719  
 Chinese Discovery of America, by C G Leland, III 781  
 Chips from a German Workshop, by Max Muller III 601  
 Chivalry and Romance, Letters on, by Richard Hurd, II 428  
 Choice, The, by John Pomfret II 112  
 CHOLMONDELEY MARY, III 721  
 CHORLEY, HENRY FOTHERGILL, III 273  
 Chis of all Sorts, by Loring Gould, III 664  
 Christ in Hades by Stephen Phillips, III 711  
 Christabel by Coleridge III 7, 65 61 65  
 Christiad, by Henry Kirke White, II 729  
 Christian Doctrine by Milton, I 691  
 Christian Evidences by Porteus, II 646  
 Christian Hero by Steele II 228  
 Christian Poetry, Beginning of I 9  
 Christian Year, by John Keble, III 215  
 Christianity Evidences of by Paley, II 643  
 by Baden Powell, III 323  
 Christianity, Importance of by Price II 428  
 Christianity Practical View of, by William Wilberforce II 646  
 Christianity not Mysterious by Toland, II 161  
 CHRISTIE, ROBERT III 723  
 Christie Johnstone by Reade III 483  
 Christmas, by G Wither, I 499 501  
 Christopher North Recreations of, by John Wilson III 447  
 Christ's Kirk on the Green I 210 continuation of by Allan Ramsay, II 311 316  
 Christ's Victoria and Triumph, by Giles Fletcher, I 448 447  
 Chronicle of England by Capgrave, I 83  
 Chronicles and Romances, I 42  
 Chronicles of Holinshed I 255  
 Chronology Sacra, by Ussher, I 441  
 Chronophontologos the Great, by Henry Carew, II 339 351  
 Chrystal by Johnston, II 410  
 Chysaor by Longfellow III 767 768  
 Chrysostom Kirk of the Grene, I 211, not by James I, 183  
 CHURCH, THOMAS II 163  
 CHURCH, RICHARD WILLIS, I, III 577  
 Church Government, by Milton I 688, 704  
 CHURCHILL, CHARLES, II 493  
 CHURCHILL, WINSTON, III 820  
 CHURCHWARD, THOMAS, I 65  
 CHUBB, COLLEY, II 272  
 Cicero Life of by Middleton II 246  
 Cicero's Letters, trans. by Melmoth II 391  
 Cid and the Lper, by Lockhart III 251  
 Cities of the Past, by F P Cobbe 37  
 Cities of the World by Goldsmith II 479 491-493  
 City The its Sins and Sorrows by Thomas Guthrie III 42  
 City Dead House by Whitman III 807  
 City Madam by M Singer I 461, 466  
 City Match, by Mayne, I 633  
 City Mouse and Country Mouse, by Prior and Montagu, II 111  
 City Night Piece by Goldsmith II 400  
 City of Dreadful Night, by James Thomson, III 654 660  
 City of the Plague by John Wilson III 246  
 City of the Saints by Sir K F Burton, III 610  
 City Poems by Alexander Smith III 604  
 Civil Liberty and the War with America by Price II 428-430  
 Civil Society Essay on by Ferguson II 420  
 Civil War, The Causes of the, by Motley, III 812  
 Civil War and the Commonwealth, I 542  
 Civil Wars between York and Lancaster History of, by S Daniel I 330, 341  
 Civilization, Origin of by Lord Avebury III 604  
 Civilization and Progress, by J B Crozier, III 724  
 Civilization in England, History of, by Buckle, III 611  
 Clan Albin by Christina Isobel Johnstone, II 77  
 CLANLOWE, SIR THOMAS, I 80  
 CLARE, JOHN III 233  
 CLARENCE, LORD, I 652  
 Clansman, by Richardson II 295 297  
 CLARK, CHARLES HEBER III 822  
 CLARK, EDWARD DANIEL, II 714  
 CLARKE, MARCUS, III 726 728  
 CLARKE, SAMUEL II 169  
 Cleanliness, alliterative poem, I 54 174  
 Cleaning Fires by Adelaide Ann Procter III 623  
 CLIFLAND, WILLIAM I 828  
 CLEMENTS, SAMUEL LANGHORNE, III 823  
 Clement Lorimer by A B Kerch III 603  
 Cleomenes, by Dryden, I 700, 806 807  
 CLERK OF TRANSPORT I 174  
 Clerk Saunders, I 53  
 CLERKE, AGNES MARY III 720  
 CLEVELAND, JOHN I 626  
 CLIFFORD, MRS W K III 721  
 CLIFFORD, WILLIAM KINGDON III 714  
 Clockmaker by T C Haliburton, III 723  
 Cloister and the Hearth, by Reade III 483  
 Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V, by Sir W Stirling Maxwell, III 403  
 Cloud, by Shelley, III 112  
 Cloud Confines, The, by D G Rossetti, III 645  
 Cloudesley, by William Godwin, II 703  
 CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH, III 311  
 Clough Fionn by Michael Banvin III 553  
 Cloverhook Papers by Alice Cary, III 644  
 Clyde by John Wilson, II 440  
 Clytemnestra by the Earl of Lytton, III 635  
 COBBEE, FRANCES POWER III 586  
 COBBETT, WILLIAM II 651  
 Cobden Life of by John Morley III 688  
 Cock Lane and Common Sense, by A Lang III 634  
 COCKBURN, HENRY, III 313  
 COCKBURN, MRS, II 706  
 Cockelie's Cow I 209  
 COCKTO : HENRY III 400  
 Celebs in Search of a Wife by Hannah More II 377 379-381  
 Cœlum Britannicum, by T Carew I 560  
 COFFEY, CHARLES II 338  
 Cola Monti by Mrs Craik, III 536  
 COLE SO BISHOP III 452  
 COLERIDGE, ERNST HAFTLEY, III 715  
 COLERIDGE, HARTLEY, III 72  
 COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, III 7, 56  
 COLFRIDGE, SARA III 72  
 COLET, JOHN, I 120  
 Colin and Lucy, by T T Kell II 251 252  
 Colin and Phoebe, by John Lvrm II 270  
 Colin Clout's come Home again, by Spenser, I 204 205, 201  
 Colin's Complaint, by N Howe, II 95  
 Collar, by George Herbert, I 497  
 Collector Bawn, by Dion Boucicault III 557, 558  
 Collectors by Gerald Griffin III 357  
 Collier, JEREMY, I 734 II 47  
 Collier Lad, by Joseph Skipsey, III 608  
 COLLINS, ANTHONY, II 103  
 COLLINS, JOHN, II 705  
 COLLINS, JOHN CHURTON III 705  
 COLLINS, WILLIAM, II 11 67 III 5  
 COLLIS, WILLIAM WILKIN, III 620  
 COLMAN, GEORGE, 'The Elder, II 656  
 Colonel Underby's Wife, by Mrs Harrison, III 707  
 Colonel Jacque, History of, by Defoe II 151, 154  
 Colour of Life by Alice Meynell, III 707  
 COLQUHOUN, JOHN, III 712  
 COLTO : CHARLES CALLEN III 172  
 Columbiad by Joel Barlow III 783 740  
 Columbus, Life of, by Irving, III 742, 743  
 COLVIN, SIDNEY, III 695  
 Colyn Cloute by John Skelton, I 114 116  
 COMBE, GEORGE, III 215  
 COMBE, WILLIAS, II 661  
 Come under my plaidie, by Hector Mac neill, II 802  
 Come whoam to the childer an me by E Waugh III 492  
 Comedy of Errors by Shakespear I 355  
 Cometh up as a Flower, by Miss Broughton, III 692  
 Coming of Love by Watts Dunton III 608  
 Coming of the Messiah, by Edward Irving III 268  
 Commemoration Ode, by J R Lowell, III 799, 801  
 Commentaries, Blackstone's, II 439  
 Commentary on the Bible, by Matthew Henry, II 60  
 Commercial Discourses, by Thomas Chalmers, III 183  
 Common Lot by Montgomery, II 744  
 Common Sense by Paine, II 503  
 Commonwealth, History of the by Godwin II 703 by Sir F Palgrave III 265  
 Commonwealth and Protectorate by S R Gardner, III 631  
 Companion edited by Leigh Hunt III 118  
 Companions of my Solitude, by Sir A. Helps, III 478  
 Complaint of Deor, I 4, 5  
 Complaint of Nature, by Loggan, II 531  
 Complaints by Spenser, I 295  
 Complaint of Scotland, I 214  
 Complaint to the King, by Sir David Lyndsay, I 205  
 Compleat Angler, by Izaak Walton I 618, 619  
 Complexion of Mars, by Chaucer, I 62  
 Complexion to his Puss, by Chaucer I 66  
 Compromise by John Morley III 688  
 Comte and Positivism by Mill, III 418  
 Comte's Positive Philosophy, trans. by Harriet Martineau III 389  
 Comus by Milton, I 687, 688, 694, 695

- Country by Sir Samuel Ferguson III 802.  
 Conciliation with America, by Burke, II 514, 540  
 Concordance of Histories by Robert Fabian I 105  
 Condé Life of by Stanhope, III 874  
 Condensed Novels, by Bret Harte, III 824, 825  
 Conduft of the Understanding, by Locke, II 15  
 Confessio Amantis, of John Gower, I 35 74  
 Confessions of a Fanatic, III 292  
 Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, by Coleridge III 62 63, 71  
 Confessions of an Opium Eater by De Quincey III 98  
 Confessions of a Thug by Meadows Taylor, III 415  
 Conflict by Miss Braddon III 692  
 CONGRIVE, WILLIAM II 82 Life of, by Edmund Gosse III 698  
 Coningsby, by Beaconsfield, III 427, 438.  
 CONINGTON, JOHN III 634  
 Connaught, A Tour in by Caesar Otway, III 345  
 CONNOR, RALPH (Charles William Gordon), III 725  
 Conqueror by Mrs Atherton III 830  
 Conquest of Granada by Dryden, I 707, 806 807, 814  
 Conquest of Granada by W Irving III 742, 743.  
 Conquest of Syria, Persia, and Egypt, by Simon Ockley, II 211  
 CONRAD, JOSEPH, III 710  
 Conscious Lovers by Sir R Steele, II 920  
 Consolation for Catholics, by Southwell I 237  
 Consolations in Travel, by Sir Humphry Davy II 761 763  
 Conspiracy of Pontiac by Parkman III 815.  
 CONSTABLE, HENRY I 278.  
 Constitution of England, by Jean Louis De Lolme II 541  
 Constitution of Man by Combe III 265  
 Contarini Fleming, by Lord Beaconsfield, III 435  
 Contemplation by Richard Gifford II 441  
 Contemporary Biography by Bryce, III 689  
 Contemporary Thought and Thinkers, by R H Hutton III 632  
 Content Hymn to by Mrs Barbauld, II 583.  
 Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, by Shirley, I 487  
 Convention of Cintra, by Wordsworth III 14 17 2a.  
 Conversation by Cowper II 603 605  
 Conversations with Lord Byron, by the Countess of Blessington III 278.  
 Conversations with some of the Old Poets by J R Lowell, III 793.  
 Convict Once, by J B Stephens, III 720  
 Convict Ship by Clark Russell, III 693.  
 CONWAY, NO CURE DAY, III 831  
 CONWAY, SIR WILLIA 1 MARTIN, III 717  
 COOK, FLIZA III 528.  
 COOKL, THO LAS II 290  
 COOLIDGE, SUSAN (Sarah Chauncey Woolsey) III 832.  
 COOPER ANTHONY ASHLEY See SHARPE BURY EARL OF  
 COOPER JAMES FENIMORE, III 747  
 COOPER THOMAS, III 876  
 Cooper's Hill, by Sir J Denham I 689  
 Copperhead, by Harold Frederic III 829  
 Coral Island by Brillat-Savarne, III 624  
 CORBET RICHARD I 450  
 CORELLI MARIE, III 721.  
 Corinna's going a Maying, by Herrick, I 663  
 Coriolanus by Shakespeare I 371  
 Corn by Sidney Lanier III 820  
 Corn-law Rhymes, by Ebenezer Elliott, III 231 233  
 CORNWELL, BARRY (Bryan Waller Procter) III 227  
 Cornwall, Footsteps of Former Men in, by R S Hawker III 881  
 Cornwall, Survey of by R Carew I 353  
 Coronach from The Lady of the Lake III 87  
 Coronation On the by Dryden I 702.  
 Corruptions of Christianity, by Priestley, II 540  
 Corsica by Boswell II 463, 460  
 CORN, WILLIAM JOHNSON, III 576  
 CORNATE, THOMAS, I 462 Coryat's Crudities, I 452  
 COSTELLO LOUISA STUART, III 321.  
 COTES, MRS EVERARD, III 725  
 Cottagers of Glenburnie, by Elizabeth Hamilton II 803 809  
 COTTON, CHARLES I 781, 775  
 COTTON, NATHANIEL, II 532.  
 COTTON, SIR ROBERT BRUCE, I 271.  
 Council of Trent, by J A Froude III 503  
 Counsel of Perfection, by Mrs Harrington, III 707  
 Count Julian, by W S Landor III 141  
 Counterblast against Tobacco by James I, I 508 507  
 Counterfeit Presentment, by W D Howells, III 820.  
 Country Contentments, by Gervase Markham, I 808.  
 Country Doctor, by S O Jewett III 830  
 Country Justice by Dr John Langhorne, II 621  
 Country Parson, by Herbert, I 406 407  
 Country Wife by W Wycheles, II 65  
 County Guy by Scott, III 33 37  
 Courage brother I do not stumble by Norman Macleod, III 337  
 COURANT, THE DAILY I 2 12.  
 Course of Time, by Robert Pollok, II 792-704  
 Court of Death, by John Gay, II 174 175  
 COURTHOPE, WILLIAM JOHN, III 636  
 Courtship of Miles Standish, by Longfellow, III 767  
 Courtyer The, trans by Sir Thomas Hobbes, I 258  
 COVERDALE, MILES I 131  
 COVELY ABRAHAM, I 642, 781 782.  
 COPPER WILLIAM, II 601, III 6  
 Cowper, Letters of, II 610-612  
 Cowper, Life of, by William Hayley II 614  
 Cowper's Grave by E B Browning, III 649, 650  
 COXE, WILLIAM II 639  
 CRABBE, GEORGE, II 603  
 CRADDOCK, CHARLES EGERT (Mary Noailles Murfree) III 880  
 Cradle Song, by William Blake, II 720  
 CRAIG, JOHN I 290  
 CRAIK, GEORGE LILLIE III 291  
 CRAKE, GEORGIANA MARIO III 291  
 CRAKE, MRS (Dinah Maria Mulock), III 636  
 CRAKE, SIR HEERY, III 715  
 CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE, III 831.  
 CRAIG, STEPHEN III 820  
 Crawford by Mrs Gaskell III 827  
 CRAVEN, THOS LAS Archbishop of Canterbury, I 128  
 CRASHAW, RICHARD I 676 Elegy on by Cowley, I 644  
 CRAWFORD, FRANCIS MARION, III 823  
 CRAWFORD, ISABELLA VALANCE, III 723.  
 CRAWFORD, ROBERT II 317  
 Crized Maiden's Song by Cribbe, II 609  
 CREASY, SIR EDWARD SHEPHERD III 712.  
 Creation by Sir R Blackmore, II 108 109  
 Creed Exposition of by Pearson, I 623  
 CREIGHTON, MA DELL, III 689  
 Creoles of Louisiana, by G W Cable III 826.  
 Crescent and the Cross, by Eliot Warburton, III 274  
 Crimea Invasion of the, by A W Kinglake, III 421  
 Criminal Law by Sir A Alison III 289  
 Criminal Trials in Scotland by J H Burton, III 309.  
 Criminals, Idiots, Women and Minors, by F P Cobbe III 587  
 Crippes the Carrier, by R D Blackmore, III 622.  
 Crisis The by Thomas Paine II 500  
 Crisis by Cynewulf I 13  
 CRITCHETT, RICHARD CLAUDE, III 715  
 Critic, The by Sheridan II 664, 665  
 Critic, The Papers of a, by C W Dilke, III 230  
 Critical Kit-Kats, by E Gosse III 608.  
 Critical Miscellanies, by J Morley, III 695.  
 Critical Review II 18 442.  
 Criticism, History of, by Saintsbury, III 636.  
 CROCKETT, SAMUEL RUTHEFFORD III 718  
 CROKER, JOHN WILSON III 170  
 CROKER, THOMAS CROFTON III 412  
 CROLE, ROBERT See CROWLEY  
 CROLY, GEORGE III 171  
 Cromarty A Traditional History of, by Hugh Miller III 285  
 Cromwell, Discourse concerning the Government of by Cowley, I 648 651.  
 Cromwell (Oliver), by J Morley, III 688.
- Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, by Carlyle, III 404 405 406  
 Crook in the Lot, by Boston, II 302.  
 Crookit Meg by Sir J Skelton, III 635  
 Cross of Snow, by Longfellow, III 767, 768.  
 Crossing the Bar by Tennyson, III 647  
 Crotchet Castle by Thomas Love Peacock, III 150 163-165  
 CROWE, CATHERINE, III 230  
 CROWE, WILLIAM II 616  
 CROWLEY, ROBERT, I 160  
 Crown of Wild Olive, by Ruskin, III 571, 572 576  
 CROWN JOHN II 89  
 Crowned Hippolytus, by Madame Duclaux III 700.  
 CROZIER, JOHN BEATTIE, III 723 724  
 Cruise of the Betsy, by H Miller, III 286  
 Cruise of the Midge by M Scott III 251  
 Cry of the Children, by E B Browning III 550 560  
 Cuckoo To the, by John Logan, II 528 529, 531  
 Cuckoo and the Nightingale, by Sir Thomas Cawwore I 81  
 CULWORTH, RALPH I 670  
 Culprit Fay by J R Drake, III 749  
 Culture and Anarchy, by M Arnold, III 604 609  
 CUMBERLAND RICHARD II 60 501  
 CUMMINS, MARIA SUSA V A III 824  
 Cumnor Hall by W J Michie II 522, 523.  
 CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN, III 303  
 CU NINGHAM FRANCIS III 305  
 CU NINGHAM, JOHN, II 463  
 CUNNINGHAM, JOSEPH DAVIS III 305  
 CUNNINGHAM, SIR ALEXANDER, III 305  
 Cup The, by Tennyson, III 642.  
 Curiosities of Literature, by Isaac D Israel, II 715  
 Curiosities of Natural History, by Buckland, III 500  
 CURRAN, JOHN PHILPOT II 631.  
 CURRIE, LADY MARY MONTGOMERIE, III 721.  
 Curse of Kehama, by Southey, III 49 40, 51  
 Cursor Mundi, I 46  
 CURTISS, GEORGE WILLIAMS, III 781  
 CURZON, LORD III 718  
 Cushinga Ma-chree, by J F Waller III 304  
 Custom and Myth by A Lang, III 694  
 Cyclical Miracle Plays, I 47  
 Cyclopaedia, Knight's English, III 266  
 Lardner, III 266 Penny, III 269 of English Literature, I preface, III 744  
 Cymbeline by Shakespeare, I 371  
 CYNEWULF I 8, 12.  
 Cynthia Revels, by Jonson I 404 409  
 Cypress Grove, by Drummond, I, 510 512.  
 Cyril Thornton, by T Hamilton III 254.  
 Cyril's Success, by H J Byron, III 637  
 DACE, LADY, II 771  
 Daemonology, by James I, I 506  
 Daft Days, by R Ferguson II 805, 806.  
 Dagonet Ballads, by G R Sims III 606.  
 Daily Courier II 2, 12.  
 Dairdrie, by Sir S Ferguson III 362.  
 Daisy Miller by Henry James III 827  
 Daltons, by C J Lever, III 359  
 DAMPIER, WILLIAM II 103  
 DANA, RICHARD HENRY III 749  
 DATA, RICHARD HENRY Jun, III 749  
 Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins by Dunbar, I 197  
 Danesbury House, by Mrs Henry Wood III 620  
 DANIEL, SAMUEL, I 271 330  
 Daniel in Exeter Boole, I 11, 12.  
 Daniel Lectures on, by Edward Bouveme Pursey, III 237  
 Danti Deronda, by George Eliot, III 530  
 Dantes in the Sierras by Miller, III 825.  
 Dantes, trans. by Henry Francis Cary II 766, by C E Norton III 822 by John Carlyle, III 402.  
 Dantes and his Circle, by D G Rossetti, III 641  
 Dantes's Divine Comedy, trans. by Longfellow, III 765, 768  
 Daphneida, by Spenser I 296.  
 DARBY, MADAME (Fanny Burney), II 630  
 Darby, by Eliot Warburton, III 274  
 Dark Rosaleen, by J C Vaughan III 865.  
 Darkness and Dawn by Farrar, III 601  
 DARLEY, GEORGE, III 235  
 Darley, by G P R James III 327  
 Dartmoor, by Noel T Carrington, II 760

# Index

839

- DAPWELL, CHARLES ROBERT III 410 Life of, by Grant Allen, III 724
- DARWIN, ERASMIUS II 572
- Darwinism by A. R. Wallace, III 614 by J. Fiske III 525, by F. P. Cobbe, III 567
- Darwinism and Language, by W. D. Whitney, III 821
- DASEY, SIR GEORGE WEBB III 499
- Data of Ethics by Spencer, III 533
- Daughter of Heth by Wm. Black, III 603.
- DAVANT, SIR WILLIAM, I 628, 729
- David Song to by Smart, II 424-426.
- David and Bethsabe, by Peele, I 322
- David Copperfield, by Dickens III 465, 467, 478.
- David Higinbotham, by George Macdonald III 606
- David Grieve, by Mrs. H. Ward III 706.
- David Harum, by F. N. Westcott, III 823.
- David Simple, by Surah Fielding, II 417
- Davidis, The by Cowley, I 612, 614
- DAVIDSON, JOHN III 703.
- DAVIES, JOHN, I 309
- DAVIES, SIR JOHN, I 394
- DAVIS, JOHN I 300
- DAVIS RICHARD HARDI G III 820
- DAVIS THOMAS OSBORNE, III 364 Lament for, by Sir S. Ferguson III 503 Life of, by Sir C. G. Duffy, III 553
- DAVY, SIR HUMPHREY, II 761.
- DAWSON, G. M. III 723
- DAWSON, SIR J. W., III 723
- DAY, JOHN I 420
- DAY, THOMAS II 733.
- Day and Night Song, by W. Allingham, III 605
- Day of Doom, by Michael Wigglesworth, III 781
- Days and Hours by F. Tennyson III, 539
- De Clifford by R. P. Ward, II 754
- De Consolation Philosophicae of Boethius, trans. by Alfred, I 21 by Chaucer, I 63, 82.
- DE LOMBART, JEAN LOUIS II 541.
- De Montfort, by Joanna Baillie, II 729, 732, 734
- De Quincey, THOMAS III 92 book on, by David Vassall, III 632.
- De Religione Gentium by Lord Herbert, I 491.
- De Tocqueville, Correspondence and Conversations with M. W. Senior, III 343
- DE VERRE AUBREY III 591
- DE VERE, EDWARD Earl of Oxford, I 277
- De Vere by R. P. Ward, II 754
- De Veritate, by Lord Herbert I 491
- Deacon Brodie, by Henley and Stevenson III 607, 701
- Dead Letter by Austin Dobson III 601
- Dear Lady Disdain, by M.Carthy, III 680
- Death of Lincoln, by Whitman, III 507
- Death of the Flowers by W. C. Bryant, III 750, 751
- Deathbed, by Thomas Hood, III 140
- Death's Jest Book, by Beddoes, III 237
- Declaration of Independence, III 733.
- Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by Gibbon II 560, 563-568.
- Deephaven, by S. O. Jewell, III 820
- Dearbrook by Harriet Martineau III 385
- Defence of Guenevere, by W. Morris, III 66, 67.
- Defence of Posse, by Sir P. Sidney, II 239
- DEFROST, DAISIEL, II 5, 10 Life of, by W. Minto III 634.
- Deistical Controversy, II 121
- Deist's Libel by M. Tindal, II 162.
- Detraction an Ode, by Coleridge, III 59, 66
- DEKKER, THOMAS, I 422
- DEFLA'D MARGARET III 830
- Delight Poetorum Scotorum by Dr Arthur Johnston I 510
- Democracy, by J. R. Lowell III 705, 709
- Democracy and Liberty by Lecky, III 654
- Democracy in Europe, by Sir F. E. May, III 493
- Democratic Virtue, by Whitman, III 805.
- DE JAHAN, SIR JOHN I 639
- DE JAMON, JOHN II 109.
- DE JETT, J. C. III 723
- Departmental Duties by Kipling, III 710
- DESPROY, THESSALY II 709
- Dermot and the Earl I 44
- Descent into Hell by J. A. Herondale III 265.
- Descent into the Nautilus by E. A. Poe III 783.
- Descent of Man by Darwin III 417, 418
- Descent of Odin by Gray II 89, 301
- Descriptive Sketches, by Wordsworth III 13
- Deserted Village, by Goldsmith, II 450, 454-456, 461
- Destiny by Susan Edmondstone Ferrier, III 390
- Death of Blanche the Duchesse by Chaucer I 61, 67
- Death of Pitee, by Chaucer I 61, 62, 63.
- Devastation by Ada Cambridge, III 720
- Devil to Pay, by Charles Coffey, II 338
- Devilla's Inquest by Dunbar, I 198
- Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck, by Thomas Ard, III 319.
- DIAL, THE, III 754, 757, 760
- Dialogues on Sincerity, by R. Hurd II 423
- Diana, a Collection of Sonnets by Henry Constable I 278
- Diana of the Crossways, by G. Meredith, III 634
- Dianes of a Lady of Quality, ed. by Abram Haywood III 327
- Diary, Evelyns, I 733, 763 Pepys's I 733, 770 Sewalls III 732
- Diary and Letters of Fanny Burney, II 557, 590-593
- Diary by Lady Charlotte Bury II 772.
- Diary of a Late Physician by Samuel Warren, III 344
- DIBDIN, CHARLES, II 708
- DICKENS, CHARLES, III 464
- Dickens C., Life of, by Forster III 474
- Distes and Sayengis of the Philosophers, printed by Caxton, I 96.
- Dictionary, General, by G. Sale, II 388.
- Dictionary Johnson's, II 457, 462.
- Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, by Sir W. Smith, III 470
- Dictionary of National Biography III 662, 700
- Dictionary of Slang, by Henley and Farmer, III 697
- Dictionary of the Bible, by John Brown, II 648
- Diderot and the Encyclopédistes by Morley III 658.
- Dies Iras, Version of, by the Earl of Roscommon, I 778.
- DIGBY, SIR LEWIS, I 670
- Digby Grand, by Whyle Melville, III 585.
- DILKE, CHARLES WENTWORTH, III 250
- DILKE, SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH, III 714
- DILLO, WENTWORTH. See Roscommon THE EARL OF
- Dipsychus, by A. H. Clough III 511, 512.
- Directions to Servants by Swift II 127
- Dirge, by Dunbar, I 108 by H. King, I 563.
- Dirge of Owen Roe O'Neill by Aubrey de Vere III 662.
- Discipline, by Mary Brunton II 772.
- Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell by Cowles, I 648, 651
- Discourse on the Original and Progress of Science by Dryden I 816
- Discourses on Government, by Algernon Sidney I 710
- Discoveries by Ben Jonson I 412.
- Discovery of a New World The by John Wilkins, I 685.
- Discovery of Beautiful Guiana by Sir Walter Raleigh I 205.
- Dispensary by Sir Samuel Garth II 109
- D'ISRAELI, ISAAC II 716
- Distracted State, by Latham, I 787
- Distrressed Mother, by Philips II 239
- Diversions of Purley by H. Cooke II 633
- Divine Dialogues, by Dr H. More I 611
- Divine Limbleins by Quarles, I 566, 567
- Divine Legation of Moses, by Warburton, II 471
- Divine Tragedy by Longfellow III 707
- Divine Weeks trans. by Sylvester I 245
- DIXON, RICHARD WATSON, III 713.
- DIXON, WILLIAM HERWORTH III 578
- DOBELL, SIDNEY THOMPSON, III 603.
- DOBSON, HELEN AUSTIN, III 600
- Doctor The, by Southery, III 48, 50
- Dr. Nicola by Guy Boothby III 727
- Doctor Thorne, by A. Trollope III 457, 458
- DODD, DR. WILLIAM, II 430
- DODDRIDGE, PHILIP II 332
- DODGSON, CHARLES LUTWIDGE, III 648
- DODLEY, KOBERT II 301
- Dolly Dialogues, by A. H. Hawley III 703
- Dolores by A. C. Swinburne III 672
- Domain of Arimathaea by E. A. Poe III 784
- Dombey and Son by Dickens, III 463, 467, 471
- Domestic Annals of Scotland by Robert Chambers III 316
- Domestic Manners of the Americans, by Frances Trollope, III 276
- DOMMETT, ALFRED, III 726, 729
- Domino's Legacy, The, by A. Picken, III 508.
- Dominion of Dreams, by Fiona Macleod III 707
- Don John of Austria, by Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, III 499
- Don Juan by Byron III 123, 127, 129, 133-135
- Don Quixote in England by Fielding II 329, 342.
- Don Sebastian, by Dryden, I 796, 810.
- Don Sebastian by Miss Porter, II 772.
- Don Simondes, by B. Rich, I 238, 333
- DOVE, JOHN, I 413.
- Donne, Dr. Life of by Isaac Walton I 613
- Life and Letters of, by Edmund Gosse, III 693.
- Donovan Pasha, by Sir G. Parker III 726.
- Doomswoman by Mrs Atherton, III 830
- DORAN, JOHN, III 331
- Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde, III 709
- Dorothy Forster by Tessell III 650
- DOSSET, EARL OF (Charles Sackville) I 731
- Dorset Dialect, Poems in the, by W. Barnes III 412.
- Double Dealer by Congreve II 82, 85
- DOUCE, FRA. CIS II 718
- DUGALL, LILY, III 723, 725
- DOLGHTY, ARTHUR III 723
- DOUGLAS, GAVIN I 166, 202.
- DOUGLAS, JAMES, III 720
- Douglas by John Home II 453-455.
- Dover Beach by M. Arnold III 590.
- DOWDE, EDWARD III 699
- DOYLE, JOHN, A III 714
- DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN, III 709
- Dragon of Wantley by O. Wister III 829
- DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN III 749
- Drama Development of the Secular I 150
- Drama in the Eighteenth Century II 12.
- Dramatic Lyrics and Romances, by R. Browning III 553
- Dramatic Studies by A. Webster III 692
- Dramatist, The by F. Reynolds, II 710
- DRAPER, JOHN WILLIAM III 822
- Draper's Letters, by Jonathan Swift, II 125, 127
- DRAYTON, MICHAEL, I 341
- Dream Life by Donald Grant Mitchell, III 818
- Dream of Gerontius, by J. H. Newman III 388, 391
- Dream of John Ball by W. Morris III 664.
- Dream of the Rood, I 15
- Dream Fairy by Lamb III 70.
- Dream Pedlar by T. L. Beddoes III 237
- Dreamers of the Ghetto by I. Zungwill, III 709
- Dreams and Ghosts, Book of by A. Lang III 694
- Dred by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, III 810
- Dreme The by Sir David Lyndsay, I 205
- DRENNAN, WILLIAM III 241
- DRENI, by Charles Reade III 483.
- Drostan and Ieu by F. Macleod, III 707
- DRUMMOND, HENRY III 716
- DRUMMOND, WILLIAM, I 610
- DRUMMOND, W. H. III 725
- Drummond of Hawthornden, Life of by Masson, III 633
- Drum Taps by Walt Whitman III 804
- Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys, by Brathwaite I 488
- Drury Lane, A Tale of, by Horace Smith, III 162.
- DRYDEN, JOHN, I 720, 731, 732, 734, 701
- III 3 by Saintsbury, III 693 The Age of by Richard Garnett III 618.
- Drythelm The Story of, I 107.
- DR. CHAILLU, PAUL BELLU, I 713.
- DU MAURIER, GEORGE, III 713
- Duchess of Malfi by J. Webster I 426, 428.
- DUCLAUX, MADAME, III 706.
- Duenna by Sheridan II 664, 665
- DUFF, SIR NOLAS ST CLAIR GRANT, III 713.
- DUFFERN, LORD III 712.
- DUFFERIN, THE COL. TEST OF III 85.
- DUFFY, SIR CHARLES GAVIN, III 659
- DUGDALE, SIR WILLIAM I 610
- DUKE, RICHARD, II 311
- DUNBAR, WILLIAM, I 166, 167
- DUNCAN, SARA JEANNETTE (Mrs Everard Cotes), III 729.
- Duncald, by Pope II 170, 183, 190.
- DU LOR, JOHN II 89.
- DUNLOP, JOHN COLIN, III 219.
- DUNSTIE, PETER, III 832.
- DUNSTIE, JOHN II 112.
- Durandarte and Belerina, by M. G. Lewis, II 751.
- DUFFEE, THOMAS I 732-733.
- Dutch Courtezan by John Marston I 46.
- Dutch Republic, by J. L. Motley, III 511, 512, 513.

- Dutchman's Fireside, by J. K. Paulding, III 740  
 Dutts Ode to by Wordsworth, III 18, 16 24  
 DWIGHT, L. 10TH, III 7.  
 Dialogue Concerning Heresies, by Sir Thomas More I 123  
 DVCE, ALEXA, I DER, III 324  
 DYER, JOHN, II 234  
 DYER, SIR EDWARD, I 274, 275  
 Dying Christian to his Soul by Pope, II 101.  
 Dying Negro, by Thomas D. III 738  
 DIAK, HENRY VAN III 832  
 Dynasty of Theodosius, by I. Hodgkin, III 671  
 DISON, EDWARD III 720  
 EADNEFR OF C. TURBURY, I 33  
 Eagles' Nest by John Ruskin, III 571  
 FALDHORN, I 11 16  
 EARL, JOHN I 577  
 Early English Poets, by George Ellis, I 30 II 678.  
 Early English Romances, by Ellis, II 678  
 Early Scottish Fragments, I 168.  
 Early Literary Criticism, I 266  
 Early Minor Scottish Poets, I 203.  
 Early Primrose, To an, by H. Kirke White, II 723  
 Earthly Paradise by W. Morris, III 665  
 East Lynne, by Mrs Henry Wood III 520  
 Eastern Life, by H. Martineau, III 383  
 EASTLAKE, LAUD, III 387  
 Eastward Ho! I 378, 402.  
 Fable by R. L. Stevenson III 701  
 Ecce Homo, by Sir J. R. Seeley, III 649  
 Ecclesiastical History by Ælfric, I 18, 109  
 trans. by Alfred I 20  
 Ecclesiastical History of Scotland A.D. 80 to 818 by Thomas Innes II 302.  
 Ecclesiastical Institutions, by Spencer, III 589  
 Ecclesiastical Memorials, by John Strype II 148  
 Ecclesiastical Polity by Hooker I 279-283  
 EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, II 209  
 Echo by Christina Rossetti III 647  
 Echo, by Thomas Moore III 318  
 Echo Sonnet by Barnabas Burns, I 278  
 Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe trans. II 734  
 Eclipse of Faith by Henry Rogers, III 374  
 Elegies, by Alexander Barclay, I 118  
 Elegiacs of Virgil trans by Warton II 607  
 Economy of Vegetation, by E. Darwin, II 572, 573 575 576  
 Eden Bower, by D. G. Rossetti, III 643  
 Edgeworth, MARIA, II 73.  
 Fogsworth, RICHARD LOVELL, II 734  
 Edinburgh by Sir A. Boswell II 830 831  
 Edinburgh, Notes on, by R. L. Stevenson, III 702  
 Edinburgh Old and New, by J. Grant, III 578.  
 Edinburgh Traditions of, by Robert Chambers III 316  
 Edinburgh Review III 86, 160 168.  
 Edinburgh Sketches and Memories, by Weston, III 633.  
 Education, by Mandell Creighton III 680  
 Education Thoughts concerning, by Locke II 18 20 Tractate on, by Milton, I 688, 706.  
 Edward, by Dr John Moore, II 618.  
 Edward and Leonora, by Thomson II 321  
 Edward I by George Peele, I 321  
 Edward II by Marlowe, I 340, 351  
 Edwards, AMELIA B. III 720  
 Edwards, JOSEPH I 731, 735.  
 Edwards, RICHARD, I 264.  
 Edwin, by James Beattie, II 626.  
 Edwin and Flirdua, by Helen Maria Williams II 600  
 Edwin of Deira, by A. Smith, III 694  
 EGA, I, PIERCE, III 264.  
 FCA, PIERCE, The Younger III 265  
 EGERTON, FRANCIS (Earl of Ellesmere), II 701  
 EGRICHT, GEORGE (Mrs Golding Bright), III 727 730  
 EGLINTON, EDWARD, III 821.  
 EGLINTON, SIR HUGH OF, I 172.  
 Front, by George Meredith III 655, 659  
 Egyptus Ancient by Sir John Gardner Wilkinson, III 321  
 Egyptians, Modern, by Edward William Lane III 327  
 Eighteenth Century, in English Literature, II 1  
 Eighteenth Century Vignettes, by Austin Dobson III 690  
 Filon Basilius, by Gauden, I 597, 598  
 Filonoklastes, by Milton, I 699
- Eileen Arden, by Gerald Griffin III 357  
 Eisencon by Dr Pusey III 337  
 EL Dorado by Bayard Taylor III 818.  
 Eleanor, by Mrs Humphry Ward, III 706  
 Election, The by John Sterling, III 271  
 Election, The, by Robert Ferguson, II 806  
 Electricity, Chemical Agencies of, by Sir H. Davy, II 761  
 Elegant Epistles, by V. Knox, II 713  
 Elegant Extracts, by V. Knox II 718.  
 Flags on the Princess Margaret I 203  
 on Crashaw, by Cowley I 644, on the Death of a Mad Dog by Goldsmith, II 456, on an Unfortunate Lady, by Pope II 170, 182, 187 in a Country Churchyard by Gray II 11 309, 305 III 6 by Campbell, II 767 by M. Bruce II 528 on the Death of Scots Music, by Ferguson II 803  
 Elements of Criticism, by Kane, II 389  
 Eleonora by Dryden, I 700.  
 Elfrida, by William Ma. on, II 420  
 Elia Essays, by I III 74, 76, 70  
 Fliduc by W. C. Roxcoe, III 625  
 ELIOT, GEORGE, III 529  
 ELIZABETH, QUEEN, I 240  
 Elizabethan and Jacobean Literature I 225  
 Elizabethan Seamen, by Froude III 603.  
 Elizabethan Song Writers I 273  
 Elizabethan Sonnet Cycles I 2.<sup>v</sup>  
 Elang iwan by R. W. Chambers III 827  
 ELLESMEIRE, EARL OF II 791  
 ELLIOT, JEAN II 796  
 ELLIOTT, SIR GILBERT II 423.  
 ELLIOTT, EBENEZER III 241.  
 ELLIS, GEORGE, II 670, 678  
 ELLIS, SARAH III 388  
 ELLWOOD, THOMAS, II 65  
 Elois and Abelard, by Pope II 170 182, 186  
 ELPHINSTONE, MOUNTSTUART III 366  
 Elsie Venner by O. W. Holmes, III 788  
 ELVIN, WHITORTH III 400  
 ELYOT, SIR THOMAS, I 127  
 Embargo by W. C. Bryant III 750  
 EMERSON, RALPH WALDO III 750 Life of, by O. W. Holmes, III 788  
 Emigrants, by Thomas Pringle, II 790  
 Emigrants in the Bermudas, by Marvell I 712  
 Fimnt Statesmen, by Hayward III 327  
 Emma by Jane Austen, II 774  
 Emotions and the Will by Bain, III 497  
 Empedocles on Etna, by M. Arnold III 591 592 593  
 Emperor of the East by Massinger, I 404 407  
 Encyclopedia Britannica, II 535, Chambers III 315 And see C. CLOPEDIA  
 Endeavours after the Christian Life, by James Martineau, III 392.  
 Endymion by J. M. I 315  
 Fudymon by John Keats, III 90 100 102.  
 England Expansion of, by Sir J. R. Seeley, III 619  
 England History of by S. Daniel I 271 by T. May, I 682 by Milton I 690 703 by Echard II 210 by Carter II 244 by Kennett II 244 by Mrs Macaulay II 410 by Smollett II 442 by Turner, II 639 by Lingard, II 647, by Hallam III 193 by Craik and Macfarlane III 201 by Macaulay III 307, 372 by Stanhope III 374, by Mrs Penrose, III 384 by May III 400, by Froude, III 502 by Stubbs III 629 by Gardiner, III 631, by Green III 622 by Lecky III 634  
 England, The Conquest of, by J. R. Green, III 653 The Viking of III 653.  
 England and its People First Impressions of, by Hugh Miller III 285  
 England and Wales Antiquities of, by Francis Grose, II 620  
 England in the Age of Wycliffe, by G. M. Trevelyan III 690  
 England in Time of War, by S. T. Dobell, III 693 694  
 England my Mother, by W. Watson III 708  
 England under Seven Administrations, by A. W. Foulquier III 267  
 England's Helicon, I 259 270 278  
 England Land The Oldest, I 4  
 English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, by Byron III 120  
 English Chronicle I 29, 26 29  
 English Constitution by Bagehot, III 610  
 English Garden by W. Mason II 426, 427  
 English Gentleman, by Brathwaite I 483.  
 English Gentlewoman, by Brathwaite I 489  
 English Girl by Robert Chambers, III 810.  
 English Humorists by Thackeray, III 439
- English in Ireland, by Froude, III 502.  
 English Literature, by Stopford A. Brooke, III 602 by G. L. Craik, III 201 by Edmund Gosse, III 693 by Minto, III 695 by Saintsbury III 695  
 English Literature before the Invasion of Britain I 4  
 English Literature in the Nineteenth Century III 1  
 English Literature in the Reign of Victoria, by H. Morley, III 633  
 English Literature in the Reigns of the German born Georges, II 810  
 English Mail Coach, by De Quincey, III 97  
 English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds, by A. de Vere III 691.  
 English Note-Books, Hawthorne's III 778.  
 English Past and Present, by French, III 393  
 English People History of the, by J. R. Green, III 62  
 English Poetry, Beginning of I 4  
 English Poetry History of by Thomas Warton II 603-512.  
 English Poets, by W. Hazlitt, III 80, 82, by W. Minto, III 690  
 English Poets, Lives of the, by Johnson, II 460 463, 464.  
 English Prose Beginning of I 19  
 English Prose Writers from 1250-1500, I 81.  
 English Speech-craft, by Purves, III 412.  
 English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, by Sir Leslie Stephen III 602.  
 English Tongue, by Richard Carew, I 353.  
 English Traits, by Emerson, III 757 759  
 English Utilitarians, by Sir Leslie Stephen, III 682.  
 English Words Select Glossary of, by Trench III 303.  
 English Writers, by Henry Morley, III 633  
 Englishman, by Eliza Cook, III 598.  
 Engraving, by Sidney Colvin, III 620.  
 Enigmas of Life, by W. R. Greg, III 400  
 Ennui by Maria Edgeworth III 745 760.  
 Enoch Arden, by Tennyson III 542.  
 Entail by John Galt III 297, 298.  
 Enterl in by Dr John Brown, III 452.  
 Enterlude of Hyclescorner, I 151.  
 Envoy a Buxton, by Chaucer, I 65, 66.  
 Eóthen, by A. W. Kinglake III 421.  
 Ephemerides by Thomas Pringle, II 789  
 Epic of Hades by Sir L. Morris, III 662.  
 Epic of Women by A. W. E. O'Shaughnessy, III 650.  
 Epicene, by Ben Jonson, I 404 409  
 Epicetus, trans. by Mrs Carter II 417  
 Epicurean, by Thomas Moore, III 347  
 Epigoniad, by William Wilkie II 441  
 Epipsychedon, by Shelley III 111  
 Episodes in a Life of Adventure by L. Oliphant III 638  
 Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland, by S. Daniel J. 339  
 Epistles, Pope's, II 183.  
 Epistola Macaronica ad Fratrem by Alexander Geddes III 799 801  
 Epistola Ho-Elianæ, by J. Howell, I 573  
 Epistolary Correspondence in the Eighteenth Century, II 10  
 Epithalamion, by Spenser, I 290 392.  
 Epsom Wells, by T. Shawdell, II 63.  
 Equality, by Edward Bellamy, III 823  
 Erasmus, Life of, by John Morton, II 301, by J. A. Froude III 503 504  
 ERICLDUNNE, THOMAS or I 43 166.  
 Erechtheus, by Swinburne, III 673 674.  
 Erewhon, by Samuel Butler, III 624.  
 Eros and Psyche, by R. Bridges III 605  
 Erris and Trawly, by C. Otway, III 345.  
 Errors of Ecstasie by Darley, III 235, 236.  
 ERKLE, F. LORD II 634  
 ERKLE, F. THOMAS, III 265  
 ESMOND, HENRY V III 790  
 Esmond, by Thackeray III 455 460-462.  
 Essay on Man by Pope II 170 187 on Ancient and Modern Learning by Sir William Temple I 764 Evolution of the, II 8 12 on Criticism by Pope, II 178, 189 182, 185 of Dramatic Poesy, by Dryden, I 702, 706 707 813 for the Press, an by Agill II 100 on Reason, by Sir G. Mackenzie I 827 on Truth by James Beattie II 525  
 Essays, Bacon's, I 331 333 Theological and Literary, by R. H. Hutton III 632 from the Quarterly, by James Hunnan III 632 on Fiction, by N. W. Senior, III 343 on His Own Times, by Coleridge, III 67, 68 on Happiness, by Sir G. MacKenzie I 820 in Criticism, by M. Arnold, III 591, 592, 597, 598 in Verse and Prose, by Cowley, I 643, 648.

- Essays and Reviews, III 480  
 Essays and Reviews, by Mandell Creighton III 650  
*Father* by Wilfrid S. Blunt, III 693  
*Esther Waters*, by George Moore III 700  
*FATHER K. SIR GEORGE*, II 61  
*Ethical Philosophy*, Dissertation on, by Sir J. Mackintosh II 651  
*Ethical Theory*, Types of, by J. Martineau, III 292  
*Ethics, The Science of*, by Sir L. Stephen, III 692  
*Ewald* by Joanna Baillie II 734  
*Etonian* III 269, 379  
*Ettrick Shepherd*, III 292  
*Eugene Aram*, by Hood, III 137, 138 by Lord Lytton, III 232  
*Euphranor* by E. Fitzgerald III 424, 427  
*Euphues by Lyly*, I 238 239 313  
*Europe, History of* by Alison III 288-299  
*Europe, The Literature of* by H. Hallam, III 103, 195  
*Europe during the Middle Ages* by Henry Hallam III 193  
*European Morals*, History of, by Lecky, III 631  
*Evidne*, by Richard Laior Sheil III 351  
*Evan Harrington* by G. Meredith III 68.  
*Evangeline* by Longfellow III 760, 769  
 *Eve of St Agnes, The*, by Keats, III 99 101 104  
*Eve of St Mark, The*, by Keats III 99 102  
*Exilia*, by Fanny Burney II 589, 588-590  
*EVELYN JOHN* I 733 76.  
*Evelyn Hope*, by Robert Browning III 562  
*Evening in the Village*, by Barnes, III 412  
*Evenings with a Reviewer*, by Spadding, III 397  
*Evergreen*, ed. by Ramsay, II 313  
*Every Man in his Humour*, by Ben Jonson I 402 404, 406  
*Every Man out of his Humour*, by Ben Jonson I 402, 404  
*Every-day Pook* by William Hone, II 780  
*Every-man, Moral Interlude*, I 161  
*Evolution of the Idea of God* by Grant Allen, III 724  
*Evolutionist at Large*, by G. Allen III 724  
*EWING MRS JULIA HORATIA ORR*, III 720  
*Examiner*, edited by Leigh Hunt III 147  
*Excursion* by Wordsworth III 11, 13 by Ebenezer Elliott III 292  
*Excursions in Criticism*, by W. Watson, III 703  
*Exeter Book* I 8 11, 13  
*Exile of Erin*, by Campbell II 760  
*Exiles Song* by Gilfillan, III 311  
*Existence of God* by A. H. Clough III 512  
*Exodus*, in Exeter Book I 11  
*Exploitation and Reply*, by Wordsworth, III 17  
  
*FABER FREDERIC WILLIAM* III 482  
*Fable for Critics*, by J. R. Lowell, III 799, 800  
*Table of the Bees*, II 291, Remarks on, by William Law II 247  
*Fables*, by Dryden I 784, 786, 803, by John Gay, II 173, 175, by Nathaniel Cotton II 532  
*Fables and Tales*, by Allan Ramsay, II 315 316.  
*Fables for the Female Sex*, by Edward Moore II 400  
*FABIAN ROBERT* I 105  
*Factory Folk* during the Cotton Famine, by Edwin Waugh, III 492  
*Faerie Queene*, by Spenser I 293 296, 299  
*Fair Cod* by Lewis Wallace, III 820  
*Fair Hills of Ireland*, by Sir S. Ferguson, III 363  
*Fair is my Native Isle*, by T. D. Sullivan, III 650  
*Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by T. Heywood, I 433  
*Fair Penitent*, by N. Rowe, II 93, 94  
*Fair Rosamund*, by Michael Field III 706  
*Fair Saxon*, by Justin M.Carthy III 660  
*FAIRDAIRY ANDREW MARTIN*, III 714  
*Fairchild Family*, by Mrs Sherwood, III 53  
*Fare and Happy Milk maid*, by Sir T. Overbury I 442  
*FAIRFAX EDWARD*, I 444  
*Fairy Mythology*, by Thomas Keightley III 220  
*Faith Doctor* by E. Eggleston, III 821  
*Faithful Shepherdess*, by Fletcher I 474  
*Faithfull Sheepheard*, by Sir Richard Fanshawe, I 472  
*FALCONER WILLIAM*, II 492  
*Falkner Lyle*, by Mark Lemon, III 300  
*Fall of Nineveh* by E. Atherton III 146  
*False Delicacy* by Hugh Kelly, II 571  
*Familiar Letters* by J. Howell, I 572, 573  
*Family Legend* by Joanna Baillie, II 729  
*Fan, On a*, by Austin Dobson, III 690  
*Fancy*, by John Keats, III 101, 103.  
*Fancy and Desire* by E. de Vere, I 277  
*FAVE, VIOLET* (Lady Mary Montgomerie Cuttie), III 721  
*FAVISHAWE, CATHERINE MARIA* II 730  
*FA SHAWE, LADY*, I 673.  
*FAVISHAWE SIR RICHARD*, I 672.  
*Favishawne* by N. Hawthorne, III 775 776  
*Far from the Madding Crowd* by Hardy, III 681  
*Far Lochaber* by William Black III 693.  
*FARADAY MICHAEL* III 242.  
*Fardonough the Miser*, by W. Carleton, III 352.  
*Fare the Well* by Lord Byron III 131  
*Farewell Address*, by George Washington, III 733 738  
*Farewell to Ayrshire*, by R. Gall II 827  
*Farewell to Folly* by Greene, I 324, 327  
*Farewell to the Fairies*, by J. Corbet, I 46 457  
*FARJFO JEAN LEOPOLD* III 729  
*FARMER DR RICHARD* II 629  
*Farmers Boy* by Bloomfield, II 687  
*Farmers Calendar*, by A. Young II 627  
*Farmers Ingle*, by Robert Ferguson, II 800, 807  
*Farmers Year* by Rider Haggard III 705.  
*FAQUHAR GEORGE* II 90  
*FARRAR FREDERIC WILLIAM*, III 601.  
*FARRELL JOHN* III 726.  
*Fatal Curiosity*, by George Lillo II 277  
*Fatal Sisters*, by Gray, II 380 381  
*Father and Daughter* by Mrs Opie II 603  
*Father O Flynn* by A. P. Graves III 696  
*Father of the Forest* by W. Watson III 703  
*Father Tom and the Pope*, by Sir S. Ferguson, III 392.  
*Father's Tragedy*, by M. Field III 706.  
*Faust trans* by Abraham Hayward, III 227, by J. Sturt Blackie, III 490, by Bayard Taylor, III 819  
*Faustine* by A. C. Swinburne, III 672.  
*Faustu* by Marlowe I 347  
*FAUCETT HENRY*, III 713, Life of, by Sir Leslie Stephen III 602.  
*FAUCETT MRS*, III 720  
*FAULKES FRA CIS II 4'1*  
*Feast for Witches* by Quarles, I 566 567  
*Feast of Bacchus* by R. Bridges III 614.  
*Feasts on the Fiord*, by Harriet Martineau, III 388.  
*Federal Government History* of, by E. A. Freeman III 626.  
*Federalist*, by Hamilton and Madison, III 733  
*Felix Holt*, by George Eliot, III 530  
*Fellowship* by Lady Eastlake III 357  
*FELLTHAM OWEN* I 578  
*Felon's Dream* by G. Crabbe, II 607  
*Femelle Quixote* by C. Lennox II 417  
*FEY GEORGE MANVILLE*, III 713  
*FEYTOV ELIJAH* II 199  
*Ferdinand and Isabella*, by Prescott III 701.  
*Ferdinand Count Fathom*, by Smollett, II 442, 444  
*FERGUSON ADAM* II 430  
*FERGUSON SIR SAMUEL*, III 362.  
*FERGUSSON ROBERT*, II 804  
*Ferishtah's Fancies*, by R. Browning, III 567 568  
*Ferrer and Porrex The Tragedie of*, by Norton and Sackville, I 157  
*FERRIER JAMES FREDERICK*, III 798.  
*FERRIER SUSA EDMONDSTONE*, III 309  
*Festus*, by Philip James Bailey III 507-510  
*Feuerbach's Christianity*, trans. by George Eliot, III 529  
*Fiction Essays on* by W. Senior III 243  
*Fiction History of* by Dunlop, II 803 III 219  
*Fidelia*, by G. Wither I 409, 502.  
*FIELD BARO* III 726.  
*FIELD EUGENE*, III 828.  
*FIELD MICHAEL*, III 706.  
*FIELD NATHANIEL*, I 487.  
*FIELDING HENRY* II 7 339 book on by Au tin Dobson, III 600  
*FIELDING SARAH* II 417  
*Fifine at the Fair* by R. Browning III 556 558 559 565  
*Fight about the Isles of the Azores*, by Sir Walter Raleigh I 303 311  
*Fighting the Flames* by R. M. Ballantine III 623  
  
*FILIPPE SIR ROBERT*, I 650  
*Finding of the Pook*, by W. Alexander, III 654  
*Fingal*, by James Macpherson II 500  
*FINLAY GEORGE*, III 217  
*Finnburg Battle of* I 4 5  
*Firdas i in Exile*, by Edmund Gosse, III 205  
*Fireside*, by N. Cotton, II 533  
*Firmilian*, by W. E. Ayton III 475 477  
*Fist Principles* by Herbert Spencer, III 658, 657 659  
*Fist Sketch of English Literature*, by H. Morley III 633  
*FIRTH CHARLES HARDI G* III 717  
*FISHER HERBERT ALBERT LAURENS* III 719  
*FISHER JOHN* I 126.  
*Fisher Boy* by H. D. Thoreau III 706.  
*FISKE JOHN* III 825  
*FITCHETT WILLIAM HENRY*, III 727  
*FITZBALL EDWARD* II 783  
*FITZBOODLE GEORGE* (W. M. Thackeray) III 466  
*FITZGEALD EDWARD* III 424  
*Fitzgerald (Lord Edward)*, Life of, by Moore III 347  
*FITZNEAL RICHARD* I 34  
*FITZPATRICK GENERAL RICHARD* II 670  
*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, by Tusser I 249  
*Fire Nations* by Rudyard Kipling III 710  
*Flaming Heart* by Cray I 674  
*Flamin' Timman*, by Borrow, III 434  
*FLATSMITH THOMAS* I 783.  
*FLAVEL JOHN*, I 670  
*Flaxius* by C. G. Leland III 751.  
*FLECKNO RICHARD* I 781  
*Fleece*, by John Dyer II 251, 266.  
*Fleet Street Eclogues*, by J. Davidson III 708  
*Fleetwood*, by William Godwin, II 703  
*FLETCHER A DREW*, I 827  
*FLETCHER ELIZA* III 187  
*FLETCHER PHINEAS AND GILES*, I 445  
*FLET ROBERT* III 714  
*Floodden Field*, by Alfred Austin III 688.  
*Flood of Tears* by W. C. Bryant III 750.  
*Floods in Morayshire* by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, III 305  
*Florence Macarthy*, by Lady Morgan, II 781  
*FLORENCE OF WORCESTER* I 33.  
*FLORIO JOHN*, I 201  
*Flossam and Jetam* by Domest, III 709  
*Flower and the Leaf Chaucerian poem* I 81.  
*Flower o Dumblane* by Tannahill II 830.  
*Flowers from Parnassus* by Pennecuik, II 309  
*Flowers of the Forest* by Jean Elliot, II 706 by Mrs Cockburn, II 706.  
*Fly Leaves* by C. S. Calverley III 638.  
*Flying The* by Dunbar I 199  
*Fo'c'sle Yarns* by T. F. Brown III 634  
*Foeder* by Thomas Rymer I 751  
*Foes in Law* by Miss Lrough on III 692.  
*Folle Farine* by Ouida III 792.  
*FO BLAINE ALBAN* V, III 267.  
*Fool of Nature* by J. Hawthorne III 828.  
*Fool of Quality* by H. Broel e, 306, 337-400.  
*FOOTE SAMUEL*, II 452.  
*Footprints of Former Men in Cornwall*, by R. S. Hawker III 551.  
*Footprints of the Creator*, by Hugh Miller III 285.  
*Footprints on the Sea Shore*, by Hawthorne III 777.  
*For the Term of his Natural Life*, by M. Clarke III 718.  
*FORBES ARCHIBALD*, III 714.  
*FORBES EDWARD* III 712.  
*FORBES JAMES DAVID* III 460.  
*Forces in Nature* The Various, by Faraday, III 243.  
*FORD JOHN* I 451.  
*FORD PAUL LEICESTER* III 820.  
*FORD RICHARD* III 322.  
*FORDU JOHN* I 182.  
*Forest*, by Ben Jonson I 408, 409.  
*Forest Minstrel*, by James Hogg III 292, by William and Mary Howitt III 253.  
*Forest Scenery* by W. Gilpin II 630.  
*Foresters* by John Wil on III 261.  
*Forging of the Anchor*, by Sir S. Ferguson, III 362.  
*FORMAN HARRY BUXTON* III 714.  
*Fortune Travel Instructions for*, by J. Howell I 573 577.  
*Fors Clavigera*, by Rustin III 571, -72.  
*FORSTER JOHN* III 474.  
*FOPTISCLL SIR JOHN*, I 90.  
*Forth Feating* by Drummond I 610.



- GRAY, DAVID III 637  
 GRAY, MAXWELL (Miss M. Tuttiell), III 721  
 GRAY, THOMAS II 11, 259, III 5, book by, Edmund Gosse, III 698  
 Great Britain History of, by Speed, I 271 by Hume II 377-381  
 Great Carbuncle, by Hawthorne, III 777  
 Great Duke of Florence by Messinger, I 404 408  
 Great Remembrance, by R. W. Gilder III 828  
 Great Stone Face, by Hawthorne, III 779  
 Greatest English Poets by Addison, II 212, 218  
 Greece History of, by W. Mitford, II 630-632 by John Gillies, II 636, by Thurlow III 204, by Finlay III 217 by George Grote, III 109 Ancient Language and Literature of, by Colonel Wm. Mure III 210  
 Greece and Russia, Travels in, by Bard Taylor III 819  
 Greek Social Life, by Prof. Mahaffy, III 690  
 GREELEY, HORACE, III 603  
 GREEN, JOHN RICHARD, III 652  
 GREEN, MATTHEW II 283.  
 GREEN, MRS. MARY ANNE EVERETT, III 720  
 GREENE, THOMAS HILL, III 651  
 Green Fire by Fiona Macleod, III 707  
 Green grow the Rashes by Burns II 824  
 Green Linnet, by Wordsworth, III 18 21.  
 GREENE, MRS. ALICE STOFFORD, III 720  
 GREENE, ROBERT I 230 320 323  
 Greenland, by Montgomery, II 742, 743  
 GREG, PERY III 400  
 GREGORY, WILLIAM RATHBONE, III 400  
 GREVILLE, CHARLES CAVEANDISH FULKE, III 310  
 GRIFFITH TULKE, LORD BROOKE, I 354  
 Grey (Sir George) Memoirs of, by Mandell Creighton III 659  
 Griff by Farjeon, III 729  
 GRIFFIEN, I, 278.  
 GRIFFITH GERALD, III 357  
 Griffith Gaunt, by Charles Reade, III 483.  
 GRIMOALD, NICHOLAS, I 278.  
 Griselda, by Wilfrid S. Blunt, III 603.  
 GRISWOLD, RUFUS WILMOT, III 831.  
 Groats worth of Wit, by Greene, I 825  
 GROCI, WILLIAM, I 120  
 Grongar Hill, by John Dyer, II 254  
 GROOKE, FRANCIS HINDS III 710.  
 GROSE, FRANCIS, II 629  
 GROSSETESTE, ROBERT I 34.  
 GROTE, GEORGE, III 109  
 Grotesque and Arabesque, Tales of the, by E. A. Poe, III 783  
 GROSBY, SYDNEY III 697  
 Gryll Grange, by L. T. Peacock, III 150, 153  
 Guardian II 4, 121, 105, 214, extract by Addison II 226 commenced, II 232, extract by Steele, 235  
 Guardian Angel, by Holmes, III 788  
 Guile and Goodie Ballaus, I 210  
 Guess as at Truth, by A. and J. Hare, III 259 270.  
 GUEST, LADY CHARLOTTE, III 387  
 GUINNESS, Discovery of, by Sir Walter Raleigh, I 303  
 Guidoer, by Ouida, III 692.  
 Guiot's Civilisation, trans. by Mrs Austin, III 573  
 Gulistan trans. by Sir E. Arnold, III 663  
 Gulliver's Travels, by Swift, II 125, 127, 141-143  
 Gull's Hornbook by Dekker I 425  
 Gustavus Vasa by Henry Brooke, II 208  
 GUTHRIE, THOMAS, III 342.  
 GUTHRIE, THOMAS A STEWART, III 717  
 GUTHRIE, WILLIAM II 387  
 Guy Livingstone by Lawrence III 624  
 Guy Manning by Scott, III 40  
 Guy of Warwick, I 51  
 Guyver Stephen, III 710  
 H. Riddle on, by Miss Fanshawe, II 730  
 HABBERTON, JOHN, III 831  
 Habibie Simon by Semple I 818  
 HABINGTO, WILLIAM I 571.  
 Habitant, by W. H. Drummond, III 725.  
 Haiz Song of, by Sir W. Jones, II 616  
 HAGGARD, HENRY RIDER III 705  
 Hall, Columbi<sup>1</sup> by J. Hopkinson III 783  
 HAILE, LORD, II 455  
 Hajji Baba, by Morier II 783 784 787  
 HAKE, THOMAS GORDON III 384  
 HAKELLYT, RICHARD, I 283 Halkuytus Posthumus, I 449  
 HALE, EDWARD EVERETT, III 881.  
 HALE, SIR MATTHEW I 603  
 HALES, JOHN, I 550  
 HALES, JOHN WESLEY, III 713  
 Half Century of Conflict by Parkman, III 516  
 Hall Heathen Poetry I 7  
 Hall Sister, by G. E. Jewsbury, III 520  
 HALIBURTON, THOMAS CHANDLER, III 728  
 HALIFAX, EARL OF, II 244  
 HALIFAX, MARQUIS OF I 755  
 HALLET, GEORGE, II 810  
 HALL, LASIL III 297  
 HALL, EDWARD I 100  
 HALL, JOSEPH I 417  
 HALL, MRS. S. C. III 280  
 HALL, ROBERT, II 788  
 HALL, SAMUEL CAPTFP, III 281  
 HALLAY, ARTHUR HENRY III 548  
 HALLAN, HENRY III 103  
 HALLECK, FITZ GREENE, III 740  
 Hallo My Fancy, by Cleland I 820  
 Hallow Fair by Semple, I 810, by R. Ferguson II 800, 807  
 HAME, HAME, HAME, by Allan Cunningham, III 804  
 Hame Content, by R. Fergusson, II 803  
 HAMERTON, PHILIP GILBERT III 713.  
 HAMILTON, ELIZABETH II 808  
 HAMILTON, SIR WILLIAM, III 245  
 HAMILTON, THOMAS III 264  
 HAMILTON, W., OF BANGOUR, II 309  
 HAMILTON, W. OF GILBERTFIELD, II 309  
 Hamilton's (Archbishop) Catechism, I 218  
 Hamlet by Shakespeare, I 369  
 HAMLEY, SIR EDWARD BRUCE, III 712  
 HAMMOND, JAMES II 422  
 Hampole, Rolle of, I 49  
 Handful of Honeysuckles, by Madame Duchaux III 706  
 Handful of Plea and Delights, I 257 274  
 Handlyng Synne by Mannyng I 41 43  
 Handy Andy by Lover III 335  
 Hannah Thurston, by B. Taylor, III 819  
 HAI: AI JAMES III 632, 728.  
 Hannibal by John Nichol III 697  
 Hans Breitmann Ballads, III 761.  
 Happiness, Essays on, by Sir G. MacKenzie I 820  
 Hard Cash by C. Read III 483, 484  
 HARDI, THOMAS, III 650  
 Hardynhuate by Lady E. Wardlaw, II 312.  
 HARE, AUGUSTUS AND JULIUS, III 269  
 Hare with Many Friends by Guy, II 174  
 HARINGTO, JOHN I 264  
 HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN I 291  
 Harleian Miscellany, ed. by Oldys II 801.  
 Harold by Lord Lytton III 332.  
 HARRIOR, CHARLES III 726.  
 HARRADEA, BEATRICE, III 721  
 HARRINGTON, JAMES I 610  
 HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN See Harington, Sir John  
 HARRIS, JAMES II 358  
 HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER III 828.  
 HARRISON, CONSTANCE CARL, III 832.  
 HARRISON, FREDERIC III 661  
 HARRISON, MARY ST LEGER III 707  
 Harris (Mrs. Frances) Petition, 1700, by Swift, II 133.  
 Harrington of Hell, I 45  
 Harry Coverdale's Courtship, by F. E. Smedley III 402  
 Harry Lorrequer by Lever III 259 300  
 Harry Richmond, by Meredith III 658  
 HARTKE, FRANCIS BRETT, III 824  
 Hartford Wits III 738  
 HARTLEY, DAVID II 338  
 HARVEY, GABRIEL, I 332.  
 Hassan the Camel driver by Collins II 369  
 Hastings Warren Speech against, by Sheridan II 603  
 Haunch of Venison by Goldsmith II 480, 486  
 Haunted and the Hauntings, by Lord Lytton III 332.  
 Haunted Palace by E. A. Poe, III 786  
 Haeflok the Dane, I 43 44 336  
 HAMES, STEPHEN I 112.  
 HAWKER, ROBERT STEPHEN III 381  
 HAWKESWORTH, JOHN II 410  
 HAWKINS, ANTHONY HOPE, III 709  
 HAWKES, JULIAN III 828.  
 HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL III 776  
 Hawthorne by Henry James III 827  
 Hawthorne and Lavender by W. E. Henley III 607  
 HAY, JOHN III 822  
 Haydon, B. R., Autobiography of by Tom Taylor, III 403.  
 HAYLEY, WILLIAM, II 614  
 HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON, III 831  
 HAYWARD, ABRAHAM, III 327  
 HAYWARD, SIR JOHN, I 271  
 Haze by H. D. Thoreau, III 706  
 HAZLITT, WILLIAM, III 79  
 HEAD, SIR FRANCIS BOND III 266  
 HEAD, SIR GEORGE, III 266  
 Headlong Hall, by Thomas Love Peacock, III 160 161  
 HEARNE, THOMAS, II 244  
 Heart of Gold by D. Jerrold III 828  
 Heart of Midlothian, by Scott, III 89, 44-46  
 Heartsease, by Miss Longe, III 535  
 Hearts-ease and Rue by Lowell III 703  
 Heat as a Mode of Motion, by Tyndall, III 548  
 Heathen Chinee, by Bret Harte, III 824.  
 Heavens Mechanism of the by Mrs Somerville III 180.  
 HEAVENSEGE, CHARLES, III 722.  
 HEBER, REGINALD III 212.  
 Hebrew Melodies by Byron III 122.  
 Hecatontaphthia by T. Watson, I 241, 277  
 Hedd-Gabler, Ibsen's, trans. by Gosse, III 693.  
 Hegel, Secret of by J. H. Stirling, III 601  
 Heir at Law, by Colman, II 656, 657  
 Heir of Redclyffe, by Miss Longe, III 535  
 Heiress of Bruges, by Grattan III 351.  
 Hellbeck of Bannisdale by Mrs. H. Ward, III 708  
 Helen of Kirkconnel by J. Mayne, II 811  
 Helen of Troy by Andrew Lang, III 694  
 Helenore, by Alexander Ross II 317  
 Hellas by Shelley, III 112, 116.  
 Hellenes by Landor, II 141  
 HELLS, SIR ARTHUR, III 478  
 HEMANS, MRS. III 170  
 HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST, III 607  
 HENRY, MATTHEW, II 60  
 HENRY, ROBERT, II 388.  
 Henry II, Reign of by Lytton II 849  
 Henry IV by Shakespeare I 360  
 Henry V, by Shakespeare I 366  
 Henry VI by Shakespeare I 350  
 Henry VIII, an author I 149, Henry VIII, by Fletcher and Shakespeare I 873 Henry VIII by Bacon, I 866.  
 Henry VIII, by Lord Herbert I 401  
 Henry and Emma, by Prior II 114  
 Henry Masterton, by G. P. R. James, III 327  
 HERBY OF HUNTINGDON, I 83  
 HERBYSON, ROBERT I 166, 169  
 HENTY, GEORGE ALFRED, III 713  
 Hepzibah Guinness, by S. W. Mitchell, III 822.  
 Heptalogia by Swinburne III 676  
 HERAUD, JOHN ABRAHAM III 268  
 Herb Moon, by J. Oliver Hobbes, III 830  
 HERBERT, GEORGE, I 405  
 HERBERT, LORD OF CHERDUR, I 401  
 HERBERT, SIR THOMAS I 601  
 HERBERT, WILLIAM II 766  
 HERD, DAVID II 797  
 Herdsman's Book (*Cura Pastoralis*) I 20  
 HEREFORD, NICHOLAS I 86.  
 Heretic, A, by Walter C. Smith III 607  
 Hereward the Wake, by Kingsley III 518.  
 HERFORD, CHARLES HAROLD III 716.  
 Hermes by James Harris II 308  
 Hermit, by Beattie, II 626, 627 by Par nell, II 249  
 Hero and Leander, by Marlowe I 252.  
 Herod by Stephen Phillips, III 711  
 Heroic Stanzas by Dryden I 702, 705, 800  
 HERRICK, ROBERT, I 660 731  
 HERSCHEL, SIR JOHN III 243  
 Hertha by Swinburne III 677  
 HERVEY, JAMES, II 338  
 HERVEY, LORD Memoirs, II 229  
 Hesiod, trans. by Cooke II 290  
 Hesperides, by Herrick, I 660  
 HEWLETT, MAURICE HENRY, III 718.  
 HEWLS, PETER I 682.  
 HEWOOD, JOHN, I 163.  
 HEWOOD, THOMAS, I 431  
 Hawaiaha by Longfellow, III 707, 770  
 Hibernal Nights' Entertainments, by Sir S. Ferguson III 802  
 HICHE, S. ROBERT SMYTHE, III 710  
 Hierachie of the Blessed Angels, by T. Heywood, I 488.  
 Hieroglyphics, by Quarles, I 566, 608  
 Higgins's Polychronicon, I 33, 84.  
 HIGGINSON, T. WENTWORTH III 808  
 High Life Below Stairs by James Townley, II 420  
 Highland Cousins, by Wm. Black III 608.  
 Highland Host by Cleland, I 829  
 Highland Parish, by Norman Macleod, III 397.  
 Highland Rambles by Sir T. Dick Lauder, III 305.



## Index

- INNES, COSMO III 291  
 INNES, THOMAS II 302  
 Innkeeper of Abbeville, by Fitzball II 783  
 Innocents Abroad, by Mark Twain III 823  
 Inquirer by Godwin II 702  
 Inquiry into the Human Mind, by Reid, II 388  
 Insane Root, by Mrs Campbell Praed, III 729  
 Insatiate Countesse, by Marston I 402, 464  
 Insectivorous Plants, by Darwin III 417  
 Instauration of the Sciences, by Lord Bacon I 353  
 Institutes of Metaphysics by Fennier, III 393  
 Instructions for Foreign Travel by Howell, I 573 577  
 Intellectual Development, by J B Crozier, III 725  
 Intellectual Development of Europe, by J W Draper, III 822  
 Intellectual Powers, by J Abercromby III 242 by Reid II 388  
 Intellectual System, by Cudworth, I 670  
 Interludes I 150 Interlude of the Four Elements I 102, 152  
 Intimations of Immortality by Wordsworth III 18 16 29  
 Intuitions of the Mind, by J McCosh III 397  
 Intuitive Theory of Morals, by Miss Cobbe III 537  
 Invasion of the Crimea, by Kinglake III 421 422-424  
 Ion, by Sir T N Talfourd III 272  
 Ionica by Wm J Cory III 577  
 IRELAND WILLIAM HENRY III 711  
 Ireland in Burlesque, A Voyage to by C. Cotton, I 776 Legends and Stories of by Samuel Lover, III 355 Past and Present by Croker, III 170 Sketches in by Caesar Otway, III 345 Songs and Ballads of edited by M J Barry III 579 Tales of, by Carleton, III 382 Tour in by Arthur Young II 627 View of by Spenser, I 294 297 303  
 Irene by Johnson, II 457 48  
 Irish Ballads, edited by D F MacCarthy, III 579 583  
 Irish Contribution to English Literature I 831  
 Irish Emigrant by Lady Duffus III 38  
 Irish Melodies, by Moore III 346  
 Irish Nation, by James Wills III 839  
 Irish Peasantry Stories of the, by Mrs S. C. Hall III 280  
 Irish Peasantry, Traits and Stories of the by W Carlton III 332  
 Irish Poetry by Stopford Brooke and another III 602  
 Irish Rebellion, by W H Maxwell III 263  
 Irish Songs and Ballads, by A. P Graves, III 639  
 IRVING, EDWARD III 203  
 IRVING WASHINGTON, III 742  
 Isaac Ashford, by G Crabb, II 696  
 Isabella, by Keats III 99 101 102  
 Isabella, by Southerne, II 75, 78  
 Ishmael, by Mrs Braddon, III 692  
 Island by Lord Byron, III 131  
 Island Nights Entertainments, by R. L. Stevenson, III 701  
 Isle of Palms, by John Wilson, III 246  
 Israel in Egypt, by E Atherton, III 146.  
 Israel Potter, by H Melville, III 818.  
 Israel, by Poe III 783, 784 785  
 It is Never too Late to Mend, by C. Reade, III 453  
 Italian, by Mrs Radcliffe II 694  
 Italian Garden, by Madame Duclaux, III 700  
 Italian Influence on English Literature I 235  
 Italy by Beckford II 621 by Rogers II 723 724, 726 727 by Lady Morgan II 731, by Hodgkin III 681, Remarks on by Addison II 212, 219 Visit to, by Frances Trollope, III 270  
 Itinerary by Leland I 140  
 Ivanhoe, by Scott, III 84 37  
 Jack Brag by Theodore Hook, III 164 165  
 Jack Cade's Rebellion, by R Fabian, I 105  
 Jack Hinton, by Lever, III 389  
 Jack Sheppard, by Ainsworth, III 378  
 Jack Wilton by Newell I 330  
 Jacob and Esau (by Hunnis) I 155, 156  
 Jacob Faithful by Marryat, III 265  
 Jacobean Literature I 235  
 Jacobean Poets, by Edmund Gosse, III 693  
 Jacobite's Journal ed. by Fielding, II 841  
 JACOBS JOSEPH, III 727  
 JACOBS, WILLIAM WYMARK III 719  
 JAGO RICHARD, II 488  
 Jail Journal, by John Mitchel III 582  
 JAMES, GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD, III 327  
 JAMES, HERBY, III 827  
 JAMES, WILLIAM, III 828  
 James I, I 605, Court of, by Lucy Aikin, III 178  
 JAMES I of Scotland I 166, 183.  
 James II, History of the Reign of by Fox, II 636  
 JAMESON ANNA III 193  
 Janie Telfer, I 626  
 Jane Eyre, by C Bronte III 522, 524  
 Jane Shore, by Nicholas Rose, II 93 94  
 Janice Meredith, by P L Ford III 829  
 Japhet in Search of a Father by Marryat III 255  
 Jar of Honey by Leigh Hunt III 148  
 Jason, by William Morris III 665, 667  
 Jeanie Morrison, by Motherwell III 809  
 JENKINS, RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE, III 714  
 JEFFERIES, RICHARD III 640  
 JEFFERSON, THOMAS III 733  
 JEFFREY, FRANCIS III 83 Life of, by Henry Cockburn III 318  
 Jekyll (Dr) and Mr Hyde, by R. L. Stevenson III 701 703  
 Jenny dang the Weaver by Sir A Boswell III 830  
 Jenny a Bawbee by Sir A Boswell II 831  
 JEROME, JEROME KAPKA III 718  
 JERROLD, DOUGLAS III 393  
 JERROLD, WILLIAM BLANCHARD III 291  
 Jess by Rider Haggard III 705  
 JESSEOP, AUGUSTUS III 712  
 Jesuits in North America by Parkman III 516  
 Jew of Malta by Marlowe I 349 361  
 JEWETT, SARAH ORNE III 830  
 Jews History of the by Milman III 209  
 JEWSBURY, GERALDINE EVANS III 620  
 Joan of Arc by Southee III 48 49, 50, by De Quincey III 93  
 John Brent by Theodore Winthrop III 820  
 John Bull by Arbuthnot, II 145, by Colman, II 656 657  
 John Gilpin by Cowper II 605  
 John Halifax by Mrs Craik III 530  
 John Herring by Baring Gould III 664  
 John Holdsworth by Clark Russell III 693.  
 John Inglesant by Shorthouse III 687  
 John March Southnem, by G W Cable III 826  
 John Ploughman's Talk, by Spurgeon, III 649  
 John Ward Preacher, by Margaret Deland, III 830  
 Johnny Courteau, by W H Drummond, III 62  
 JOHNSON, DR SAMUEL II 8 457 Life of, by Bo well II 469 470-478  
 JOHNSON, LIOEL III 719  
 JOHNSON, SAMUEL (Whig) II 99  
 JOHNSTON, ARTHUR I 519  
 JOHNSTON, MARY III 830  
 JOHNSTON, SIR HARRY HAMILTON, III 717  
 JOHNSTONE, CHARLES II 410  
 JOHNSTONE, CHRISTIAN ISOBEL, II 772  
 Jolly Beggars by Burns, II 825  
 Jonathan to John, by J. R. Lowell III 800  
 Jonathan Wild by Fielding II 341, 344  
 JOES EBENEZER III 606  
 JOES FENEST III 565  
 JONES, HENRY ARTHUR III 697  
 JONES, SIR WILLIAM II 015  
 JONSON, BEN, I 401  
 Jorrocks & Juntas by Surtees, III 414  
 JORTINA JOHN II 301  
 Joseph and his Brethren, by C. J. Wells, III 657  
 Joseph Andrews, by Fielding, II 840, 842-844  
 Joshua Davidson by Mrs Lynn Linton, III 536  
 Journalism II 2, 15  
 Journey to France by J Corbet I 4, 6 to the Hebrides by Boswell, II 407 to the Western Isles, by Johnson II 469, 468  
 JOWETT, BENJAMIN III 404  
 JUDAS, SILEVSTER III 770  
 Judge the Obscure, by T Hardy, III 691  
 Judgment of the Flood by Heraud, III 208  
 Judith in Beowulf MS., I 11, 12  
 Judith Shakespeare, by W Black, III 693  
 Julia de Roubigné by Mackenzie, II 536  
 Julian by Miss Mitford III 176  
 Julian, Count, by Landor, III 141  
 Julian and Maddalo by Shelley, III 100  
 Julian the Apostate by Johnson II 99  
 Julius Letter, by Lord Byron, III 183.
- Julius Caesar, by Shakespeare I 368.  
 June Bracken and Heather by Tennyson, III 543, 547  
 Jungle Books, by Rudyard Kipling, III 710  
 Junian MS., I 10  
 Ju ius II 517  
 Just So Stories, by Rudyard Kipling III 710  
 Justice and Expediency, by Whittier, III 771  
 Justin Martyr, by Trench, III 203  
 JAMES, LORD II 388  
 Kint by Edward Caird III 625 by Ma haffy III 650 Text book to, by J H Stirling III 661  
 Karshish by Browning, III 563.  
 Kate Coventry by G J Whyte-Melville, III 556  
 Kate Kerner by Lady Morgan II 761  
 Katerfelto, by Whyte-Melville III 58  
 Kathrina, by J G Holland III 775  
 Kavanagh, JULIA III 720  
 KAYE, SIR JOHN WILLIAM, III 482  
 KEARY, ANNIE III 720  
 KEATS, JOHN III 99, Life and Remains of, by Lord Houghton III 883  
 KEEBLE, JOHN III 215  
 Keightley Thomas III 259  
 KEITH, ROBERT II 300  
 KELLY, HUGH II 571  
 KELVIN, LORD III 712  
 KEN, THOMAS II 46  
 KENDALL, HENRY CLARENCE, III 726, 728  
 Kenilworth by Scott I 34  
 KENNEDY, JOHN PERDLETON III 831  
 KENNEDY, QUINTIN, I 20  
 KENNEDY, WALTER, I 200  
 Kentons, by W D Howells, III 828  
 Kentucky Cardinal by J L Allen, III 828  
 KER, WILLIAM PATON III 716  
 Kharoum by J A Grant III 610  
 Kidd, BENJAMIN III 717  
 Kidnapped, by R L Stevenson III 701, 703  
 Kildrostan by Walter C Smith, III 607  
 Killarney, Legend of by Bayly, III 241  
 KILLIGREW, SIR WILLIAM I 634  
 KILLIGREW, THOMAS, I 634  
 Killing no Murder by Sudby, I 622  
 Kilmeny by Hogg III 203, 204  
 Kim by Rudyard Kipling III 710  
 KINCAID, SIR JOHN III 223  
 KING, HERBRY, I 625  
 KING, WILLIAM II 107  
 King Alisander, I 61  
 King Arthur, by Lord Lytton III 323 by Sir R Blackmore II 107  
 King Erik by Edmund Gosse, III 698  
 King Horn, I 43 45.  
 King John by Shakespeare, I 301  
 King Lear by Shakespeare I 271  
 King of Schnorrers, by I Zangwill III 709  
 King Solomon's Mines, by Rider Haggard, III 705  
 King's Quay by James I, I 166 188.  
 KINGLAKE, ALEXANDER WILLIAM III 421  
 King's Mirror, by W Watson III 710  
 King's Own by F Marryat, III 255 258.  
 King's Tragedy, by Rossetti III 643  
 KINGSFORD, WILLIAM, III 724  
 KINGSLEY, CHARLES, III 518.  
 KINGSLEY, GEORGE HENRY, III 517  
 KINGSLEY, HENRY III 517, 726  
 KINGSLEY, MARY HARRIETTA III 517  
 KINGSTON, W H G III 482  
 Kinmont Willie I 539  
 KIPLING, RUDYARD, III 710  
 KIRBY, WILLIAM III 723  
 Kitton, by Joanna Baille, II 730  
 KITTO, JOHN III 373.  
 Knight of Coleraine by E. Lysaght, II 760  
 KNIGHT, CHARLES, III 266, his Cyclopaedia, Magazine III 266.  
 KNIGHT, HENRY GALLY, II 782.  
 KNIGHT, RICHARD PAYNE II 678.  
 Knight of the Burning Pestle, by Beaumont and Fletcher I 471  
 Knight of the Kirk, by W Weston, II 316  
 KNOLLES, RICHARD I 272.  
 KNOWLES, HERBERT, II 787  
 KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN III 225  
 KNOX, JOHN, I 166 218, Life of by M'Cne II 763 by Hume Brown III 728  
 KNOX, VICESIMUS, II 718.  
 KNOX, WILLIAM III 782.  
 Koran, trans. by George Sale II 388.  
 Krutitzer, by Harriet Lee II 653.  
 Kurzibash, by J B Frmer II 787  
 KYD, THOMAS, I 240 241, 719  
 Kynd Kytok, by Dunbar, I 197



- Logan Praes, by John Marke II 811.  
Log-book, by Buckland, III 899.  
Logic, by J. S. Mill, III 443, 444, by Alexander Parry III 497.  
Logo o' Buchanan, by G. Halket, II 810.  
Lo, I, us, I 276.  
Lombard Street, by W. Pagehot, III 639.  
London Jack III 82.  
London by Glover, II 2-1, by Johnson, II 457, 458. Survey of, by John Stow I 2-7, in the Eighteenth Century, by Sir W. B.ant, III 601.  
London Gazetteer II 239.  
London Lyckpenny, by John Lydgate, I 79.  
London Lyrics by Lock & Lampson, III 603, London Rhymes, III 603.  
London Poems, by R. Buchanan III 635.  
London Volunteers by Henley, III 78, 807.  
Long George III 712.  
Long Ago, by Lord Houghton, III 334.  
Long Ago by Michael Field, III 703.  
Long Fellow, Henry Wadsworth, III 705.  
Long Guard, MADAIE LONGARD DP, III 729.  
Looking Backward by E. Bellamy, III 823.  
Lord Grey, by John Wolcot, II 663, 690.  
Lord Harry has written a Novel, by I. H. Bryl, III 241.  
Lord of the Isles, by Scott, III 31.  
Lord Ormost and his Aminta, by Meredith, III 655.  
Lord Ullin's Daught'r, by Campbell, II 766.  
Lord Wickenham by J. O. Hobbes III 820.  
Lorenzo de Medicis by Roscoe, II 203.  
Lorraine Mrs., by Mrs. Harrison, III 707.  
Lorna Doone by R. D. Blackmore, III 622.  
Lost and Gain, by J. H. Newman, III 801.  
Lost and Won, by Georgina Marian Crail, III 291.  
Lost Chord by Miss Procter III 528.  
Lost Leader, by Browning, III 562.  
Lost Leaders, by Andrew Lang III 691.  
Lost Six Masterpieces by J. Payn III 631.  
Lost Tales of Milesus, by Lytton, III 533.  
Lot of Shandwick, by Mrs. Hunter, II 593.  
Lothair, by Lord Beaufort III 433.  
Lotos-eaters by Tennyson, III 511, 515.  
Lounger II 50, 579.  
Louis XIV by John Wolcot, II 602.  
Love A' turs of a Bibliomaniac, by Eugene Field III 823.  
Love à la Mode, by Macklin II 274.  
Love and the Soul Hunters by J. Oliver Hobbs, III 820.  
Love at the Mod. by Macklin II 274.  
Love and the Soul Hunters by J. Oliver Hobbs, III 820.  
Love for Love, by Congreve, II 82, 91.  
Love in a Vill ge by Bickerstaffe, II 400.  
Love in the Valley by C. Meredith III 653.  
Love is Enough by William Morris III 665.  
Love of Fame by F. Young II 200, 203.  
Love Sonnets of Proteus, by Wilfrid S. Blunt III 603.  
Love-Place, RICHARD, I 637.  
Love's Labour's Lost, III 256.  
Love's and a Reflection, by C. S. Calverley, III 639.  
Lover's Journey by George Cribbe, II 638.  
Lovers' Melancholy, by John Ford, I 451, 452. Answer to the by Strype I 570.  
Love's Tale by Tennyson III 540.  
Love's Dominion by R. Flecknoe I 781.  
Love's Labour's Lost, by Shakespeare I 227, 309.  
Love's Meine, by John Rustin III 571.  
Lovers of the Angels in Moore III 317.  
of the Plants, by Durain II 572, 573, 575.  
of the Poets by Anna Jameson III 183.  
of the French by Canning II 63, 674-676 by Hausham Frete, II 676.  
Love's Life on Grand Pré, by W. B. Carman, III 724.  
Lowr. JOHN II 803.  
Lowrie, LAURENCE, III 706.  
Lowrie Robert II 703.  
Lubbock, Sir JOHN (Lord Avebury), III 626.  
Lucanus Pharsalia trans. by T. May, I 152, by R. W. II 92, 95.  
Lucas FORTUNE VERAINE, III 710.  
Lucy by Richard Lovelace I 137, 635.  
Lucian's Dial, his trans. by Mayne I 633.  
Lucile by the Earl of Lytton III 628.  
Luck of Roaring Camp by Bret Harte III 421.  
Lucrece by Shakespeare, I 311, 363.  
Liberations of Clerks, by Steele II 230.  
Lucy & Flumm, by Wilkin Laudax, III 537.  
Laid & trans. by Mickie II 522, 523, by Sir Robert III 110.  
Lu Juvenus, Moral Enseigne, I 151.

LUTTRELL, HENRY, II 735.  
LYELL, EDWARD, III 721.  
LYELL, SIR ALFRED COOPER, III 6-3.  
Lycidus, by Milton I 657, 658, 669.  
LYDGATE, JOHN I 70.  
LYELL, SIR CHARLES, III 317.  
Lyng Valet by David Garrick II 472.  
LYLE, JOHN I 238, 240, 274, 313.  
LYCH (LINCH), RICHARD I 273.  
LYNDAS, SIR DAVID, I 160, 204.  
LYTA APOTHECIA, by J. H. Newman, III 337.  
LYRIC POETRY, Beginning of, I 41.  
LYRICAL BALLADS, by Wordsworth III 13, 17, 10, 68.  
LYRICAL POETRY, Influence of Music on I 273.  
LYRICS OF EARTH by A. Lampman III 720.  
LYTTELTON, EDWARD, II 754.  
LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS III 271.  
LYTTELTON, GEORGE, Lord, II 318.  
LYTTELTON FABRICATION by W. Combe, II 661.  
LYTTON, F. R. EL, III 638.  
LYTTON, I. LORD, III 332.  
Mabinogion, trans. by Lady Charlotte Guest, III 387.  
MACCALLUM, CATHERINE, II 419.  
MACALLUM, THOMAS BABINGTON, III 367. Life and Letters of, by G. O. Trevelyan, III 6-9.  
Macbeth, by Shakespeare, I 347, 370, 458, 481.  
MACCAUTHY, DENIS FLORENCE, III 563.  
MCARTHUR, JUSTIN, III 690.  
MCARTHY, JUSTIN HU, II 11, III 660, 718.  
MCOSH, JAMES III 397.  
MCRIE, DR THOMAS II 703.  
MACDONALD, GEORGE, III 606.  
MacFlecknoe by Dryden I 703, 709.  
MACFIL, JOHN W., III 718.  
MACFAY, CHARLES, III 481.  
MACKENZIE, HENRY, II 636.  
MACE, ZEE, SIR GEORGE, I 826.  
Mackay Ind, by Lamb III 77.  
MACINTOSH, SIR JAMES II 611.  
MACKLIN, CHARLES, II 274.  
MACLAURIN, IA (John Watson) III 715.  
McFEE, AN, JOHN FERGUSON III 613.  
M'ELROY, MURDOCH, II 610.  
MACLEOD FIO A, III 707.  
MACLEOD, NORMAN, III 396.  
Macleod of Dara by W. Black III 603.  
MACILL, HECTOR, II 802.  
MACPHERISON, JAMES, II 500.  
MAC PHERSON, FIONNAR, II 824.  
Mad Dog Flegy on a, by Goldsmith II 486.  
Madam Midas by Fergus Hume III 727.  
Madeleine Vercheres, by W. H. Drummond III 721.  
Madeline in her Chamber by Keats, III 101.  
Madoc by Souther, III 45, 49.  
Madonna: Legends of the, by Anna Jameson, III 193, 194.  
Madrid's Grave by Edmund Gosse III 608.  
Maeve by William Gifford II 605.  
Magazines, Monthly, beginnings of, II 12.  
Magdalen Hepburn, by Mrs. Oliphant, III 523.  
Magic and Religion by A. Lang, III 694.  
MAGNY, WILLIAM III 266.  
Magnificat Christi, by Cotton Mather, III 781, 783, 784.  
Magnificence by John Skilton, I 1, 2.  
MahaFFY, JOHN LESTLAND III 829.  
Mahan, ALFRED THAYER III 5-4.  
Mahn, Francis Sylvester (Father Prout), III 272.  
Mad Marian in T. L. Peacock III 150, 152.  
Maid of Honour by Massinger I 465, 466.  
Maid of Steel by K. D. Blacmore III 622.  
Maid of the Mill by Bickerstaffe II 400.  
Maid of Paradise, by R. W. Chambers, III 629.  
Maid's Tragedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher, I 470, 473.  
MAI, SIR HE. R. J. S. III 207.  
Main Wood, by H. D. Thoreau III 793.  
Maitla n FASKEWICHT, WILLIAM III 715.  
Maitla n Sir Richard I 231.  
Mankind of Lettington, by Sir J. Skelton III 625.  
Maiwa's Revenge by Rider H. H. III 70.  
Major Jones, I 212.  
Malay Archipelago by A. R. Wallace III 614.  
Male & S. Sir JOHN, II 741.  
Male in by George Macdonald III 603.  
Maidon, I. 1st & 2nd Pt. I 27, 28.  
Malek Es-Sar, II 160, I 7-8.  
Maitre, Lucas (Mrs. Mary) III 707.  
Maitre, George Basset, III 712.  
Mallett, David, II 522.  
Mallory, WILLIAM HURST, III 703.  
Mallow, EDWARD, II 620.  
MALORY, Sir THOMAS, I 92.  
MALTHUS, THOMAS ROBERT II 707.  
Mamillia, in Crete III 224.  
Man Antiquity of, by Sir Charles Lyell, III 317.  
Man His Story of by Gilligan III 460.  
Man Observations on, by Hartley II 208.  
Man and his Dwelling Place, by J. Hinton III 613.  
Man and Superman, by G. B. Shaw, III 708.  
Man for Galway, by C. J. Lever III 260.  
Man made of Money by Douglas Jerrold III 329, 331.  
Man of Feeling by Mackenzie, II 527, 537.  
Man of Good, by Sir C. Etheridge III 626.  
Man of Taste by J. Bramton, II 219, 210.  
Man of the World by Mackenly II 539, 557, 559.  
Man of the World by Macklin II 274.  
Man versus the State by Spearer III 276.  
MA DIVILLE, SIR JOHN, I 62.  
Mansfield by Lord Byron III 116, 182, 193.  
MA FAY, JAMES CLARENCE, III 368.  
Mankind, His Story by Taylor III 663.  
MANTES MAIS DE LA RIVIERE II 90.  
Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians by Sir J. G. Wilkinson, III 621.  
Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians, by E. W. Lane, III 27.  
Manners and Principles of the Times, by John Brown, II 301.  
MANTY, G. ROBERT, I 24, 41, 43.  
Man's Destiny, by John F. Le III 825.  
Man's Place in Nature, by Huxley, III 706.  
MA SR. MR. KYO TO GURUVIL, III 477.  
Mansfield Park, by Jane Austen, II 774.  
Mande Wauchi, by David Macbeth More, III 311.  
Manxman by Hall Caine, III 716.  
Many Memories of Many People, III 313.  
MAP, WALTER I 34, 37.  
Map of Life in Luck, III 691.  
Marble Faun by Hawthorne III 78.  
Marcella by Mrs. Humphry Ward, III 706.  
March to Kinsale by A. de Vere III 651.  
Margaret by Sylvester Judd III 770.  
Margaret Lyndsay, by John Wilton III 248.  
Margaret O'Brien, by M. Burke III 707.  
Margaret (Princess), Hlegz on, I 208.  
Margaret Queen of Navarre by Madame Duclaux III 700.  
Marian, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, III 2-0.  
Marian Filiere, by S. Inburne III 676.  
Marius the Epicurean, by W. H. Pater, III 607, 608.  
Mariette Henning by Dr. J. Town III 451.  
Mark Rutherford by W. H. White, III 659.  
Market Harborough, by Whyley "Leville," III 650.  
MARIKA, GERASALE, I 202.  
Marlborough (Duke of), Memoirs of, by William Cox, II 639, Look on 13, Sam'lson III 670.  
MAPLOW CHRISTOPHER I 210, 241, 216.  
MARION SCHACKLEY I 172.  
Marion by Scott, III 1, 31, 26, 29.  
Maroon by T. Nasmyth Reid III 701.  
MAPLELEAF MARTI I 522.  
Marriage, by S. E. Ferrier III 760, 761.  
Marriage à la Mode by Dryden, I 76.  
MARRYAT, FRANCIS I 255.  
Mar era by Harold Frederic III 8-9.  
MARRYAT, FRANCIS II 160.  
Marsfield, BOBBY III 710.  
Marsellus, A. R. III 157.  
Marte of Chyn by S. Lanier, III 624.  
Marsion, JOHN I 402.  
MAY 20, 1901, JOHN WESTLAKE III 507.  
Martial Achievements of the Sic & Nation by Abercromby II 201.  
MARTI, MARTI II 792.  
MARTI, SIR THEODORE III 478.  
MARTI, VICTOR III 5-1.  
Martin Churleian, by Dickens III 462, 467, 472, 476.  
Martin Lister by W. G. Scrots, III 749.  
Martin Rudder, by F. M. Ballantyne, III 674.  
Martin Touret, I 10, J. I. M. 1st II 744.  
MARTI, R. I. HARVETT, III 220. Autobiography of.  
MARTINET, J. I. 15, III 1.  
Master of Grey Marti, by Lever III 579.  
Master Scoldes II 145, 152.  
Master of Maelstrom by L. Clark, III 6-6.



## Index

- MORRISON, ARTHUR, III 719  
Mortal Antipathy, by O W Holmes, III 780  
Morte d'Arthur by Malory I 92-94 at  
tributed to Huchowne, I 57, 172, by  
Heber, III 218.  
MORTON, THOMAS, II 700  
Morton's Hope, by Motley, III 811, 813  
MOSS, THOMAS, II 617  
Mosses from an Old Manse, by Hawthorne,  
III 776.  
MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM, III 809  
Moths, by Ouida, III 692  
MOTLEY, JOHN, LOTHROP, III 811, Life  
of by O W Holmes, III 788  
MOULTON, LOUISE CHANDLER, III 832.  
MOULTRIE, JOHN, III 323  
Mountain Bard, by James Hogg III 292.  
Mountain Children, by Mary Howitt, III  
283.  
Mountain Daisy, by Burns, II 824.  
Mountain Lovers, by Fiona Macleod, III  
707  
Mountaineering, by Tyndall, III 648.  
Mountaineers, by Colman, II 650, 657.  
Mourning Bride, by Congreve, II 82, 83.  
Mourning Garment, by Greene, I 324, 327  
Mouse, To a, by Burns, II 823.  
Much Ado about Nothing, by Shakespeare,  
I 867  
MÜLLER, FRIEDRICH MAX, III 661.  
MULLINGER, JAMES BASS, III 713.  
MULOCK, DINAH MARIA (Mrs Crail), III  
536.  
Mummer's Wife by G Moore, III 709  
Mummy, Address to the, by Horace Smith,  
III 160, 162.  
MUNDAY, A THOMY, I 333  
Mundi et Cordis Carmina, by Thomas  
Wade, III 314  
Munera Fulveris, by Ruskin, III 571  
MURO NEIL, III 719  
Munner Festivals, by G Griffin, III 857  
MURCHISON, SIR RODERICK, I 211, 267.  
Murders in the Rue Morgue, by Poe, III 785.  
MURE, COLONEL WILLIAM, III 219  
MURFREE, MARY NOAILLES, III 830.  
MURPHY, ARTHUR II 455  
MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE, III 715  
MURRAY, JAMES AUGUSTUS HENRY, III  
714  
MURRAY, LINDLEY, III 740.  
MURRAY, SIR JOHN III 723.  
Musarum Delicia, I 630  
Music, Influence on Lyrical Poetry, I 273.  
Music and Manners in France and Ger-  
many, by H F Chorley, III 273.  
Music and Moonlight, by A W E  
O Shaughnessy, III 636.  
Muick's Duell, by Crashaw, I 678.  
My an Fireside, by Mrs Hamilton, II 810  
My Beautiful Lady by T Woolner, III 607  
My Birthday, by J G Whittier, III 772, 774  
My Brother's Grave, by J Moultrie, III 328.  
My Lady Nicotine, by J M Burne III 707  
My Land, by T G Davis, III 395  
My Little Wife, by David Wingate, III 609  
My Mind to Me a Kingdom is, by Sir  
Edward Dyer I 276.  
My Mother bids me bind my Hair, by Mrs  
Hunter, II 509  
My Novel, by Lord Lytton, III 832.  
My Own Time, History of, by Bishop  
Burnet, II 30, 32-34.  
My pretty Jane, by E Fitzball, II 783.  
My Psalm, by J G Whittier III 772, 774.  
My Relations with Carlyle, by J A. Froude,  
III 603.  
My Schools and Schoolmasters, by Hugh  
Miller, III 285.  
My Sister's Sleep, by D G Rossetti, III  
642, 644  
My Village, by Thomas Crofton Croker,  
III 412.  
MYERS, FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY, III  
603  
Myrrhore for Magistrates, I 237, 245.  
Mysteries of Udolpho, by Mrs Radcliffe,  
II 694, 695.  
Mysterious Mother, by Walpole, II 411  
Mystery of a Hansom Cab, by Fergus Hume,  
III 727  
Mystery of Edwin Drood, by Dickens, III  
485, 486.  
Mystery of Godliness, by H More I 611.  
Mystery of Life, by Gambold II 421.  
Mystery of Metropolisville, by E Eggleston,  
III 821.  
Mysteries of the Royal Mail, by Farjeon, III  
629  
Mysteries Monologue, by G Darley, III  
230.
- Myth, Ritual, and Religion, by A Lang  
III 694.  
Myths of the Middle Ages, by S Barung  
Gould, III 664
- NABbes, THOMAS, I 487  
Nabob, by Susanna Blamire, II 601.  
Nada the Lily, by Rider Haggard III 705.  
NADE, CONSTANCE CAROLINE WOODHILL,  
III 721.  
Naïad, by J H Reynolds, III 263.  
NAIRNE, LADY, II 827  
Nanby Pamby, by Henry Carey II 580  
Namouna the Enchantress, by Moore, III  
350.
- NAPIER, MARK, III 291.  
NAPIER, SIR WILLIAM F P, III 219  
Napier, Sir Charles, Life of, by Sir W F  
P Napier, III 290.  
Napoleón Bonaparte, Life of, by Hazlitt,  
III 80, by Seeley, III 649. Historic  
Doubts relative to, by Whately, III 190.  
NASH, THOMAS, I 328.  
Nation newspaper, III 364, 583.  
Native Genius, by Ebenezer Elliott, III 233.  
Natural History, by Waterton III 174.  
Natural History of Enthusiasm, by Isaac  
Taylor, III 244 of Intellect, by R W  
Emerson III 767.  
Natural History of Selborne, by Gilbert  
White II 626-627.  
Natural Magic, by Sir D Brewster, III 242.  
Natural Religion, by David Hume, II 377  
by Seeley, III 649.  
Natural Selection, by A R Wallace, III 614.  
Natural Theology, by Paley, II 643, 644,  
by Chalmers, III 188.  
Nature, by R W Emerson, III 750, 757,  
758, by H D Thoreau, III 790.  
Nature and Art, by Mrs Inchbald, II 584-  
596.  
Nature-Riddles, by Cynewulf (l), I 8, 9, 13.  
Natures Serial Story, by E P Roe, III 822.  
NAUNTON, SIR ROBERT, I 457.  
Naval Sketch Book, by Glascott, III 259.  
Navigations of Hakluyt, I 284.  
NAVELY, JAMES, I 623.  
Nearer Home, by Phæbe Cary, III 824.  
NEAVES, CHARLES, III 813.  
Nebo the Nailer, by Baring Gould, III 664.  
NECKHAM ALEXANDER, I 84.  
Needy Knife-Grinder, by Canning, II 673,  
674.  
NELSON, Life of, by Southey, III 50, 53, by  
A T Mahan III 824.  
Nemesis of Faith, by Froude, III 502.  
Nepenthe, by George Darley III 235, 236.  
Nero, by Robert Bridges, III 695.  
New Arabian Nights, by R L Stevenson,  
III 699, 700.  
New Arcadia, by Madame Duclaux, III 706.  
New Atlantis, by Bacon, I 385.  
New Bath Guide, by Anstey, II 484.  
New England Nun by Mary E Wilkins,  
III 830.  
New England Primer III 782.  
New England Tragedies, by Longfellow,  
III 707.  
New Inn, by Ben Jonson, I 405.  
New Paul and Virginia, by W H Mallock,  
III 705.  
New Spirit of the Age, III 418.  
New Testament, Scots, I 212.  
New Timon, by Lord Lytton, III 833.  
New Way to Pay Old Debts, by Massinger,  
I 464, 465.  
New York, History of, by Diedrich Knicker-  
bocker, III 742.  
New York Tribune, III 808.  
New Zealand Manning & III 727.  
NEWBOLD HENRY JOHN, III 718.  
NEWCASTLE, DUCHESS OF, I 676, 782.  
Newcastle Apothecary, by Colman, II 659.  
Newcomes, by W M Thackeray, III 458,  
462.  
NEWMAN, F W, III 842.  
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, III 837.  
News from Nowhere, by W Morris, III  
665.  
Newspaper, The First Daily, II 2, 12.  
NEWTON, JOHN, II 613.  
NEWTON, SIR ISAAC, II 23.  
NICHOL, JOHN, III 697.  
Nicholas Minturn, by J G Holland, III  
776.  
Nicholas Nickleby, by Dickens, III 464,  
467, 469, 470.  
NICHOLSON, WILLIAM, III 306.  
NICOLL, ROBERT, III 451.  
NICOLL, WILLIAM ROBERTSON, III 716.  
NICOLSON, WILLIAM, II 160.  
Night, by Churchill, II 495, 496.
- Night, Sonnet on, by Elanca White, II 792.  
Night and Morning, by Lord Lytton, III  
333.  
Night Thoughts, by E Young, II 260-263.  
Nightingale, by Coleridge, III 68.  
Nightingale, Ode to a, by Keats, III 101,  
164.  
Night piece on Death, by Parnell, II 249.  
Night-side of Nature, by Catherine Crowe,  
III 230.  
Nile, Books on the, by Burton, III 610  
by Speke, III 610, by Baker, III 610.  
Nine Cases of Conscience, by Sanderson  
I 652.  
Nimble by Sir A H Layard, III 498.  
NISBET, HENRY, III 727.  
No Cross, no Crown, by Penn, II 51, 52.  
No Name, by Wilkie Collins III 620.  
NOBLE, JAMES ASHCROFT, III 714.  
Noble Lord Letter to a, by Burke II 548.  
Noble Numbers, by Robert Herrick, I 540.  
Noctes Ambrosianæ, by John Wilson, III  
246, 247-250.  
Nocturnal Reverie, by the Countess of  
Winchilsea, II 263, 254.  
NOEL, RODEN, III 637.  
Nonsense Rhymes, by Lear, III 657.  
Norman Conquest, After the, I 29.  
Norman Conquest, by Freeman, III 626.  
NORMANBY, THE MARQUIS OF, II 783.  
Normandy, History of, by Palgrave, III 265.  
Norman French in England, I 31.  
NORFOLK, JOHN, II 269.  
NORPIS, WILLIAM EDWARD III 715.  
Norse, Tales from the, by Disent, III 409.  
NORTH, CHRISTOPHER (John Wilson), III  
245.  
NORTH, SIR THOMAS, I 258.  
North America, Travels in, by Basil Hall,  
III 227.  
North American Review, III 793, 799.  
North and South, by Mrs Gaskell, III 627.  
North Briton edited by Wilkes, II 510.  
Northanger Abbey, by Jane Austen II 774.  
Northern Cobbler, by Tennyson, III 541.  
Northern Farmers, by Tennyson, III 541.  
Northern Studies, by E Gosse, III 639.  
Northern Travel, by Bayard Taylor, III  
819.  
NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT, III 822.  
NORTON, THE HON MRS, III 335.  
Norway and its Glaciers, by J D Forbes,  
III 400.  
Nose Teipsum, by Sir John Davies, I  
334.  
Not Wisely but Too Well, by Miss Brough  
ton, III 692.  
Notes and Queries founded, III 831.  
Nourjahad, by Mrs Sheridan, II 504.  
Nova Scotia by T C Haliburton, III 723.  
Nova Scotian, III 722, 723.  
Novel, Development of the, II 6.  
Novum Organum, by Bacon, I 381, 387.  
Now Winter Nights Enlarge, by Campion,  
I 400.  
Nugæ Antiquæ, by Harrington, I 392.  
Nun, by Aphra Behn II 63.  
Nurse's Song, by William Blake, II 720.  
Nymph and her Fawn, by Marvell, I 712.  
Nymphidias by Drayton, I 342, 345.  
Nymphs' Reply, by Sir Walter Raleigh, I  
853.
- O may I join the Chor Invisibl by George  
Eliot III 685.  
O Nancy, wilt thou go with me? by Thomas  
Percy, II 605.  
O no, we never mention her, by T H Bayly,  
III 241.  
Oberon, Wieland s, trans. by Sotheby, II  
718.  
Observations on Man, by Hartley, II 338.  
Observations on the Art of Poësie, by Cam-  
pion, I 400.  
Occasional Reflections, by Boyle, I 727.  
OCCLÉVE (HOCCLÉVE) I 77.  
Ocean, Address to the, by B W Procter,  
III 223.  
Ocean, Ode on, by Young, II 266.  
Ocean Tragedy, by Clark Russell, III 693.  
Oceana, by Froude III 503.  
Oceana, by Harrington I 610.  
OCKLEY, SIMON, II 211.  
O Connor's Child, by Campbell, II 766, 770.  
Ode to Adversity by Gray, II 200 to Eton  
College, II 359, 360, 362, for Music, III  
363 to Evening by Collin, II 368, 369.  
to Mrs Anne Killigrew, by Dryden, I 705,  
708, to the Departing Year by Coleridge,  
III 57, 63, to the North East Wind, by  
Kingsley, III 514, 516.  
O Donnel, by Lady Morgan, II 781.



- Peter Simple, by Frederick Marryat, III 255 256  
 Peter Sterling, by P. L. Ford III 820  
 Peter the Great, On aaron Hill II 193  
 Peter Will ins, by R. Falstock, II 393-396  
 Peterborough Annual I 20  
 Peters Letters to his Kinsfolk by Lockhart III 250  
 Petrarch, Life of, by Campbell, II 700  
 Phædrus Fables of trans. by Smart, II 424.  
**PIER, THOMAS**, I 205  
 Phalaris, by Richard Bentley, II 10.  
 Phantasmagoria, by Mrs M J Fletcher, III 620  
 Phantasms of the Living by Myers, III 693  
 Phantastes, by George Macdonald III 600.  
 Phantom Rickshaw by Kipling III 710  
 Pharaïs, by Fiona Macleod III 707  
 Pharonnida, by W. Chamberlayne I 744  
 Pharsalia, trans. by F May, I 652, by Nicholas Rowe, II 93, 95  
 Phases of Faith, by F W Newman III 312.  
 Phauding Croohe, by J S Le Fanu, III 305  
**PHELPS, ELIZABETH STUART**, III 829  
 Philaster, by Beaumont and Fletcher I 403  
 Philip II, by W H. Prescott III 762  
 Philip van Artevelde, by Sir Henry Taylor, III 321-322  
**PHILLIPS AMBROSE**, II 230  
**PHILIPS JOHN**, II 241  
**PHILLIPS, MRS KATHERINE**, I 746  
**PHILLIPS, EDWARD**, I 559  
**PHILLIPS, SAMUEL**, III 482.  
**PHILLIPS, STEPHEN**, III 711.  
**PHILLIPS, WENDELL**, III 503  
 Phillips, by T Lodge, I 316, 31a.  
**PHILIPOTT'S EDEN**, III 718  
 Philocetes, by Lord de Tabley III 6.0  
 Phil-o-Rum's Cause, by W H Drummond, III 725  
 Philosophy, History of, by G H Lewes, III 490.  
 Philosophy and Religion, by James Hinton III 613.  
 Philosophy of Belief, by the Duke of Argyll, III 614.  
 Philosophy of Roman History, by De Quincey, III 90.  
 Philosophy of the Human Mind, by Dugald Stewart, II 58.  
 Phizbe Dawson by G Crabb, II 607  
 Phoenix Nest, I 267  
 Phylyp Sparowe, by John Skelton, I 114, 115 116  
 Physical Basis of Life by T H Huxley, III 618.  
 Physical Geography, by Mary Somerville, III 186.  
 Physical Sciences, by Mary Somerville, III 186.  
 Physician, Diary of a late, by Warren, III 344  
 Physics and Politics by Walter Bagehot, III 620  
 Physiologist of Common Life, by G H. Lewes, III 493.  
 Piccadilly, by Laurence Oliphant, III 630.  
**PICKEN, ANDREW**, III 305.  
**PICKRY, ENNEZER**, III 309  
 Pickwick Papers by Dickens, III 464, 467, 468, 469  
 Pictorial Bible by John Kitto, III 374  
 Pictorial History of England, by G L. Clark and another, III 291.  
 Picturesque, Essay on the, by Sir U Price, II 635  
 Pied Piper of Hamelin, by R. Browning III 633.  
 Piero Pennilesse, by T Nash, I 318, 329  
**PIERPOINT, JOHN**, III 831  
 Pierre and his People, by Sir G Parker, III 720  
 Pier the Plowman, The Vision of I 65-69  
 Pike County Ballads by J Hay III 822  
 Pilgrimage by Sir Walter Raleigh I 307  
 Pilgrimage to El Madinah and Mecca, by Sir R F Burton, III 609  
 Pilgrimage to Parnassus, I 420  
 Pilgrims and the Peas, by Wolcot II 661.  
 Pilgrims of the Night, by Faber, III 482.  
 Pilgrims of the Rhine, by Lytton III 752  
 Pilgrims of the Sun, by James Hogg III 292.  
 Pilgrim's Progress, by Bunyan, I 720 724 734  
 Pills to Purge Melancholy, by Tom D'Urfe, I 752  
 Pilot, by J Fenimore Cooper III 747  
**PIMPER, PETER** (John Wolcot) II 624.  
 Pindar trans. by Gilbert West, II 259, by Pye II 654  
 Pindarique Odes, by Gray, II 353
- Pindarique Odes, by Cowley, I 643  
**PINKER ARTHUR WI G** III 637  
 Pines by Bayard Taylor III 810  
**PINKERTON, JOHN** II 637  
 Pioneers of France in the New World, by Parkman, III 815 816.  
 Pious Editor's Creed by Lowell, III 809  
**PIOZZI MRS** II 478  
 Piety of Sweet Susie, I 51 172  
**PITCAIRNE, ARCHIBALD**, II 103  
**PITT, CHRISTOPHER** II 249  
**PITT, WILLIAM** II 650 Life of, by Earl Stanhope III 374  
**PITT, WILLIAM, EARL OF CHATHAM** I, II 389  
 Pittock by Sheridan II 561 563 569  
 Plague History of the, by Desoe II 151 152.  
 Plain Dealer, by Wycherley, II 60 66-68.  
 Plain Speaker, by Hazlitt, III 80, 83.  
 Plain Tales from the Hills, by Kipling, III 710  
 Plaintiff of Freedom by W J Linton III 526  
**PLANCHÉ, JAMES ROBINSON**, III 677  
 Platoo, by George Grote, III 199, trans. by Jowett, III 494  
 Play of Love by John Heywood, I 152.  
 Play of the Weather, by J Heywood, I 153  
 Playground of Europe, by Sir Leslie Stephen III 602.  
 Plays for Puritans, by G B Shaw, III 708.  
 Plays on the Passions, by Joanna Baillie, II 729  
 Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant, by G B Shaw, III 708.  
 Plea for Ragged Schools, by Thomas Guthrie, III 312  
 Pleasant Comedy of Old Fortunatus, by Delker, I 422, 424  
 Pleasures of Hope, by Campbell, II 705, 707 of Imagination by Akenside II 372 of Life by Lord Avebury III 664 of Memory, by S Rogers II 723 724  
 Pliny's Letters, trans. by Melmoth, II 501  
**PLUMPTRE, ANNE**, II 600  
 Plurality of Worlds, by Whewell, III 193 by Baden Powell, III 323  
 Plutarch Lives trans. by Langhorne, II 521 by Sir Thomas North I 259  
**Poe, EDGAR ALLAN**, III 782  
 Poems by Two Brothers, III 539, 540  
 Poesie, The Arte of by Puttenham I 266 Observations on, by Campion, I 400  
 Poet at the Breakfast Table, by O W Holmes, III 788, 789  
 Poetical Miscellanies, I 258  
 Poetical Rhapsody, edited by Francis Davison, I 28  
 Poetical Sketches, by W Blake, II 717  
 Poetry Beginning of Christian English, I 4 — Lyric, I 41 —  
 Pastoral, I 118.  
 Poetry, The Renascence of Wonder in, III 1-10  
 Poetry from *Ælfred to the Conquest* I 22  
 Poetry (Religious) of the 10th Century, I 22  
 Poetry of the Period, by A. Austin III 653  
 Poet's Portfolio by W W Story, III 781  
 Polar Star, by Letitia E. Landon, III 182.  
 Policy and Passion, by Mrs Campbell Praed III 729  
 Politie Conversation, by Swift, II 125, 127, 144  
 Political Discourses by Hume, II 377  
 Political Economy, books on, by Adam Smith, II 445 by Ricardo, II 757 by Nassau Senior, III 343 by Harriet Martineau, III 388, by J S Mill, III 443, 445  
 Political Institutions, by Herbert Spencer III 688.  
 Political Justice, by Codwin, II 702 705  
 Political Litany, by William Hone, II 759  
 Political Register Cobbett's, II 651  
 Political State of Great Britain, ed. by Abel Boyer, II 387  
 Politics, by R W Emerson III 750  
**POLLARD, ALBERT FREDRICK** III 720  
 POLLARD ALFRED WILLIAM III 718  
 Pollock, Sir Frederick III 714  
 Pollock, Walter Huskies, III 715  
 Pollott, Robert, II 702  
 Polly, by Dryden II 174  
 Polly Oliver's Problem by Kate D Wiggins III 830  
 Polonius, by Edward Fitzgerald III 421  
 Polychronicon Higden's, I 33 trans. by John of Trevisa, L 81  
 Polyhymnia by George Peele I 323  
 Polholton by Drayton I 241 342  
 Pomery Abbey by Mrs H Wood, III 520  
**PORTER JOHN**, II 112  
 Pontiac, by Parkman, III 815.
- Pool in the Desert, by Mrs Cotes, III 722  
 Poor Gentleman, by Colman, II 646 657-659  
 Poor Jack by Dibdin II 707  
 Poor Man's Flegs by Burns II 822  
 Poor Richard's Almanack, by Franklin III 733 737  
**POPE ALLEXANDER** II 4, 176 Works and Life of by Croker, Elwin, and Courthope, III 499  
**POPE, WALTER**, II 98  
 Popes, History of the, by A Bower, II 387 by Creighton, III 689  
 Popular Delusions, by C Mackay, III 481.  
 Popular Government, by Sir H J S. Maine III 667  
 Popular Rhymes of Scotland, by Robert Chambers, III 310  
 Popular Tales of the West Highlands, by J F Campbell, III 585  
 Population, by Malthus II 707  
 Poision, RICHARD, II 637  
 PORTER, ANNA MARIA, II 772  
 PORTER, JANE, II 772  
**PORTUS, BEILBY**, II 646.  
 Portugal, Traditions of, by Julia Pardoe, III 384  
 Potiphar Papers by G W Curtis, III 781  
**POTTER, JOHN** II 209  
**POWELL, BADEN**, III 323  
**POWELL, FREDRICK YORK**, III 716.  
**PRÆD, MRS CAMPBELL**, III 727, 729  
**PRÆD, WINTHROP MACLAWORTH**, III 379  
 Preterita, by Ruskin, III 572, 676  
 Prairie, by Fenimore Cooper, III 747  
 Praise of Age, by Walter Kennedy, I 201  
 Prayer of Columbus, by Whitman, III 607  
 Preceptor Doddsley, II 301  
 Prehistoric Times, by Lord Avebury, III 664  
 Prelude, by Wordsworth III 11, 13 14  
 Preludes by Alice Meynell, III 707  
 Pre-Raphaelites, III 642  
**PRESCOTT WILLIAM HICKLING**, III 761  
 Present Position of Catholics, by J H. Newman III 330  
 Press, An Essay for the, by Argill II 100  
**PRICE, RICHARD**, II 428  
**PRICII, SIR UVEDALE**, II 635  
 Prick of Conscience, by Richard Rolle, I 49  
 Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austen, II 774, 776-778.  
 PRIDEAUX HUMPHREY, II 61.  
 PRIESTLEY, JOSEPH, II 639  
 Primitive Culture, by E. B. Tylor, III 663.  
 Primitive Marriage, by J F McLennan, II 613.  
 Prince Arthur, by Sir R. Blackmore, II 107  
 Prince Consort, Life of by Sir T Martin, III 478.  
 Prince Deukalion by Bayard Taylor, III 819  
 Prince Lucifer by Alfred Austin III 653.  
 Prince Otto by R. L. Stevenson III 700  
 Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers, Memoirs of by Eliot Warburton III 274.  
 Prince's Progress, by C. Rossetti, III 616, 647  
 Princess by Tennyson III 614, 645.  
 Princess of Thule by Wm. Black, III 693.  
 Principia, Newton's, II 24  
 Principles of Biology, by Spencer, III 587, 589 of Psychology by Spencer, III 586, 587, 589, of Sociology, by Spencer, III 588  
**PRINGLE, THOMAS**, II 780 III 780.  
**PRIOR, MATTHEW** II 4, 5, 113.  
 Prisoner of Chillon by Byron, III 130 136.  
 Prisoner of Zenda, by Anthony Hope Hawtins, III 710  
 Prisoners of Hope, by M Johnston, III 830.  
 Probationary Odes, II 670 671  
 Problems of Life and Mind, by G H Lewes, III 496.  
**PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANN**, III 628.  
**PROCTER, FRANCIS WALLER** (Barry Corn wall), III 227  
**PROCTOR, EDWARD LILAN**, III 832.  
 Professor, by Charlotte Brontë III 521  
 Professor at the Breakfast Table, by O W Holmes, III 789 790  
 Professor's Love Story by J M Barrie III 72  
 Progress of Man by Canning II 672 674  
 Progress of Poets by Gray II 320, 328  
 Progress of Romance by C. Reeve II 49.  
 Prolegomena Logica, by H L Mansel, III 497  
 Prolegomena to Ethics, by T H Green, III 651  
 Prologue to the Satires by Pope, II 179 183, 187



- RITCHIE, LEITCH, III 227  
 RITCHIE, MRS RICHMOND, III 601  
 RITSON, JOSEPH, II 637  
 Ritter Bann by Campbell, II 766.  
 Rival Queens, or Alexander the Great, by N Lee, II 88.  
 Rivals, by Sheridan, II 504, 505.  
 Road to Ruin, by T Holcroft, II 670.  
 Roaring Girl by Dekker and Middleton, I 422, 458.  
 Rob Roy, by Scott, III 34, 43.  
 Robene and Malyne, by Henryson, I 189.  
 Robert Elsmere by Mrs Humphry Ward III 706.  
 Robert Falconer, by George Macdonald, III 606.  
 Robert Macaire, by Henley and Henderson, III 697, 701.  
 Robert Orange, by J Oliver Hobbes, III 830.  
 ROBERTS CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS, III 722, 725.  
 ROBERTS, LORD, III 718.  
 ROBERTSON, ALEXANDER, OF STROWAN, II 303.  
 ROBERTSON, FREDERICK WILLIAM, III 493, Life of, by Stopford A. Brooke III 662.  
 ROBERTSON, JOHN MACLENNON III 717.  
 ROBERTSON, THOMAS WILLIAM, III 637.  
 ROBERTSON, WILLIAM, II 882.  
 Robin Hood and the Cartal Friar I 581.  
 ROBINS, ELIZABETH III 721.  
 ROBINSON, HENRY CRAB, III 163.  
 ROBINSON, PHILIP STEWART III 715.  
 Robinson Crusoe by Defoe, II 6, 150, 156-158.  
 ROCHESTER, THE EARL OF (John Wilmer), I 779.  
 Rock of Ages, by A. M. Toplady I 456.  
 Rocks Ahead, by W. R. Greg III 400.  
 RODD, SIR JAMES RENELL, III 718.  
 Rodenck, by Southey, III 48, 49, 61.  
 Roderick Random, by Smollett II 420, 448, 445.  
 Rodney Stone by Conan Doyle, III 709.  
 ROE, EDWARD PAYSON III 622.  
 Roger de Hoveden, I 33.  
 ROGER OF WENDOVER, I 33.  
 ROGERS, HENRY, III 374.  
 ROGERS, SAMUEL, II 723 Recollections of, by Alexander Dyer, III 324.  
 Rogues and Vagabonds, by G. R. Sims, III 67.  
 Rokeby, by Scott, III 23.  
 ROLLE, RICHARD, OF HAMPOLE, I 49.  
 Rollard II 609-672.  
 ROLLOCK, ROBERT, I 230.  
 Roman, by S. T. Dobell, III 603.  
 Roman de Rou, by Wace, I 34.  
 Roman History, by Sir G. C. Lewis, III 206, by Charles Mervale, III 207.  
 Roman Literature, History of, by J. C. Dunlop III 219.  
 Roman Poets of the Republic, by W. Y. Sellar, III 634.  
 Roman Republic, by Ferguson, II 430.  
 Roman Republic, Fall of the, by C. Menvale, III 207.  
 Romance of the Forest, by Mrs Radcliffe, II 694.  
 Romance of the Nineteenth Century, by Mallock, III 705.  
 Romance of War, by James Grant, III 578.  
 Romances, Later, I 60 Alliterative, I 51 Metrical, I 51.  
 ROMJANES, GEORGE JOHN III 715.  
 Romantic, On the Epithet, by J. Foster, II 738.  
 Romantic Revival III 1.  
 Romantic Rye, by G. H. Borrow, III 432, 434.  
 Romantist of the Rose I 61.  
 Rome History of, by Dr. J. Arnold, III 292.  
 Romeo and Juliet, by Shakespeare, I 28, 288.  
 Romeo and Juliet by A. Broke, I 263.  
 Romaña, by George Eliot III 530, 531.  
 Ronald and Dorna, by Aaron Hill, II 102.  
 Rondel de Luze by Alexander Scott I 232.  
 Rootwood, by W. H. Ainsworth III 377.  
 Roots of the Mountains, by William Morris III 666, 667.  
 ROPKE, WILLIAM I 125.  
 Rory O'More, by Samuel Lover, III 355.  
 ROS, SIR RICHARD, I 81.  
 Rosalind and Helen by Shelley, III 103.  
 Rosalynde, by T Lodge, I 316, 317.  
 Rosamund, by Swinburne III 676.  
 Rosciad, by Churchill II 40.  
 Roscoe, WILLIAM, II 630.  
 ROSCOE, WILLIAM CALDWELL, III 624.  
 Roscommon Earl of, I 777.  
 Rose, JOHN HOLLAND III 716.
- ROSE, WILLIAM STEWART, II 760.  
 Rose Ayler, by W. S. Landor, III 142.  
 ROSEBERY, EARL OF, III 715.  
 Ross, ALEXANDER II 317.  
 Ross Martl (Violet Martin) III 721.  
 Rossetti Christia, I III 640.  
 Rossetti, DANTE GABRIEL, III 10, 641.  
 Rossetti, WILLIAM MICHAEL, III 712.  
 ROUS, FRANCIS, I 593.  
 Roussea, by John Morley III 688.  
 Rovers, by Canning II 673, 675, 678.  
 Rover's Song by Eliza Cook, III 628.  
 Row, JOHN I 514.  
 Rose, NICHOLAS, II 93.  
 Rowfant Rhymes by F. Locker Lampson, III 600.  
 ROWLEY, THOMAS (Chatterton), II 512.  
 ROWLEY, WILLIAM I 478.  
 Royal Society, I 635, 720, 733.  
 Roy's Wife of Aldvalloch, by Mrs Grant II 590.  
 Royston Gower by Thomas Miller, III 377.  
 Rudder Grange, by F. R. Stockton, III 621.  
 Ruddiman, THOMAS II 305.  
 Ruined Burg in Exeter Book, I 8.  
 Ruins of Nineveh, by Sir A. H. Layard, III 493.  
 Rule Britannia, by J. Thomson, II 821, 829.  
 Rumours from an Aeolian Harp, by H. D. Thoreau, III 705.  
 Rump, by J. Tatham I 787.  
 Runnamede, by John Logan II 629, 632.  
 Rupert of Hentzau, by Anthony Hope Hawkins, III 710.  
 Rural England by Rider Haggard, III 704.  
 Rural Life in England by William Howitt, III 283.  
 Rural Rides, by Cobbett, II 682-685.  
 Rural Sketches by Thomas Miller, III 317.  
 RUSDEN, G. W., III 727.  
 Ruskin, JOHN, III 608.  
 Russell, EARL, III 318.  
 Russell, LADY RACHEL, II 58.  
 Russell, SIR WILLIAM HOWARD, III 578.  
 Russell, WILLIAM II 388.  
 Russell, William Clark III 603.  
 Russet and Silver, by E. Gosse III 693.  
 Ruth by Mrs Gaskell, III 527, by Thomas Hood, III 140.  
 Rutherford, MARK (W. H. White) II 689.  
 Rutherford, SAMUEL, I 820.  
 Ruthwell Cross I 10, 163, 167.  
 RYCAUT, SIR PAUL, I 278.  
 RYMER, THOMAS, I 761.
- Sabbath, by J. Grahame, II 689, 690.  
 Sack of Palomore, by T. O. Davis III 305.  
 SACVILLE, CHARLES (Earl of Dorset), I 761.  
 SACVILLE, THOMAS, I 287, 245.  
 Sacred and Legendary Art, by Anna Jameson, III 183.  
 Sacred Latin Poetry, by Trench III 393.  
 Sacred Theory of the Earth, by Thomas Burnet, II 23.  
 Sad Fortune of Amos Barton, by George Eliot, III 529, 532.  
 Saga of Burnt Njal trans by Dasent, III 499.  
 Sailors and Saints, by Glascock, III 289.  
 St Albans, Book of by Dame Juliana Berners, I 99.  
 St Augustine's Holiday, by W. Alexander, III 684.  
 St Giles and St James, by Douglas Jerrold, III 329, 330.  
 St JOHN CHARLES GEORGE WILLIAM III 712.  
 St JOHN, HE RI See BOLINGBROKE, LORD.  
 St Kilda, Voyage to, by M. Martin II 303.  
 St Leon, by William Godwin, II 702, 704.  
 St Patrick, Legends of, by Aubrey de Vere, III 651.  
 St Paul and Protestantism, by M. Arnold III 604.  
 St Paul's Cathedral, by Milman III 200.  
 St Peter's Complaint by Southwell I 337.  
 St Ronan's Well by Scott III 46.  
 St Stephen's, by Lord Lytton, III 333, 338.  
 Sainte Mary Magdalene, by Crashaw I 678.  
 Saints Everlasting Rest, by Baxter I 664.  
 SAINTSBURY, GEORGE EDWARD BATEMAN III 659.  
 SALA, GEORGE AUGUSTUS HENRY III 624.  
 Salathiel by George Croly, III 171.  
 SALE, GEORGE, II 388.  
 Salem Chap'l by Mr. Oliphant, III 527, 538.  
 SALISBURY, JOHN OF I 84.  
 Sally in our Alley by Henry Carey II 331.  
 Salimagnudi III 740, 742.
- Salmonia, by Sir H. Davy, II 701, 702.  
 Sam Slick, by T. C. Haliburton III 723.  
 Samot, by Milman, III 208, 212.  
 Samson Agonistes, by Milton, I 690.  
 SANDERSON, ROBERT, I 5, 2.  
 Sandford and Merton, by T. Day, II 738.  
 The Modern, by Burnand III 696.  
 Sandra Belloni, by G. Meredith III 658.  
 Sandy Foundation Shaken by Penn II 51.  
 SANDYS, GEORGE, I 450.  
 Sapho and Phao by L. L. Landon, I 274, 215.  
 Sappho's Song by L. L. Landon, III 181.  
 Saracen, Land of the, by Bayard Taylor III 818.  
 Saracens, History of the, by S. Ockley, II 211.  
 Saracinesca, by F. M. Crawford III 820.  
 Sartor Resartus, by Carlyle, III 403, 405, 408, 409.  
 Satan by George Croly, III 172, by Robert Montgomery, III 238.  
 Satan Abolished by W. S. Blunt, III 693.  
 Saure and Satyrists, by J. Hannay III 632.  
 Satures of Pope III 183, by Dryden 703, 707-709.  
 Satirist Hall claims to be the First, I 417.  
 Saturomastix by Dekker I 493.  
 Saturn and Thea, by Keats, III 103.  
 Satyr against Mankind, by the Earl of Rochester, I 780.  
 Satyre of the Thrie Estaits by Lyndsay I 204, 207.  
 Saul by Byron III 135.  
 SAUNDERS, MISS M. M. III 723.  
 SAVAGE, RICHARD, II 282 Life of, by Johnson, I 457.  
 Savonarola, by Alfred Austin III 683.  
 SAVILE, GEORGE. See HALIFAX, MARQUIS OF, I 765.  
 SAXE, COLONEL EDWARD, I 682.  
 Saxe John Godfrey, III 831.  
 Saxon Saints, Legends of the, by A. de Vere, III 651.  
 Say not the struggle nought availeth, by A. H. Clough III 613.  
 SAYINGS and DONGS, by Theodore E. Hook III 164.  
 Scaliger, by Mark Pattison, III 480.  
 Scaly Hunters, by J. Mayne Reid, III 606.  
 Scaramouch in Naxos, by J. Davidson, III 708.  
 Scarlet Letter by Hawthorne, III 776, 777, 778, 780.  
 Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland, by Hugh Miller III 225.  
 Scenes of Infancy, by John Leyden II 691.  
 Scenes of Teviotdale by T. Pringle II 689.  
 Scenes from Clerical Life, by George Eliot, III 529.  
 Schiller, by Carlyle III 402.  
 Schloss Hainfeld by Basil Hall III 227.  
 Schoolmaster, by Roger Ascham I 144, 146.  
 School, by T. W. Robertson III 637.  
 School for Saints by J. O. Hobbes, III 670.  
 School for Scandal, by Sheridan, II 564, 603, 607.  
 School of Abuse by Stephen Gorson I 206.  
 School of Compliment by Shirley I 464.  
 School Days, In by Whittier III 774.  
 Schoolmistress by Shenstone, II 853, 854.  
 Schort Poeme of Tyme, by James I 1 605.  
 SCHREINET, MRS CROFTWRIGHT III 780.  
 SCHURMANN, JACOB GOULD, III 832.  
 Scientific Memoirs, by T. H. Huxley, III 610, 620.  
 Scientific Spirit of the Age, by F. P. Cobbe, III 537.  
 Scinde, The Conquest of by Napier, III 230.  
 SCORESBY, WILLIAM III 206.  
 SCOT, REGI ALD, I 233.  
 Scot Abroad by J. H. Burton III 393.  
 Scotchiconic, by John Fordham, I 182.  
 Scotland, Church of, by Spottiswoode, I 512, by Calderwood, I 514, by Row, I 514.  
 Scotland History of, by Boece I 212 by Leslie, I 227 by Keith II 205 by Robertson II 552 by W. Lyttelton II 389 by Lord Hailes, II 456 by Laing, II 637 by Pinkerton II 637 by Fraser-Tytler, III 210 by Cosmo Innes III 291, by Hill Burton, III 393 by Andrew Lang III 693.  
 Scotland Yet, by H. S. Riddell, III 311.  
 Scotland's Slaught, by H. Marshall III 802.  
 Scott, Cleveland & Satire on the I 636.  
 Scott, Figgiones, by J. Tatham, I 787.  
 Scott New Testament, I 212.  
 Scott Worthies, by John Howie II 6-9.  
 SCOTT, ALFREDERICK I 231.

- SCOTT, HUGH STOWE, III 717  
 SCOTT, JOHN II 476  
 SCOTT, LADY JOHN III 720  
 SCOTT, MICHAEL, III 4  
 SCOTT, SIR WALTER, III 7 8 20. Life of by J. G. Lockhart, III 20-23, book on, by Saintsbury, III 60.  
 SCOTT, WILLIAM BILL, III 400.  
 Scott, The Border, ed by Lang, III 294  
 Scottish Ballads collected by John Pinkerton, II 637  
 Scottish Chiefs, by Jane Porter, II 778  
 Scottish Sixteenth Century Prose, I 188  
 Scott's Life and Character, by Dean Ramsay, III 214  
 Scottish Literature, I 103, 817 from James VI to the Civil War, I 601. Scottish Vernacular Kavalier, II 57, Scottish Vernacular Writers under George III 704  
 Scottish Philosophy, by McCosh, III 377  
 Scottish Poems collected by Pinkerton, II 637  
 Scottish Poets, Early Minor, I 208.  
 Scottish Prose Writers Lesser Sixteenth Century, I 790  
 Scottish Rivers, by Dick Launder, III 20.  
 Scottish Songs, Herd's Collection of, III 707  
 Scottish Kyng, by Skelton, I 215  
 Scriblerus Club, II 180.  
 Scriblerus Monthly, III 77  
 Sea Dymphs by Thomas Miller, III 277  
 Sea Power by A. J. Mahan, III 64.  
 Sea-divided Gael by J. D. M. Cox, III 280  
 Sea-Limits by D. G. Rossetti, III 68  
 Seaspray and Smoke-drift by A. J. Cronin, III 724  
 Seafarer, in Exeter Book, I 8  
 SEAMAN'S OATH, III 718.  
 Seaman's Secrets, by John Davis, I 290  
 SEARCH FORWARD (Fucker) II 239  
 Search after Happiness by Hannah More, II 677  
 Set on by Alfred Austin, III 280  
 Sessions by Thomson, II 721 123 220 III 5  
 Seats of Authority, by J. Martineau, III 292, 293  
 Seats of the Mighty, by Sir C. Parker, III 721  
 SECOUND, THO. 145, III 719  
 Secret of Narsis by E. Cowell, III 179  
 SEDGWICK, ADAM III 37.  
 SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES, I 778  
 SEELEY, SIR JOHN ROMNEY, III 649  
 Sejanus, by Ben Jonson, I 492.  
 SELDEN, JOHN I 646  
 Select Charters by William Stubbs, III 229  
 Self-control by Mary Braddon, II 722  
 Self-Culture by J. S. Blackie, III 490  
 Self-Help by Samuel Smiles, III 476  
 Self-Reliance by R. W. Emerson, III 254  
 SELLARS, WILLIAM YOUNG III 611  
 Semites Religion of, by Robertson Smith, III 659  
 SEMIILL, ERA CIS I 819  
 SEMIILL, ROBERT I 232.  
 SEMIILL, ROBERT I 818  
 SENeca, trans. by L. Strange, I 742  
 SENIOR, VASSAL, WILLIAM, III 313.  
 Sense and Sensibility, by Jane Austen, II 774, 770  
 Senses and Instincts by Lord Avebury, III 604  
 Senses and the Intellect by Bain, III 407  
 Sensitive Plant by Shelley, III 112  
 Sentimental Journey, by Sterne, II 402-403  
 Sentimental Tommy by J. M. Barrie, III 707  
 Sepoy War, by Kaye, III 192  
 SERGEANT FAMILY FRANCIS ADPUL, I 311 720  
 Sermons and Tales by Ruskin, III 671  
 Seth's Brother's Wife, by Harold Frederic, III 822  
 SETON, THOMSON FREDERICK, III 272  
 SETTLE, ELKANAH, II 721  
 Seven Empires of Architecture by Ruskin, III 688 699 672, 673  
 Seven Stages I 61  
 SWAILL, SAMUEL, III 732  
 SWARD, ANNA II 676  
 Sexton & Daughter by J. Sterling, III 271  
 Shadows of Shasta, by Joaquin Miller, III 825  
 SHADWELL, THOMAS I 729 II 63 Stage on, by Dryden, I 703, 709  
 SHAFTESBURY, FARIOL (Anthony Ashley Cooper) II 107  
 SHAKESPEARE, JOHN CAMPBELL, III 712  
 Shakespeare, Comments on the Commentators of, by H. J. Potts, II 686.
- SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, I 355. Institute of, I 701 ed by Johnson, II 420-421  
 Beauties of, by Dr. D. S. II 46, 123  
 on, by Farmer II 5 1. Illustrations of by Francis Bacon II 13. Lectures and Notes on, by Collier, III 16-17  
 Characters of, by Hazlitt III 63, his Mind and Art in Prof. Dowden, III 5  
 Life of, by Sidney Lee, III 701 Vanorum edition, by Sumner, III 52.  
 Shakepear in His Forefathers by Sidney Lanier, III 89  
 Shakespeare, I 1 per. From, by J. Inniss, I 600 & III 294  
 Shakespeare's Prodigies, by J. A. Symond, III 610  
 Shakespearean Dialects, Ireland, II 711  
 Sham O'Brien by J. S. Le Lann, III 26  
 Shan Van V, II 115 670  
 Shand in Hell by Mahony, III 94-125  
 William Black, III 671  
 SHARROCK, RICHARD (W. Hall-Wilson), III 659  
 SHAW, RICHARD II 713  
 SHAW, WILFRID III 717  
 Shaughraun by D. Y. Bell, Jean, III 28  
 Shaw, Oliver, III 200-201 III 705  
 She, by Walter Hartley, III 701  
 She is from the Land by Moore, III 21  
 She Stoops to Conquer, by Goldsmith, II 490-495 499  
 She would and she would not, by Coleridge II 279  
 SHAW, EDWARD (Duke of Exeter, England) II 101  
 SHAW, RICHARD LANCE, III 23  
 SHAW, TONY Went to Recovery, III 1  
 SHAW, THOMAS BROWNE, III 9 17. Early Life by D. J. MacCulloch, III 18. Labours of, by Dawson, III 65  
 SHAW, T. S. WITNESS, II 22.  
 Shepherd Hunting by Webster, I 420  
 Shepherd's Calendar by Speer, I 12-12  
 Sheep and Song by James Laing, II 731  
 Shepherd's Play by Wakefield, I 228-1 10  
 Shepherd's Week by Gay, II 1, 2, 12  
 SHREWD, RICHARD BIRD, III 294 II 23  
 SHREWD, THOMAS II 42  
 SHREWD, WILLIAM II 40  
 Sherlock Holmes by Conan Doyle, III 700  
 SHREWD, MARY MARTHA, III 741  
 Ship of Gold by Alexander Faraday, I 116  
 Ship Adventure by Clark Russell, III 677  
 Shipwreck by William Fawcett, II 48  
 Shirely, JAMES I 481-723  
 Shirely, JAMES I 481-723  
 Shenekar's Hol by by Dreher, I 42  
 Short Study by Franche, III 50-51  
 Shorter Catechism, III 712  
 Shortest Way with Discontents by Devereux, II 149  
 SHORTER, JOHN II 25  
 Shylock, I 211  
 Shylock, Sir Linnell, I 27  
 Sidney Biddulph, by Mrs. Sheridan, II 921  
 Siege of Corinth by Byron, III 12  
 Sight and Song by Fiona Macleod, III 70-71  
 Signs from a Steeple, by Hawthorne, III 777  
 SIDCOURT, LUDVIX HUNTER, III 704  
 Sigurd the Volungen by W. Morris, III 14-2  
 Silas Lapham by W. D. Howells, III 820  
 Silas Marner by George Eliot, III 580 584  
 Silence, a Fable by J. A. Lee, III 760  
 Siles Santillans, by H. Vaughan, I 150-153 151  
 Silver Gun by John Mayne, II 810 811  
 Silurian System by Murchison, III 207  
 Silver Christ, by Quince, I 32  
 Sir Lancelot de Kilham, I 32  
 Sir Lancelot, WILLIAM CECIL, III 749  
 Simonides, by W. S. Landor, III 141  
 Simplon Pass by Wordsworth, III 10  
 Sirs, George Routledge, III 696  
 Sinai and Palestine by Dean Stanley, III 301, 302  
 Sin Eater, by Fiona Macleod, III 707  
 Sir Aldington, I 523, 525  
 Sir Andrew Wyke by J. Calvert, III 207, 208  
 Sir Beville by R. S. Hawker, III 782  
 Sir Charles Grandison by Richardson, II 293, 299
- Sir Comyn, \* son of John Crowne, II 42  
 Sir G. Wane and the Green Knight, I 16, 5 172  
 Sir Gervase, Tristach, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, III 76  
 Sir Gawain, \* Gwyne, by Sir G. II 412, 413  
 Sir Lancelot, I 1 per. 1  
 Sir Percival, II 11-12, 13, 14, III 6-7  
 Sir Robert, I 11-12, 13, 14, III 6-7  
 Sir Robin, I 12  
 Sir Trist, I 13. London, III 2-3  
 Sister of Oz, in Inferno, II 417  
 Sister Helen, by D. S. P. 196, III 712  
 SKEAT, WARREN, 9 1620, III 71  
 SKELTON, JOHN I 112  
 SKENE, THOMAS, I 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, II 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, III 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, IV 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, V 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, VI 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, VII 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, VIII 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, IX 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, X 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, XI 231  
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 SKENE, THOMAS, XLV 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, XLVI 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, XLVII 231  
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 SKENE, THOMAS, XLVI 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, XLVII 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, XLVIII 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, XLIX 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, XLX 231  
 SKENE, THOMAS, XLXI

## Index

- Songs of Labour, by Whittier, III 772  
 Songs of Scotland prior to Burns, by R. Chambers, III 216  
 Songs of the Rail by A. Anderson, III 695  
 Songs of the Sierras, by Joaquin Miller, III 825  
 Sonnet introduced into English Poetry, I 159  
 Sonnet Cycles, The Elizabethan I 286.  
 Sonnets from the Portuguese, by E. B. Browning III 553, 557, 601.  
 Sonnets of Shakespeare, I 302.  
 Sophocles, trans., by Edward Fitzgerald, III 425 by Lewis Campbell, III 661.  
 Sophonisba, by James Thomson III 920  
 Sophy by Sir J. Denham, I 641.  
 Sordello, by R. Browning, III 552, 553 558.  
 Sorrows of Gentility, by G. E. Jewsbury, III 520.  
 Sospettoso Herode, trans. by Crashaw, I 677  
 SOTHEBY, WILLIAM, II 713.  
 Soul, by Francis William Newman III 842  
 SOUTH, ROBERT, I 760  
 South Africa, by Thomas Pringle, II 789 790, by Lady Anne Barnard, II 804, by James Bryce III 688, by G. McCall Theal, III 780.  
 South Africa, English Literature in III 780.  
 South America Wanderings in by Charles Waterton, III 173.  
 South Sea Bubbles, by G. H. Kingsley, III 517.  
 SOUTHERN, THOMAS, II 76.  
 SOUTHERN, MRS., III 55.  
 SOUTHERN, ROBERT III 47, book on, by Dowden, III 659.  
 SOUTHWELL, ROBERT I 337.  
 Spain, Handbook for Travellers in, by Ford, III 822.  
 Spanish Ballads, by J. G. Lockhart III 250.  
 Spanish Friar, by Dryden, I 792, 807.  
 Spanish Gypsy, by George Eliot, III 630.  
 Spanish Influence on English Literature, I 236.  
 Spanish Literature by G. Ticknor III 746.  
 Spanish Military Nun, by De Quincey, III 93 94, 16.  
 Spanish Student, by H. W. Longfellow, III 760.  
 Spanish Tragedy, by Thomas Kyd, I 319.  
 Specimen Days, by Walt Whitman, III 804, 809.  
 Spectator, II, 3 121, 213, 216, extracts by Addison, II 219, 221-226 commenced, II 222 extracts by Steele, II 234, 237-239, by Budgell II 243, III 632.  
 Spectre Boat by Campbell, II 709.  
 SPEEDING, JAMES, III 397.  
 Speechcraft (English), by Barnes, III 412.  
 SPEED, JOHN, I 271.  
 Speed the Plough by Morton, II 700.  
 SPEKE, JOHN STANNING, III 610.  
 SPELMAN, SIR HERBERT, I 271.  
 SPELICE, JOSEPH, II 338.  
 SPEYER, HERBERT III 656.  
 SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT II 740.  
 SPENSER, EDWARD, I 237 293.  
 Spinosa, by John Card, III 625 by Martineau, III 392, by Pollock, III 714.  
 Spinosa's Ethic, trans. by W. Hale White, III 659.  
 Spirit of Patriotism, by Lord Bolingbroke, II 202, 203.  
 Spirit of Place by Alice Meynell, III 707.  
 Spirit of the Age, by Hazlitt, III 80.  
 Spirit of the Nation, III 570 864.  
 Spiritual Quixote, by Graves, II 376.  
 Spiritual Wives, by W. H. Dixon III 578.  
 Splen-en by Matthew Green II 258.  
 Splendid Shilling, by John Philips, II 241.  
 SPOTTISWOODE, JOHN I 512.  
 SPRAT, DR. THOMAS, II 60.  
 Spring of Shillaleh II 750.  
 Spring Ode to by Mrs. Barbauld II 682.  
 SPURGEON, CHARLES HADDOCK III 645.  
 Sp. by J. Fenimore Cooper, III 747.  
 Squatter's Dream, by T. A. Browne III 727.  
 Squire Maurice, by Alexander Smith, III 605.  
 Squire of Alsatia, by Shadwell, II 63.  
 Squire a Pew by Jane Taylor, III 175.  
 Stand Fast, Craig Royston by W. Black III 693.  
 STANHOPE, EARL, III 874.  
 STANHOPE, PHILIP DORMER (Earl of Chesterfield) II 291.  
 STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN, III 804.  
 STANLEY, THOMAS HEAVY MORTON, III 714.  
 STANLEY, THOMAS, I 746.  
 STANNARD, MRS. ARTHUR III 721.  
 STANHURST, RICHARD, I 832.
- Stanzas Irregulars, by C. Cotton I 770.  
 Star of Bethlehem, by H. K. White, II 720.  
 Starling, by Norman Macleod, III 896.  
 Statesman, by Sir Henry Taylor, III 325.  
 STEADMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE, III 821.  
 STEEL, MRS. FLORA ANNIE, III 720.  
 STEELE, SIR RICHARD, II 3, 229, Life of by Ausin Dobson III 680.  
 Steele Glas, by Gascoigne, I 247.  
 STEEVES, GEORGE, II 649.  
 Stein Life of, by Seeley, III 649.  
 Stella and Vanessa, II 123, 124, Swift's Journal to Stella, II 127, 143.  
 STEPHEN, SIR LESLIE, III 602.  
 Stephen (Sir James Fitzjames), Life of, by Sir L. Stephen, III 662.  
 STEPHENS, J. BRUNTON III 726, 729.  
 STEPHEN, GEORGE, II 112.  
 Steps to the Temple, by Crashaw I 677.  
 STEWART, JOHN, III 270, Life of, by Carlyle III 271, 404.  
 STEVENS, LAURENCE, II 8 401.  
 STRICKLAND, THOMAS, I 180.  
 STEVENS, GEORGE ALEXANDER DE, II 708.  
 STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS, III 609 Letters and Works, ed by Sidney Colvin, III 695.  
 STEWART, DUGALD II 635.  
 STILLINGFLEET, EDWARD II 39.  
 STIRLING, EARL OF I 609.  
 STIRLING, JAMES HUTCHISON, III 661.  
 STIRLING-MAXWELL, SIR WILLIAM, III 499.  
 STOCKTON, FRANCIS RICHARD, III 621.  
 STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY, III 620.  
 Stokers and Pokers, by Sir F. Bond Head, III 266, 267.  
 Stones of Venice, by Ruskin, III 569, 572, 573.  
 STOREE, THOMAS, I 399.  
 STORE, WILLIAM WETMORE, III 781.  
 Story (W. W.) and his Friends, by Henry James III 828.  
 Story of my Heart by R. Jefferies, III 640.  
 STOR, JOHN, I 256.  
 STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER, III 809.  
 Strains of the Mountain Muse, by Joseph Train, III 291.  
 Strange Adventures of a House Boat, by W. Black, III 003.  
 Strange Adventures of a Phaeton, by W. Black, III 023.  
 Strange Story, by Lord Lytton, III 832.  
 Strangers Yet, by Lord Houghton, III 382.  
 Stratmoure by Ouida, III 692.  
 STRICKLAND, AGNES, III 281, ELIZABETH, III 291.  
 STRODE, WILLIAM, I 570.  
 STRYPE, JOHN, II 148.  
 STUART, GILBERT II 388.  
 Stuart of Dunleath by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, III 286.  
 STUBBS, WILLIAM III 628.  
 Student Life of Germany, by William Howitt, III 233.  
 Studies in Literature, by J. Morley, III 688.  
 Studies in Parliament, by R. H. Hutton, III 632.  
 Studies of a Biographer, by Sir Leslie Stephen III 662.  
 Studies Scientific and Social, by A. R. Wallace, III 614.  
 Study of History, by Lord Bolingbroke, II 202, 204.  
 STUKELEY, WILLIAM, II 245.  
 Stukely, Caleb, by S. Phillips, III 342.  
 Style, by Thomas de Quincey, III 94 95.  
 Subaltern, The by G. R. Gleig III 323.  
 Sublime and Beautiful, On the, by Burke, II 543.  
 Suckling, SIR JOHN I 680.  
 Sumner is icumen in, I 41, 42.  
 Summer Dawn, by William Morris, III 665, 667.  
 Summer in a Cafton by Kate D. Wiggins, III 830.  
 Summer in Arcady by J. L. Allen III 829.  
 Summer Morning by John Clare, III 234.  
 Summers Last Will, by Nash, I 329.  
 Sunday, by George Herbert, I 496.  
 Sun-dial, by Bowles, II 722.  
 Sunset Ridge by Julia Ward Howe, III 824.  
 Superstitions of the Highlands, by Collins, II 303, 371.  
 SURREY, HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF, I 165.  
 SURTEES, ROBERT SMITH, III 414.  
 Survey of Cornwall, by R. Carew, I 353.  
 Survey of London, by John Stow, I 257.  
 Sean Hopley, by C. Crowe, III 280.  
 Suspiria de Profundis, by De Quincey, III 83, 87.
- SWAIN, CHARLES, III, 376.  
 Swallow, by Rider Haggard, III 705.  
 SWA, ANNIE S (Mrs. Burnett Smith), III 721.  
 SWANWICK ANNA, III 720.  
 Swellfoot the Tyrant, by Shelley, III 111.  
 SWIFT, BENJAMIN (William Romane Pater son), III 720.  
 SWIFT, JONATHAN II 122 Life of, by Forster, III 474.  
 SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, III, 672.  
 Sword Chant of Thorstein Raids, III 810.  
 Sybil, by Lord Beaconsfield, III 437, 440.  
 Sylla, by John Banion, III 358.  
 SYLVESTER, JOSUA, I 345.  
 Sylvia, by George Darley, III 235.  
 SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON, III 640.  
 SYMONS, ARTHUR, III 718.  
 Syntax, Dr. by William Combe II 661.  
 TABB, JOHN BALISTER III 832.  
 Table Talk by Selden, I 547, 648 by Cowper, II 601, 609 by Hazlitt, III 80.  
 Table Traits, by John Doran, III 331.  
 Table-book, by William Hone, II 760.  
 Tables Turned by Wordsworth, III 17.  
 TABLES, LORD DE, III 650.  
 Talavera by J. W. Croker III 170.  
 Tale of a Tub, by Swift II 123 126, 136-138.  
 Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles and Mary Lamb, III 74.  
 Tales in Verse, by G. Crabbe II 694 698.  
 Tales of Ireland, by W. Carleton III 852.  
 Tales of the Hall by Crabbe II 694 695, 693.  
 Tales of the O'Hara Family, by Michael and John Banion, III 858, 854.  
 Tales of the Peasantry and Peasantry, II 772.  
 TALFOURD, SIR THOMAS NOON, III 272.  
 Tallessin I 3.  
 Talking Oak, by Tenison, III 641, 643.  
 Tam o' Shanter, by Burns, II 810.  
 Tamar and Tavy, by Mrs. Bray, III 279.  
 Tamburlaine, by Marlowe, I 846.  
 Taming of the Shrew, by Shakespeare, I 305.  
 Tancred by Lord Beaconsfield, III 437 439.  
 Tanglewood Tales, by Hawthorne, III 778.  
 TANAHILL, ROBERT, II 829.  
 Tanquary, Second Mrs., by A. W. Pinero, III 697.  
 TARKINGTON, NEWTON BOOTH, III 832.  
 Tar water, Further Thoughts on, by Berkeley, II 266.  
 Task, by Cowper, II 601, 604, 607-609.  
 TABWA, III 727, 729.  
 Tasso, trans. by Carew, I 835, by Fairfax, I 444.  
 Taste Essays on by A. Alison, II 630.  
 TATE, NAHUM, II 60.  
 TATHAM, JOHN I 786.  
 Tatler, II, 8, 121, 218, 230, 400 extract by Swift, II 189 extract by Addison, II 220, extracts by Steele, II 233, 236.  
 TAUPHINE THE BARONESS von, III 835.  
 Tayis Bank, I 210.  
 TAYLOR, ANN AND JANE, III 174.  
 TAYLOR, BALIARD III 818.  
 TAYLOR, CANON ISAAC, III 244.  
 TAYLOR, ISAAC, III 244.  
 TAYLOR, JEROME, I 603.  
 TAYLOR, JOHN, I 454 II 712.  
 TAYLOR, PHILIP MEADOWS III 416.  
 TAYLOR, SIR HENRY, III 324.  
 TAYLOR, TOM, III 403.  
 TAYLOR, WILLIAM, II 712.  
 Tea Kettle, Song of the, by Ann Taylor, III 175.  
 Tea-table Miscellany, ed. by Ramsay, II 818.  
 Tears of Scotland by Simollett, II 445.  
 Tempest, by Shakespeare, I 357, 372.  
 Temora, by James Macpherson, II 500.  
 TEMPLE, SIR WILLIAM I 751.  
 Temple by Herbert, I 490.  
 Temple Bar founded, III 624.  
 Temple of Favour by Lloyd, II 612.  
 Temple of Venus, by Spenser, I 301.  
 Ten Thousand a Year, by Samuel Warren, III 343.  
 TENISON, THOMAS, II 60.  
 TENNANT, WILLIAM, III 307.  
 Tennessee Mountains, by Mary N. Murfree, III 830.  
 Tennessee's Partner by Bret Harte, III 824.  
 TENNYSON, FREDERIC, III 539.  
 TENNYSON, LORD, III 8, 640.  
 Tennyson by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, III 691, by Andrew Lang III 694.  
 Tent on the Beach, by Whittier, III 772.  
 Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, by Milton, I 639.  
 Terminations, by Henry James, III 827.



- Utilitarianism by J. S. Mill, III 443 444  
 Utilitarians, The English, by Sir Leslie Stephen, III 602  
 Utopia, by Sir Thomas More, I 121
- Vain Fortune, by George Moore, III 700  
 Vale of Cashmere, by Moore, III 349  
 Valenciennes, by Thomas Hardy, III 682  
 Valentine Vox, by Henry Cockton, III 400  
 Valerius, by J. G. Lockhart, III 250, 253  
 VAMBRLIGH, SIR JOHN, II 80  
 Vane's Story by James Thomson, III 655  
 Vanity Fair by Thackeray, III 457 459  
 Vanity of Human Wishes, by Johnson, II 455, 464  
 Variation of Plants and Animals, by Darwin, III 417 420  
 Variety by William Whitehead, II 337  
 Vassal Morton, by F. Parkman, III 816  
 Vathek, by Beckford, II 621, 622-624  
 VAUGHAN, HENRY I 682, 731  
 VAUGHAN, ROBERT III 271  
 VAUX, LORD I 278  
 VEDDER, DAVID III 305  
 Velazquez, by Stirling Maxwell, III 400  
 \*Venerable Bede, I 18  
 Vengeance of Noel Bressard, by W. B. Carman, III 725  
 Venice Preserved, by Otway, II 72  
 Venus and Adonis, by Shakespeare, I 381  
 Vercelli Book, I 14, 15, 169  
 VERE, AUBREY DE, III 581  
 VERE, EDWARD DE, EARL OF OXFORD, I 277  
 Verses and Translations, by Calverley, III 633  
 Virtue, by George Herbert, I 496  
 VERY, JONES, III 831  
 Vertues of Creation by Robert Chambers, III 816  
 Vicar, by Prynne, III 380  
 Vicar of Wakefield by Goldsmith, II 479, 493  
 Vicar of Wrexhill, by F. Trollope III 270  
 Victoria, by W. W. Campbell, III 725  
 Victorian Poet, by E. C. Stedman, III 821  
 Vida's Art of Poetry, tr. by C. Pitt II 259  
 Videna, by Herald, III 203  
 Views Afoot, by Bayard Taylor, III 818  
 Vignettes in Rhyme by A. Dobson, III 600  
 Village, by George Crabbe, II 694 695  
 Village Communities, by Sir H. J. S. Maine, III 567  
 Village Minstrel, by John Clare, III 234  
 Village on the Cliff, by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, III 601  
 Villette, by Charlotte Brontë, III 523, 524  
 VILLIERS, GEORGE, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, I 788  
 Vindication of Natural Society, by Burke, II 548  
 Vindication of the Rights of Woman by Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin II 700  
 Vindicte Gallice, by Mackintosh, II 641, 642  
 Viol and Flute by Edmund Gosse, III 693  
 Violenza, by W. C. Roscoe, III 625  
 Virgademirum by Joseph Hill, I 417  
 Virgil trans. by Gavin Douglas, I 202, by Phaer, I 265  
 by Dryden, I 794, by Sotheby, II 713  
 by Conington, III 634, by Morris, III 605  
 Virgil his Aeneis, by Stanhurst, I 332  
 Virgin Martyr, by Dekker and Massinger, I 423, 464, 467  
 Virginian, by Owen Wister, III 829  
 Virginian Voyage, by Drayton, I 344  
 Virginians, by Thackeray, III 459  
 Virginibus Puerisque, by R. L. Stevenson, III 700  
 Virgilius, by Sheridan Knowles, III 225-227  
 Vision, by Thomas Moore, III 349  
 Vision of Judgment by Lord Byron, III 129  
 Vision of Sir Launfal, by J. R. Lowell, III 793, 801  
 Visions in Verse, by N. Cotton, II 532  
 Visions of England, by F. T. Palgrave, III 600  
 Vittoria, by George Meredith, III 688, 690  
 Vivian Grey, by Lord Beaconsfield III 435  
 Voice from the Nile, by James Thomson, III 655  
 Voice of Spring, by Mrs. Hemans, III 170  
 Voices of the Night, by H. W. Longfellow, III 768  
 Volpone, by Ben Jonson, I 404, 409  
 Voltaire, by John Morley, III 688 by J. C. Collins, III 705  
 Vorugern and Rowena, by W. H. Ireland, II 711  
 Voyage round the World, by Dampier, II 103  
 Voyage to St Kilda, by M. Martin, II 303  
 Voyages, Collection of by Hakluyt, I 234, by Hawkesworth, II 410  
 Vox Clamantis, by Gower, I 74
- WACE, I 34 35.  
 WACE, W. F. (William Robertson Nicoll), III 716  
 Wacousta, by J. Richardson III 723  
 WADDI GTO, WILLIAM I 34  
 WADE, THOMAS, III 344  
 Wade's me for Prince Charlie by William Glen III 809  
 WAKEFIELD, GILBERT II 647  
 Wakefield Plays, I 105  
 Walden, by Thoreau III 708, 794  
 Waldherr, I 4 5  
 Walk in the Light, by B. Barton, III 281  
 WALKER, PATRICK, II 101.  
 Walker London by J. M. Barrie, III 707  
 WALKLEY, ARTHUR BINGHAM III 717  
 WALLACE, ALFRED RUSSEL, III 614  
 WALLACE, LEWIS, III 820  
 Wallace, Blind Harry, I 180 II 300  
 Wallenstein, Schiller's, trans. by Coleridge III 58, 63.  
 WALLER, EDMUND, I 624, 731 734.  
 WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS III 364  
 WALPOLE, HORACE, II 8, 411, Life of by Austin Dobson, III 690  
 WALPOLE, SIR SPENCER, III 714  
 Walpole, Sir Robert, Memoirs of, by William Cox, II 630  
 WALSH, WILLIAM II 111.  
 WALTON, IZAAC, I 613.  
 Wanderer, by Richard Savage, II 288.  
 Wanderer, in Exeter Book, I 8.  
 Wanderer of Switzerland, by Montgomery, III 742.  
 Wanderings in South America, &c., by Charles Waterton, III 173  
 War, Miseries of, by William Crowe II 617  
 WARBURTON, ELIOT, III 274.  
 WARBURTON, GEORGE, III 274  
 WARBURTON, WILLIAM, II 270  
 WARD ADOLPHUS WILLIAM III 714  
 WARD ARTEMUS (Charles Farrar Browne) III 823.  
 WARD, FREDERIC, WILLIAM ORDE, III 714  
 WARD JAMES III 714  
 WARD, MRS HUMPHRY, III 706.  
 WARD ROBERT PLUMER, II 754  
 WARD, WILFRID III 717  
 WARD, WILLIAM GEORGE, III 712.  
 Warden by Anthony Trollope, III 487  
 WARDLAW, LADY ELIZABETH, II 812.  
 Warfare of Science with Theology, by A. D. White, III 892.  
 WARNER, SUSAN, III 792.  
 WARNER, WILLIAM, I 336  
 WARREN, SAUEL, III 344.  
 WARTON, JOSEPH II 500.  
 WARTON, THOMAS, II 506.  
 Washer of the Ford by F. Macleod III 707  
 WASHINGTON, GEORGE III 733 739  
 Washington Square by H. James, III 827  
 Wat Tyler, by Southey III 48.  
 Watchman, edited by Coleridge, III 57  
 Water Babies, by C. Kingsley III 514 517  
 WATERLAND DANIEL, II 246.  
 WATERTON, CHARLES, III 178  
 WATSON, HENRY BRERETON MARIOTT, III 719 727  
 Watson, JOHN, III 716.  
 Watson, JOHN, of Kingston, III 723  
 Watson, RICHARD II 646  
 Watson, ROBERT, II 388.  
 Watson, THOMAS, I 241 273, 274, 277  
 Watson, WILLIAM, III 703.  
 WATTS ALARIC ALEXANDER, III 823.  
 WATTS ISAAC, II 200.  
 WATTS-DUNTON, THEODORE, III 668.  
 Watt and Meg, by Wilson, II 812, 613.  
 WAUGH, EDWIN, III 492.  
 Waverley, by Scott, III 31.  
 WAY ARTHUR S., III 716.  
 Way to keep Him, by A. Murphy, II 455  
 Way we met—twas in a Crowd, by T. H. Bayly, III 241.  
 Wealth of Nations, by Adam Smith, II 448, 450-452.  
 Wearin o' the Green, III 570  
 WEBBE, WILLIAM, I 268  
 WEBSTER, AUGUSTA, III 602.  
 Webster, DANIEL, III 74.  
 Webster, JOHN, I 426.  
 Wedding Guest, by J. M. Barrie III 708  
 Wedding Journey, by W. D. Howells, III 826.  
 WEDMORE, FREDERICK, III 714  
 Wee Davie, by Norman Macleod, III 396.
- Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers, by Thoreau, III 793  
 Weeper, by Crashaw, I 678.  
 Weir of Hermiston, by R. L. Stevenson, III 701  
 Welcome from Greece, by J. Gay, II 177  
 WELDON, SIR ANTHONY, I 589  
 WELLS, CHARLES JEREMIAH, III 657  
 WELLS, H. G., III 719  
 Welsh Contribution to English Literature, I 831  
 Welsh Language, I 2 831.  
 WELSTED, LEONARD, II 109  
 Were na my Heart Light I wad die, by Lady Grizel Baillie, II 311.  
 Were-Wolves Book of, by S. Baring Gould, III 664  
 WESLEY, CHARLES, II 837  
 WESLEY, JOHN, II 333 Life of by Southey, III 60, 64.  
 Wessex Tales by Thomas Hardy, III 681  
 WEST, GILBERT, II 253.  
 WEST, RICHARD, II 422.  
 West Africa, Travels in, by M. H. Kingsley, III 617  
 West India Proprietor, by M. G. Lewis, II 748, 750  
 West Indian, by Cumberland II 562.  
 West Indies, by Froude III 603.  
 West Indies, by Montgomery, II 742.  
 West Wind, Ode to, by Shelley, III 110  
 WESTALL, WILLIAM III 713.  
 WESTCOTT, EDWARD NOYES III 898  
 Western and Eastern Rambles, by Joseph Howe, III 723  
 Western Islands of Scotland, by Martin Martin, II 303  
 Westminster Bridge by Wordsworth III 27  
 Westward Ho! by C. Kingsley, III 618 614-616.  
 Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea by Allan Cunningham III 304  
 WETHERELL, ELIZABETH (Susan Warner), III 792.  
 WEYMAY STANLEY JOHN III 717  
 WHARTON, THOMAS, II 98.  
 What d' ye Call it? by Gay, II 172, 177  
 What is Life? by John Clare, III 234  
 What Maisie Knew, by H. James, III 827  
 What Necessity Knows, by Lily Dougall, III 725.  
 What will he do with it? by Lord Lytton, III 332.  
 What you will, by Marston, I 402.  
 WHATELY, RICHARD III 196.  
 When a Man's Single, by J. M. Barrie, III 707.  
 When the King comes Home, by James Hogg III 295  
 WHETSTONE, GEORGE, I 288 240, 893.  
 WHEWELL, WILLIAM, III 198.  
 WHIRLE, CHARLES III 717.  
 WHICHCOTE, BENJAMIN, I 603.  
 Whims and Oddities by Hood III 187  
 WHIPPLE, EDWARD PERCY, III 831  
 WHISTLECRAFT, WILLIAM AND ROBERT (name assumed by John Hookham Frere) II 676.  
 WHISTLER, JAMES MCNEILL, III 831.  
 WHISTON, WILLIAM, II 188.  
 Whitbread's Brewery, by Wolcot II 684.  
 WHITE, ANDREW JACKSON, III 822.  
 WHITE, GILBERT II 625.  
 WHITE, HENRY KIRKE, II 728.  
 WHITE, JOSEPH BLANCO, II 701.  
 WHITE, PERCY, III 718.  
 WHITE, RICHARD GRANT III 831.  
 WHITE, WILLIAM HALE, III 689.  
 White Company, by Conn Doyle III 709.  
 White Devil by John Webster, I 427 428.  
 White Heather, by Wm. Black, III 603.  
 White Jacket, by Herman Melville III 818.  
 White Ship, by D. G. Rossetti III 643.  
 White Wings, by William Black III 603.  
 Whiteboy, by Mrs. S. C. Hall III 280.  
 WHITEFIELD, GEORGE, II 337.  
 WHITEHEAD, WILLIAM II 357.  
 WHITEING RICHARD, III 714.  
 WHITELOCKE, BULSTRODE, I 750.  
 WHITMAN, WALTER, III 803.  
 WHITNEY, WILLIAM DWIGHT, III 821.  
 WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, III 771.  
 Who shall be Fairest? by C. Mackay, III 451.  
 WHIMPER, EDWARD III 714.  
 WHYTE MELVILLE, GEORGE JOHN, III 685.  
 Wide, Wide World, by S. Warner, III 792.  
 Widow Barnaby, by F. Trollope, III 276.  
 Widow Martred, by F. Trollope, III 278.  
 Widowers House, by G. B. Shaw, III 708.  
 Widith, I 4.

- Weland's Oberon, trans. by A. William Sotheby, II 713.
- Wife o' Usher's Well I 637.
- Wife's Complaint, in Exeter Book, I 8.
- WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS III 830.
- WILBERFORCE, WILLIAM II 616.
- Wild Elin, by William Black, III 693.
- Wild Irish Girl, by Lady Morgan, II 781.
- Wild Life in a Southern Country, by Richard Jefferies, III 640.
- Wild Wales, by Borrow, III 432.
- WILDE, OSCAR O FLAHERTY, III 703.
- Wilhelm Meister, trans. by Carlyle, III 403.
- WILKES, JOHN, II 405, 516.
- WILKIE, WILLIAM, II 441.
- WILKINS, JOHN, I 695.
- WILKINS, MARY ELEANOR III 830.
- Wilkins, Peter by Robert Pollock, II 303.
- WILKINSON, HENRY SENSFR, III 716.
- WILKINSON, SIR JOHN GARDNER III 321.
- Will o' the Mill, by R. L. Stevenson III 630.
- Will Waterproof by Tennyson, III 541.
- WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY, I 33.
- WILLIAM OF NEWBURY I 33.
- WILLIAM OF PALERNE (Palermo), I 61.
- William and Margaret, by Mallet, II 328, 329.
- William Rufus, by Freeman, III 620 by Michael Field III 700.
- William Wilson by Poe III 784, 785.
- WILLIAMS, F. H. (F. W. O. Ward), III 714.
- WILLIAMS, HELEN MARIA, II 600.
- WILLIAMS, SIR CHARLES HAMPSHIRE, II 348.
- Williams, Caleb by Godwin, II 702, 704.
- WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER III 746.
- WILLIS, SARA PAYSON III 740.
- WILLS, JAMES III 360.
- WILLS, WILLIAM GORMAN III 584.
- WILMOT, JOHN (Earl of Rochester) I 770.
- WILSON, ALEXANDER II 812.
- WILSON ARTHUR, I 588.
- WILSON, JOHN I 787 II 440 III 245.
- WILSON, SIR DANIEL III 723.
- WILSON, SIR THOMAS I 143.
- WINCHESTER COUNTESS OF, II 253.
- Winchester Anne, I 29.
- Wind and Wave, by Fairnire III 602.
- Window in Thruins, by J. M. Barrie, III 707.
- Windsor Forest, by Pope II 180, 182.
- WINGATE, DAVID III 608.
- WINTER, JOHN STRANGH (Mrs Arthur Stannard) III 721.
- Winter Sunshine, by J. Burroughs, III 821.
- Winter's Tale by Shakespeare I 372.
- Winterslow by W. Hazlitt III 80, 84.
- WINTHROP, THEODORE, III 820.
- WINYET, NINIAN I 107, 230.
- WIREKER, NIGEL, I 34.
- WISE, JOHN, III 732.
- Wise Saws and Modern Instances, by Cooper, III 376 by T. C. Haliburton, III 723.
- Wish, by Cowley, I 648, 644.
- Wishes to his supposed Mistresse, by Crashaw I 680.
- WISTER, OWEN, III 829.
- Wit and Humour, by Leigh Hunt, III 148, by Sydney Smith, III 167.
- Wit and Mirth, by D. Ursey, I 782.
- Witch, by F. Middleton I 458, 461.
- Witch of Atlas, by Shelle, III 110.
- Witch of Edmonton, by Dekker, Ford, Rowley, &c., I 423, 478, 481.
- WITHEY, GEORGE, I 400, 731, 735.
- Witness, III 285.
- Wits of Men, by Charleton, I 744.
- Wits Recreations, I 560.
- Wits Trenchmouir, by N. Breton, I 270.
- WODROW, ROBERT, I 830.
- WOLCOT, JOHN, II 602.
- WOLFE, CHARLES, II 788.
- Wolfe of Badenoch, by Dick Lauder, III 305.
- Wolsey, Life of, by Cavendish, I 140, by Storer, I 309.
- Woman Essay on by J. Wilkes, II 518.
- Woman in White, by Wilkie Collins, III 620.
- Woman killed with Kindness, by T. Heywood I 431.
- Woman of no Importance, by Oscar Wilde, III 709.
- Woman who Did, by Grant Allen, III 724.
- Women, by C. R. Maturin, II 752.
- Women as they are by Mrs Gore III 279.
- Women beware. Women, by T. Middleton, I 458, 459.
- Wonder, by Susannah Centlivre II 96.
- Wonder Book, by Hawthorne, III 778.
- WOOD, ANTHONY I 740.
- Wood, Mrs Henri, III 520.
- Wood Magic, by Richard Jefferies III 640.
- Wood Spirit by Ernest Jones, III 605.
- WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD, III 832.
- Woodcraft, by W. G. Simms, III 749.
- Woodlanders, by Thomas Hardy, III 681.
- Woodman by John Clare, III 235.
- Wood-SFYS, ROLAND ALFRED, III 832.
- Wooring of Malkatoon, by Lewis Wallace, III 820.
- WOOLMAN, JOHN, III 733, 738.
- WOOLVER, THOMAS III 607.
- WOOLSEY, SARAH CHAUNCY, III 832.
- WOOLSTON, THOMAS, II 164.
- Worcester Annals I 29.
- WORDSWORTH, DOROTHY, III 29.
- WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, III 8, 11.
- Wordsworth, Apostasy of, by W. Hale White, III 689.
- Wordsworth, book on, by Myers, III 693.
- Wordsworth's Grave by W. Watson, III 708.
- World, by H. Vaughan I 694.
- World Discovery of a New, by J. Wilkins, I 695.
- World, ed. by Edward Moore, II 400.
- World History of the by Sir W. Raleigh, I 305, 809, by Gillies II 687.
- World before the Flood, by Montgomery, II 742.
- World Mother by W. W. Campbell, III 725.
- Worldes Hydrographical Discription, by John Davis, I 390.
- World Desire, by Lang and Haggard, III 705.
- Worlds, Of the Plurality of, by W. Whewell, III 198.
- WORSLEY, PHILIP STANLEY III 713.
- Worthies of England, by Fuller, I 598, 600.
- WOTTON, SIR HENRY, I 393.
- WRANGHAM, FRANCIS, II 741.
- WRAXALL, SIR NATHANAEL WILLIAM, II 738.
- Wreck of the Grosvenor, by Clark Russell, III 603.
- Wrecker, by R. L. Stevenson, III 701.
- WRIGHT, THOMAS III 411.
- Wrong Paradise, by Andrew Lang, III 601.
- Wuthering Heights, by Emily Brontë, III 525, 526.
- WYATT, SIR THOMAS I 168.
- WYCHERLEY, WILLIAM, II 65.
- WYCLIF, JOHN, I 81. Life of, by Vaughan, III 271.
- Wyclifite Bible, I 80. Scots Wyclifite New Testament, I 212.
- WYNTOUN, ANDREW OF, I 160, 171, 181.
- YALDEN, THOMAS, II 200.
- Yarrow Visited, by Wordsworth III 13, 22.
- Revisited, by Wordsworth, III 13, 16, 23.
- Unvisited, by Wordsworth, III 18, 22.
- YATES, EDMUND, III 636.
- Ye Mariners of England, by Campbell, II 766, 768.
- Year, by Patmore, III 603.
- Year of Shame, by Wm. Watson, III 703.
- Year book, by William Hone, II 760.
- Years After, by Landor, III 142.
- Yeast by Charles Kingsley, III 518.
- YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER, III 711.
- YELLOWPLUSH C. J. (Thackery) III 455.
- Yemisse, by W. G. Simms, III 749.
- Yeomen of the Guard, by W. S. Gilbert, III 696.
- Yes and No, by the Marquis of Normanby, II 783.
- Yolande, by William Black, III 693.
- YONGE, CHARLOTTE MARY, III 635.
- York and Lancaster, by S. Daniel, I 830, 840.
- York Plays I 110.
- Yorkshire Tragedy, I 835.
- YOUNG, ARTHUR, II 627.
- YOUNG, EDWARD, II 200.
- Young and Old, by C. Kingsley, III 517.
- Young Bechan, I 624.
- Young Duke, by Lord Beaconsfield, III 435.
- Young Fur Traders, by R. M. Ballantyne III 623.
- Young Ireland, by Sir C. G. Duffy, III 583.
- Young Maxwell, by Allan Cunningham, III 303.
- Young Tamlane, I 593.
- Young Voyageurs, by Mayne Reid, III 506.
- Youth and Age, by Coleridge, III 62, 67.
- Zambesi and its Tributaries, by Livingstone, III 480.
- ZANGWILL, ISRAEL, III 709.
- Zanoni, by Lord Lytton, III 382.
- Zapolya, by Coleridge, III 61, 63.
- Zeluco by Dr John Moore II 618-620.
- Zincali, by Borrow, III 431.
- Zion & Flowers, by Zachary Boyd I 514, 783, 784.
- Zohrab, the Hostage, by J. J. Monier, II 783, 784.
- Zoonomia, by Erasmus Darwin, II 573, 574.

THE END









